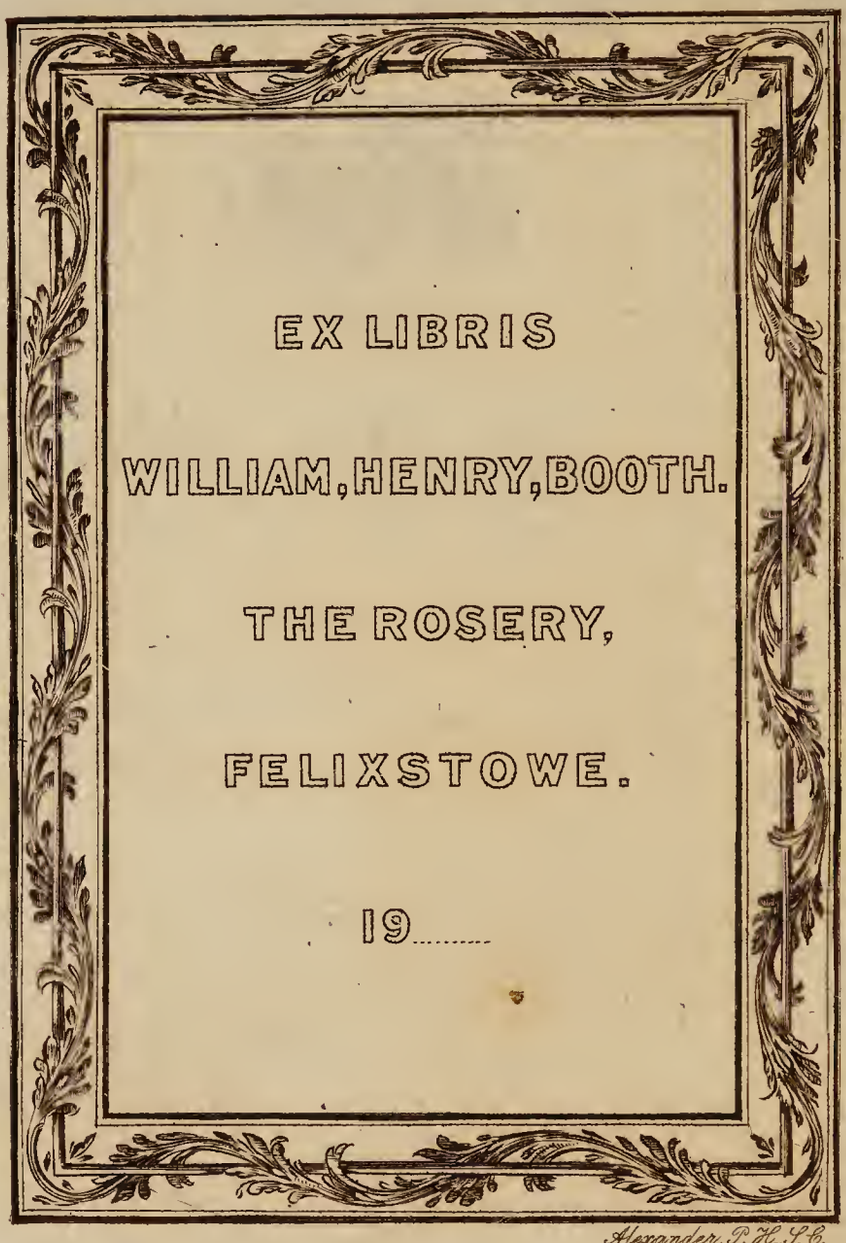
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INGENIOUS CALCULATIONS
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&c. &c. &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

GENERAL HISTORY,

FROM THE

CREATION OF THE WORLD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

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THE Compiler of this Publication may compare himself to a caterer for many palates. As it is his wish to please all, he has taken care to provide that variety which is likely to suit the general taste; and laying no claim to any other merit than that of a Compiler, (being, as WOTTON *expresses it, but "the Collector and Gatherer of other Men's Stuffs,") he trusts, that a claim so modest, will not fail of at least meeting protection.*

Perhaps a few words might be allowed on the utility of such a work.

The Reader will here find recorded, many remarkable and authentic Occurrences, some of them important, others amusing, which originating in the journals of the day, might otherwise have been consigned to oblivion.

The Man of Letters *will be gratified at meeting with many interesting Anecdotes of Learning and Learned Men.*

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In a word, the Poet, *the* Philosopher, *the* Man of Study *and of* Leisure, *and the* General Reader, *will each be certain of finding something interesting; and when it is reflected, that although a Compilation, some industry and judgment must have been exerted to collect from sources so foreign to each other, such a variety of matter, the greater part of which, not entirely new, has not yet been made generally public, the Publisher, trusts his labours will be rewarded by the smiles of popular approbation.*

A COLLECTION OF
LITERARY CURIOSITIES,

Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions,

BIOGRAPHICAL

Sketches of eminent Men, and remarkable Characters,

WONDERFUL EVENTS,

INTERESTING NARRATIVES, ENIGMAS, EPIGRAMS,

Poetical Selections,

Fragments, Miscellaneous Pieces, &c.

A ludicrous Description of the various Characters and Complexions of Readers:

The Superficial Reader—The Idle Reader—The Sleepy Reader—The Peevish Reader—The Candid Reader—And, The Conjectural Reader.

IN this age, so enriched by the inundations of the press, every author is to presume that all his readers are learned,—no one being willing to dispute a title which may call in question the validity of his own.

The Superficial Reader is one who finds no leisure, or inclination, for more literature than he can take in over a loitering breakfast, or whilst his hairdresser is adjusting his person. He contents himself with extracts from newspapers, magazines, and reviews,—skims over title-pages and indexes, and adding to them the smuggled opinions of those who look deeper into books, passes at routs and tea-tables for a well-read gentleman.

The Idle Reader is the reverse of the former.—He is a great peruser of little volumes, but reads without method, or pursuit, not making knowledge, but amusement, his object.

He is, in one sense, of the happiest class, for he is in no danger of ever reading himself out; so many persons being daily employed to perpetuate his pleasures, by seducing novels—little histories, which familiarize the arts of intriguing—Memoirs of Prostitutes—Anecdotes of Women of Quality——and Lives of Highwaymen.

The Sleepy Reader is ever a man of a dull, languid temperament, both of body and mind.—He takes up a book when he can do nothing else, and pores over it, till it drops from his hand;—or if by repeated attacks he fairly arrives at the Finis of a volume, he has waded through it so between sleeping and waking, that it is often a doubt with himself whether he has read it at all.

No works of genius are ever seen on his shelves, they are of too stimulating a nature, and would defeat his purpose,—but a plenty of soporific treatises, under the varied titles of Journals, Annotations, Books of Controversy, and Metaphysical Dissertations.

An old relation of mine, who died a martyr to the gout, used, as he sat in his study, to estimate his books not from the pleasure, but from the good naps they had afforded him. "This, cousin," said he, (pointing round the room with his crutch) "this is a composer, this a dozer, every twenty pages of this excellent author is as comfortable as a glass of poppy-water. I believe I was near three months sleeping through yonder large volume, and to this worthy little gentleman on the middle shelf, I was indebted for two admirable nights rest, when a chalk stone was forming in my toe. But my most valuable friend is this set of books by the side of my couch. I call them my grand opiate, and, as a mark of distinction, my flannel night-cap generally lies upon them.

The Peevish Reader is made up of conceit and ill-humour. He cavils with the design, the colouring, or the finishing, of every piece that comes before him. Few have sufficient merit to extort his approbation—he had rather even be silent than commend, and finds his highest satisfaction in discovering faults. A man of this cast is an object of compassion; for, in the imperfect state of human labours, he must pass his time very miserably!

But let us leave him to the severe destiny of never being pleased. To counterpoise his spleen, behold the Candid Reader appears. Amiable spirit! in thee I contemplate the gentleman, the scholar, the true critic! slow to censure, eager to applaud; Convinced by what arduous steps superior excellence is attained, thy liberal mind cherisheth every effort of genius, and unwillingly condemns what thy correct judgment cannot approve.

But, Candid Reader! thy character hath been more happily delineated by a long-admired writer; quoting whose lines I cannot resist this occasion to say, that they are strongly descriptive of the amiableness of his own.

—"Yes, they whom candor and true taste inspire,
"Blame not with half the passion they admire;
"Each little blemish with regret descry,
"But mark the beauties with a raptur'd eye."

The Conjectural Reader brings up the rear; in speaking of whom I desire to be understood as confining my remarks solely to conjectural criticism. He is, or should be, a man of parts, who exercises his ingenuity on deceased writers, by clearing up passages he supposes they left obscure, and interpreting them by his own conceptions—discovering beauties where the author perhaps intended none, and tracing out meanings he might never have in view.

Rodolphus Gander Guytche, the famous Professor at the University of Hall, in his preface to the three supplemental volume of his Commentaries, printed in folio at Leipsic, mentions that it was his constant custom, while engaged in that elaborate work, to ruminate on his subject in his great chair, till he insensibly fell asleep: "During which time (says he) I always found that my thoughts digested themselves into matter and method, and, on awaking, I was able the more successfully to prosecute my labours."

I wish the example of this valuable critic may not have too much influenced succeeding commentators; some of whom, adopting the professor's napping chair, without possessing his art of rising from it with a clear head, have not always sufficiently separated their dream from their subject.

Eccentricities of Morland, the Painter.

MR. GEORGE MORLAND, on his return to town, from Deal, where he had been to make sketches along the coast, travelled on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Williams, the engraver: they had proceeded a short distance from Canterbury, when Morland intimated the clamorous demand made by his craving appetite for refreshment; but how to procure the necessary fare, became a subject of consideration, as both our travellers, in consequence of extravagance the preceding evening, were pennyless; Morland, however, who was seldom at a loss to obtain introduction into an alehouse, quickly hit upon an expedient to serve their purpose:— Observing a low-built house by the road-side, over which hung a figure designed for a Bull, he entered; and, under pretence of inquiring his way, commenced a conversation with the landlord, expressing his surprise the latter did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. The host stated his inability to get it repaired, and observed it was good enough to grace his humble habitation; but, on the offer of Morland to paint him a new one for five shillings, he consented, and ordered the artist to try his skill. A fresh difficulty however occurred. Morland was without utensils, and the sign could not be painted unless the landlord dispatched a servant to purchase colours, &c. at Canterbury, which he was, after much persuasion, prevailed upon to do; in the mean time the painter bespoke a dinner, and the travellers drank several pitchers of good ale, with a proportionable quantity of spirits, the charge for which could only be defrayed by painting the sign; their reckoning, however, by the time the Bull was done, doubled the stipulated five shillings, and Morland pacified the enraged landlord (who reluctantly suffered them to depart) by describing who he was, and promising to call on a future day, and pay the balance. On his arrival in town, Morland related this adventure among his friends, at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet-street, and the singularity of it induced a gentleman, who possessed the highest veneration for the painter's productions, to set off privately in search of the Canterbury Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas, and finding it answer his most sanguine expectation, placed it in his cabinet, where it now remains, considered as a valuable acquisition. Morland's liberality among his pot companions seldom failed to leave him without a shilling, and as constantly as he needed supply, his pencil went to work to procure more. During the time he was confined in the King's Bench, it was a custom to pledge his pictures with a pawn-broker in the Borough, who knew the artist's ability, and seldom failed to send the sums required, which generally bore but small proportion to the value of the picture. His impatience for the *ready rhino* frequently made him send paintings wet from the hand, with directions to the bearer not to rub or deface them; and one of the latter description, a farm-yard with pigs, done in his peculiar style of excellence, was dispatched to his Lombardy friend, with a polite request for three guineas, and an injunction to preserve it from harm, as it was designed for a high personage. The pawnbroker received the gem safe from the hands of the bearer and was conveying it with all possible care to a place of security, when unfortunately he slipped going up stairs, and brought his cloathing in contact with the head and fore-parts of a hog, which he entirely defaced. The picture being thus spoiled, was

sent back to Morland to re-touch with an excuse for the accident; the painter, however, complained of the pawnbroker's inattention, and refused to repair the injury for less than five guineas, alleging it would take him an hour to replace the hog in its original situation. This demand was considered a most unconscionable extortion by the pawnbroker, and he refused the terms, but in consequence of being threatened with an action for the value of the picture, laid at thirty pounds, at last reluctantly acceded to Morland's demand, who gave a liberal treat to his friends upon the occasion.

Observations concerning Epitaphs.

Praises on Tombs are trifles vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best Monument.

WHENEVER I pass through a Church-Yard, I am naturally led to read the Epitaphs on the Tomb-stones; and indeed the curiosity to peruse the Inscriptions of a Dormitory, or Burial-place, is not only natural to many, but likely and calculated to instruct all, from the richest to the poorest, from the King to the Begger, and from the most noble to the most unknown.

To observe the various dates of the deceased, some in the dawn of life, others in their full vigour and maturity, and a third class in the vale of years, all equally liable to, and as suddenly mown down by, the stroke of Death, as so many hapless trophies of his all-conquering power, cannot but suggest reflections on the uncertainty of our present existence, and intimate the necessityof preparing for our last great change.

But how careful should survivors be, to prevent the abuse of fulsome inscriptions and flattering panegyricks. What folly is it to make a man's Tomb-stone bely his past conduct, and declare that which is too well known to be false and spurious! What matters it to those who are got beyond the reach of mortals, to be praised, idolized and exalted by the passing multitude, if their names are not written in the Book of Life, and their good deeds follow them into a state of glory! Alas! How vain, trifling and insignificant are the appellations of *Right Honourable* and his *Grace,* if unaccompanied by *Virtue, Piety,* and *Benevolence!* They are but empty names or gilded nothings, in the views of the discerning and judicious, and the estimations of Omniscience.

By an affectionate Wife, on her Husband.

O, cruel Death! how could you be so unkind,
As to take *he* before, and leave *me* behind;
You should have taken both of *us,* if *either,*
Which would have been more agreeable to the survivor.

On a Cobler.

DEATH at a cobler's door oft made a stand,
But always found him on the *mending* hand;
At length Death came, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the soul from off the upper leather:
The cobler call'd for his awl,—Death gave his last,
And buried in oblivion all the past.

ON JOHN COLE,

Who died suddenly while at dinner.

HERE lies JOHNNY COLE,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner;
While chewing his crust,
He was turned into dust,
With his crimes *undigested,*—poor sinner!

SHREWSBURY CHURCH-YARD.

On an Old Maid.

HERE lies the body of *Martha Dias,*
Who was always uneasy, and not over pious;
She liv'd to the age of threescore and ten,
And gave that to the worms she refus'd to the men.

Said to be on a Tomb-Stone at ARLINGTON, *near* PARIS.

HERE lie
Two grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,
Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two sisters with their two brothers,
Yet but six corps in all lie buried here.
All born legitimate, and from incest clear.

Explanation.

Two widows that were sisters-in-law, had each a son, who married each other's mother, and by them had each a daughter.

Suppose one widow's name Mary, and her son's name John, and the other widow's name Sarah, and her son's James, this answers the fourth line.

Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a daughter also, these marriages answer the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth line of the epitaph.

Origin of the Ancient Reward of Connubial Affection at Dunmow.

(From Crayley and Britton's Beauties of England.)

THE ancient and well-known custom of this manor, of delivering a *Gammon*, or *Flitch of Bacon*, to any married couple who would take a prescribed oath, is supposed, by some writers, to have originated in the Saxon or Norman times: others attribute its institution to the Fitz-Walters, but with what propriety is uncertain. It appears, however, from the different entries in the register, as '*secundum formamd onationis*,' and '*secundum charter formam*,' to have been imposed on the possessors of the manor by some benefactor. The earliest delivery of the bacon, on record, occurred in the 23d of Henry VI. when Richard Wright, of Bradbourge in Norfolk, having been duly sworn before the Prior and Convent, had a flitch of Bacon delivered to him, agreeably to the tenure. The ceremonial established for these occasions, consisted in the claimant's kneeling on two sharp pointed stones in the church-yard, and there, after solemn chanting, and other rites, performed by the Convent, taking the following oath:—

"You shall swear by custom of confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression,
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or at board
Offended each other in deed or in word;
Or since the parish-clerk said Amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in holy quire.
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A whole *Gammon of Bacon* you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this our custom at Dunmow well known,
Tho' the pleasure be our's, the bacon's your own."

In the Chartulary of the Priory, now in the British Museum, three persons are recorded to have received the bacon previous to the suppression of the religious uses. Since that period also, the bacon has been thrice delivered; in these cases the ceremonies have been performed at a court-baron for the manor, held by the steward. The last persons that received it, were John Shakeshanks, woolcomber, and Ann, his wife, of Wethersfield, who established their right on the 20th of June, 1751. Mr. Gough mentions the custom as abolished, but we understand it is only dormant, either through the want of claimants, or from their neglect to enforce the demand. Several of the Hallett family, who possessed the manor, lie buried in the church.

PATRICIUS cried—'While you've existence,
Keep, son, plebeians at a distance!'
This speech a butcher overheard,
And quick replied—'I wish, my lord,
You'd thus advis'd, before your son
So deeply in my debt had run!'

*Enigma in praise of Women.**

HAPPY that man may pass his life,
Who's free from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by a wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood which in women dwell?
The worth in women you behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Adam could find no solid peace
When Eve was given him for a mate;
Till he beheld a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

See, in the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
In women never can reside.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in malice and in lies;
Their leisure hours in virtuous joy
To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise.

Destruction take the men, I say,
Who make the fair their chief delight;
Who no regard to women pay,
Keep reason always in their sight.

* *By reading the first and third lines together the Enigma is explained.*

Divers Customs respecting Marriage.

THE ancient Romans had two kinds of marriage, taking two wives, answerable to the different ceremonies. The one was the more common, and called "Matron," while the other was stiled "mother of the family." The marriage ceremony with this latter kind of wives was not unlike that at present in use among Christians. The man used to demand of the woman, "if she would be mother and mistress of his family;" to which she consented by saying "Yes," and then asked him "if he would be father of "the family;" to which he likewise answering in the affirmative, they joined their hands together; and this marriage was held for lawful. The other marriage had less of ceremony in it, nor were the women so married accepted as mother of the families, though they were called matrons.

The Romans had likewise another custom. When the newly married woman was brought to her husband's house, she must stand at the door, and not enter, till she was drawn in by force. When she was in the house she was seated in her mother's lap, from whence the husband forcibly took her, while the daughter embracing the mother, from whom she parted with much reluctance.

A third custom among the Romans was, that when a man married a widow, the solemnity was kept on a festival day; but if he wedded a maid, it was kept on an ordinary working day. The reasons assigned for this distinction were, that the people engaged in their sports and recreations, should take no notice when widows were a second time married; on the contrary, the weddings of maids were solemnized on common days, because they should be seen, and generally known.

It should seem, by these customs, that the Romans looked on the marriage of virgins as honourable, and that of a woman who took a second husband, carrying with it an idea of indelicacy.

The Tinker's good Fortune.

THE following story is told of PHILIP, the great duke of Burgundy: The Duke stayed, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugal, at Bruges, in Flanders, which was solemnized in the depth of winter; and when by unseasonable weather he was unable either to hawk or hunt, and being tired of the amusements of the court, he used frequently, at night, to walk about the town, in disguise.

It happened, as he was walking late one night, he found a countryfellow dead drunk, snoring on a bulk;

he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attiring him after the court fashion, when he awaked, he and they were all ready to attend on his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke.

The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all the day long: after supper, he saw them dance, heard music, and partook of other court recreations: but late at night, when he was well tippled, and again fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself:—all the jest was to see how he looked upon it.—In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it, would not otherwise be persuaded, and the jest ended.

The following history of Thomas Parker, who lately died in America and who was an active naval officer during the late war, is extracted from his log-book:

"FIRST part of the voyage*,—pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

"Middle passage.—Whether variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm and bore away†.

"Latter part.—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation; corrected and made up my reckoning, and a passage of 50 years came to in mortality road, with the calm unrifled surface of the ocean of Eternity in view."

* Alluding to the early part of his life.

† Those whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his distress, refuse him assistance.

Query.

WHAT word is that in the English language of two syllables and four letters, to which, if you add two letters, it will become a monosyllable.

Answer.

YOUR Query I read, without much ado,
The word Ague occurr'd in a minute;
Then I added P L, thus the answer I drew,
And found but one syllable in it;
For P L to Ague if properly join'd,
Will make it the Plague, as your readers will find.

Sketch of London.

LONDON, the metropolis of the British empire, and perhaps the most populous and wealthy city in the world, appears to have been founded between the reigns of Julius Cæsar and Nero: but by whom is uncertain; for we are told by Tacitus, that it was a place of great trade in Nero's time, and soon after became the capital of the island. It was first walled round, with hewn stones and British brick, by Constantine the Great; and the walls formed an oblong square, in compass about three miles, with seven principal gates. The same emperor made it a bishop's see; for it appears that the bishops of London and York, and another English bishop, were at the council of Arles, in the year 314. He also established a mint in it, as is plain from some of his coins. London, in the extensive part of the same (including Westminster, Southwark, and part of Middlesex) is a city of surprising extent, of prodigious

wealth, and of the most extensive trade. This city, when considered with all its advantages, is now what ancient Rome once was; the seat of liberty, the encourager of arts, and the admiration of the whole world. London is the centre of trade; it has an intimate connection with all the counties in the kingdom; it is the grand mart of the nation, to which all parts send their commodities, whence they are again sent back into every part of the world. Hence innumerable carriages by land and water are constantly employed; and hence arises the circulation in the national body, which renders every part healthful, vigorous, and in a prosperous condition; a circulation that is equally beneficial to the head and the most distant members.

Its length from west to east is generally allowed to be above seven miles from Hyde-park Corner to Poplar: and its breadth in some places three, in others two, and in others, again, not much above half a mile. Hence the circumference of the whole is almost 18 miles; or according to a modern measurement, the extent of continued and still increasing buildings is 35 miles, 2 furlongs, and 39 roods. But it is much easier to form an idea of the large extent of a city so regularly built, from the number of the people, amounting, by the returns under the late Population Act, to 885,577; and from the number of edifices devoted to the service of religion.

Of these, besides St. Paul's Cathedral, and the collegiate church at Westminster, here are 102 parish-churches, and 69 chapels of the established religion; 21 French protestant chapels; 11 chapels belonging to the Germans, Dutch, Danes, &c.; 26 independent meetings; 19 popish chapels, and meeting-houses for the use of foreign ambassadors, and people of various sects; and three Jews' synagogues. So that there are 305 places devoted to religious worship, in the compass of this vast pile of buildings, without reckoning the 21 out-parishes usually included in the bills of mortality, and a great number of methodist tabernacles.

There are also in and near this city 100 alm's-houses; about 20 hospitals and infirmaries; 3 colleges; 10 public prisons; 15 flesh markets; a market for live cattle; 2 other markets more particularly for herbs; and 23 other markets for corn, coals, hay, &c.; 15 inns of court; 37 public squares, besides those within single buildings, as the Temple, &c.; 3 bridges; 49 halls for companies; 8 public schools, called free-schools; and 131 charity schools, which provide education for 5,034 poor children: 207 inns; 447 taverns; 551 coffee-houses; 5,975 ale-houses; 1,200 hackney-coaches; 400 ditto chairs; 7,000 streets, lanes, courts, and alleys; and 130,000 dwelling-houses, containing, as has been observed, nearly 900,000 inhabitants, who, according to calculations made so many years ago that they may be considered as low in the present enlarged state of this great city, consume annually 101,000, black cattle; 710,000 sheep; 195,000 calves; 240,000 swine and pigs; 1,172,500 barrels strong beer; 3000 tuns of foreign wines; and eleven million gallons of rum, brandy, and other distilled liquors; with 500,000 chaldrons of coals for fuel.

PICTURE OF LONDON, 1807.

The Combat.

A *Chimney-sweep* and *baker* went to fight;
The baker beat the chimney-sweeper *white:*
The chimney-sweep tho' laid upon his back,
Took wind and quickly beat the baker *black.*
In came a *brickdust-man,* with porter fed,
And beat both chimney-sweep and baker *red.*
Thus *red, black, white,* in clouds together lay,
And none could tell, which party had the day.

A Tale of Woe.

A FRIEND of mine happened to be passenger in the Chertsey coach coming to London: at the extremity of Hampton a very beautiful young woman, exceedingly well dressed, was handed up to the roof of the coach by a gentleman who then quitted her: it was observed at the time, she took leave of her companion with marks of extraordinary agitation. She had not proceeded far on the outside, when the heavy rain compelled her to become an inside passenger.

Nothing very particular was observed in her, till having taken some slight refreshment, her manner betrayed much wildness and disorder of mind; and soon after she fainted.—Every assistance was immediately afforded, and the coach remained upwards of an hour in Brentford, while a humane apothecary was exerting all his professional skill in fruitless endeavours to restore her. She was utterly unknown to every one, and it was determined that the coach should proceed with her in that inanimate state to London. After a time, she uttered some convulsive sobs, and gradually recovered her self-possession. The story she then told must

—"harrow up the soul."

She was, she said, the daughter of a most respectable, excellent woman, residing at a little town in Scotland. I purposely omit her name, not to inflict pain unnecessarily. She lived, she said, in the most perfect simplicity and happiness with her mother, who was in an infirm state of health, till she met the eye of a man representing himself as an officer in the army, and calling himself Lieutenant C. I cannot persuade myself to give this, which was an assumed name, at length, lest I involuntarily injure some honourable man who may bear it. This supposed Lieut. C. ingratiated himself with the mother, and but too fatally succeeded in gaining the affections of the daughter. His addresses bore the marks of honour, for he proposed marriage. The good old woman, delighted at the prospect of an establishment for her darling daughter, agreed to give her a hundred pounds as a marriage portion, and a handsome stock of cloaths.

It is needless to detail by what artifices this practised seducer imposed upon the credulity of these two persons, who had lived their whole lives retired in simplicity and innocence: it is enough to state that he succeeded, and with the consent of the mother, bore off the daughter for the avowed purpose of making her his wife; he took care also to carry off the hundred pounds and five trunks full of cloaths.

He first took her to Carlisle, where he succeeded in triumphing over her virtue; from thence he proceeded to Whitehaven, and advanced by slow degrees to London. He never again talked of marriage, but became negligent and brutal in his conduct; she submitted to these multiplied injuries without repining or complaint, for thirteen months, trusting that her submission and her affection would at last interest him to treat her better; but the savage heart of her seducer seems to have meditated a horrible catastrophe to this tragedy.

On their arrival in London, she found herself pregnant; under pretence of carrying her to his sister, he took her to a lone house near Hampton, with all her trunks. Here his treatment of her was such, that human nature recoils from the detail; and, after taking from her, her rings, her gloves, and even her pocket-handkerchief, he persuaded her to take a little walk with him. When he perceived the stage coach approaching, he gave her seven shillings, and told her she should go to London, and he would follow in a few minutes with

her trunks. She obeyed him implicitly, and ascended the coach; but there she learned from the passengers that there was no other coach to follow them, and her eyes began to open to her real situation. Deceived and cheated out of her affections,—deprived of her character and honour,—deserted,—pregnant,—robbed of her money and her cloaths,—enfeebled by continued ill-usage and starvation,—several hundred miles from her poor mother and her friends,—without a shilling in her pocket, or a door open to receive her!!!

This was her story, told irregularly and wildly; but with that genuine artlessness as impressed instant conviction of its truth. Need any comment be made upon it?—Surely not.

The sequel to her story, as far as is known, is, that when her fellow-passengers found there was no other way to stop her, in the Blackfriars-Road, they called the watch. In the crowd collected, even at that late hour of the night, (half-past twelve) there was an elderly, very well dressed man, with the manners of a gentleman, who expressed great feeling for her situation, and pledged his word of honour to take a post-chaise and convey her back to Hampton. She was left in his charge, upon the faith of this pledge; but with a heedlessness unparalleled, and which the confusion of the moment cannot satisfactorily excuse, they omitted altogether to take his name and address, and have no clue whatsoever to find him out. But it is ascertained *he did not take her to Hampton.*

A Bull.

SAYS *Dennis* to *Paddy*, " I can't for my life
" Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife,
" Since they can't with the form and the parson accord,"
Says *Paddy*, 'you fool! they take each other's word.

Alonzo and Imogine.

A WARRIOR so bold and a Virgin so bright
Conversed, as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight;
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

—" And, oh!" said the youth, " since to-morrow I go
" To fight in a far-distant land,
" Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
" Some other will court you, and you will bestow
" On a wealthier suitor your hand."—

—" Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
" Offensive to love and to me!
" For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
" I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
" Shall husband of Imogine be.

" And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
" Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
" God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
" Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
" May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
" And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore:
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A Baron all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes; he bewilder'd her brain;
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been bless'd by the priest:
The revelry now was begun:
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—'one!'

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
That a stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he utter'd no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, & gigantic his height;
His armour was sable to view:
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear:
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled:—"I pray,
"Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
"And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent: the stranger complies,
His vizor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout;
All turn'd with disgust from the scene,
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried;
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
"God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
"My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
"Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
"And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning ground;
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the Baron: and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
"And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

Breach of Promise of Marriage.

SMITH *v.* HEATHCOATE.

THIS was an action brought to recover compensation in damages for a breach of promise of marriage, wherein the defendant having suffered judgment to go by default, it devolved on a Sheriff's Jury to possess the quantum of those damages. It appeared that the plaintiff and defendant were both stricken in years, each of them fast approaching sixty. The lady, however, being long tired of a widowed life, had communicated her resolution of changing her state, and her confidant soon provided a candidate for her favour, whose recommendation had all the wished for effect that either party could desire, and her approbation was the result. The banns were put up accordingly, published, and all things were in train for the wedding. The lady relied upon the taste of her confidant in the choice of a husband suited to her fancy, consulted her own choice for his wedding suit, and actually went to her taylor, who, by her order, *took his measure*, and made up his cloaths to this husband elect: but, as his wayward genius led him, instead of carrying the cloaths to the bride-groom, he hastened with them to the bride, and presented with them his bill for payment; when, Oh! *horribile dictu*, no sooner had the taylor entered the room, than *Cupid* flew

out of the window. The lady raved, and declared she would not have Mr. Smith, nor have his breeches, or any thing that belonged to him, and thenceforth would never see him. She accordingly kept her negative assurance, and thereby broke her promised contract. Verdict for the plaintiff, damages five pounds, which we presume was the amount of the taylor's bill, with costs.

MR. BEW, in the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, gives the following remarkable case.—John Metcalf became blind at a very early age, so as to be entirely unconscious of light and its various effects. This man passed the younger part of his life as a waggoner, and occasionally as a guide in intricate roads, during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow. Strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment he has since undertaken is still more extraordinary. His present occupation is that of a projector and surveyor in highways, in difficult and mountainous countries. His abilities in this respect are so great, that he finds constant employment. Maps of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly in the vicinity of Buxton; and he is at this time constructing a new one betwixt Wilmslow and Congleton.

Morning Chronicle, 1787.

Methodist Gibberish, said to have been lately delivered in the Neighbourhood of Litchfield.

YOU have ears to hear, eyes to see, tongues to taste, and throats to swallow; draw near, I say, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among ye; the crumbs of comfort wherewith ye must be crammed, until ye become chickens of grace, and are cooped up in the hencoop of righteousness.

If your hearts are as hard as a Suffolk cheese, or a Norfolk dumpling, my discourse shall beat them as it were upon a cobbler's lapstone, until they become as soft as a roasted apple—aye, even as soft as custard meat, and melt in your bellies like a marrow pudding.

Do you know what trade Adam was? I say, do you know what trade Adam was? If you don't, I'll tell you. Why, Adam was a planter, for he planted the beautiful garden of Eden.

Now, do you know what was the first thing Adam set in his garden? Ho! ho! you don't, don't you? then I will tell you. His foot! his foot! I say, was the first thing Adam set in his garden. But he could not keep it there; no, no, no, he could not keep it there, for Lucifer came behind him, tript up his heels, and trundled him out again neck and shoulders.

I'll tell you a secret; I say, I'll tell you a secret;—Knees were made before elbows;—aye, knees, I say, were made before elbows; for the beasts of the field were made before man, and they have no elbows at all.—Therefore down on your marrow-bones and pray for mercy, else you will be turned into Beelzebub's underground kitchen, to make bubble and squeak of your souls for the devil's supper.

Lady's Magazine, July, 1788.

A Hard Case.

ONCE a doctor, to death-dealing practice inur'd,
As he always kill'd twenty for one that he cur'd,
To a grave-digger said, passing thro' the church-yard,
"So, friend, I perceive you're at work very hard."—
"Hard indeed," says old Delve, "here I toil ev'ry day,
"And can hardly get suction to *moisten my clay;*
"Nay *double work* scarcely subsistence procures,
"Tho' while *doing my own*, I am FINISHING *your's.*"

An Account of the Loss of the Margate Hoy.

MARGATE, FEB. 10, 1802.

REPEATED as have been the awful visitations with which this town and neighbourhood has been afflicted during this winter, the following has, alas! in every point of view, alarmingly exceeded them all:—The hoy Margate, of Margate, John Goodborn, captain, Mr. J. Sacket, owner, very deeply laden with corn for the London market, having a crew of four men and twenty-eight passengers, sailed from the harbour in moderate weather, at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and came to anchor in the roads till near nine in the evening, when they again got under sail, and soon after the weather began to be very tempestuous; but they continued working against the wind till they had arrived, about midnight, off Reculver, with the intention of going to anchor under the hook of Margate sand.—On making their last tack towards the land, the strop of the sounding lead broke, and though the vessel was put about, yet before another lead could be fitted she struck, it was supposed, on the tail of the Reculver Sand; they then let go the anchor, and the water flowing, the vessel swang off and rode clear. They then got up the anchor, and setting the sails, she was drawn off the land, when the gib-tackle broke, which made it impossible to get her head from the wind: the captain then lashed down the tiller, and went forward to set another gib-sail, when, by the vessel's striking the ground, the tiller was rent in two, and before it could be replaced the rudder was beat off, and thereby the vessel was rendered totally unmanageable. They then let go their anchor a second time, but the hoy continuing to beat on the ground in the most alarming manner, and apprehending she had sprung a leak, and finding the pumps were choaked, they were forced to let slip the cable, and let her drive in to shore, on which she was beaten about a mile and a half from the village of Reculver. The scene then became truly horrible, as a most dreadful sea was breaking over the vessel every moment, and the women and children uttering the most lamentable cries. In the midst of this distress, Mr. Bone, passenger, and local preacher in the connection of the late Rev. John Wesley, like the true Christian and faithful Divine, with great resignation, exhorted and prayed with his fellow-sufferers, and was heard by the survivors to the very last, lifting his voice in supplications and praises to his Redeemer.—Five of the passengers and four of the crew having taken to the shrouds, were saved by continuing there till the water was so lowered that they could get on the shore, about five in the morning. One other passenger, Mr. Jesse Carroway, of Margate, was swept off the deck, but most providentially, after some little exertion, was thrown on the beach by the waves, and escaped; and supposes that very soon after the cabin was filled with water, and seven passengers who remained therein drowned, and the remaining fourteen and the captain, who were on deck, were then swept away by the merciless waves, as while he lay on the beach, he heard a general scream of distress, and then all was still! The scene which the morning presented to the afflicted spectators, who by ten o'clock were some hundreds, from Margate and the neighbouring villages, it is impossible to describe, as within the space of a mile and a half on the beach, sixteen men and women lay dead on the shore, and, very soon after, seven other passengers were taken in the same state from the cabin, making in the whole twenty-three persons.

Pyramids of Egypt.

THE pyramids of Egypt, those wondrous monuments of the wealth and grandeur of the ancient kings of that country, are allowed to have been built at least 1,200 years before the birth of Christ.

The three pyramids that are most taken notice of by travellers, as exceeding all the rest both in bulk and beauty, are situated on a ridge of rocky hills, on the borders of the Lybian desart, about ten miles westward from the village Geeza, which is supposed to be the spot where the antient Memphis stood, though there are now not the least traces to be found of the ruins of that great and renowned city.

The largest of these pyramids, which has suffered least by time and weather, is six hundred and ninety-three English feet square at the basis, and its perpendicular height is four hundred and ninety-nine feet: but if the height be taken as the pyramid ascends inclining, it is then six hundred and ninety-three feet; which is exactly equal to the breadth of the base, so that the angles and base make an equilateral triangle. The whole area therefore of the base contains four hundred and eighty two thousand, two hundredand forty-nine square feet, which is something more than eleven acres of ground.

On the outside of this pyramid there is an ascent by steps; the breadth and depth of every step is one entire stone, and several of them are thirty feet in length. The top of the pyramid does not end in a point, as it appears to those who view it below, but in a little square consisting of nine stones, besides two that are wanting at the angles. Each side of the platform is about sixteen feet; so that a considerable number of persons may stand upon it, whence there is one of the most beautiful prospects that can be imagined.

On the north side of the large pyramid, sixteen steps from the bottom, there is a narrow passage leading downwards into the body of the structure. Those who have explored this passage find within, galleries, chambers, and a noble hall built of Thebaic marble situated in the centre of the pyramid.

In this stately hall stands a tomb, which consists of one entire piece of marble hollowed, without any lid or covering; and on being struck it sounds like a bell. The general opinion is, that it was designed for the tomb of Cheops or Chemnis, king of Egypt, the supposed founder of this pyramid. There is no appearance, however, of any corpse having been laid in it. The figure of this tomb is that of an altar, and the marble smooth and plain, without any sculpture or other ornament. How the tomb was brought into the place where it now stands is difficult to conceive, it being impossible it should have come through the narrow passages that are the entrances to the hall. It is therefore generally supposed the tomb was raised up thither from without, before the room was finished; and the roof closed over it.

The Conflagration.

WHILE Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring toper sets his hair in flames.
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire:
"Were there no lives lost, Richard, in this fire?"

On seeing one Bacon in the Pillory.

WHY so relentless do you pelt
With all the force you can,
As if your heart no pity felt
For the unhappy man.

The *thrower* smil'd, "Why, Sir," said he,
"The judge has felt a *zest*,
And thinks that *Bacon* best would be,
If well with *eggs* 'twas *drest*."

The Miser's Feast.

HIS chimney smoke! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out *fire*.

Epitaphs.

THE following curious epitaph appears on a head-stone in the church-yard of *Storrington*, in the County of Sussex.

Here lies the body of EDWARD HIDE;
We laid him here because he died.
We had rather
It had been his father.
If it had been his sister,
We should not have miss'd her,
But since 'tis honest Ned,
No more shall be said.

GUILSFIELD CHURCH-YARD, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Died June 30, 1769.

UNDER this yew tree
Buried would he be,
Because his father he
Planted this yew tree.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

IN LLANMYNECH CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies JOHN THOMAS
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

ON CAVE.

IN THE CHURCH OF BARROW UPON SOAR,
In the County of Liecester.

HERE, in this Grave, there lies a Cave,
We call a Cave a Grave.—
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lie in Grave,
Or Grave here lie in Cave;
If Grave in Cave here buried lie,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report, here lies a Cave,
Who conquers Death, and buries his own Grave.

ON WILLIAM LAWES, A MUSICIAN,

Killed at the Siege of West-Chester.

Concord is *conquer'd*; in this urn there lies
The master of great Musick's mysteries,
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by those whose *Wills* are *Lawes*.

Peterborough Cathedral.

HERE lies a babe, that only cry'd,
In baptism to be washed from sin, and dy'd,
January 17, 1666.

In St. Maria Nuova, Naples, is an Italian Inscription, which in English runs thus.

'I was what I am not. I am what I was not.
'What I am thou shalt be. SPAIN gave me birth;
'ITALY determined my fortune. Here I lie buried.

RODERIGO NUNEZ DE PALMA, 1597.'

ON WILLIAM PRYNNE.

By Butler.

Here lies the corpse of WILLIAM PRYNNE,
Bencher, late of Lincoln's-Inn,
Who restless ran through thick and thin.

This grand scripturient paper-spiller,
This endless, needless margin-filler,
Was strangely tost from post to pillar.

His brain's career was never stopping,
But pen with rheum of gall still dropping,
Till hand o'er head brought ears to cropping.

Nor would he yet surcease such themes,
But prostitute new virgin reams,
To types of his fanatic dreams.

But while he this hot humour hugs,
And for more length of tender tugs,
Death fang'd the remnant of his lugs.

ON MACKLIN, THE PLAYER,

Who died at the advanced Age of one hundred and seven Years, two Months, and ten Days. He lies in the Chancel of COVENT-GARDEN CHURCH.

HERE lies the Jew,
That Shakspeare drew.

These lines were given by Mr. POPE, as the most appropriate inscription for MACKLIN, after his chaste representation of SHAKSPEARE'S SHYLOCK, but they do not appear on his tomb.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

ON DOCTOR OTWELL HILL,

Who died 19*th of May*, 1616, *aged* 56.

'TIS OTWELL HILL, a holy HILL,
And truly, sooth to say,
Upon this HILL, be praised still,
The Lord both night and day.
Upon this HILL, this HILL, did cry,
Aloud the scripture letter,
And strove your wicked villains by,
Good counsel to make better,
And now this HILL tho' under stones,
Has the Lord's HILLS to lie on;
For LINCOLN HILL has got his bones,
His soul the HILL of Sion.

Account of the Character and Dress of the Women of Chio, an Island in the Archipelago.

WHILE recounting the bounties of nature to this island, the singular beauty of the female inhabitants must not be omitted. As we walked through the town on a Sunday evening, the streets were filled with women dancing, or sitting in groupes, at their doors, dressed in the fashion of the island, which is scrupulously confined to the natives. The girls have most brilliant complexions, with features regular and delicate; but one style of countenance prevails; when, without a veil, the head is covered with a close coif, confining the hair, except a few locks round the face, which are bathed in perfumed oil, and curled likewise, as in Vandyke's or Lely's portraits. Some have veils of muslin tied *à l'antique*, and flowing gracefully behind. The shift sleeves are exposed of thin gauze full and open, and the outer vest does not reach far below the knees, with an apron of coloured tiffany, worn as high as the bosom. It is always of gaudy silk, thickly plaited in narrow folds, stiffened with whalebone, like a hoop, and fastened under the chin, being quite flat upon the breasts. It appears much as if one of the most fanciful of our English ladies of fashion should wear her petticoat tied round her neck, and poke her arms through the sides; or by a more grotesque comparison a tortoise walking upright. The slippers are loose, and sometimes embroidered, with stockings of white silk or cotton, extremely neat. The ringlets which are so elegantly disposed round the sweet countenances of these fair Chiotes are such as Milton describes by "hyacinthine locks," crisped and curled like the blossoms of that flower. No dress more unbecoming than that which envelopes their shapes could have been imagined; but their faces make ample amends, with eyes varying with infinite expression from softness to vivacity. All the arts of ancient Greece have declined in an extreme proportion; nor should we wonder that, if the superiority of beauty be unimpaired, the art of adorning the person be almost lost. Yet the air of the veil, the *ceinture*, and the sandals, afford us occasionally some slight glimpse of that exquisite grace which pervades the drapery of ancient sculpture.

Even in the Turkish women an air of greater freedom than of those in the capital may be observed. The face is not so closely enveloped in a mahramah, which discovers the eyes only, but gracefully obscured by a flowing veil.

We visited the English consul at his country-house among the mountains. It was about mid-day, and were served with the customary compliment. The lady of the house had been one of the most beautiful of the Chiotes, nor had her daughter inferior pretensions. More native politeness and gay complacency could scarcely have been shown than in their reception of us. According to the universal custom among the Greeks, soon after our arrival, a servant appeared, bearing a silver salver, upon which were placed several spoons filled with conserves, which the young lady presented to us, severally, with a grace and attitude worthy the antique. Small glasses of water succeeded; and, lastly, coffee prepared in the eastern manner. In every visit that may be made during the day, this compliment is repeated. Should the mistress of the house be young, she shows her respect to her guests by this ceremony; if otherwise, her eldest daughter, or some other lady present, takes her place.

Miracles not ceased.

THE prophet Balaam was in wonder lost,
To hear his ass speak;—asses now talk most.

The wonderful Learned Boy, of Lubeck, in Germany.

CHRISTIAN HENRY HEINEKEN was born at Lubeck on February 6, 1721, and died there June 27, 1725, after having displayed the most amazing proofs of intellectual talents.

He had not completed his first year of life, when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the five books of Moses; with a number of verses on the creation.—In his fourteenth month he knew all the history of the Bible; in his thirtieth month the history of the nations of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the use of maps, and nearly 8000 Latin words. Before the end of his third year, the history of Denmark, and the genealogy of the crowned heads of Europe. In his fourth year the doctrines of divinity, with their proofs from the Bible; ecclesiastical history; the institutions; 200 hymns, with their tunes; 80 psalms; entire chapters of the Old and New Testaments; 1500 verses and sentences, from ancient Latin classics; almost the whole *Orbis Pictus* of Comenius, whence he had derived all his knowledge of the Latin tongue; arithmetic; the history of the European empires and kingdoms: could point out in the maps whatever place he was asked for, or passed by in his journeys; and recite all the ancient and historical anecdotes relating to it. His stupendous memory caught and retained every word he was told: his ever-acting imagination used, at whatever he saw or heard, instantly to apply, according to the laws of association of ideas, some examples or sentences from the Bible, or geography, profane or ecclesiastical history, the *Orbis Pictus*, or from ancient classics. At the court of Denmark he delivered twelve speeches, without once faultering; and underwent public examinations on a variety of subjects, especially the history of Denmark. He spoke German, Latin, French, and Low Dutch; was exceedingly good-natured, and well-behaved, but of a most tender, delicate bodily constitution, never eating any solid food, but chiefly subsisting on nurse's milk. He was celebrated, says this account, all over Europe, under the name of the Learned Boy of Lubeck. He died at the age of four years, twenty days, and twenty-one hours; and his death was recorded in a number of periodical papers.

Westminster Magazine, 1780.

Lady Jane Grey's Speech on the Scaffold.

Good People,

I AM come to this place to yield up my life to the sentence of the law. That I did consent to the design concerted against the queen's highness, to deprive her of the crown of this realm, I frankly confess; but absolutely deny that I entertained the least thoughts, or desire, to have that honour transferred on myself:—I therefore wash my hands, in token of my innocency before God, and all that behold me this day.

It is very remarkable that Judge Morgan, who pronounced sentence on Lady Jane Grey, a short time after her execution became insane, and in his raving would cry out, "Take her from me, take her from me!" till he ended his life with inexpressible horror.

Taylor's Bloody Tribunal.

A Recipe for Courtship.

TWO or three dears and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in a day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way.
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes:
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

Characters of the different Nations of Europe.

IN *religion,* the German is sceptical; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

In *keeping his word,* the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian shuffling; the Spaniard a cheat.

In *giving advice,* the German is slow; the Englishman fearless; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.

In *external appearance,* the German is large; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of middle size; the Spaniard awkward.

In *dress,* the German is shabby; the Englshman costly; the Frenchman fickle; the Italian ragged; the Spaniard decent.

In *manners,* the German is clownish; the Englishman blunt; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

In *keeping a secret,* the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman tells every thing; the Italian is close; the Spaniard mysterious.

In *vanity,* the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all other nations; the Frenchman flatters every body; the Italian estimates cautiously the Spaniard is indifferent.

In *eating and drinking,* the German is a drunkard; the Englishman gross and luscious; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard penurious.

In *offending and doing good,* the German is inactive; the Englishman does both without consideration; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent.

In *speaking,* the German and Frenchman speak badly but write well; the Englishman speaks and writes well; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little but well.

In *address,* the German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman neither resembles a fool or a wise man; the Frenchman is gay; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

Servants are companions in Germany; obedient in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; submissive in Spain.

The *women* are housewives in Germany; queens in England; ladies in France; captives in Italy; slaves in Spain.

In *courage,* the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a fox; and the Spaniard an Elephant.

In *the sciences,* the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman a smatterer: the Italian a professor; and the Spaniard a grave thinker.

Magnificence—In Germany the princes, in England the ships, in France the court, in Italy the churches in Spain the armories, are magnificent.

On a Fat Physician.

TAKE heed, O good trav'ller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. STR-TF-RD, in all this church-yard.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

HERE lyeth JOHN BRIGGE, under this marbil ston,
Whos sowle our Lord Jesu have mercy upon;
For in this worlde worthily he lived many a day,
And here hys bodi is beried, and cowched under clay;
Lo! frendis fre, whatever ye be, pray for me, I you pray,
As ye nay se, in soch degre, so schal ye be another day.

ON the demise of King Charles II. the Duke of York, who had a long time governed in the King's name, ascended the throne by the title of James II. The first step that he took after his accession, was the issuing out a prosecution against Alderman Cornish, who had exerted himself, when sheriff, in the year 1680, to detect and prosecute the Popish plot. In consequence of which, on the 13th October, 1685, he was apprehended and committed to Newgate; without the use of pen, ink, or paper, and on the Monday following he was indicted for conspiring, with other false traitors, to raise a rebellion in the kingdom in the late reign, to destroy the king and subvert the constitution. The principal evidence against him was Colonel Ramsey, an infamous and profligate villain; and one Goodenough, who had been outlawed, but was pardoned on purpose that he might have the opportunity of bearing testimony against him; and, notwithstanding the evidence of these two base men, did not in the least affect the prisoner, he was nevertheless condemned, and on the 23d of the same month, hanged, drawn and quartered, facing his own house, at the end of King-street, Cheapside, London.

Chamber's History of England.

Justice done by Otho III. Emperor of Germany, to the Empress his Wife, Mary, Daughter of the King of Arragon. A. D. 996.

THIS princess having been in love with a young Italian count, she made use of all her arts to allure him to her embraces; but he being no less chaste than charming, she was by no means able to bring her ends about, which caused her to turn her love into hatred, and consequently to seek for an opportunity to be revenged. At length she resolved to accuse her love to the emperor of making attempts upon her honour; which had that effect, that Otho, giving too great credit to her accusation, condemned the innocent count to die; and accordingly had him beheaded. The count, before his death, confessed the whole truth to his wife, who thereupon, two or three days afterwards, went and threw herself at the emperor's feet, at a time when he was doing of justice, laying open the whole truth, thereby acquitting her husband and accusing the empress of a most detestable crime; to confirm which, she took a red-hot iron into her hands without doing her any harm. The emperor, astonished at what he had both heard and seen, commanded his empress to undergo the like proof of her innocence, which she declining to do, he immediately ordered her to be burnt alive. and for his own punishment, for having so rashly procured the innocent count to be executed, condemned himself in a great fine, which he caused to be speedily paid to the afflicted widow.

Mr. Savage's History of Germany.

An Account of a Wild Man in the Pyrenees.

MONSIEUR LE ROY, the French king's engineer, employed in drawing masts from the Pyrenees, says, that in the year 1774, a savage, or wild man, was discovered by the shepherds who fed their flocks in the neighbourhood of the forest Yaary. This man, who inhabited the rocks that lay near the forest, was very tall, covered with hair like a bear, and very nimble; of a gay humour, and in all appearance of a mild disposition, as he neither did nor seemed to intend harm to any body. He often visited the cottages, without ever attempting to carry off any thing. He had no knowledge of bread, milk, or cheese; his greatest amusement was to see the sheep run

ning, and to scatter them; and he testified his pleasure at this sight by loud fits of laughter, but never attempted to hurt them. When the shepherds let loose their dogs after him, he fled with the swiftness of a racer, and never allowed the dogs to come near him. One morning he came to the cottage of some workmen, and one of them endeavouring to get near him, and catch him by the leg, he laughed heartily, and then made his escape: he seemed to be about 30 years of age. As the forest is very extensive, and has a communication with the vast woods that belong to the Spanish territories, it is natural to suppose, that this solitary but cheerful being had been lost in his infancy, and had subsisted on fruits and herbs. How wild men are produced in the immense forests on the continent, has hitherto escaped the vigilance of naturalists; but that there are such, the foregoing instance to that of the wild man* brought over from the forests of Germany, as a present to King George I. confirms.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1779.

* Peter the Wild Boy died at Broadway Farm, near Great Berkhamstead, in Herefordshire, A. D. 1785.

Gunpowder.

IN the year 1649, 4th Jan. sixty houses were blown up by a blast of 27 barrels of gunpowder, which accidentally took fire at a ship-chandlers, in the neighbourhood of Barking Church, Tower-street, London. It unfortunately happened that a parish feast was then held at the Rose Tavern, next door but one to the church, at which the principal part of the parishioners were assembled, all of whom perished, and were mangled in a most dreadful manner, except the mistress of the tavern, who was found sitting upright in the bar, and a drawer standing without it, with a pot in his hand, both being suffocated with smoke and dust, and preserved in these postures by the casual falling of timber, without the least sign of fracture or contusion. But the most remarkable thing was, a cradle, with a child in it, blown upon the upper leads of Barking Church, which the next day was taken down, without either of them having received the least damage.

Chamberlain's Survey of London.

Giant.

SOME masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field, (which by tradition had long been called the Giant's Field) at the depth of 18 feet, discovered a brick tomb, 30 feet long and 12 wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a grey stone, with the words "Theutobochus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened, they found a human skeleton entire, 25 feet and a half long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast bone to the back: his teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured four feet. *January* 11, 1613.

A Miser.

A FEW days ago, died at Wimborne Minster, in Gloucestershire, aged near 70, Mr. Weeks, a farmer, who, from a very small beginning, scraped together near 3000*l.* For the last six or seven years he was bedridden; but even then was as intent to heap up as ever. Last winter at midnight, a man entered his chamber, and went off with between three and four hundred pounds; which loss cut him to the heart; and so determined was he to make it up by penury, that he almost starved himself and the old woman who attended him, having laid out no more money, in the last eight or nine months, than fifteen shillings; a sum which eluded the search of the robber. *Public Ledger, 20th Jan.* 1784.

English and French Ideas of Pickling and Preserving.

A POOR simple Foreigner, not long ago,
Whose knowledge of English was, simply, so so;
At a shop window reading, "Good Pickles sold here,"
To the shopwoman said, "Vat is Peeckles, my dear?"
"Why Pickles," says she, "is a sort of a name,
"Like Preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;
"For pickling preserves, though not quite the same way,
"Yet 'tis much the same thing, as a body may say."
The Foreigner bow'd, and gave thanks for his lesson,
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on;
For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miss Kitty Nervous,
To start from her chair, and cry, "Mercy preserve us!"
While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cry'd, "Mercy *preserve* us and *peeckle* us too!"

EPITAPH.

Written on FOOTE, *the Mimic and Dramatist, who, several years before his death, lost one of his nether limbs.*

HERE a pickled rogue lies whom we could not preserve,
Though his pickle was true Attic Salt;
One Foote was his name, and one leg did him serve,
Though his wit was known never to halt:
A most precious limb and a rare precious pate,
With one limb taken off for wise ends;
Yet the hobb'ler, in spite of the hitch in his gait,
Never fail'd to take off his best friends:
Taking off friends and foes, both in manner and voice,
Was his practice for pastime or pelf;
For which, 'twere no wonder, if both should rejoice
At the day when he *took off himself!*

Epitaph.

HERE old JOHN RANDAL lies, who telling of his tale,
Lived threescore years and ten, such virtue was in *ale,*
Ale was his meat, *ale* was his drink, *ale* did his heart revive;
And if he could have drank his *ale,* he still had been alive.

ON SHADRACH JOHNSON,

Who kept the Wheat-Sheaf, at Bedford, and had twenty-four children by his first wife, and eight by his second.

SHADRACH lies here who made both sexes happy,
The women with love-toys, the men with nappy

Epitaph.

HERE lies *Robin Masters,* Faith 'twas hard
To take away our honest *Robin's* breath;
Yet surely *Robin* was full well *prepared*;
Robin was alway's *looking out for Death.*

Epitaph.

'Here lies J. H. in expectation of the day
'of Judgement,
'What he was that day will shew.'

Parish Church of Leeds, Yorkshire.

UNDER this stone do lie six children small,
Of JOHN WILLINGTON of the NORTH HALL.

Epitaph.

HERE lith the Body of Betty Bawden,
Her wid a lived longer but her cawden,
And now hers dead and turn'd to clay,
'Twas she's bad leg carr'd she away.

ON GAY THE POET.
By Pope.

WELL then poor GAY lies underground!
So there's an end of honest Jack!
So little Justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

SITTINGBOURNE.

I WAS as yee be, now in dust and clay,
Have mercy on my sowl yat bowght hit with yi blodde,
For Elisabeth of Cherite a paternoster say,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of Edmonde Poodde.

ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.
On an Attorney.

HERE lies one, believe it if you can,
Who, tho' an attorney was an honest man;
The gates of Heav'n for him will open wide,
But will be shut 'gainst all the tribe beside.

ON ROGER GARDINER,

Who died April 13, 1658. *Aged* 21 *Years, and* 9 *Months.*

ROGER lies here before his hour,
Thus does the GARDINER lose his flower.

Uncommon Story of a Sleep-Walker.

A YOUNG gentleman went down from London to the West of England, to the house of a very worthy gentleman, to whom he had the honour to be related; it happened that the gentleman's house at that time was full, by reason of a kinswoman's wedding that had been lately kept there; he therefore told the young gentleman he was very glad to see him, and that he was very welcome to him: but, said he, I know not how I shall do for a lodging for you, my cousin's marriage not having left a room free, except one, which is haunted; but if you will lie there, you shall have a very good bed, and all other accommodations. Sir, replied the young gentleman, you will very much oblige me in allowing me to sleep there, for I have often coveted to be in a place that was haunted. The gentleman, very glad that his kinsman was so well pleased with his accommadations, ordered the chamber to be got ready, and a good fire to be made in it, it being winter time. When bed-time came, the young gentleman was conducted up to his chamber, which, besides a good fire, was furnished with all suitable accommodations, and having recommended himself to the Divine protection, goes to bed; where, having lain some time awake, and finding no disturbance, he fell asleep; out of which he was awaked about three o'clock in the morning, by the opening of the chamber-door, and the coming in of somebody in the appearance of a young woman, having a night-dress on her head, and only her *chemise* on; but he had no perfect view of her, his candle having burnt out, and the fire that was in the room, gave not sufficient light to distinguish the object distinctly. But this unknown visitant going to the chimney, took the poker, and stirred up the fire, by the flaming light whereof, he could discern the appearance of a young gentlewoman more distinctly; but whether it was flesh and blood, or an airy phantom, he knew not. This appearance having stood some time before the fire, as if to warm herself, at last walked two or three times about the room, and then came to the bed-side; where, having stood a little time, she took up the bed-clothes, and went into bed, pulling the bed-clothes upon her, and lay very quietly. The young gentleman was a little startled at this unknown bed-fellow, and, upon her approach, lay on the further side of the bed, not knowing whether he had better rise or not. At last, lying very still, he perceived his bed-fellow breathe, by which, guessing her to be flesh and blood, he drew nearer, and taking her by the hand found it warm, and that it was no airy phantom, but substantial flesh and blood; and finding she had a ring on her finger, he took it off unperceived. The lady being all this time asleep, he laid his hand gently upon her, in order to distinguish her sex, at the same time not disturbing her; which done, she flung off the bed-clothes, and getting up, walked three or four times about the room, in the same manner as she had previously done; then standing a while before the door, opened it, and went out, closing it after her. The young gentleman, perceiving by this, in what manner the room was haunted, rose up, and locked the door on the inside; then returned to bed, and slept soundly till morning. At an early hour the master of the house came to him, wishing to know how he did, and whether he had been disturbed. He told him, there was an apparition appeared to him, but begged the favor of declining any further explanation, until the whole family were assembled: the gentleman complied, assuring him, that as long as he was well, he felt quite satisfied.

The desire the whole family had, to know the issue of this affair, made them dress with more expedition than usual; so that there was a general assemblage of the ladies and gentlemen before eleven o'clock, not one of them being willing to appear in her dishabille. When they were all met in the great hall, the young gentleman told them, that he had one favor to desire of the ladies before he would say any thing, and that was, to know whether any of them had lost a ring? The young lady, from whose finger it was taken, having missed it all the morning, and not knowing how she lost it, was glad to hear of it again, and readily owned she had missed her ring, but whether lost or mislaid, she knew not. The young gentleman asked her, if that was it, giving it into her hand, which acknowledging to be her's, and thanking him, he turned to his relation, the master of the house; 'Now, Sir,' said he, 'I can assure you, (taking the lady by the hand) this is the lovely spirit by which your chamber is haunted.' And thereupon repeated what has been related.

Words cannot express the confusion the young lady appeared to be in at this relation; she declared herself perfectly ignorant of all he said: but believed it might be so, because of the ring, which she well remembered she had on when going to bed, and knew not how she had lost it.

This relation gave the whole company a great deal of diversion: in conclusion, the father declared, that since his daughter had already gone to bed to his kinsman, it should be his fault if he did not marry her, he being willing to bestow her upon him, and give her a good portion. This generous offer was so advantageous to the young gentleman, that he could by no means refuse it; and his lete bed-fellow, hearing what her father had said, was easily prevailed on to accept him for a husband.

A Murder discovered.

WHEN Dr. Donne, afterwards dean of St. Paul's, London, took possession of the first living he ever had, he took a walk into the church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and throwing up a skull, the doctor took it up to contemplate thereon, and found a small sprig or headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said he did very well, declaring it was a man's who kept a brandy shop; an honest, drunken fellow; who one night having taken two quarts of that comfortable creature, was found dead in his bed next morning. Had he a wife? Yes. What character does she bear? A very good one: only the neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried. This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her: he asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, and instantly owned the fact.

Morning Chronicle, Nov. 19, 1784.

A Country Quarter Sessions.

THREE or four parsons, three or four squires,
Three or four lawyers, three or four liars:
Three or four parishes bringing appeals;
Three or four bands, and three or four seals.
Three or four bastards, three or four w——s;
Tag, rag and bobtail, three or four scores.
Three or four bulls, and three or four cows,
Three or four orders, and three or four bows:
Three or four statutes not understood;
Three or four paupers, praying for food:
Three or four roads, that never were mended,
Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

Instance of the Sagacity of a Cat.

MANKIND in general seem to agree in celebrating the courage and invincible fidelity of the dog, while the unfortunate cat is the general object of dislike, and is considered incapable of a permanent attachment. A French journal contains an account which at once proves the sagacity and faithful affection of a cat.

"A physician of Lyons, of the name of Martin, states, that he was required by a justice of peace to examine the body of a person who had recently been murdered. He accordingly went and found, in a small room, the body of a young pregnant woman bathed in blood. A spaniel sat at her feet, licked them from time to time, and howled in a most piteous manner. It did not bark when they entered, but shewed the most unequivocal signs of grief. A large white cat also attracted their attention it was sitting on the top of a chest of drawers at the end of the room; it was immoveable, with its eyes fixed upon the body, and its looks at once denoted horror and fear. After a slight examination of the body, he told the justice of peace that he would return the next morning at ten o'clock with some other medical persons, to open the body in the presence of the persons suspected of having committed the murder. He accordingly went there the next day; the first object that struck his attention was the cat in the same place, in the same attitude in which she had been the preceding evening, and her looks had acquired such a degree of horror and ferocity that some apprehensions were entertained that she was mad. The room was soon filled with officers of justice and others; there was a considerable noise from the rattling of their arms, and from the conversation which ensued, but it neither caused the cat to alter her position, or withdraw her attention from the corpse. He was proceeding to open the body, in order to extract the child from the womb, when the persons suspected of the murder were brought into the room: at that instant the eyes of the cat sparkled with fury, her hair rose up, she sprung into the middle of the room, stopped for an instant, and then laid down by the side of the dog, and seemed to partake in his indignation for the murder, and his fidelity for his mistress. These mute but terrible witnesses did not escape the observations of the persons accused, they appeared greatly shocked, and all their boldness left them."

To-Day and To-Morrow.

TO-day man's drest in gold and silver bright
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good:
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-day he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him:
To-day he raises from the velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead:
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow no command, no house at all:
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait;
To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastly and pale before to-morrow night;
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span;"
The present moment is the life of man!

ON TWO BUTCHERS,

(Their real Names Bone *and* Skin*), who attempted to raise the Markets.*

TWO Butchers thin,
Call'd *Bone* and *Skin*,
Would starve the Town, or near it;
But, be it known
To *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *Flesh* and *Blood* won't bear it.

Drinking drives away Care.

'TIS clear, since Brandy kill'd *Tom's* scolding wife,
That drinking rids us of the cares of life.

An affecting Letter.

AS my situation at present admits neither of relief nor comfort, I do not trouble you with this on my own account, but in hopes that the picture I am about to draw, may be the means of preserving fathers from the like calamity.

I am now in the fifty-sixth year of my age. I had the misfortune, at forty, to lose an excellent wife, who left me one only daughter, four years old.

My love for my wife was such, that I believe nothing but the affection I bore to this little pledge, could have given me resolution to survive her.

Little Fanny (for that was her name) was now become my only care and pleasure, and I enjoyed more and more of the latter every day, as she grew more capable of being my companion. I fancied I did not only trace in her the features, but that goodness and sweetness of temper, which had distinguished her mother from the greater part of her sex. She was always a stranger to those severities, which some parents contend for, as necessary in the education of children; and therefore, instead of fear, she contracted for me that reverence, which love and gratitude inspire into good and great minds towards superiors. In short, I had in my little Fanny, at fourteen years old, a companion and a friend.

She was now the mistress of my house, and studied my humour in every thing. She often declared, her highest satisfaction was in pleasing me, and all her actions confirmed it. When business permitted me to be with her, no engagement to any company or pleasure, could force my Fanny from me; nor did she ever disobey me, unless by doing that, which she knew would most please me, contrary to my own request, as by sacrificing her innocent diversions abroad, to keep me company at home.

On my part, I had no satisfaction but in what my child was concerned. She was the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart. I became an absolute slave to a very laborious business, in order to raise her fortune, and aggrandise her in the world. These thoughts made the greatest fatigues not only easy, but pleasant; and I have walked a hundred times through the rain, with great cheerfulness, comforting myself, that by these means, my Fanny would hereafter ride in her coach.

She was about eighteen years of age, when I began to observe some little alteration in my Fanny's temper. Her cheerfulness had now frequent interruptions, and a sigh would sometimes steal from her, which never escaped my observation, though I believe it often escaped her own. I presently guessed the true reason of this change, and was soon after convinced, not only that her heart had received some impressions of love, but likewise who was the object of it.

The man, whom I will call Philander, was on many accounts so deserving, that I verily believe I should have been prevailed on to favour my child's inclinations, though his fortune was greatly unequal to what I had a right to demand for her; had not a young gentleman, with a very large estate offered himself to my choice. I was unable to resist such an acquisition of fortune, and of happiness, as I then thought, to my daughter. I presently agreed to his proposals, and introduced him to her, as one whom I intended for her husband.

As soon as the first visit was ended, Fanny came to me, prostrated herself at my knees, and begged me, as I tendered her future happiness, never to mention this match to her more, nor to insist on her receiving a second visit from Leontius (for so I will call this gentleman) whom, would to God I had never heard of.

Now was the first moment I uttered a harsh word to my poor child, who was bathed in tears (as I am while I am writing) I told her in an angry tone, that I was a better judge of what would contribute to her future happiness than herself; that she made me a very ungrateful return for all the cares and labours, I had undergone on her account, to refuse me the first command of importance I had ever laid on her; especially as it was only to give me the satisfaction of seeing her happy, for which I had agreed to leave myself a beggar.

I then left her, as I had no reason to expect an immediate answer, to contemplate on what I said: but at my departure, told her, that if she expected to see me more, the terms must be, an absolute compliance with my commands, and then she should never ask me again.

I saw her no more that evening; and the next morning early received a message from her, that she could no longer endure my absence, or the apprehension of my anger, and begged leave to attend me in my dressing room. I immediately sent for her, and when she appeared, I said—Well, Fanny, I hope you have thoroughly considered the matter, and will not make me miserable by denial of this first—No, Papa, answered she, you shall never be miserable, if your poor Fanny can prevent it. I have considered, and am resolved to be obedient to you, whatever may be the consequence to me. I then caught her in my arms, in an agony of passion, and floods of tears burst out at once from both our eyes.

The eagerness of Leontius soon completed the match, as there remained no obstacles to it, and he became possessed of my all: for beside my darling child, my little companion, my friend, he carried from me almost every farthing I was worth.

The ceremony being over, the young couple retired into the country, and I had the pleasure of seeing my Fanny run away in a coach and six of her own. Little did I then think, that it was the last unsullied pleasure I was to derive from her sight.

They returned at the end of a month, though they had proposed to stay longer; and my child, the moment she arrived in town, immediately sent me word she would visit me the next morning. I repaired hastily to her husband's house; but guess my surprise, when a servant told me that neither his master nor lady were at home. I returned, thinking to have met with her at my own house, but in vain. I now began to grow extremely uneasy at my disappointment: I went once more to her husband's house, and received the same answer as before. I then inquired for her maid, who was at last produced to me with her eyes swollen with tears; and from her I learned, that the villain Leontius had insisted on her not visiting me, confined her to her room, and ordered all the servants to carry no message or letter from her.

I flew up stairs, and burst open the door of the room, which was locked. I then found my child in a situation which, with the other circumstances of our meeting, I am unable to describe.

As soon as passion permitted, she spoke to me as follows: "Sir, I am undone; my husband is jealous of me for a man whom I have never seen since our marriage. He found me reading a letter I had formerly received from Philander, and snatched it from me, which he might have commanded, for I never have, nor never would disobey him. This letter having no date, he fancied I had just received, and hath treated me ever since with inhumanity not to be described. When I have endeavoured to convince him of my innocence, he has spurned me from him with indignation, and these poor arms, in return

to their tenderest embraces, have many marks of his violence upon them." Here she sunk upon me.—Words cannot paint my affliction, or the horrors I then felt! I shall hasten now to the conclusion of this subject.

Her husband was at length convinced that she received the letter as she affirmed, and was outwardly reconciled: but jealousy is a distemper seldom to be totally eradicated, and her having preserved this letter, and the reading it again, were circumstances he could not forgive. He behaved to her with such cruelty, that in half a year, from a state of florid health, she became pale and meagre. Philander, who I believe, really loved her to distraction, took that opportunity of renewing his addresses; her husband's barbarity drove her into his arms, and one evening she made her escape with him

The day after I heard this news, I received from her the following letter:

"*My dear Papa,*

"I am not insensible of my guilt: but to resist the sincere and tender passion of Philander, was no longer in my power; and the good-natured world, when they oppose to this, the most cruel treatment from an injurious husband, to whom duty, and not love, had joined me, will perhaps pity your poor Fanny.

But, alas! these are trifling considerations. The anger of the best of fathers, and the concern which he may suffer on my account, are the objects of my terror. Nor can I bear the thoughts of never seeing you more. Believe me, it is this apprehension alone which stands between me and happiness, and was the last and hardest struggle I had to overcome. I will therefore hope that I may be forgiven by him, that I may again be blest by paying my duty to the kindest and tenderest of fathers: for in that hope consists my being," &c.

The unlucky Question.

'DEAR friend,' says Tom Cogg, a deep gambler by trade,
As by chance he met Foote once at Bath on the P'rade,
'Since last I left London,' (then fetch'd a deep sigh,)
'I've had the misfortune of losing an eye.'
When the wag, whose wild raillery nothing could tame,
Reply'd, 'lost an eye! prithee Tom, at what game?

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*At the Election for the county of Downshire in Ireland, when Lord C*** was* TURNED OUT *and Colonel Mead* TURNED IN, *one of his lordship's* SUPPORTERS *was hanged in chains for robbing the mail. The following* JEU D'ESPRIT *was found nailed to the gibbet by one of the electors going to the poll.*

The humble Request of Jemmy Barlow, hanged for Robbing the Mail when on the road to give my Lord C—— a plumper.

ALL you who pass along this way,
Pray stop, and hear what I do say;
Oh, pity this my dismal station;
I robbed the mail—my friend the nation;
'But little rogues submit to fate,
Whilst great one's thrive and live in state;'
A few words more—attend, I pray,
Give my respects to *Cas——gh.*
I humbly beg his kind protection,
To send me safe to the election,
For I believe my vote's as good,
As some who pass this lonely wood;
Tell him to stretch his lanthorn jaws,
And try to gain John Bull's applause,
And not like me defy the laws.
Or else they'll soon reverse my doom,
And here suspend him in my room,
Where, though exalted still on high,
His flippant tongue will cease to lie,
And all his speeches be confined
To whistling in the passing wind.
Go tell him this from JEMMY BARLOW
The kiddy from the town of Carlow,
Who hopes within a little space,
To meet him in a *warmer* place;
Where he may take his seat of sin,
Nor interest need to vote him in,
Were fiends will be his firm protectors,
And not *brib'd* votes and *mock* electors.

On the Derivation of the Word News.

THE word explains itself, without the muse,
And the four letters speak, from whence comes *news:*
From *North, East, West, South,* the solution's made,
Each quarter gives accounts of war & trade.

Extraordinary Detection of Thieves.

IN October, 1805, Crocker, jun. and W. Smith, two of the patrole belonging to the Public Office, Bow-street, went to Croydon fair, in pursuit of a man of bad character, against whom they had charges.—About nine o'clock, as they were returning to town, on a hackney coach, they stopped at the White Hart public house, on the Brixton Causeway. Crocker went into the tap-room, where he was accosted in a very familiar manner by a youth about sixteen years of age, with "How are you? what luck have you had to-day?" The officer did not know him, but answered "None in particular." The boy then said, "I have had good luck; me and the *kid* (pointing to a boy about fourteen years of age) have *shook* a *dummy* (picked a pocket) at the *gaff* (fair) with about 20*l.* of *screens* (Bank notes); and observed, the boy, his companion, was as good a *kid* (boy) as little Jack Parker, who was lately *lugged* (transported), and that they had *shook*, and had got 22 *fogills* (pocket handkerchiefs) that morning. He had been *scurft* (taken into custody) at the *gaff*, for *drawing* (taking any thing out of the pocket) a *reader* (a pocket-book), but he had *dinged it* (thrown it away), he was kept in *lumber* (confinement), and then they kicked him, and let him go.

Crocker, finding the boy mistook him for some thief, did not undeceive him, and determined not to discover himself till he had learnt all he could of their depredations, and conversed with him in his own way, and very properly asked him what he had done with the *swag* (property) that had been stolen? The boy said he had sent it to London. Crocker then, in a very friendly manner, asked him if he was going to town? He would give him and his *pal* (companion) a ride, which the boys agreed to, and they got upon the coach with Crocker. They had not got far on the road, when they observed a boy. The two boys on the coach gave the rogues' whistle, which the boy on the road understood, and Crocker asked who he was? They answered he was another *good kid*. In a short time after, the boys proposed to Crocker to go with them to Astley's, and *shake some dummies* and get some *thimbles* (watches), as he had not got any thimbles for two or three days past; to which Crocker agreed The eldest boy then asked Crocker if he ever went to any of the *spells* (plays), or if he ever went to any balls or routs, because, if they could agree to go together to such places, they might contrive to get hold of some old *swell* (a rich man) and manage to *draw him* of a *good dummy*. He further said, he never touched any thing but *dummies*, *fogells*, and *thimbles*. He said he meant to buy a *prad* (a horse), as he intended to go a *dragging* (robbing waggons on the road). The coach stopped at the Cannon public house in the western road, when Crocker told the boys they would have some gin before they went to Astley's; and, having got them into the house, he said to them, Come, my lads, I must see what you have got about you; when the youths stared at each other with the utmost astonishment, made use of the most horrid blasphemous oaths, and said, Why, is it possible we have been talking to *traps* (police officers)? The patrole soon convinced them they were so, being provided with handcuffs for them all. The officers lodged them in a watch-house, and the next morning, they underwent an examination before Mr. Bond, at the Public Office, Bow-street. Mr. Bond asked the eldest boy how he came to be so deceived as to suppose Crocker to be a thief, and tell him his depredations. He replied, that he observed

Crocker speaking to a thief in the fair, and he supposed, of course, he was likewise one, and that he was there for the purpose of picking pockets as well as himself. Among the depredations he told Crocker he had committed at the fair, was one on Wednesday, when he got a *reader*, with between 20*l.* and 30*l.* in Bank notes in it, and four bankers' checks; two of them he had got *smashed* (passed), and of the other two payment was stopped.

Bell's Messenger, October 7, 1805.

A remarkable Instance of a Person being tried for Murder, on the pretended Information of a Ghost.

A FARMER, on his return from the market at Southam, in the county of Warwick, was murdered. A man went the next morning to his wife, and inquired if her husband came home the evening before; she replied no, and that she was under the utmost anxiety and terror on that account. Your terror, said he, cannot equal mine; for last night, as I lay in bed, quite awake, the apparition of your husband appeared to me, shewed me several ghastly stabs in his body, told me had been murdered by such a person, and his carcase thrown into such a marl-pit.

The alarm was given, the pit searched, the body found, and the wounds answered the description of them. The man, whom the ghost had accused, was apprehended and committed on a violent suspicion of murder. His trial came on at Warwick, before the Lord Chief Justice Raymond, when the jury would have convicted, as rashly as the justice of the peace had committed him, had not the judge checked them. He addressed himself to them in words to this effect: "I think, gentlemen, you seem inclined to lay more stress on the evidence of an apparition than it will bear. I cannot say that I give much credit to these kinds of stories: but, be that as it will, we have no right to follow our own private opinions here: we are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it; and I know not of any law now in being which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; nor yet, if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence.—Crier, "said he, "call the ghost;" which was thrice done to no manner of purpose: it appeared not. "Gentlemen of the Jury," continued the Judge, "the prisoner at the bar, as you have heard, by undeniable witnesses, is a man of a most unblemished character; nor hath it appeared, in the course of the examination, that there was any manner of quarrel or grudge between him and the party deceased. I do verily believe him to be perfectly innocent; and, as there is no evidence against him, either positive or circumstantial, he must be acquitted. But from many circumstances which have arisen during the trial, I do strongly suspect, that the gentleman, who saw the apparition, was himself the murderer; in which case he might easily ascertain the pit, the stabs, &c. without any supernatural assistance; and on such suspicion, I shall think myself justified in committing him to close custody, till the matter can be further inquired into." This was immediately done, and a warrant granted for searching his house, when such strong proofs of guilt appeared against him, that he confessed the murder, and was executed at the next assize.

The World.

THE world's a *book*, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great *Author*, printed in man's heart,
'Tis falsely *printed*, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all th' *errata* will appear at th' end.

On a Person lame of his Right Hand.

THO' Nature thee of thy *right* hand bereft;
Right well thou *writest* with thy hand that's *left*.

The fortunate Dinner.

A POOR unbeneficed clergyman, being in want of a dinner, bethought himself of paying a visit to Lambeth Palace, where it was, in the days of beer-drinking Britons, a custom from time immemorial, to keep an open table for casual visitants. After he had dined, being rather dissatisfied, because the servant who supplied him with victuals had entirely forgot his *drink*, he desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote the following lines for his Grace's perusal:

Piscis in disco
Mihi datur,
Ab Archipisco.

Po sed non ponatur,
Quia non mihi *bibere* datur.

The prelate, after reading the paper, sent for the writer, and desired a translation, which was immediately given:

They sent me fish
In a dish
From the Archbish.

Op is omitted here
Because there was no beer.

With this conceit his Grace was so well pleased, that he bestowed a good living upon its author.

Bon Mot of Mr. Sheridan.

THE Castle Spectre produced large receipts at Drury-lane Theatre. About the end of the season, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Lewis, the author, had some dispute in the Green-room, when the latter offered, in confirmation of his arguments, to bet Mr. S. all the money which the Castle Spectre had brought, that he was right. "No," said Mr. Sheridan, "I can't afford to bet so much; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you *all it's worth.*"

Pollio's Library.

POLLIO, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books, like beavers—only for their skin.

The choice of a Wife by Cheese.

THERE liv'd in York an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico:
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed:
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided among the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, and seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup,
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsey, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley,
But singly surely buxsome Bet
Was like new hay and mignionet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
As fair as those of old Crotona
Who to Appelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces,
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim:
When every smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
To shew her saving ate the paring;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
'Sally I now declare my bride:
With Nan I can't my welfare put,
For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
And Betsey, who has par'd the rind,
Would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
And I with Sally will repose;
She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
Who fixes on a nuptial plan
Can never err, if he will choose,
A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.'

Kisses.

KISSES are prologues, which fore-run
A greater action to be done;
And, to a hungry lover's taste,
Are invitations, not the feast.

Coronation of Bonaparte.

THE following particulars are given by a gentleman who was present, in a letter, dated Dec. 10, 1805:—

I had a most excellent view of the whole procession, at Mrs. B.'s daughter's, in La Rue St. Honore, and must confess it was grand beyond any thing I ever saw. The grand sight at the peace was but a mere puppet-show to it. The Pope came by exactly at nine o'clock, as was announced; he was in a carriage which the Empress had lent him for the day, or at least as long as he wants it for ceremonies. I saw his Holiness very plain; a foolish *betas* of a priest before him, carrying a cross, seated on a mule, made much fun for the Parisians; the poor fellow was hatless, in the most bitter cold that could be conceived; the cold was so intense, that some of the soldiers actually dropped down in fits, having been exposed to the air from three in the morning, without any refreshment. The emperor was not so punctual; he did not come forward till past eleven o'clock. His carriage was superb in the highest degree; not that heavy clump which characterises your Lord Mayor's coach, but elegantly grand; eight cream-coloured horses, decorated in a new style of elegance, excited the admiration of all the spectators. These horses, I understand, are *our cousins*, taken from the stud formerly belonging to the king of England at Hanover, and the same breed as his. From the arrival of the Pope to that of the Emperor, a space of two hours, there was a continued succession of troops; the cavalry all galloped. Some regiments of cuirassiers, or men in half armour, had a beautiful effect; and a regiment of Mamelukes, on horseback, preceded his majesty at a little distance. I observed it was a strange medley, to see Turks in a proceession on a religious ceremony, and in connection with his Holiness; but was informed that those Mamelukes were all Catholics. I had a fine view of the Emperor, who bowed as he went, though not a soul cried *Vive L'Empereur!* In the evening, Mrs. B. and I went to the Thuilleries, to see the cavalcade return, by the light of 500 torches. The coachmen and footmen of the carriages had all white stockings, with clocks, embroidered with gold and spangles, which had a wonderful grand effect at night, as, reflected by the lamps and torches, you could see them glitter.

The next day (Monday) was devoted to the people, and they were permitted to ramble at large, in search of various amusements, which were appointed in all parts, to prevent them assembling in one place. At the Place de Concorde, between the Thuilleries and Champ Elysees, they sent up six balloons: the first was a small gilt one, about as big as a coach body; it went off with astonishing velocity, and was imperceptible in three minutes. Afterwards a large one was sent up, about a quarter as big as Garnerin's; there was an immense large golden eagle fastened to the bottom of it, where the car should be; it had a very pretty effect; it was accompanied by four small ones, which had the appearance of melons; from each extremity proceeded a smoke, which very soon burst into a flame, and consumed them all. The large one, with the eagle, went to an immense height, but at last took fire, (designedly, no doubt) and, when burnt, the eagle came fluttering down in the Elysian Fields.

I went yesterday to Notre Dame, as they admit the public gratis, to see how the Church was decorated at the time of this most august ceremony. It is in a style of majestic grandeur that strikes the mind with awe. The middle aisle, from the great door to the altar, is fitted up on both sides

with three tier of boxes, in a theatrical style, hung with crimson and gold; between the tier of boxes, is a large eagle in gold, *de distance, en distance.* The Pope's chair, or throne, was on the left side of the sanctuary, near the alar: it is elegantly neat, white satin, embroidered with stars of gilt metal.

An Account of the superstitious and horrid Custom, practised by the Brahmin Women, of burning themselves on the Decease of their Husbands.

SIGNOR Nicola Fontana de Cremona, a doctor of physic, now at Calcutta, was witness on the 24th of November, 1784, to the shocking sight of a woman, the wife of a Brahmin, burning herself on the same pile with her husband. The sight was more affecting, as the wife was both young and handsome. The ceremony commenced about sun-set. During the preparation of the funeral pile, the females were employed in preparing the widow for the voluntary sacrifice; they administered opium to her, with a view to annihilate those feelings, which so miserable a death must naturally excite. After taking the opium, she was stripped, and plunged into the river, in order to purify her for that state which they taught her to believe she must enjoy, viz. that she would live happy with her husband, three thousand five hundred years in the Elysian Fields. Having been washed, and some clothes thrown about her, she resolutely walked towards the wood, and boldly placed herself at the feet of her deceased husband; there she undressed herself, and distributed her clothes to those around her; she said a few words, was tied fast to the dead body, and the pile was instantly set on fire. As the flames reached her, she began to scream; the whole company instantly struck up a doleful kind of hymn, and the more her screams increased, the louder they raised their voices. When the wood and bodies were reduced to ashes, each departed home; and thus ended the process of this horrid, superstitious, and most unnatural ceremony.

Description of London.

HOUSES, churches, mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant, in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates—a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
Shewy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts,
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple,—all conditions;
Worth—beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy, debauch'd all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not—some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow—not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it,
This is London—how d'ye like it?

The Metamorphoses of Fat and Lean.

TWO Attornies, one day, met a waggon and team,
And, as Lawyers for laughter can soon find a theme,
Of the driver they ask'd in a bantering vein,
Why his fore horse was fat and the rest were all lean?
When, to shew that two sharps may be foil'd by a flat,—
Why 'tis true, (says the fellow) old Dumbling's main fat;
But before he got into a horse's employ here,
'Tis said that the puff-bellied rogue was a *Lawyer*,
And the rest, they could never in bulk be such Giants,
Because heretofore the poor beasts were all *Clients*.

ON A MISER.

READER beware, immoderate love of pelf,
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

Last Words of Remarkable Characters

MR. WATSQN, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, finding himself at the point of death, desired a friend who was present to reach him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he would wish to change his linen when he was so ill? Because, replied he, I am told that the shirt I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her. This was as bad as the old woman, who with her last breath blew out an inch of candle; because, says she, I can see to die in the dark.

MRS. BURNET, daughter of Dean Stanhope, being near fainting, and just at the point of death, the attendants rubbed her temples with Hungary water. She entreated they would desist, adding,—though I feel it refreshing, I am afraid it will make my hair turn grey.

CAROLAN, a poet and composer, was born blind. He was a great Usquebaugh tippler, which at length finished him: and when he was at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor, and attempted to drink it, but could not. On this failure, he said it was hard that two such friends should part, at least without one embrace, and therefore kissed the cup and died.

SEWARD, the great Duke of Northumberland, when he found his death approaching, ordered his servant to clothe him in a complete suit of armour; and sitting erect on his couch, with his spear in his hand, he declared that in that posture, the only one worthy of a warrior, he would patiently await the fatal moment.

THE commander of the ship Royal Charlotte, Guineaman, died on his passage to England: before he expired, he whimsically desired that his body should be preserved in one of his puncheons of rum, till landed in England, which was strictly complied with; for as soon as dead, a puncheon was hoisted on deck, the head knocked out, and the body immersed therein. On the arrival of the vessel, the corpse was brought on shore and interred.

A CHESHIRE waggoner, who had got together a little estate, seems to have displayed as much magnanimity as any of the above. He finding himself very ill, sent for a clergyman and an attorney, who both came in at the same time, and found all his family weeping round his bed. The man of law having prepared his pen and ink, desired to know how he would chuse to leave his property. The sick man, having mustered up sufficient strength for his last effort, spoke as follows:—The house and all the sticks in it to Mary, his wife, as long as she lives; and then divided among the rest of them. The waggons and horses to Tom;—the plows and cows to Dick, with half of the farm;—the other half and one hundred pounds to Will;—three hundred pounds to Moll;—the same to Bett. And now, write lawyer; pray parson; cry wife; and bellow children; for, by the Lord, I'm dying.

Morning Chronicle, 1787.

Love cooled.

POOR Hal caught his death, standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
'Whoe'er thou art that read'st these moral rhymes,
'Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.'

The following Account of the Death of Lord Nelson, is authenticated by Mr. Beatty, the Surgeon, and Mr. Bourke, the Purser of the Victory.

ABOUT the middle of the action with the combined fleets, on the 21st of October, 1805, Lord Nelson was upon the quarter-deck, where he had resolved to take his station during the whole of the battle. A few minutes before he was wounded, Mr. Bourke was near him; he looked stedfastly at him, and said "Bourke, I expect every man to be upon his station." Mr. Bourke took the hint, and went to his proper station in the cockpit.

At this time his lordship's secretary, Mr. Scott, who was not, as has been represented, either receiving directions from him, or standing by him, but was communicating some orders to an officer at a distant part of the quarter-deck, was cut almost in two by a cannon shot. He expired on the instant, and was thrown overboard.

Lord Nelson observed the act of throwing his secretary overboard, and said, as if doubtful, to a midshipman who was near him, "Was that Scott?" The midshipman replied, he believed it was. He exclaimed "Poor fellow!" He was now walking the quarter deck, and about three yards from the stern, the space he generally walked before he turned back. His lordship was in the *act of turning* on the quarter-deck, with his face towards the enemy, when he was mortally wounded in the left breast by a musquet ball, supposed to have been fired from the mizen-top of the Redoubtable, French ship of the line, which the Victory had attacked early in the battle.

He instantly fell. He was not, as has been related, picked up by Capt Hardy. In the hurry of the battle, which was then raging in its greatest violence, even the fall of their beloved commander did not interrupt the business of the quarter-deck. Two sailors, however, who were near his lordship, raised him in their arms, and carried him to the cockpit. He was immediately laid upon a bed, and the following is the substance of the conversation which really took place in the cockpit, between his lordship, Capt. Hardy, Mr. Bourke, and Beatty.

Upon seeing him brought down, Mr. Bourke immediately ran to him. "I fear," he said, "your lordship is wounded."—"Mortally, mortally."—"I hope not, my dear lord; let Mr. Beatty examine your wounds."—"It is of no use," exclaimed the dying Nelson; "he had better attend to others."

Mr. Beatty now approached to examine the wound. His lordship was raised up; and Beatty, whose attention was anxiously fixed upon the eyes of his patient, as an indication the most certain when a wound is mortal, after a few moments, glanced his eyes on Bourke, and expressed his opinion in his countenance. Lord Nelson now turned to Bourke, and said, "Tell Hardy to come to me."—— Bourke left the cockpit. Beatty now said, "Suffer me, my lord, to probe the wound with my finger—I will give you no pain." Lord Nelson permitted him, and, pressing his left hand round his waist, he probed it with the fore finger of his right.

When Bourke returned into the cock-pit with Captain Hardy, Lord Nelson told the latter to come near him—"Kiss me, Hardy," he exclaimed. Captain Hardy kissed his cheek.—"I hope your Lordship," he said, "will still live to enjoy your triumph."—"Never, Hardy," he exclaimed; "I am dying—I am a dead man all over—Beatty will tell you so—bring the fleet to an anchor—you have all done your duty—God bless you."—Captain Hardy now said, "I

suppose Collingwood, my dear Lord, is to command the fleet?"—"*Never,*" exclaimed he, "*whilst I live;*" meaning, doubtless, that, so long as his gallant spirit survived, he would never desert his duty.

What passed after this was merely casual; his Lordship's last words were to Mr. Beatty, whilst he was expiring in his arms, "I could have wished to have lived to enjoy this; but God's will be done."—"My Lord," exclaimed Hardy, "you die in the midst of triumph."—"Do I, Hardy?"—He smiled faintly—"God be praised!" These were his last words before he expired.

Extraordinary Instance of Friendship between two Negro-Slaves.

AT a public sale of negro-slaves at Santa Cruz, about some few years ago, among the great numbers that Christian avarice had been either the immediate, or secondary means of placing on a level with the cattle daily brought to our Smithfield market, were two, each of them apparently about the age of thirty, whose deportment seemed superior to the rest. What their rank had really been, they with a sullen dignity seemed resolved to conceal from every one.—Yet mingled with a haughty demeanor to all besides, there appeared in every look and action the tenderest affection and heart-felt attachment to each other.—When the Captain of the vessel which had brought them thither, entered on the necessary business of distributing these marketable goods into the proper lots for sale, both of them, in the most submissive manner, and with an eagerness that spoke more than common feelings, clung round his knees, and hung about his garments, intreating him only to favor them so far, as to permit both to be appointed to the same lot, by which means they might serve one master, and at least enjoy the trifling satisfaction of being companions, even in slavery.—But, even this poor request, either through the brutality of their salesman, or from apprehensions of their combining in some mutinous design, was denied them.

Yet, earnest as they seemed in their desire, the refusal was received with manly resignation by them both, and when upon the point of being delivered to their respective masters, they only begged the leave of a few words with one another, permitted out of hearing, though not out of sight, of those they were to serve.—This was allowed them: when after a few minutes' conversation, and a close embrace, they parted, and were sent to their respective stations.—Seven days after this transaction, they both (as it afterwards appeared) were missing at the same hour; nor were they, though the strictest search was made after them, to be found, till at about a week's distance, a planter riding through a thicket, which lay in the mid-way between the two plantations they had been destined to, saw, to his great surprise, two bodies hanging on one tree, locked fast, and folded in each other's arms, embracing and embraced; which, on inquiry made, proved to be these faithful, yet desperate friends.

Such was the attachment, even in death, of mortals, formed like ourselves, with souls informed with every noble, generous sentiment, and capable of cultivation like our own; but whom, with the most barbarous oppression, we at our pleasure deprive of liberty, of life, and even of those advantages, which common humanity induces us to bestow upon the mere domestic brutes, the horse and the ox.

Women's Faults.

WE men have many faults;
Poor women have but two:—
There's nothing good they say;
There's nothing good they do.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

Written by J. Taylor, Esq. and spoke by Mr. Fawcett.

THERE liv'd, as fame reports in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, nam'd Tom King,
A fellow who was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke,
In short for strokes of humour quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivalled shone,
Choice spirit, grave free mason, buck and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and bon mots to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown;
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge or ditch away he flew,
Nor left his game 'till he had run it down.

One night our hero rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot the Seven Dials height.
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the numerous clans,
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by name of refugees;
The rod of persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well, our two friends were sauntering through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So towards the gloomy doom our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thundering knock
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
'I'll ask (says King) if Thompson lodges here?'
'Thompson, (cries t'other) who the devil's he?'
'I know not (replies King) but want to see
'What kind of animal will now appear.'

After some time a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call culotte;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee;
'Pray sare, vat want you, that you come so late?
'I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vate,
'Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands with me?'

'Sir, (replied King) I merely thought to know,
'As by your house I chanc'd to night to go:
'But really I've disturb'd your sleep, I fear;
'I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
'Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
'If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here?'

The shivering Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer;
Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break,
Then with unaltered courtesy he spake,
'No sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.'

Our wag begg'd pardon and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed.
But King resolv'd not thus to drop his jest,
So the next night with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before,
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with his knocker thundered then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain,
And oft indeed he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep:
The wag salutes him with a civil leer:
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rub'd his heavy eyes,
'Is there a Mr. Thompson lodges here.'

The Frenchman faltered with a kind of fright,
'Vy, sare, I'm sure I tell you, sare, last night,
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
'No Monsieur Tonson in de varld I know,
'No Monsieur Tonson here, I told you so.
'Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here.'

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose;
The rogue next night pursued his old career,
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh
And then he uttered in a piteous cry,
'Sare, pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here.'

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster;
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire.
He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
'He should not stir till he had seen her master.'

The damsel then began in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day;
King told her 'she must fetch her master down,
'A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
'But first had much of deep concern to say.'

Thus urg'd she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed she was obliged to bawl,
Ere she could raise the torpid lump of clay,
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain,
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage his crest began to rear,
'Sare, what de devil make you treat me so,
'Sare, I inform you, sare, tree nights ago,
'Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here.'

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife,
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which should descend to chase the fiend away,
At length to join their forces they agree,
And straight impetuously turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Uttering the old enquiry, calmly stood.
The name of Thompson rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, 'Well I'll call when you're in gentler mood.'

In short, our hero with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
So fond of mischief was this wicked wit.
They threw out water, for the watch they call,
But King, expecting, he escapes from all.
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot,
At length content amidst his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, his well known haunts to trace;
'Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth,' he said,
My poor old Frenchman I suppose is dead,
'Egad I'll knock and see who holds his place.'

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
Had taken his old abode this very day!
Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel.

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who fiend-like haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light as before he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewildered with affright,
His face indeed bespoke a heart full sore:
Then starting, he exclaim'd in rueful strain,
'By Got, here's Monsieur Tonson come again!'
Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more.

Copy of a Paper delivered by Admiral Byng to Wm. Brough, Esq. Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, immediately before his Death, having first spoke as follows:

SIR,

THESE are my thoughts on this occasion:—I give them to you that you may authenticate them, and prevent any thing spurious being published that might tend to defame me. I have given a copy to one of my relations.

"A few moments will now deliver me from the virulent persecution, and frustrate the further malice of my enemies; nor need I envy them a life subject to the sensations my injuries and the injustice done me must create. Persuaded I am, justice will be done to my reputation hereafter. The manner and cause of raising and keeping up the popular clamour and prejudice against me will be seen through. I shall be considered (as I now perceive myself) a victim destined to divert the indignation and resentment of an injured and deluded people from the proper objects. My enemies themselves must even now think me innocent. Happily for me, at this my last moment, that I know my own innocence, and am conscious that no part of my country's misfortune can be owing to me. I heartily wish the shedding of my blood may contribute to the happiness and service of my country; but cannot resign my just claim to a faithful discharge of my duty according to the best of my judgment, and the utmost exertion of my ability for his majesty's honour, and my country's service. I am sorry that my endeavours were not attended with more success, and that the armament under my command, proved too weak to succeed in an expedition of such moment.

Truth has prevailed over calumny and falsehood, and justice has wiped off the ignominious stain of my supposed want of personal courage, or disaffection. My heart acquits me of these crimes; but who can be presumptuously sure of his own judgment? If my crimes are an error in judgment, or differing in opinion from my judges, and if yet the error in judgment should be on the other side, God forgive them, as I do; and may the distress of their minds, and uneasiness of their consciences, which in justice to me they have represented, be relieved and subside, as my resentment has done.

The Supreme Judge sees all hearts and motives, and to him I must submit the justness of my cause.

J. BYNG.

On board H. M. S. Monarque, in Portsmouth Harbour,
March 14, 1757.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

STAY, batchelor, if you have wit,
A wonder to behold:
Husband and wife, in one dark pit,
Lie still, and never scold.

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes;—
Hark, she begins already:
You've hurt my head;—my shoulder akes;
These sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah, friend! with happy freedom blest!
See how my hope's miscarry'd:
Not death itself can give me rest,
Unless you die unmarry'd.

On a dull Speaker disguising himself in a Wig.

THE choice he made for his disguise,
Display'd one instance of his wit:
For who this simple fact denies—
The *wig* was made a *block* to fit?

The Giant Angling.

HIS angle-rod, made of sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

Character of Alfred, King of England.

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch, or citizen, which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems indeed to be the complete model of that perfect character, which under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding it's proper bounds.

He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation, the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most shining talents for action.

His civil and military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into a barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity. Alfred died in the year 897, aged 52.

A Law Anecdote.

A PLAIN well-intentioned man, a farmer, who appeared to be blessed with strong intellectual faculties, once set a matter very clear in the court of King's Bench.

On a trial before Lord Mansfield, an action was brought to ascertain some privileges concerning the boundaries of two parishes, upon which a great deal of money was spent, to elucidate a question which was not of three-pence consequence to either party. In the course of the trial, Lord Mansfield having taken notice of some strong-pointed observations which had fallen from the farmer, he begged leave to ask him a few questions, merely for information, concerning the customs of *Overseers*, and other officers, who managed the parish-money. The farmer, with great cheerfulness, appeared ready to satisfy him, and his lordship said, in the course of your evidence, I think you mentioned, that the parish-money was often very imprudently applied: now I don't mean to insinuate that *you* would be likely to misuse it; but as you have mentioned that you were once a church-warden, if you have no objection, I should wish to hear what was done with the money at *that* time, "Why, my lord, (said the farmer,) I'll tell you, the money was worse applied when *I* was church-warden, than ever I knew in my life." Indeed, said his lordship, I should be glad to know how. "Why, my lord," (said the farmer,) "a gentleman who had lived some time amongst us, went into Yorkshire, where he died; in his will he bequeathed about one hundred and twenty pounds to the poor of our parish. We applied for it often, and often, but it would not do the executors and the lawyers, and one or another, were glad to keep the money in their hands—for you know, my lord, 'tis an old saying, that 'might can overcome right;' well we did not know what to do; I came to your lordship for advice—you was then Counsellor Murray; I remember, my lord, you

advised us to file a bill in Chancery—we did so, and after throwing away a great deal of good money after bad, we got, I think, what they call a *decree*, and such a decree it was, that when all expenses were paid, I reckon we were about one hundred and seventy-five pounds out of pocket.

"Now, my lord, I leave you to judge, whether the parish-money was not worse employed while I was church-warden, than ever before."

Curious Will.

THE following is given as a correct copy of the Will of the late Mr. Joshua West, the poet of the Six Clerks' Office, Chancery-Lane, dated December 13, 1804:

Perhaps I die not worth a great!
But should I die worth something more
Then I give that, and my best coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who shall the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a decent shell and grave—
This is the will of JOSHUA WEST.

J. A. Berry.
John Baines.

Mr. West died possessed of decent property, and some valuable MSS. which were conveyed by the above Will to the person who fulfilled the modest condition of it.

To Walter Scott, Esq. on his various Poetical Productions.

WALTER Scott! Walter Scott!
How hard is his lot
Who is doom'd to read over thy rhymes;
Such goblins! such fights!
Such sieges! such frights!
Such customs! such manners! such times!

Then comes Waterloo,
With a *hollow bellow!*
Of legions disabled and slain,
But you, not content
With the blood they have spent,
Will *mangle* them over again.

Ah! tease our good folks
No more with this hoax,
When John Bull in a *doze* could not see,
But now broad awake,
This *tax* will not take,
He's determined to live, Sir, *Scott free.*

Morning Chronicle, Dec. 4, 1815.

Female Fortitude.

IN Brittainy, a province of France, lived two young ladies, sisters, coheiresses of a competent fortune, equally esteemed for their perfections of body and mind, and their uncommon love for each other. An officer of a regiment quartered in the town, not more nobly born than they, but possessed of a fortune quite above their pretensions, courted the elder to the equal satisfaction of the younger, who hoped to see her sister thus splendidly provided for. All his visits and addresses were upon honorable terms. In short, they appeared in all public places together, and were generally looked upon as husband and wife. The regiment, by an order from court, decamped to new quarters in the neighbourhood of Languedoc. The officer, soon after ordered his equipage to be got ready, in a private manner, and departed.—This news being brought to the younger sister, she was doubly startled at his not having taken leave of them, and at his clandestine elopement.—She flew to her sister's apartment, whom she found feeding her sickly thoughts with the dear image of her absent lover, and thus, as recovering from a sweet reverie, she spoke: "Sister, is it not strange he has not been with me these two days, to consult about our marriage, before he departs for his regiment?"—Her generous heart knew no deceit.—"Ah, sister!" replied the younger, bursting into tears, "you are deceived." "Why these tears?" cried the other in amaze, "speak whatever thou knowest."—"Then know," replied the younger, "that last night your lover left the town without taking leave." The thunder-struck lady made no answer, but fainted away, and was scarce out of one fit, before she relapsed into another. At length, recovered by her distracted sister's care, she cried, "I am ruined, I am undone. In

consequence of the most solemn and sacred oaths, I yielded up my honor, and now carry the growing proof of my shame.—His still putting off our marriage whenever I pressed him to it, joined to his midnight escape, shew my ruin too plainly."—Here grief broke in, and interrupted her discourse. Her sympathising sister equally felt the contagious sorrow. Sighs echoed sighs, and tears obscured the charms of each beauteous face. The younger sister comforted the forlorn, as well as circumstances would permit, and prevailed on her to consent to retire to their country-seat, for a few days, that nothing might transpire; observing, that she had a scheme in her head to make the gentleman fulfil his engagements. It was agreed upon, and executed: the afflicted lady went into the country.—The other sent a trusty servant to the post-house, to hire a chaise and the best horses; at the same time bidding her waiting-maid bring her travelling dress, and immediately prepare to go with her. Her orders were punctually obeyed; and in the middle of the third day's most vigorous pursuit, she overtook him in a town, where the regiment had halted. Being informed where he was at dinner, (and perhaps boasting of his late exploit) she ordered to drive thither, and sent in for him. Being an officer, and a Frenchman, he was too polite to let a lady wait, but came running out from table to the post-chaise. He no sooner perceived the sister of her he had abandoned, but instead of being struck with any concern, a thorough good opinion of himself whispered him, that love had made her undertake that tedious pursuit, and therefore accosted her with an air of secure triumph, and several compliments of gallantry, desired her company to dinner. She alighted from the chaise—but as she got under the gateway of the inn, stopt him short by the sleeve, and said, "Sir, I am come all this distance, and in this haste, to know if you will do justice to my sister, which is, to return with me immediately, and marry her."—To which he cavalierly replied, "That if he had any distant thoughts of marriage, it should be for herself, and not for her sister;" at the same time offering his hand to lead her into the house. Enraged at the insulting answer, she assured him she would not go a step forward, nor let go her hold, until she had his last, his positive answer, on that head.—"Why then," cried he, "madam, that you may certainly found your hopes of having me to yourself, and be no longer jealous of an insipid sister; she is the last woman in the world I would think of marrying." At this final declaration, she with a pistol, shot him through the head, as he was proceeding with his protestation.—Down he dropped at her feet, a victim sacrificed to the manes of her sister's honour. The people of the inn and neighbourhood, alarmed at the deed, flocked round her. She cheerfully surrendered herself to justice. An exact detail of the affair was sent to court, and by the returning post she received a pardon.

At her return she informed her disconsolate friend of what had passed, but received no answer from the statue of grief, save sighs, tears, and looks towards heaven; she refused all kinds of nourishment, and died in a few days, through the double anguish of her lost reputation, and the hasty death of her still dear destroyer. The generous sister, widowed by the afflicting loss, and rendered averse to the opposite sex, by the execrable specimen she had punished, retired to a convent from the slanderous noise, and calumniating bustle of the world.

On Sir Albertus Moreton, and his Lady.

HE first departed; *She* for one day try'd
To live without him,—lik'd it not, and died.

Curious Organ composed of live Pigs.

LOUIS XI. king of France, once commanded the Abbot of Baigne, a man of great wit, who had a knack at inventing musical instruments, and always attended the king, and was in his service, to get him a concert of swine's voices, thinking it impossible. The abbot was not surprised, but demanded money for the performance, which was immediately delivered him, and he wrought a thing as singular as ever was invented: for out of a great number of hogs, of different ages, which he mustered together, and placed under a pavilion, covered with velvet, before which he had a sounding board of wood, painted with a certain number of keys, he made an organ. As he played upon the said keys, with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such tune and concert, as highly delighted the king and his company.

Anecdote of the late King of Prussia.

THE late king of Prussia used to dress in so plain a manner, that when he travelled about his states, such of his subjects as did not know him, treated him with no other respect than they would an ordinary man. Once, as he was riding about Berlin, without attendance, and very plainly clad, he perceived a young woman digging in a field, of a gigantic stature, being near seven feet high. It is well known that the king had a particular predilection for tall men; and as his greatest passion lay that way, he spared no expense to procure them from all parts of Europe, for forming, as he did, his regiment of giants and grenadiers out of them. At sight of this tall woman, he imagined that a couple of the kind must produce very large children. He dismounted, and, coming up to the peasant, entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was but nineteen years old, still a virgin, and that her father was a shoemaker. Hereupon he sat down, and wrote the following note to the colonel of his guards.

"You are to marry the bearer of this note with the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order. 'Tis absolute; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight."

The king gave this letter to the young woman, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver it punctually according to the directions, and not to fail, as it was on an affair of great consequence; he afterwards made her an handsome present, and continued his route.

The young woman, who had not the least imagination that it was the king that spoke to her, believing it was indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so it came safe to hand, made a bargain with an old woman, whom she charged with the commission, laying an express injunction on her to say that she had it from a man of such a garb and mien. The old woman faithfully executed her message. The colonel, surprised at the contents of the letter, could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer; yet, the order being peremptory, he thought he could not without danger, recede from obeying, and fancied that his master wanted to punish the soldier for some misdemeanor by matching him in so disagreeable a manner. In short, the marriage was celebrated before him to the great regret of the grenadier, whilst the old woman, exulting with joy, assumed an air of the highest satisfaction.

Some time after, the king, on his return to Berlin, was eager to see the couple he had ordered to be married. When they were presented to him, he

fell into a very desperate passion. The colonel in vain endeavoured to justify himself, and the king was implacable till the old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to heaven, and thanking providence for conferring on her a benefit, the more signal and acceptable to her as unexpected.

John Bull's account of a Church and a Christening.

JOHN Bull was a bumpkin, born and bred,
At a clodhopping village in Glocestershire,
And as for this world or the world that's to come,
To puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near;
For he never was known to set foot in a church,
'Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife;
And says John, 'by the Lore, I was never before,
In a place like a church, all the days of my life!'

For, says he, 'I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,
A zinging as loud as their lungs cou'd clink;
So thinking that I was got into an ale-house,
I ax'd, if so be they'd got nothing to drink:
When up come a man and he pull'd of my hat,
And he told me no drink was allowed in the place;
So I thought that for zartin he must be the landlord,
Or else I'd have fetch'd 'n a punch in the face.

And moreauver, thinks I, I won't be zuch a vool,
As to kick up a dust and frighten the bride;
So I went further in for to look at the place,
And odzooks, what a comical sight I espy'd,
There was men folk and women folk penn'd up together,
Like so many wethers and ewes at a Fair;
Besides a long booby hutch, built up, for holding
The whole Corporation, Justasses, and Mayor!

Then up got a little man into a tub,
And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the dirt,
For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt;
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,
Tuck'd under his chin, and beslitted in two,
To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,
I was puzzl'd to think what a plague he cou'd do!

For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
And for mercy upon us, did heartily pray:
Another below, that was set in a chest,
Kept a mocking of every word he did say;
And when he had fairly tir'd'n out,
To the very last word—to do nothing by halves,
I verily thought I was gwain for to fight'n,
For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

But the little man, tho'f he'd a black shirt on
Whip'd over'n another as white as a clout;
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,
He sat open the tub and he let his self out;
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
And as tho'f he'd a got neither shame nor grace,
He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,
And splash'd the cold water all over his face!

Cock's passion! thinks I,—'Tis a shameful thing,
To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick,
For tho'f he did squeak like a pig when he's stuck,
They did mind 'n no more than a goosemun-chick;
Odsbobs! and I thought if the meggot shou'd bite,
And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
Who could tell but in turn, zuch a baby as I,
May be zouz'd in the trough like a zop in the pan.

Zo I took to my heels and I scamper'd away,
Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;
And I swore, in my guts, if they ever catch'd I,
O' the in-a-door zide of a church any more,
They shou'd plump me up to the ears of the hog trough,
Just like a toast in a tankard then;
And zouse me and zop me and zop me and zouse me,
A hundred times over and over again.

Bad is the best.

"MY wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it,—
"She keeps her bed!"—'Mine's worse' said Phil,
'The jade has just now sold it!'

Curious Story of a Fisherman.

THE Marquis della Scala, an Italian, once invited the gentry of his neighbourhood to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided.

Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his excellency, when the major domo, all in a hurry, came into the dining-room.—"My Lord, (said he) here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish I believe in Italy; but then he demands such a price for it!" "Regard not his price" cried the Marquis, "pay it down immediately." "So I would, please your Highness, but he refuses to take money." "Why, what would the fellow have?" "A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow."

Here they all ran down, to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. "A fine fish! a most exquisite fine fish!" cried the Marquis. "What is your demand, my friend? you shall be paid on the instant." "Not a quatrini, my lord; I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere."

"Rather than lose our fish," said his Highness, "let the fellow have his humour. Here," he cried to one of his grooms, "discharge this honest man's demand; but do not lay on too hard; do not hurt the poor devil very much."

The fishmonger then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord's orders in execution. "Now my friend" cried the fishmonger, "keep good account, I beseech you; for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due." They all stood suspended in amaze, while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, "Hold!" cried the fisherman, "I have already received my full share of the price." "Your share!" questioned the Marquis, "what can you mean by that?"

"Why, my Lord, you must know I have a partner in this business. My honour is engaged to let him have half of whatever I should get; and I fancy your Highness will acknowledge, by and by, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke." "And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of your's?" "It is the Porter, my Lord, who guards the out-gate of your Highness' palace. He refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him half of what I should get for my fish."

"O ho!" exclaimed the Marquis, breaking out into a laugh, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale."

Here the Porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin, when two grooms laid on him with might and main, till they rendered him fit to be sainted for a second Bartholomew.

The Marquis then ordered his major domo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompence of the friendly office he had rendered him.

On a Welshman.

A MAN of Wales, betwixt St. David's-day and Easter,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store, a tester:
His hostess chalks it up behind the door;
And says, for cheese, come, sir, discharge this score:
Cot zounds, quoth he, what meaneth these?
D'ye think, hur know not *chalk* from *cheese*?

The Decisive Test.

WHEN Death puts out our *flame*, the snuff will tell
If we were wax or tallow, by the smell.

Some Particulars relative to an unfortunate Duel at Bath.

THE difference between the deceased Count du Barré and Count Rice, is said by some to have arisen from an ill-founded jealousy the former entertained of the latter relative to a foreign lady; but others say it arose from a misunderstanding at play. Whatever might have been the cause, Count Rice, it seems, took the utmost pains to convince the deceased, that his notions of him were ill-founded, and for this purpose he was with him five hours the day before, at Du Barré's house, but not being able to satisfy him there, they adjourned together to the Three Tuns, where they spent the evening, in the course of which the deceased grew more implacable, and at length so resentful as to strike Count Rice a violent blow in the face, saying, "now he had put it out of his power not to meet him," and then proposed their immediately going out, and taking every advantage of each other that might arise in the course of their fighting. Count Rice with great temper replied, "that though their fighting was now unavoidable, as the outrage offered to his person was the most atrocious, yet he should wish to settle the affair as became a gentleman, and agreeable to the modes of fighting in this country; adding, if they were in France, he should be anxious to conform to the rules of honour established in that country. A coach was now ordered, and the parties, with their seconds, &c. reached Claverton-Down, about four o'clock in the morning, when Du Barré proposed their instantly engaging; to which the other objected, not on his own account, but in consideration of the gentlemen who attended them, lest the world should condemn them for suffering them to fight in the dark. Accordingly they agreed to part till it was day-light, and each walked about the Down for near three hours with his friend, As soon as day broke, Count Du Barré called out for Count Rice to meet him, which was instantly complied with, by the latter advancing within about ten paces; immediately on which Count Du Barré fired and wounded his antagonist in the upper part of the thigh, who immediately fell on his knee, after firing his first pistol without effect; but both levelling, and firing their second shot at the same time, the Count Du Barré received a ball under his right breast, which passed through his left, and occasioned only a single convulsive spring before he expired. The body of the unfortunate gentleman was suffered to lay the whole day on the ground a public spectacle to thousands of people, who flocked round it to gratify their curiosity Count Rice's life is yet despaired of by the faculty who attend him, but his conduct, through the whole of the fatal transaction, is universally spoken of in terms that do him honour.

The Robber robb'd.

A CERTAIN priest had hoarded up
A mass of secret gold;
And where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his thought
To lock it in a chest,
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the secred words
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold; and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic;*
Your god is rose, and gone.

On the Death of an Epicure.

AT length, my friends, the *feast* of life is o'er:
I've eat sufficient, I can drink no more:
My night is come; I've spent a jovial day;
Tis time to part; but oh! what is to pay?

Anecdote.

ONE day in July, 1779, his Majesty, riding from Windsor, was overtaken by a voilent storm of rain, and being separated from his company, he made towards a farm-house, or rather cottage, belonging to a man named Stiles, near Stoke. Here he alighted, and going into the house, found a girl turning a goose which was hanging before the fire by a string. The king desired the girl to put his horse into the shed, which she consented to, at the same time requesting him to mind the goose. While she was gone the farmer entered, and great was his surprise to see the king, whom he knew, so employed. He, however, had presence of mind to relieve his majesty without appearing embarrassed, and on the return of his daughter he went to rub down the horse. His majesty, with his wonted good nature, conversed on this mode of cookery, and the advantages of a jack; soon after which the weather clearing up, he mounted and rode away. When he was gone the farmer perceived a paper on the shelf, and having opened it, found in it five guineas, with these words written in pencil, "To buy a jack."

Buonaparte.

IT has been calculated that Buonaparte, in ten years of war, has caused the death of as many men as he has lived minutes, in the same space of time. There were in the ten years, five millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand minutes.

From a French Paper.

On John Mills.

HERE lies *John Mills*, who over hills
Pursu'd the hounds with hollow;
The leap tho' high, from earth to skies,
The *huntsman* we must follow.

By Dean Swift.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Ev'ry word that she heard in this church about *God.*
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held *nature more clever,*
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found *better fun.*
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the clouds, was but *comical.*
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other she thinks it but *queer.*

Some rejoice at what others deplore.

ARRAH now, (says poor Teague) don't be making your mocks,
(When a Newsmonger mention'd the fall of the stocks,
But, my jew'l, set in case that they're fallen indeed,
And a man may believe it as sure as his creed,
I've some cause to rejoice at their fall, by the pow'rs,
For it was but last week—I was in them six hours.

The Candid Confession.

A HUM'ROUS fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill
Searches his skull, deeper, and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, *Good surgeon, spare your pains,*
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

The Lawyer and Client.

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er
Shook hands, and was as good friends as before,
"Say," the losing client cries, how came *you*
"To be such friends, who were such foes just *now?*"
'Thou fool!' one answers, 'Lawyers, tho' so keen,
'Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between.'

Memoirs of George Barrington, the notorious Pick-Pocket.

GEORGE BARRINGTON, whose real name was Waldron, was born about the year 1755, at Maymooth, a village in the county of Kildare, Ireland: his father, Henry Waldron, was a working silversmith; and his mother, whose maiden name was Naith, was a mantua-maker, and occasionally a midwife. His parents, though not affluent, had him instructed in reading and writing, at an early age; afterwards, through the bounty of a medical gentleman in the neighbourhood, he was taught common arithmetic, the elements of geography and the English grammar. When sixteen years of age, he was noticed and patronised by a dignitary in the church of Ireland, who placed him at a free grammar-school, and intended him for the university; however, he forfeited this gentleman's favour by his ill conduct at school, having, in a quarrel, stabbed one of his school-fellows with a penknife. For this vindictive act he was well flogged; in consequence of which he ran away from school, 1771, having previously found means to steal ten or twelve guineas from his master, and a gold repeating watch from his his master's sister. He walked all night till he arrived at an obscure inn at Drogheda, where he happened to meet and become acquainted with a company of strolling players, whose manager was one John Price, an abandoned character; who, having been convicted of a fraud in London, was an involuntary exile in Ireland, until the expiration of the term for which he was sentenced to be transported. He now engaged our fugitive, who, in consequence, adopted the name of *Barrington*, as one of his performers, and who, it seems, became the hero of the company. While performing the character of Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved," he made a conquest of the tender Belvidera, (Miss Egerton) and to the credit of Barrington it must be acknowledged that he took no mean advantage of her passion, but returned it with perfect sincerity. The company being now reduced by the expenses of travelling, &c. to extreme indigence, Price, the manager, prevailed upon Barrington to undertake the profession of a pickpocket, which business he commenced in the summer of the year 1771, having then renounced the stage. He soon after lost his faithful Miss Egerton, who was drowned in the eighteenth year of her age, in crossing the river Boyne, through the culpable negligence of a ferryman. He then commenced what is called a *gentleman pickpocket*, by affecting the airs and importance of a man of fashion; but was so much alarmed at the detection and conviction of his preceptor Price (who was sentenced to transportation for seven years) that he hastened to Dublin, where he practised his pilfering art during dark evenings. At one of the races in the county of Carlow, he was detected picking the pocket of Lord B. but on restoring the property, this nobleman declined any prosecution, and Barrington accordingly left Ireland; and for the first time appeared in England in 1773. On his first visit to Ranelagh with a party, he left his friends and picked the pockets of the Duke of L. and Sir W. of a considerable sum; and also took from a lady a watch, with all which he got off undiscovered, and rejoined his friends. In 1775, he visited the most celebrated watering places, particularly Brighton, and being supposed a gentleman of fortune and family, was noticed by persons of the first distinction. On his return to London, he formed a connection with one Lowe, and became a more daring pickpocket. He went to court on the

queen's birth-day, as a clergyman, and not only picked several pockets, but found means to deprive a nobleman of his diamond order, and retired from the palace without suspicion. It is said that this booty was disposed of to a Dutch jew. Count Orlow, the Russian minister, being in one of the boxes of Drury-lane theatre, was robbed of a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, estimated to be worth an immense sum; and one of the count's attendants suspecting Barrington, seized him, and found the snuff-box in his possession. He was examined by Sir John Fielding; but the count, being in a foreign country, was influenced by motives of delicacy to decline a prosecution. Being soon after in the House of Lords, when an appeal of an interesting nature was to come on, a Mr. G. recognized his person, and applying to the deputy usher of the black rod, he was disgracefully turned out. He now threatened Mr. G. with revenge, upon which a warrant was granted to bind him over to keep the peace; and as he could find no surety, he was obliged to go to Tothill-fields bridewell, where he remained some time. On being released, he returned to his old profession, and was, about three months afterwards, detected in picking the pocket of a low woman at Drury-lane theatre, for which, being indicted and convicted at the Old Bailey, he was sentenced to three years' hard labour on the Thames, and in the spring of 1777, was put on board the hulks, Woolwich; but after sustaining something less than a twelvemonth's punishment, he was again set at liberty, in consequence of his good behaviour, through the interference of Messrs. Erskine and Duncan Campbell, the superintendants of the convicts. A few days after his release, he went to St. Sepulchre's church, when Dr. Mylne was to preach a sermon for the benefit of the society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned. William Payne, a constable, saw him put his hand into a lady's pocket in the south aisle, and presently after followed him out of the church, and took him into custody near the end of Cock-lane, upon Snow-hill. Having taken the prisoner to St. Sepulchre's watch-house, and found a gold watch, and some other articles, in his possession, Payne returned to the church, and spoke to the lady whom he had seen the prisoner attempt to rob; she informed him that she had lost nothing, for, expecting the church to be much crowded, she had taken the precaution of emptying her pockets before she left her house. Upon Payne's return to the watch-house, a gentleman advised that the prisoner might be more strictly searched. He was desired to take off his hat, and raising his left arm, he cautiously removed his hat from his head, when a metal watch dropped upon the floor. He was now obliged to pull off the greatest part of his clothes. He wore three pair of breeches; in one of the pockets of which were found a purse, containing thirteen guineas, and a bank-note for ten pounds made payable to himself. In consequence of an advertisement inserted the next day in the newspapers, Mrs. Ironmonger came to Payne's house, and described the watch she had lost; and it proved to be that which had been concealed in Barrington's hair, and dropped on the floor when he took off his hat. She attended the examination of the prisoner, and having sworn that the watch produced by Payne was her property, was bound over to prosecute. Upon his trial, Barrington made a long, an artful, and a plausible defence. He said that, upon leaving the church, he perceived the watch mentioned in the indictment lying upon the ground, and took it up, intending to advertise it the next

day; that he was followed to Snow-hill by Payne and another constable, who apprehended him, and had, in all probabililty, seen him take up the watch. "I reflected (said he) that how innocently soever I might have obtained the article in question, yet it might cause some censure; and no man would wonder, considering the unhappy predicament I stood in, (alluding to his former conviction) that I should conceal it as much as possible." The jury having pronounced the prisoner guilty, he addressed the court, earnestly supplicating that he might be permitted to enter into his Majesty's service, and promising to discharge his trust with fidelity and attention; or, if he could not be indulged in that request, he wished that his sentence might be banishment for life from his Majesty's dominions. The court informed him, that, by an application to the throne, he might obtain a mitigation of his sentence, if his case was attended with such circumstances of extenuation, as would justify him in humbly petitioning to be considered as an object of the royal favor. He requested that the money and the bank-note might be returned. Hereupon the court observed, that, in consequence of his conviction, the property found on him when he was apprehended, became vested in the hands of the sheriffs of the city of London, who had discretionary power either to comply with, or reject, his request. He was again sentenced to labour on the Thames, for the space of five years, on Tuesday the 5th of April, 1778. About the middle of this year, he was accordingly removed to the hulks at Woolwich, where having attracted the notice of a gentleman, who exerted his influence in his favor, he again procured his release, on condition of his leaving England: to this Barrington gladly consented, and was generously supplied with money by this gentleman. He now went to Dublin, where he was shortly apprehended, for picking the pocket of an Irish nobleman of his gold watch and money, at the theatre, but was acquitted for want of evidence. Here, however, was his first display of elocution; for, having received a serious admonition from the judge, he addressed the court with considerable animation, and enlarged, with great ingenuity, upon what he termed the force of prejudice, insinuating, that calumny had followed him from England to Ireland. On his acquittal, however, he deemed it most prudent to leave Dublin: he therefore visited Edinburgh, where being suspected, he was obliged to decamp. He now returned to London, and braving danger, frequented the theatres, opera house, pantheon, &c. but was at length taken into custody. Having been acquitted for want of evidence of the charge brought against him, he was unexpectedly detained for having returned to England, in violation of the condition on which his Majesty was pleased to grant him a remission of his punishment, and was accordingly confined in Newgate during the remainder of the time, that he was originally to have served on the river Thames. On the expiration of his capivtity, he returned to his former practices, but with greater caution. He was at length apprehended for picking the pocket of Mr. Le Mesurier at Drury-lane theatre, but effected his escape from the constable; and while the lawyers were outlawing him, and the constables endeavouring to take him, he evaded detection by travelling in various disguises and characters, through the northern counties of the kingdom; he visited the great towns as a quack doctor, clergyman, rider, &c. but was at last apprehended in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and removed to London by a writ of Habeas Corpus. He now employed counsel, and

had the outlawry against him reversed; was then tried for stealing Mr. Le Mesurier's purse, and acquitted, in consequence of the absence of a material witness. Being once more enlarged, he had the presumption to visit Dublin again, where having been soon suspected, he with difficulty escaped to England; but shortly after his arrival, was taken into custody for picking the pocket of Henry Hare Townsend, Esq. For this he was tried at the Old Bailey, Sept. 1, 1798, and found guilty, notwithstanding he made an ingenious defence. On Wednesday, Sept. 22, the Recorder pronounced the sentence of transportation on him for seven years, when Barrington addressed the court, in words to the following effect:

"My Lord,—I have a great deal to say in extenuation of the cause, for which I now stand convicted at this bar; but upon consideration, I will not arrest the attention of the honourable court too long. Among the extraordinary vicissitudes incident to human nature, it is the peculiar and unfortunate lot of some devoted persons, to have their best wishes and their most earnest endeavours, to deserve the good opinion of the most respectable part of society, entirely frustrated. Whatever they can say, or whatever they may do, every word and its meaning, every action and its motive, is represented in an unfavourable light, and is distorted from the real intention of the speaker or the actor. That this has been my unhappy fate, does not seem to stand in need of any confirmation. Every effort to deserve well of mankind, that my heart bore witness to its rectitude, has been by such measures as those, and consequently has been rendered abortive. Many of the circumstances of my life I can, without any violation of truth, declare to have therefore happened in spite of myself. The world, my lord, has given me credit for abilities, indeed, much greater than I possess, and therefore, much more than I deserved; but I never found any kind hand to foster these abilities. I might ask, where was the generous and powerful hand that was ever stretched forth, to rescue George Barrington from infamy? In an age like this, which, in several respects, is so justly famed for liberal sentiments, it was my severe lot, that no noble-minded gentleman stepped forward, and said to me, 'Barrington, you are possessed of talents, which may be useful to society: I feel for your situation; and as long as you act the part of a good citizen, I will be your protector: you will then have time and opportunity to rescue yourself from the obloquy of your former conduct.' Alas! my lord, George Barrington had never the supreme felicity of having such comfort administered to his wounded spirit. As matters have unfortunately turned out, the die is cast—and as it is, I bend resigned to my fate, without one murmur or complaint." Having thus concluded his neat address, rendered more forcible by his pathetic manner, he left the bar with a respectful bow, and thus withdrew from public life in Europe, to act a *new part* in the NEW WORLD. On his arrival at Port Jackson, he was introduced to the governor, and appointed superintendant of the convicts resident at Paramatta. His conduct, during his exile, has been such, as to compensate for all the past.

Imitated from the Greek.

A MISER traversing his house,
Espy'd, unusual there, a *Mouse*,
And thus his uninvited guest
Inquisitively he address'd:
"Tell me, *Sir Mouse*, to what cause is it,
"I owe this unexpected visit?"
The *Mouse* her host obliquely ey'd,
And, smiling, pleasantly reply'd,
'Fear not, *Old Square Toes*, for your hoard,
'I came to lodge—and not to *board!*'

A Blind Man famous for Discovering hidden Treasure.

A BLIND man had obtained great reputation for discovering hidden treasures, whether concealed in the ground or under water, and had the power of diving and continuing under water a long time in his searches. He always stipulated for a third of the value restored, and by these means supported himself, an aged father, a wife, and several children. This man died, and his father came before the court with complaints that several persons for whom his son had found money, refused to pay the rewards for which they had agreed. A goldsmith was summoned upon this complaint. He had reprimanded his wife for misconduct, and she, in a fit of despitefulness, took all her own jewels and ornaments, and as much of his money and valuables as she could collect, and threw herself into a well. The goldsmith, who thought himself happily released from a bad wife, was not quite so easy at the loss of his property; he therefore made diligent search for the body, and it was found, but none of the property with it. A confidential friend of the deceased now informed him that the woman had tied up all these valuables in a bag, and thrown them into another well, for the avowed purpose of depriving her husband of his property, and preventing him from procuring another wife, which he would find it difficult to do without the jewels; but where this well was the informer did not know. The blind man was sent for; he found the bag after a long search, and the goldsmith then refused the stipulated remuneration, upon the plea that a third part was too much. The court compelled him to pay it.

On a Drunken Husband.

I CARE not what flowers rise over the elf,
Provided the drunkard will not rise himself.

Art of Swimming.

MEN are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore, swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he move his hands under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he move his legs as in the act of walking, (or rather of walking up stairs) his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

Made-up Beauty.

FALSE rumps, false teeth, false hair, false faces,
Alas! poor man! how hard thy case is;
Instead of *woman*, heavenly *woman's* charms,
To clasp *cork—gum—wool—varnish*—in thy arms.

The general Result of the last Twenty Years' War, dated 1815.

France intrigues with ..... All
England protects ..... All
Russia balances ..... All
Austria grasps at ..... All
Prussia recovers ..... All
Denmark loses ..... All
Sweden dupes ..... All
Holland receives ..... All
Spain is despised by ..... All
The Pope is afraid of ..... All
America recants ..... All
Turkey stares at ..... All
But if God had not pity on .... All
The Devil had carried off .... All

The Biter Bit, or the Farmer's Blunder.

A FARMER once to London went,
To pay the worthy 'squire his rent;
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains,
Who, at the door such guests detains?
Forth struts the 'squire, exeeding smart—
'Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;
'You've brought my rent then—to an hair?
'The best of tenants I declare.'
The steward was call'd, the account made even,
The money paid, the receipt was given,
'Well,' says the 'squire 'now you shall stay,
'And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
'I've here some ladies wond'rous pretty,
'And pleasant sparks, I warrant will fit ye,'
He scratch'd his ears and held his hat,
And said—'No zur, two words to that;
'For look d'ye see, when I'ze do dine
'With gentlefolks so cruel fine,
'I'ze use to make, and 'tis no wonder,
'In word or deed some plaguy blunder;
'Zo, if your honor will permit,
'I'll with your zervants pick a bit.'
'Pho,' says the 'squire, 'it shant be done',
And to the parlour pushed him on:
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not waiting maid nor butler 'scapes,
With often bidding—takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great;
Though often ask'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near;
By madam serv'd with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended;
He reach'd as far as he was able,
To his plate that overhung the table:
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank to John behind.
When drank to in a modish way,
'Your love's sufficient zur!' he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his aukward honors.
'Pish'! says the 'squire 'pray keep your sitting,'
'No, No,' he cries, 'zur, 'tis not fitting;
'Tho' I'm no scholar vars'd in letters,
'I knaws my duty to my betters.'

Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well;
But at the next—ah! what befel?
The dishes were now timely placed,
And table with fresh luxury graced;
When drank to by a neighbouring charmer
Up as usual stands the farmer.
A wag to carry on the joke,
Thus, to his servant softly spoke—
'Come hither Dick, step gently there,
'And pull away the farmer's chair,'
'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back and stoops to set him down;
But by his posteriors over-weighed,
And of his trusty seat betray'd
As men at twigs in rivers sprawling,
He caught the cloth to save his falling!
In vain, sad fortune, down he wallowed,
And rattling all the dishes followed;—
The fops they lost there little wits,
The ladies squall'd—some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there mince pies, and geese, and pigeons,
A pear-pie on his belly drops,
A custard-pudding met his chops:—

Lord what ado 'twixt belles and beaus,
Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes,
This lady raves and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spattered gown,
One spark bemoans his spattered waiscoat,
One, 'Rot him, he has spoil'd my lac'd coat.'
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue;
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speech:
First rubs his eyes, mouth and nostrils twangs,
Then snaps his fingers and harangues—
'Plague take it, I'ze tell you how 'twould be,
'Look here's a pickle zurs, d'ye see?
'And some I'll warrant that makes this chatter
'Have clothes bedaub'd with grease or batter,
'That cost'—He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career.
'Peace! brute, begone!' the ladies cry;
The beaus exclaim 'Fly! rascal, fly!'
I'll tear his eyes out, squeaks Miss Dolly;
I'll pink his soul out; roars a bully.
At this the farmer shrinks for fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, 'Aye, kill me then,
'Whene'er you catch me here again,'
So home he jogs and leaves the 'squire,
To cool the sparks' and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale: and now I'll try
Like Prior, something to apply:

This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne'er to place men above their station:
And this may shew the wanton wit,
That when he bites he may be bit.

St. John's, Westminster.

HERE lyeth *Humphrey Gosling*, of London, *vintner*,
Of the *Whyt Hart*, of this parish, a neighbour;
Of vertuous behaviour; a very good archer;
And of honest mirth, a good company keeper.
So well inclyned to poor and rich,
God send more *Goslings* to be sick.

A Wonderful Prophecy.

When green is red, and red is white,
When pigs and poultry curse and swear;
When light is dark, and dark is light,
When people shut their eyes to stare;
When herrings grow on apple trees,
When Hampstead hill o'er Highgate hops,
When lawyers do refuse their fees,
When rumps of beef are mutton chops.
When fire is cold, and ice is hot,
When pewter plates are made of tin;
When my old shirt's an iron pot,
The water boils and I jump in;
When brewers' drays are barbers' shops,
When barbers' blocks talk French with ease
When mops are brooms, and brooms are mops
When sign posts turn aside to sneeze.
When oysters grow on orange trees,
When silver is to gold preferr'd,
When your old hat's a Cheshire cheese,
And my grandmother's George the Third:
Then little Bony will come over,
And land a MILLION men at Dover.

Tippling Tom the Tapster.

TO ease his heart of sorrow's load,
And *lighten* all his cares,
Poor Tom took oft the tippler's road,
Adown the cellar stairs.

Where from the butt's exhil'rant store,
His gloomy brow got brighten'd;
And ere nine months were past and o'er,
Both of their load were *lighten'd*.

When lo! all on a summer's day,
Just after thundery weather,
Tom and his master took their way
To examine stock together.

For mild and stale, the landlord fear'd,
Had had the wayward luck,
Amid the clatt'ring peals he'd heard,
To get all thunderstruck!

So Tom was sent in inner vault,
Where stood two fav'rite taps,
Which Fleecewell hop'd was free from fault,
And sav'd from all mishaps.

And while he broach'd each outer butt,
All fearful, sad and sober;
Lest clouds, in late combustion put,
Had spoil'd his best October:

Sly Tom rush'd out, with looks aghast,
And, to the landlord's cost,
Rap'd out an oath, "Twixt peal and blast
"Your fav'rite store is lost.

"For one," says Tom, "Event most dread
"Most awful, and most fright'ning;
"One cask is struck, with thunder, dead,
"And one dry'd up with light'ning."

Death of King George the Second.

GEORGE the Second died very suddenly of a rupture of the aorta, at Kensington palace, about seven o'clock in the morning of October the 25th, 1760. He was a remarkably early riser, and on that morning he as usual lighted his own fire, drank his chocolate, looked out of the window to see how the wind was, and said that he would take a walk in the gardens. His chocolate maker, however, who was the last person with his majesty, observed him sigh as he left the room, and shortly afterwards heard a noise like the falling of a billet of wood from the fire, on which he returned and found the king dropped from his chair as if he had been in the act of attempting to ring the bell. Proper assistance was immediately procured, and he was put to bed, but without any appearance of life, and in a very little while his death was certain.

On Foote's Death.

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death *took* him *off*, who *took* off all the world.

Electioneering Pun.

SOME years ago the candidates for the representation of one of the northern Boroughs, were Sir Ralph Parr, and a Mr. William Fratram, a rich clothier. Neither of them were much approved of, and any third canditate might easily have thrown them both out; but the following accident excited an interest in favour of the former, who, ultimately, carried the election, One of the electors, a favorite of the mob, happening to ejaculate, with a sigh of indifference, *Par nobile Fratrum*, the words were caught and misconstructed by the crowd—*Parr,—no Billy Fratrum*, was instantly shouted by a thousand voices, and scribbled all over the Borough.

Extraordinary Forewarning, as it really occurred in Lord Tyrone's Family, in Ireland.

Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford, were born in Ireland; they were both left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were educated in the principles of Deism, by their guardian. When they were each of them about fourteen years of age they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to em brace the revealed religion, but in vain; their arguments were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being. Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom, after a few years she was married; but no change in condition had power to alter her friendship; the families frequently visited each other, often spent more than a fortnight together; a short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus Beresford remarked, when his Lady came down to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he enquired anxiously after her health, she assured him she was well, perfectly well: he repeated his enquiries, and begged to know if any thing had disordered her; she replied no, she was as well as usual. "Have you hurt your wrist, have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black ribband bound round it. She replied no, she had not; but added "let me conjure you Sir M. never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribband, you will never more see me without it; if it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you, I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me further on the subject," "Very well my Lady," said he smiling "since you so earnestly desire me, I will enquire no further."

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady B, enquired if the post was come in? she was told it was not. In a few minutes she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the enquiry is not the post yet come? she was told it was not. "Do you expect any letter?" said Sir M. "that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post." "I do," she answered, "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead, he died last Tuesday, at four o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir M. "believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has thus alarmed you."

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected" exclaimed Lady B.; "he is dead." Sir M. opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time Lady B. had specified. Sir M. intreated her to compose her spirits, and endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had for some time past; and added, "I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove

welcome, I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I am with child of a son." Sir M. received the intelligence with that pleasure which might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms the felicity he should experience from such an event which he had long so ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady B. was delivered of a son; she had been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went but little from home: she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours; the rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who at Sir M.'s death was quite a youth; to his son, however, she was afterwards married, in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect.

The event justified the expectation of every one; Lady B. was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady B. brought two daughters; afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years, when, so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct, that, won over by his supplication and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him; and was, after some time, made the mother of another daughter.

The day on which she had lain in a month, being the anniversary of her birth-day, she sent for Lady ———, of whose friendship she had long been possessed, and a few friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to enquire after her health; she told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birth-day. "For," said she, "I am forty-eight this day."—"No, my Lady," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right; happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt, by searching the register, and find that you are forty-seven this day."

"You have signed my death-warrant," said she, "I have not much longer to live. I must, therefore, entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

When the clergyman had left Lady B. she sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady ——— and her son, of whom Sir M. Beresford was father, and who was, then about twelve years of age, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to quit the room, "I have something to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of Deism.—When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed

religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other, that whichever should happen to die first, would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to him. Accordingly, one night, when Sir M. and myself were in bed, I awakened, and discovered Lord Tyrone, sitting by my bed-side; I screamed out, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir M. "For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone," said I, "by what means or for what purpose came you here at this time of night." "Have you then forgot our promise," said he, "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you are now with child of a son, which is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable by, you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die, in the 47th year of your age."

"Just Heaven," exclaimed I, "and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly you may," returned he, "you have a free assent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted to tell you; but, if after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed." "May I ask, said I, if you are happy."—"Had I been otherwise, said he, I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you." "I may thence infer you are happy;" he smiled; "but how, said I, when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination." "Will not the news of my death, said he, be sufficient to convince you?" "No, returned I, I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass; I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality." You shall, said he;"—then waving his hand, the bed-curtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended: "In that, said he, you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this."—"True, said I, but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might—I shall still doubt." He then said, "you have a pocket-book, in the leaves of which I will write; you know my hand-writing." I replied "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still, said I, in the morning, I doubt. though awake, I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief, said he, I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I do not regard a small blemish, said I." "You are a woman of courage, said he, hold out your hand." I did; he touched my wrist; his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered.—"Now, said he, while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege." He stopped—I turned to him again—he was gone. During the time in which I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and col-

lected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake Sir M. but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir Marcus was gone down. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in a large house is frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion enquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribband, which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir M. he instantly remarked my confusion, and enquired the cause. I assured him I was well, perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday, at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop all enquiries concerning the black ribband he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause.—You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth, your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude: but few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration, I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard with indifference; I endeavoured by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

"The moment he entered the room, he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable—that I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years were passed, amply warranted my demand for a separation; I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but, won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year; but, alas! I have heard this day from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto laid under a mistake with regard to my age, that I am but forty-seven this day. Of the near approach of my

death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sacred precept of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever.

" When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you, my Lady, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribband, and let my son, with yourself, behold it." Lady B. here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honour he would in future receive from an union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady B. then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady —— and her son immediately called her attendants, and quitted the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change in her, to call instantly. An hour passed, and all was silent in the room; they listened at the door, and every thing was still; but, in about half an hour more, a bell rung violently; they flew to her apartment; but before they reached the door of it, they heard the servants exclaim " my mistress is dead." Lady —— then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady B.'s son with her herself approached the bed of his mother, they knelt down by the side of it; Lady —— then lifted up her hand, unbound the black ribband, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady B. had described, every nerve withered, every sinew shrunk up. Lady B.'s son, as has been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter; the black ribband and pocket-book are now in the possession of Lady ——, by whom the above narrative is stated, in Ireland; who, together with the Tyrone family, will be found ready to attest its truth.—*Dublin, Aug.* 1802.

A Lawyer's Opinion of Law.

COUNSELLOR M——t, after he had retired from practice, being one day in company, where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, he was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed, " If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it; lest in defending my *coat*, I should, too late, find that I was deprived of my *waistcoat* also."

The Origin of the Representation of Britannia on the English Copper Coin.

TO Charles's (the second) partiality for his *graceful and accomplished cousin*, FRANCES STUART, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin; he admired and even almost idolized this celebrated beauty, but could not seduce her, as he was base enough to essay, though he assailed her with compliments which he considered were likely to succeed; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our halfpence and farthings.

The Contest settled.

A WELSHMAN and an *Englishman* disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The *Englishman* the *Welshman* quite confuted,
The *Welshman* yet wou'd not his vaunts abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in *Wales*, one wedding sees;
Ay, quoth the other, *each man toasts his cheese.*

Two Commandments applied.

" THOU shalt not steal!" Good Counsellor be still;
" Thou shalt not murder!" Doctor, spare thy pill.

Sketch of the Military Life of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

1787 MARCH 7. Appointed ensign in the 73d foot.

—— December 25. Appointed lieutenant in the 76th foot.

1788 January 23. Exchanged into the 41st regiment.

1789 June 25. Exchanged into the 18th dragoons.

1791 September 20. Received a company in the 58th foot.

1792 October 31. Again exchanged to the 18th dragoons—appointed major in the 33d foot.

1793 April 30. Appointed lieutenant-colonel.

1794 Commanded a brigade of infantry during Lord Moira's retreat through Flanders.—Shortly after was employed in the expedition, under Admiral Christian, destined for the West Indies, and accompanied his regiment to India.

1795 May 3. Received the rank of colonel by brevet.

1796 May 4. Colonel Wellesley attacked and took Seringapatam, for which he received thanks in public orders from General Harris.

1800 September 5. He intercepted Dhoudia Waugh's force at Conaghull, when Dhoudia himself and a great number of his followers were killed, and the whole body dispersed: for this, Colonel Wellesley received the thanks of General Brathwaite, then in command of the forces at Madras, and also of the governor-general in council.

1802 April 29. Obtained the rank of major-general.

1803 April 21. After a forced march of sixty miles, entered Poonah, possession of which had been taken by Holkar.

1803 September 23. Major-general Wellesley, with an army consisting only of 4,500 men, of whom about 2000 were Europeans, attacked and defeated, at Assaye, Scindeah's army, consisting of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 match-locks, 500 rocket-men, and 90 pieces of ordinance. He next turned his attention to the Rajar Berar's army, which he defeated on the plains of Agram.

—— December 14. Carried by storm the almost impregnable fortress of Gawilghar,

—— December 16. Signed a treaty of peace with the Rajar of Berar.

—— December 30. Ditto ditto with Scindeah.

1804 Appointed a knight of the Military Order of the Bath.

1805 Early in this year he returned to England, when a sword, valued at 1000*l.* was presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta; thanks were voted to him by both Houses of Parliament; and his companions in arms presented him with a gold vase, valued at 2,000 guineas.

—— In the autumn, Sir A. Wellesley accompanied Lord Cathcart to Hanover, and on the return of the army, was appointed to a district.

1806 January 30. Received the colonelcy of the 33d regiment.

1807 Defeated a detachment of Danes near Kioge.

1808 April 25. Attained the rank of lieutenant-general.

—— August 17. Fought the battle of Roleia.

—— August 21. That of Vimeira and shortly afterwards returned to England.

1809 January 16. Corunna.

1809 March 22. Returned to Portugal, and appointed by the Prince Regent of Portugal, marshal-general of the Portuguese troops.
—— May 11. Passed the Douro, defeated Soult, and captured Oporto.
—— July 28. Fought the battle of Talavera.
In this year he was created Viscount Wellington.
1810 September 2. Fought the battle of Busaco.
—— October 7. Coimbra.
1811 March 5. Barossa
—— May 5. That of Fuentes de Honore, or Almeida.
—— May 16. Albuera.
—— October 28. Arroyo del Molino.
In this year his lordship was created by the Prince Regent of Portugal, Conde de Vimeira, and on the 31st July, received the local rank of general in Spain & Portugal.
1812 January 19. Ciudad Rodrigo carried by storm.
—— March 16. Badajos also carried by storm.
—— May 14. Madrid.
—— May 19. Almerez.
—— July 22. Fought the battle of Salamanca.
In this year his lordship was created Marquis Wellington.
1813 January 1. Was appointed colonel of the Horse Guards.
—— May 22. Castilla.
—— June 21. The battle of Vittoria; appointed field-marshal, and same year a knight of the Garter.
—— July 25, 26, 27, and 28. Pyrenees,
—— August 11. Pyrenees.
—— September 9. St. Sebastian.
—— October 9. Bidassoa.
—— October 31. Pampeluna.
—— December 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13. Neive.
1814 February 27. Othes.
—— April 10. Toulouse.
—— May 3. He was created Marquess Douro, and Duke of Wellington.
1815 June 18. Battle of Waterloo.
—— July 3. The city of Paris capitulated to the Duke and Prince Blucher—the British and Prussian forces took possesson on the 7th.
—— July 18. Created Prince of Waterloo, by the King of the Netherlands, with the estate of the Belle Alliance.

European Magazine.

Late Hours.

THE late hours of dining in the fashionable circles were neatly censured by the late Mr. Pitt. "Mr. Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "I wish you to *dine* with me this evening at ten." "I am sorry I cannot wait on your Grace," replied the minister; "as I am engaged to *sup* with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."

On a Flash in the Pan from a Military Pop-gun

A BRAINLESS young crimp, with an up-cocking snout,
Was one day in a coffee-house prating;
And while about battles he made a great rout,
And his prowess most highly was rating;

A stranger who stood pretty near to the prig,
And of nonsense had had a full dose;
Said, "Sir, tho' of guns you've drawn many a trig,
"Pray don't cock your nose quite so close."

"Cock his nose, and why not?" says a droll stander-by,
"On his feats he has nobly enlarg'd;
"But his nose, cock'd and prim'd, you may safely defy,
"For I'm sure that his head is not charg'd."

On Randolph Peter, of Oriel, the Eater.

WHOE'ER you are, tread softly,' I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

Extraordinary Instances of the acute Senses of Blind Persons.

IT is said of a person born blind at Puisseaux, in the province of Gatinois, in France, that he judged of the proximity of fire by the degree of heat; the fulness of vessels by the noise of decanted liquors as they fell; and the nearness of bodies, by the action of the air on his face. He had made very exact balances of his arms, and almost infallible compasses of his fingers. The varieties in the polish of bodies were distinguished by him with greater facility, and a greater degree of accuracy, than the sound of the voice, the variations of which he was also very expert in defining. He judged of beauty by feeling, and made pronunciation, and the tone of the voice, a part of this judgment. He was very sure of the exact spot where noise or a voice came from. It is reported that he once had a quarrel with his brother, whose eye-sight was of no advantage to him to avoid his blows: vexed at his threats, and at something he took for ill-usage, he laid hold of the first object at hand, struck him in the middle of the forehead, and knocked him down. This adventure, and some others, caused him to be cited before the lieutenant of the police at Paris, where he then lived. The external signs of power, that affect others in so sensible a manner, make no impression on the blind. He appeared before the magistrate as before his equal: his menaces did not in the least intimidate him.—"What will you do to me?" said he to the magistrate. "I will cast you," answered the magistrate, "into a dungeon." "Ah! good Sir," replied the blind man, "I have been in one these five and twenty years past." It may, perhaps, be thought, that one born blind has no idea of vision. Of this we may judge by the answer of the same blind person, when asked what eyes were?—"Eyes," said he, "are an organ, on which the air has the effect my stick has on my hand. The same thing happens to me when I seek for a thing with my stick, and meet with another thing." He defined a looking-glass, a machine that gives things a *relief* far from themselves, if placed conveniently in relation to them. "Just as my hand," added he, "which I need not place near an object, in order to feel it." How many renowned philosophers, says a modern author, have shown less subtilty in endeavouring to prove the truth of notions that have been equally false?

Yaniewicz and the Hackney-Coachman

WHEN *Yaniewicz* first came into this country, he lived at the west-end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney, when this dialogue ensued:

Coachman.—(shutting the door) Where to, sir?

Yan.—Home—*mon ami*—you go me home.

Coachm.—Home, sir, where's that?

Yan.—By gar, I know no—de name of de dam street has *echape*, has escaped out of my memory: I have forgot him. Vat I shall do;

Coachman.—*(grins.)*

Yan.—Ah! you are gay—come now—you understand de musique.—Eh!

Coachman.—Music—what's that to do with the street?

Yan.—Ah! *vous verrez*—you shall see—(hums a tune)—Vat is dat?

Coachman—Molbrook.

Yan.—Ah! by gar—dat is him—Marlbro' Street—now you drive-a me home.—Eh!

This is a fact. We have often heard that "*music hath charms*" to do many clever things, but this is, I believe, the first time of its instructing a coachman where he was to set down.

The Cat Eater!

THOUGH facts will swell as stories fly,
'Till truth o'erstretch'd, becomes a lie,
The tell-tale here no legend frames,
Which more than mod'rate credence claims;
Nor, bouncer-like, a fiction broaches,
For those who swallow lies like loaches;
Nor Sceptic dreads, whose scowling eye,
At ought uncommon darts the lie;
So con the tale—his heart's at quiet,
Believe it, doubt it, or deny it.

JOHN TROT, a homespun country put,
JACK SLY one morning met, full-butt;
Who, starting, star'd, and stamm'ring said,
Lord, Juh-Juh-John! what an't you dead?
Dead! whoy? says John: dear heart, quoth Sly,
Don't rave, I'll tell the reason why;
Dick Bam declares, who saw the sight,
You eat up three live cats last night!
Eat three loive cats, quoth John, odd rot it?
Proime news! I wonder wheere he got it!
But I'll soon foind—so speeds to Bam,
Who flatly swore 'twas all a flam:
I could not say, quoth Dick, that you
Had eat three cats, 'twas only two:
Two! in the Deevil's neame! and who
Has told, say Trot, this teale to you?
Bob Banter.—O, he did, quoth John,
I'll meake him cheange his noate anon!
So hies to Banter, all agog,
Whom thus he greets:—'Yow sland'ring dog,
'Who reake up loies to gull the flats,
'Did I, least neet, eat two loive cats?'
Two, replies Banter, that's rare fun!
Eat ME if I said more than ONE.
Than one, and dom it, whoy say that?
Whoy say, that I eat ONE loive cat?
Your brother told me so, says Bob;—
If so, says John, I'll jolt his knob:

So, off went Cain, in quest of Abel,
With mind whose index lack'd no label;
As frowning brow, and flashing eye,
To John's intents ne'er gave the lie;
And, had he then met Tom, his brother,
Death might have levell'd one or t'other:
But, fortunately, John, thus fool'd,
No brother found till passion cool'd;
When, lighting then, on tattling Tom,
He cry'd, 'Wheere got'st thou that teale from,
'(Pies on thy tongue, thou foul-mouth'd brat,)
'That I last neet gobb'd up a cat'
A cat, cries Tom, thou sputt'ring spare,
A puss, I said, a fine fat hare,
Mother, herself, here, told me that,—
'You lie, you rogue, not hare, nor cat,'
Quoth old Dame Trott, 'so donna blab it,
'I only said, John eat a rabbit;
'And that's a truth, I'll pledge my life,
'For, here's my author, JOHN'S OWN WIFE!'
When John's meek spouse demurely rose,
And cry'd, "good friend's this contest close;
For, sure as women breed by marriage,
Stories will always breed in carriage;
And though THREE CATS OF ENGLISH breed,
'Tis said, poor John dispatch'd with speed;
John supp'd, as oft he's supp'd before,
On one WELCH rabbit,—nothing more."

DOCUMENT.

This tale let mem'ry take in tow,
'Twill slack the strings of slander's bow:
Dumbfound each fable-broaching fool,
And shake the props of scandal's school:
For, when foul babblers raise a pack
Of lies to load a neighbour's back;
Tell them, you join no sland'rers jeers,
Nor to fools' tongues lend asses' ears,
Nor make, for flams, to impose on flats,
Of ONE *Welch Rabbit*, THREE LIVE CATS!

To an affected Old Maid.

THOUGH 'papa and mamma' my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you, methinks, yourself appear
The grand-mamma of all.

On Dr. Hill's Farce, called 'The Rout.'

FOR Physic and Farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

On Paul Fuller and Peter Potter, who lie buried close by each other in Oldham Church-Yard.

'TIS held by Peter and by Paul,
That when we fill our graves or urns,
Ashes to ashes crumbling fall,
And dust to dust once more returns!
So here, a truth unmeant for mirth,
Appears in monumental lay;
Paul's grave is fill'd with Fuller's earth,
And Peter's cramm'd with Potter's clay!

An Epitaph.

GOD works wonders now and then:
Here lies a *lawyer*, and an *honest man*.

Answered.

THIS is a mere law-quibble, not a wonder:
Here lies a *lawyer*, and—his *client* under.

To a bad Poet.

ONE fault—I cannot bear poetic sinning—
Thy verses have; and that is the *beginning;*
But, this one fault in some sort to amend,
They have one excellence, and that's the *end*.

Remarkable Time-Piece.

IN 1765, Mr. Norton, of St. John's Street, executed for his Majesty, agreeable to the directions which he had received, a curious time-piece, of which the following description was given in some of the journals:—" This clock has four faces, the first and principal of which shews true and apparent time, with the rising and setting of the sun every day in the year, by a morning horizon, which consequently shows the lengthening and shortening of the days: it likewise shows the time of the day in several parts of the earth. The second front has a solar system, which shows the motion of the planets in their orbits, according to Copernicus. The third shows the age and different phases of the moon, with the time of the tides at thirty-two different sea-ports. The fourth and last, by a curious retrograde motion in a spiral, shews every day of the month and year, and likewise the months and days of the week, with appropriate emblems, The calculations and numbers for the wheels for the solar system, where given by Dr. Bevis; and the designs for all the dial plates, with the numbers and calculations and mode of performing the moon and tides, by the ingenious Mr. Ferguson."

Garrick.

IN the summer of 1778, their Majesties made an excursion through the encampments which were then formed on the western coast. This drew a number of visitors to Winchester, and among the rest the English Roscius, to whom a whimsical accident occurred at one of the reviews, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was then at that place, afterwards recounted with great humour.

At one of these field days in the vicinity, Garrick found it necessary to dismount, when his horse escaped from his hold and ran off; throwing himself immediately into his professional attitude, he cried out, as if on Bosworth field, " A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

This exclamation, and the accompanying attitude excited great amazement amongst the surrounding spectators, who knew him not: but it could not escape his Majesty's quick apprehension, for it being within his hearing, he immediately said, " Those must be the tones of Garrick! see if he is not on the ground." The theatrical and dismounted monarch was immediately brought to his Majesty, who not only condoled with him most goodhumouredly on his misfortune, but flatteringly added, " that his delivery of Shakspeare could never pass undiscovered."

Royal Elocution.

IT has been said of his Majesty, that he recited a speech, or delivered an oration with more true modulation and eloquence, than most men in his dominions. His speeches from the throne to the two houses of parliament, were always considered as specimens of beautiful elocution, and this was the more remarkable, since in common conversation, the king spoke with a rapidity which sometimes made him unintelligible to those who were not familiarized to his peculiar mode of expression. The Prince Regent has the same merit in his deliberate articulation, without the fault of a hasty utterance. He reads Horace and Virgil with uncommon elegance, and to his taste and judgment, in the most difficult passages, the best classical scholars in the country can bear testimony.

A Warning to Jurymen to be cautious of judging from Circumstances.

IN the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, a person was arraigned before Sir *James Dyer*, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment for the murder of a man, who dwelt in the same parish with the prisoner. The first witness against him deposed, that on a certain day, mentioned by the witness, in the morning, as he was going through a close, which he particularly described, at some distance from the path, he saw a person lying in a condition that denoted him to be either dead or drunk; that he went to the party, and found him actually dead, two wounds appeared in his breast, and his shirt and clothes much stained with blood; that the wounds appeared to the witness to have been given by the puncture of a fork, or some such instrument, and looking about he discovered a fork, lying near the corpse, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initial letters of the prisoner's name, the witness at the same time produced the fork in court, which the prisoner owned to be his, and waved asking the witness any questions.

A second witness deposed, that on the morning of the day on which the deceased was killed, the witness had risen early with an intention to go to a neighbouring market-town which he named—that as he was standing in the entry of his own dwelling house, the street door being open, he saw the prisoner come by, dressed in a suit of clothes, the colour and fashion of which the witness described—that he (the witness) was prevented going to market; and that afterwards the first witness brought notice to the town, of the death, and wounds of the deceased person, and also of the said prisoner's fork being found near the corpse— that upon this report the prisoner was apprehended, and carried before a justice of peace, whom he named and pointed at, he being then present in court; that he (the witness) followed the prisoner to the justice's house, and attended his examination, during which he observed the exchange of raiment which the prisoner had made, since the time when the witness had first seen him in the morning—that at the time of such examination, the prisoner was dressed in the same clothes which he had on at the time of the trial and that on the witness charging him with having changed his clothes he gave several shuffling answers, and would have denied it; that upon the witness mentioning this circumstance of the change of dress, the justice granted a warrant to search the prisoner's house for the clothes described by the witness, as having been put off since the morning; that the witness attended, and assisted at the search; and that after a nice enquiry for two hours and upwards, the very clothes which the witness had described, were discovered, concealed in a straw bed; he then produced the bloody clothes in court, which the prisoner owned to be his clothes, and to have been thrust into the straw bed with an intention to conceal them, on account of their being bloody.

The prisoner also waved asking this second witness any questions.

A third witness deposed to his having heard the prisoner deliver certain menaces against the deceased, from whence the prosecutor intended to infer *Malice propense*. In answer to which, the prisoner proposed certain questions to the court, leading to a discovery of the occasion of the menacing expressions deposed to, and from the answer of the witness to those questions, it appeared, that the deceased had first menaced the prisoner.

The prisoner being called upon to make his defence, addressed the fol-

lowing narration to the court, as containing all he knew concerning the manner and circumstances of the death of the deceased, *viz.* "That he rented a close in the same parish with the deceased, and that the deceased rented another close adjoining to it—that the only way to his own close was through that of the deceased; that on the day, the murder in the indictment was said to be committed, he rose early in the morning, in order to go to work in his close, with his fork in his hand, and passing through the deceased's ground, he observed a man at some distance from the path, lying down, as if dead, or drunk; that he thought himself bound to see what condition the person was in, and upon getting up to him, he found him in the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great quantity of blood had issued; that in order to relieve him, he raised him up, and with great difficulty set him in his lap; that he told the deceased he was greatly concerned at his unhappy fate, and the more so, as there seemed to be too much reason to apprehend he had been murdered; that he intreated the deceased to discover, if possible, the occasion of his misfortune, assuring him, he would use his utmost endeavours to do justice to his sufferings; that the deceased seemed to be sensible of what he said, and in the midst of his agonies, attempted, as he thought, to speak to him, but being seized with a rattling in his throat, after a hard struggle, he gave a dreadful groan, and vomiting a great deal of blood, some of which fell on his (the prisoner's) clothes, he expired in his arms—that the shock he felt on account of this accident, was not to be expressed, and the rather, as it was well known, that there had been a difference between the deceased and himself, on which account he might possibly be suspected of the murder; that he therefore thought it advisable to leave the deceased in the condition he was, and to take no further notice of the matter; that in the confusion he was in when he left the place, he took away the deceased's fork, and left his own in the room of it, by the side of the corpse; that being obliged to go to his work, he thought it best to shift his clothes, that they might not be seen; he confessed he had hid them in the place where they were found; that it was true, he had denied before the justice that he had changed his clothes, being conscious that this was an ugly circumstance which might be urged against him, and being unwilling to be brought into trouble, if he could help it: and concluded his story with a solemn declaration, that he had related nothing but the truth, without adding or diminishing one tittle, as he should answer it to God Almighty." Being then called upon to produce his witnesses, the prisoner answered with a steady composed countenance, and resolution of voice, *He had no witness but God and his own Conscience.*

The judge then proceeded to deliver his charge, in which he pathetically enlarged on the heinousness of the crime, and laid great stress on the force of the evidence, which, although circumstantial only, he declared he thought to be irresistible, and little inferior to the most positive proof—that the prisoner had, indeed, cooked up a very plausible story; but if such, or the like allegations, were to be admitted in a case of this kind, no murderer would ever be brought to justice, such bloody deeds being generally perpetrated in the dark, and with the greatest secrecy—that the present case was exempted, in his opinion, from all possibility of doubt, and that they ought not to hesitate one moment about finding the prisoner *guilty*.

The foreman begged of his lordship, as this was a case of life and death, that the jury might be at liberty to withdraw; and, upon this motion, an officer was sworn to keep the jury.

This trial came on the first in the morning, and the judge having sat till nine at night, expecting the return of the jury, at last sent an officer to enquire if they were agreed in their verdict, and to signify to them, that his lordship would wait no longer for them. Some of them returned for answer, that eleven of their body had been of the same mind from the first, but that it was their misfortune to have a foreman that proved to be a singular instance of the most inveterate obstinacy; who having taken up a different opinion from them, was unalterably fixed in it. The messenger was no sooner returned, but the complaining members, alarmed at the thoughts of being kept under confinement all the night, and, despairing of bringing their dissenting brother over to their own way of thinking, agreed to accede to his opinion, and having acquainted him with their resolution, they sent an officer to detain his lordship a few minutes, and then went into the court, and by their foreman brought in the prisoner *not guilty*. His lordship could not help expressing the greatest surprise and indignation at this unexpected verdict; and, after giving the jury a severe admonition, he refused to record their verdict, and sent them back again, with directions that they should be locked up all night, without fire or candle. The whole blame was publicly laid on the foreman, by the rest of the members, and they spent the night in loading him with reflections, and bewailing their unhappy fate, in being associated with so hardened a wretch —but he remained quite inflexible, constantly declaring he would suffer death, rather than change his opinion.

As soon as his lordship came into court the next morning, he sent again to the jury, on which, all the eleven members joined in requesting their foreman to go again into court, assuring him, they would adhere to their former verdict, whatever was the consequence; and, on being reproached with their former inconstancy, they promised never to desert, nor recriminate on their foreman any more. Upon these assurances, they proceeded into court, and again brought in the prisoner, *not guilty*. The judge, unable to conceal his rage at a verdict which appeared to him in the most iniquitous light, reproached them with the severest censures, and dismissed them with this cutting reflection, *That the blood of the deceased lay at their door.*

The prisoner, on his part, fell on his knees, and with uplifted eyes and hands, thanked God for his deliverance: and addressing himself to the judge, cried out, *You see, my Lord, that God and a good conscience are the best of witnesses.*

These circumstances made a deep impression on the mind of the judge; and as soon as he was retired from court, he entered into discourse with the high sheriff, upon what had passed and particularly examined him as to his knowledge of this leader of the jury. The answer this gentleman gave his lordship was, that he had been acquainted with him many years; that he had an estate of fifty pounds per annum, and that he rented a very considerable farm besides; that he never knew him charged with an ill action; and that he was universally esteemed in his neighbourhood.

For further information, his lordship likewise sent for the minister of the parish, who gave the same favorable account of his parishioner, with this addition, that he was a constant churchman, and devout communicant.

These accounts rather increased his

lordship's perplexity; from which he could think of no expedient to deliver himself, but by having a conference in private, with the only person who could give him satisfaction. This he desired the sheriff to procure, who readily offered his service, and without delay, brought about the desired interview.

Upon the juryman being introduced to the judge, his lordship and he retired into a closet, where his lordship opened his reasons for desiring that visit, making no scruple of acknowledging the uneasiness he was under, and conjuring his visitor to discover, frankly, his reasons for acquitting the prisoner. The juryman returned for answer, that he had sufficient reasons to justify his conduct, and that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to reveal them; but as he had hitherto locked them up in his own breast, and was under no compulsion to disclose them, he expected his lordship would engage, upon his honour, to keep what he was about to unfold, as secret as he himself had done; which his lordship having promised to do, the juryman then proceeded to give his lordship the following account: "That the deceased being tytheman of the parish where he (the juryman) lived, he had, the morning of his decease, been in his (the juryman's) grounds, amongst his corn, and had done him great injustice, by taking more than his due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary manner. That when he complained of this treatment, he had not only been abused with scurrilous language, but that the deceased had likewise struck at him several times with his fork, and had actually wounded him in two places, the scars of which wounds he then shewed his lordship—that the deceased seemed bent on mischief, and he (the juryman) having no weapon to defend himself, had no other way to preserve his own life, but by closing in with the deceased, and wrenching the fork out his hands; which having effected, the deceased attempted to recover the fork, and in the scuffle received the two wounds, which had occasioned his death; that he was inexpressibly concerned at the accident, and especially when the prisoner was taken up on suspicion of the murder; that the former assizes being but just over, he was unwilling to surrender himself, and to confess the matter, because his farm and affairs would have been ruined by his lying in a goal so long; that he was sure to have been acquitted on his trial, for that he had consulted the ablest lawyers on the case, who had all agreed, that as the deceased had been the aggressor, he would only be guilty of manslaughter at the most; that it was true he had suffered greatly in his own mind on the prisoner's account, but being well assured, that imprisonment would be of less ill consequence to the prisoner than to himself, he had suffered the law to take its course; that in order to render the prisoner's confinement as easy to him as possible, he had given him every kind of assistance, and had wholly supported his family ever since; that in order to get him cleared of the charge laid against him, he could think of no other expedient than that of procuring himself to be summoned on the jury, and set at the head of them, which with great labour and expense he had accomplished —having all along determined in his own breast, rather to die himself, than to suffer any harm to be done to the prisoner."

His lordship being satisfied at this account, stipulated with the juryman, that he might be at liberty to relate it, in case of his being the survivor.

The juryman lived fifteen years afterwards; the judge inquired after him every year, and happening to survive him, delivered the above relation.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE:

A Vocal Paraphrase on Hamlet's Soliloquy.

IN Shakspeare's all-enlight'ning school,
Where wit and wisdom equal shine,
Where genius spurns at fett'ring rule,
And, tow'ring, soars to heights divine;
The royal Hamlet, wrapt in thought,
On freedom's pow'r, and fate's decree,
The question, with importance fraught,
He states "To be or not to be."

Now pond'ring if the noble mind,
Should tamely suffer fortune's frown,
Or treat her as a mistress kind,
Whose smiles our tend'rest wishes crown;
Or. when in dire and troub'lous siege,
Strong ills assail, like hostile foes,
'Twere best to take up arms in rage,
Her slings and arrows to oppose.

Revolving then, what 'tis to die,
He says 'to sleep,' and nothing more;
And if from tears it clears each eye,
And easing hearts that ach'd before;
Ending at once each cank'ring grief,
To which devoted flesh is heir,
That sleep which brings such sweet relief,
Will soon be your's, ye sons of care!

To sleep;—But then perchance to dream;
"Aye there's the rub," dark doubt replies;
For whips, and stings, and fire and flame,
And widows' moans, and orphans' cries,
Oppression's yoke, pride's rankling gall,
Love's pangs despised, and law's delay,
A bodkin's point might end them all,
But for that DREAM which bars the way!

Then, till we quit this mortal coil,
To reach that undiscover'd bourne,
Where terminates all human toil,
And whence no trav'ller can return;
Let smiling hope expand the breast,
And all from doubt and dread be free;
Since JOVE has order'd for the best,
Whate'er's TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

Striker and Co.

A YOUNG man from the country having engaged in a mercantile house, some of the clerks, taking advantage of his simplicity, gave him a bill, among others, upon *Striker and Co.* in Fleet Street. His patience was nearly exhausted in endeavouring to find this unknown firm; nor was he aware of the hoax, till a grave bye-stander seriously assured him there were no such persons as *Striker and Co.* in Fleet-Street, excepting the two images that strike the hours at St. Dunstan's church.

The Rival Preachers.

TWO curates, who candidates were for a living,
Which lay in the prelate of Salisbury's giving,
Old Sherlock, more landed, while here he drew breath,
For his treats to the living, than treatise on death,
At his table, where well they'd been feasted were told,
That he who best preach'd should the benefice hold:
So, as one was nam'd Lowe, and the other's name Adam,
On Sunday they both in their clericals clad 'em;
When Lowe in the morning, his text reading loud,
Quoted "ADAM, *where art thou?*" which tickl'd the crowd;
And, to give him his due, his discourse with wit fraught,
Was such, that the crowd were both *tickl'd* and *taught*.
When, lo! after Vespers, poor Adam too came,
After Lowe had the changes oft rung on his name;
And, to "ADAM, *where art thou?*" HIS text in reply,
Was chosen, most happily, "Lo, *here am I!*"
And happily did he so descant thereon,
And so happily handl'd the theme, pro and con,
And his sermon so happily bore off the bell,
That, to crown Adam's welfare, Lowe took his farewell.

Hard Work for a Fat Couple.

SIR Tunbelly marries Miss Midriff for pelf,
And my lady soon gets full as fat as himself;
Captain Midriff, her brother, meets both in his rounds,
And observing the bulk of the pair, he cries,
"Zounds!
"What a couple of Woolsacks together are yok'd!
"More exercise take, or with fat you'll be choked:"
Says my lady, "More exercise! none of your airs,
"Ev'ry morn, noon, and night, I walk up and down stairs,
"Now don't I, Sir Tun?" says Sir Tunbelly, "Aye,
"And, my dear, that *I'm* lazy, let nobody say,
"For I walk round your ladyship three times a day!"

Epitaph.

THIS spot is the sweetest I've seen all my life
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

Sentiments of Respect to the Memory of Mr. Whitbread.

"THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD HATH INDEED PERISHED:—— WHITBREAD WAS AN HONEST MAN."—H. R. H. THE PRINCE REGENT.

IT would be unjust to withhold from him the praise of sincerity.

COURIER.

Never was there a more manly or intrepid public character. STAR.

Vice shrunk abashed before the unbending rigour of the moralist, and venality blushed in the presence of this incorruptable patriot.

BRITISH PRESS.

He called things by their right name.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

The extent of his utility is to be contemplated not only with a view to the good which he performed, but to the evil also which he prevented.

THE TIMES.

A complete picture of the genuine English Country Gentleman, he was a *John Bull* in his noblest and most dignified attitude. THE DAY.

His motives were honourable and patriotic. ANTI-GALLICAN.

His ambition was of the purest kind —it was to be extensively useful—

STATESMAN.

To promote the liberty and happiness of the whole human race.

OBSERVER.

The death of a few men would have occasioned so large a blank in our Parliamentary History, in the relations of private life, and in all the honourable situations of Magistrate, Country Gentleman, and active Member of Society. MORNING POST.

He was constant in the discharge of his senatorial duties, and always was found the advocate in Parliament for relief to the oppressed without any regard to rank, or connection, or party.

MORNING HERALD.

His conduct entitled him to the honourable appellation of "The Representative of the English People."

MORNING ADVERTISER.

He was ever ready to afford aid to the oppressed; to combat for principle; to stand in the gap, with a strong arm, to throw back power in its aggressions on weakness. His death is a great public calamity: it is a serious loss of the moral strength of England: it is a sad and disheartening inroad on the security of our country—on what has chiefly upheld its glory, and prevented it from internal decay and foreign violence. His removal from Parliament at this time seems an almost irreparable loss. CHAMPION.

Peace be with his infirmities, and blessings on his memory for all the good he did us with his strength!

EXAMINER.

"Had he but lived, in spite of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
His thrilling trump had roused the land
When fraud or danger was at hand;
By it, as by the beacon light,
The pilot should keep course aright.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!"

William the Conqueror.

FEW princes have been more fortunate than William, surnamed the Conqueror, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur, for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable, and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art

and disimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency, and in his severity.

The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government: they were ill calculated for softening the rigours, which, under the most gentle management, are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England was the last great enterprise of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, has fully succeeded in Europe; and the force of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal insinuations, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed to the several states of Christendom.

Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants: a proof that the foundations which he laid were firm and solid, and that amid all his violence, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye toward futurity. His stature was tall, and the composition of his bones and muscles uncommonly strong: there was scarcely a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms. He died September 9, 1187, aged 63.

Loss and no Loss.

QUEEN Bess once in council was given to know,
That a corps of her cavalry fled from the foe;
But in telling the tale, it came out unawares
That the troops were all Taylors, and mounted on Mares;
Nay then, cries the Queen, let the rogues run away,
Since I neither have lost *Man* nor *Horse* in the fray!

The Well-timed Hint.

ONE day when in preaching, a text-spinning spark,
The whole length of his body reach'd over the clerk,
And stretching his neck, like a game cock in fighting,
Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheating, and biting;
Mosey turn'd up his head, and said, "Sir, while you're preaching,
"'Mongst all other crimes you forget *overreaching.*"

The Retort Picquant.

A PLAIN bluff citizen, recently returning from his annual trip to Margate, and not chusing to venture by the hoy, very prudently took his passage on the *upper story* of a stage-coach, and thus *humbled* himself by *exaltation;* for nothing so decidedly settles the *quality* of a traveller with the *innkeepers* and *coach-owners* as the *price* a man chuses to pay for his journey. It is even considered as a high insult to the *aristocratical dignity* of the *inside passengers*, if any of the *living luggage* from the top should intrude upon them at meals. In this predicament the honest citizen found himself, when the vehicle stopped for supper at Rochester. The night was cold, his appetite keen; and, conscious of the *rhino* to pay his way, he entered the *feeding* room, where the inside company were at supper, and began to unmuffle himself for the repast. The guests stared at him as if he had been a *rhinoceros.* At last a pert young barrister, attired in *black*, stepped up to him, and, with a supercilious air, asked him, "Pray are you the *coachman?*" "No," answered the other, "pray are you the *guard?*" "No, sir," replied the *quizzer*, "why should you take me for the *guard?*" "Nay, I ask your pardon," rejoined the *cit*, "I thought you might have been the *guard*, from the *colour* of your *coat;* for I understand several *black-guards* go with the coaches on this road."

A short Correspondence between Parson and Patron.

LORD S—dw—ch thus wrote to his Chaplain one day,
" Dear Tom, would you leave off to preach and to pray,
" And bishop-like sit in your sinecure chair,
" Take Miss *** off my hands, and her settlement share ;
" Each year shall a leash of good hundreds supply,
" And in clover you'll wallow you rogue till you die.
" But if you're determined to cross my intent,
" Pray don't TAKE AMISS, what, by ***, is WELL MEANT,"
This friendly proposal, the parson refusing,
An answer thus penn'd, for his patron's perusing:
" My lord, the great good which to me you extend,
" My pride, it shall be, to proclaim, WITHOUT END !
" And your friendship exalted so much I regard,
" That I hope it will meet an EXALTED REWARD !
" While your wish I reject, tho' depend upon this,
" 'Tis compli'd with so far, as to—*not take* A MISS."

The Unwelcome Rencountre.

A WELL-KNOWN character in the annals of the turf of the name of Cl—ke, otherwise Vauxhall Clarke, whose son was executed some years back for shooting at a sheriff's officer, attended according to custom at a late Ascot races, where no less a person then the P—— R——t himself was also present. During the interval between two races, the above-mentioned Mr. Cl—ke, who is not possessed of any of those softer sentiments that characterise the frequenters of a *drawing room*, rather abruptly stated, that he wanted to speak to his R——— H———s, but was informed that such conduct was indecorous, and would not be complied with; notwithstanding which he still persisted, until the D—— of Y——k observing the pertinacity of Mr. Cl—ke, proceeded to expostulate with him, but all to no purpose, for it appears that R——l arguments have no more effect upon sporting men, than the reasoning of the commonest plebeian; for the character in question, far from attending to the D——, vociferated aloud, " Don't tell me indeed, about not speaking to the Pr—e; I will speak to the Pr—e; yes I will speak to him!!—I say." Perseverance is allowed to be the most effective weapon that can be used in compassing any end that may be desired, whch was fully verified in the present instance: for Mr. Cl—ke, in defiance of all impediments, at length found himself in the presence of the dignified personage he was so desirous of seeing. The Pr——e on beholding this old blade of the turf, exclaimed, " *Ah, C—ke, what are you there? how do you do?*"—" *Pretty well, thank your R——l H———s; I hope that you are the same!*" answered the blunt son of Nimrod, who finding that all was MUM upon the subject which most affected his feelings, thus continued, after a few minutes' pause; " *I say, your R——l H——s, when am I to be paid the hundred pounds, which I won of you four years back, when I betted with you against the field?*" This blunt query produced an awkward sensation in the mind of the personage so addressed, who having stated his surprise that the *honorable debt* in question was not cancelled, concluded by saying, that the matter should be looked into, and if the demand was correct, the money should be forthcoming. " Why your H———s knows it is right," answered Mr. C—ke; " and it is high time that a four years' sporting debt should be discharged !" Thus terminated this laconic converzatione, which is shrewdly surmised to have acted as a preventative to the attendance of the R———l visitant at the following day's races.

Assassins.

THE attempts made upon his Majesty's life were attended with some remarkable incidents. In 1786, a poor disordered female assaulted him with a knife while in the act of receiving a petition from her; on that occasion the Spanish ambassador with great presence of mind, hastened to Windsor, and contrived to engage the queen in an interesting conversation till the arrival of his majesty, in person, prevented any alarm which might have been excited by a premature disclosure of the circumstance. For this considerate act his Excellency was ever afterwards highly esteemed at the British court, and treated with particular marks of friendship on his returning to Spain. In 1800, two desperate attacks were made upon the sovereign in one day, that in the morning was in the park at a review, when two bullets were fired at the king, but, missing him, entered the thighs of a young gentleman who stood near him, and very nearly deprived him of life. It is somewhat extraordinary that no provision was made for this person who had so narrow an escape, who by the accident was deprived of his situation in a public office, and who, from the nature of his wounds must necessarily be a sufferer to the end of his days. That same evening, a maniac as it was proved, fired a pistol into the king's box at the theatre, just as the monarch entered, but happily without effect. When his Majesty took leave of his family that night, he said, "I am going to bed, with a confidence that I shall sleep soundly; and my prayer is, that the poor unhappy prisoner who aimed at my life may rest as quietly as I shall."

A Grammarian's Advice.

WHEN *man* and *wife* at odds fall out,
Let Syntax be your tutor;
'Twixt *masculine* and *feminine*,
What should one be but *neuter?*

Provident Cookery.

IN our gains and our losses, our pleasures and toils,
The old common question is "How the pot boils?"
And as once when the riots in London ran high,
'Twas decreed that some few (to save thousands) must die,
One of Gordon's *good friends* asked an old loyal Scot,
Half-sneeringly, "How boil'd the NATIONAL Pot?"
"Why gude troth," says Donald, "atween me and you,
Malcontents are got intul a domnable stew,
And you'll find it's contents, mon, will not content some,
For the BROTH is preserved by reducing the SCUM."

The following Epitaph is copied from a Tomb-stone placed in St. Martin's burying-ground, Stamford, Lincolnshire, to the memory of the well-known Daniel Lambert:

"IN remembrance of that prodigy of nature, DANIEL LAMBERT, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet, one inch, round the leg; nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed *52 stone*, 11*lb.* (14*lb.* to the stone). He departed this life on the 21st of June 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicester."

On Peter Wilson, who was drowned.

PETER was in the ocean drown'd,
A careless, hapless creature!
And when his lifeless trunk was found,
It was become *salt-Peter!*

New Loves of the Plants.

OH! where is the wonder the flow'ret has perish'd,
While yet we the spring of its loveliness cherish'd,
Since the *Primrose* was ever most forward and gay,
And always abandoned its charms to *Mild-may.*

Fashion—an Impromptu.

THEIR bosoms, legs, and arms to shew,
The modish belles now venture—
Fashion, strip on—fig-leaves may do
To girdle round the centre.

The old Usurer detected.

A CERTAIN well known usurer was lately applied to by an officer on half-pay, for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. After a very nice scrutiny into the officer's character, and that of his two bondsmen, and an agreement for fifteen pounds per cent. interest, the money was advanced for a stipulated time. This last part of the business being transacted at the officer's own house, old Fogrum, the usurer, had the opportunity of seeing the captain's lady, who was sprightly, delicate, and beautiful—He saw her, and was smitten. She soon perceived it, and could not help smiling at the power of her charms, and the usurer's young tooth. Her smiles he vainly interpreted for a sign of reciprocal affection from her, to his own dear person. He took his leave with much reluctance, but not without inviting himself there another day. The captain and his two friends, not suspecting his secret motive, were much surprised, though not a little pleased at his free, and seemingly friendly behaviour; more particularly from a man of his profession. The captain told him, the house should be at his service whenever he chose to make use of it. They then took leave for a time, and Fogrum went home to put up his bond with others of the like kind.

He now set himself to other business, but no business whatever could keep the idea of the captain's dear beautiful lady out of his heart. We may wonder that a Change Alley broker's heart should be susceptible of any thing but self-interest; but it is possible, for according to Virgil:

"In earth, and sea below, and liquid realms above,
"Love conquers all, and all must yield to love."

It was not two days before Fogrum paid the captain and his lady a visit, by whom he was most genteely entertained. The lady had a fine voice, and could sing with peculiar judgment; the usurer was now doubly captivated, and he went home in better humour, than ever he had been blessed with his whole life before. He dreamed of her that night, and thought of nothing else next day. He repeated his visits so often, that he frequently found the husband abroad He took that opportunity to declare his passion. She received it with seeming surprise, but not with too great reservedness. She made him believe, that neither his person nor his passion were disagreeable to her; but her honour, she said, would not suffer her to comply. He then began to play the old man's last and most powerful artillery on her, viz. offers of money; but that she was also proof against, yet gave him all other liberties that man could desire from woman. This inflamed him the more; his soul was on the rack to enjoy her. Love and wine soon robbed him of his reason. He grasped her to his arms, and throwing her on a sofa, was proceeding to force—She screamed out for help.—At that instant the captain and one of his friends unexpectedly came in—the husband, enraged at so unlooked for a scene, drew his sword, and would have finished old Fogrum's days, had not his friend interposed. He, however, threatened him with an action of five hundred pounds, for the assault, and attempt to commit a rape. To add to the usurer's distress, the lady's gold repeating watch was missing, and they, on searching him, found it in his coat pocket. At this, he was, if possible, more thunderstruck than before. They were now going to send for a magistrate, but the servant maid confessed that she had, in a joke, conveyed it into his pocket, during her attendance in the room at tea time. Old Fogrum at last thought himself extremely happy

to redeem himself from this troublesome affair, by not only surrendering up the captain's bond, but giving him also a note of his own for one hundred pounds, to forbear all proceedings at law.

A lamentable Fact.

A YOUNG woman of Glasgow, about twenty-five years since, having the misfortune to become a mother before she was a wife, and at so early an age as fourteen years, for the better concealment of her unlucky situation, retired to Edinburgh to lye in, where she was delivered of a boy. The lad, at the age of twelve years, either from a disposition incapable of submitting to the controul of his guardians, or the severity of his preceptor, ran away from school, nor could any tidings of him be afterwards obtained.—The mother, in the mean time, set up a house in Glasgow, for the reception of boarders, to which the better sort of sailors in the merchants' service generally resorted. A young man of about twenty-two years of age, master of a West-India vessel, happened to take up his abode with her, and in a short time, by his attractions and assiduity, awakened a flame in the breast of his landlady; a mutual attachment ensued, which was cemented by matrimony. The happy couple lived together for three years, without interruption to their domestic felicity, each year producing them a child, as the reward of their conjugal fidelity; when one morning (some time since) the husband putting on his shirt in the presence of his wife, she discovered a mark on his shoulder, by which she knew him to be her long lost son. She instantly became frantic, and seizing him by the hair, tore him to the ground; her madness supplying her with strength, she would probably have destroyed him, had not his cries procured him the assistance of some of the family. She afterwards, however, recovered reason sufficient, to give an almost unintelligible account of the melancholy circumstance that bereft her of her senses, and then relapsed into an incurable delirium. The consequences of an *eclaircissement* have also been equally fatal to the unhappy son and husband, whose reason is entirely overturned, and of whom there remains not even the most distant hope of recovery.

New Lady's Magazine, Sept. 1786.

Mal-Entendu.

THAT a man may be a worthy magistrate, and yet know nothing of Latin or Greek, is a truism constantly evinced by many of our worshipful *sages* at Guildhall. One of the most worthy and humane of these, but who, unfortunately, is a little hard of hearing, had brought before him an unfortunate *Scotch tutor* who had been making rather too free over-night with Whitbread's *British Falernian*, and was found by the watch "*recubans sub tegmine fagi,*" or, in plain English, drunk and fast asleep under a porter's pitching-block in the street. The constable of the night having stated his charge, the worthy magistrate put the usual question—"Well, my friend, what have you to say for yourself?" Sandy *boo'd*, but reckoning on his *learning* as a certain protection against the consequence of his frailty, he addressed the magistrate in a penitent tone and Edinburgh accent—"*Ma lord, I'm an unfort'nit mon, tes true;* but,—*Nemo mortalium* OMNIBIS HOORIS SAUPIT."

The worthy alderman stared.—"Eh! what! What's that he says about *wh—s* in a *sawpit?* Harkee, my good friend! *sawpits* are very improper places for you to go into with such company. I'll discharge you for this time; but never come here again with such a story."

Funeral Ceremonies observed at Naples.

A GENTLEMAN present at the funeral of an old fisherman at Naples, gives the following account of the ceremonies attending it:—The actions of the widow were so overstrained as to be truly ridiculous: she tore off her hair and clothes, and yelled in the most hideous manner, till her stepsons appeared to take possession of the goods; she then turned her fury upon them, and beat them out of the house. The priests now came for the body, and she opposed their entry for a decent length of time; but at last, suffering herself to be overpowered by numbers, flew to the window with her daughters, and her mother (who, from having outlived many relations, had scarce a hair left on her head) and there beat her breast, scratched her cheeks, and threw whole handsful of hair towards the bier, with the frantic gestures of a demoniac. The procession was no sooner out of sight than all was quiet; and in five minutes, I heard them laughing and dancing about the room, as if rejoicing to be rid of the old churl.

In some parts of the country, it is a rule to fast the whole day of the interment. Two women, in a village near Salerno, mother and daughter of a farmer, at whose removal from the house, they had acted their part with great applause, locked themselves up, and in order to recover strength after the fatigue they had undergone, began in defiance of custom, to fry some pieces of tripe for their dinner. As ill luck would have it, a couple of relations, who, living at a great distance, had come too late for the ceremony, knocked at the door, to pay their respects to the disconsolate widow. Great was the difficulty they found in gaining admittance: all the parade of grief was again displayed, the dinner slipped into a napkin, and hid under the bed, and nothing heard in the room but groans and lamentations. The strangers entered with composed mien, and were endeavouring, with little success, to administer comfort to their unhappy kinswoman, when behold! a dog they had brought with them winded the fry, and dragged it out into the middle of the floor, to the great scandal of the visitors, and the utter confusion of the mourners, whose reputation was irretrievably ruined in the esteem of the whole parish.

Anecdote of the Earl of Southampton.

WHEN Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on he cried in a rapture, "carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding still, he said, "give him twenty pounds more." But, at length, he lost all patience and said, "go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined."

A Challenge.

SIR, ur
stand u say me but as stand me
I I ur
I desire therefore, you'll meet me, 7 sword in hand 8 that our difference may be decided.

Explanation.

SIR,

I understand you say you are above me; but, as I understand you are beneath me, I desire therefore you'll meet me, sword in hand, between 7 and 8, that our difference may be decided.

The Fakenham Ghost.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here truth * inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made,
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill;

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turn'd; it stopt! nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame;
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

Yet once again, amidst her fright
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain!
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'rs again.

Then on she sped: and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack:
For much she fear'd the gristly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before:—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpris'd:
Out came her daughter dear:
Good-natur'd souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *Ass's Foal* had lost its dam
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin:
No crimes had ever known,
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor:
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

A favorite the ghost became;
And, 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale;
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

* *This ballad is founded on a fact.*

New Alphabet for 1814.

A—STANDS for August, the month for the shows,
B—for the Bridge built to frighten the crows;
C—for the Colonel, with genius so rare,
D—for the day when he makes us all stare;
E—for the English who see this fine sight,
F—for the fire-works let off at night;
G—for the grandeur those works did display
H—for the hundreds we for them must pay;
J—for John Bull, just as blythe as a lark,
K—for the kick-shaws built up in the Park;
L—for the long-boats our gala to crown;
M—for the men who convey'd them to town
N—for the noise which seems never to stop;
O—for the oil-skin o'er each Temple top;
P—for the powder that's us'd by the fleet,
Q—for the queer ones that plann'd such a treat;
R—for the Regent, of all this the giver,
S—for the ships on the Serpentine River;
T—for the Temples, of all town the talk,
V—for the vessels afloat in the Park;
W—for the winds; and, oh, may they prove fair,
X—for the crosses these vessels must bear;
Y—for the youngsters this sight keeps from school,
Z—for the zeal with which we play the fool.

Singular Hoax on Royalty.

SOME time since a very elegant note, signed, as it appeared by Col. Desbrow, and dated Windsor, was received by the committee for promoting subscriptions for the German sufferers, and afforded the gentlemen assembled extraordinary delight; it professed to present the thanks of her Majesty the Queen to the committee for their unwearied exertion in behalf of her distressed country people, in whose miseries she took a tender and anxious interest, and begged the committee to accept of a subjoined order on her Maje-ty's banker, for the sum of *two thousand guineas*, When the rapture produced by this communication had in some degree subsided, it was resolved that the circumstance should be announced in the public prints with suitable respect and *eclat*. One gentleman, however, happened to be involuntarily conscious of a wish that, before they proceeded to publication, evidence might be obtained of the va lidity of the note: he expressed his feelings, but they were unanimously scouted; he determined, however, that investigation should take place, before further notoriety should be given to the royal munificence. Application was then made at the banker's; nothing was known of the order or the cash in that direction, and on subsequent application to one of the royal family, the whole was discovered to be an *impudent hoax*.

Stat sua Cuique dies.

APRIL the first stands mark'd by custom's rules
A day for being, and for making fools;
But pray what custom, or what rule supplies—
A day for making, or for being wise?

The Melon.

HOW the present times are found!
A theme all classes dwell on;
When Coutts can give ten thousand pounds,
To taste a single Mellon!

A Sleeping Watchman.

SOUND sleeps yon guardian of the night,
The hours uncall'd—youth's rest not sweeter;
"I thought he was a watch"—"you're right,—
But a *stop watch*, not a *repeater*."

On the Death of the Hottentot Venus at Paris.

THE *Venus* of *Medicis* scarcely has flown,
When Paris alas! your next Venus is gone,
And no end to your losses you find.
Well may you in sackcloth and ashes deplore,
For the *former* fair form had no equal *before*,
And the *latter* no equal *behind*.

A good Hint well taken.

MR. B. better known as Beau B, being present where the Prince Regent was visiting, as his Royal Highness was standing near the bell-pull, he thought proper to request that the Prince "would be good enough to touch the bell," and on the appearance of the servant who asked for orders, the Prince coolly said, "Oh, Mr. B.'s carriage is wanted." The carriage came, and the forward beau took the hint and retired.

BILLY Snip went to skate, where, the ice being loose,
He fell in; but was sav'd by good luck:
Cried the tailor, "I'll never more leave my hot goose,
To receive, in return, a cold duck."

Peter Pindar.

SOME years ago when his Majesty was very unwell, some one expressed his regret to Peter Pindar; to whom the poet replied, "Ah Sir, if he does not recover you will lose a good King, and I a good subject."

In Stolidum.

A JUSTICE walking o'er the frozen Thames,
The ice about him round began to crack,
He said to his man, here is some danger, James;
I prithee help me over on thy back.

Escape of Johnston, the Smuggler, from the Fleet Prison.

THIS adventurous and extraordinary man, who, many years ago, made a most desperate escape from the Borough Jail, in the middle of the day, found means, in a manner still more difficult, though less desperate, of escaping from the Fleet Prison, some time after.

Johnston, when in the Borough Jail, was about to be tried for his life, in consequence of a daring resistance made to some Revenue Officers on the Sussex coast. He was, after that, an outlaw, and liable to be executed if taken, when the expedition against Holland was planned, in 1799; but by means of his knowledge of the Dutch coast, and the services he then offered to Government, a pardon was obtained, and he has been frequently since in this country.

Having contracted considerable debts, he was arrested and bailed, but coming forward to exonerate his bail, was taken and rendered to Newgate, from whence he moved himself to the Fleet, with detainers to the amount of about 3,000*l.* against him.

He remained there, like other prisoners for debt, till several Revenue Officers (six) came up to town to recognize him as the principal of a band of smugglers, by whom they had been attacked, and who had felt both the force of his arms and of his ingenuity. The Officers were completely frustrated in their capture; but, except one, none amongst them would venture to swear to the identity of Johnston, he had so completely changed his appearance.

On the deposition of this one person, he was, however, about to be removed to Newgate, in order to take his trial, and, in the mean time, was secured in a *strong room*, which is set apart for refractory and dangerous prisoners. In this strong room he had been several weeks, and was soon to have been removed to Newgate, previous to taking his trial at the Old Bailey; but when day-light appeared, a *rope ladder* was discovered suspended from the top of the wall of the Fleet into the market, and an alarm was given of an escape.

On examining, it was found that some thick wooden pannels over the door of the strong room had been cut out, and that Johnston was absent. A small patent sash-line had, it appears, been thrown over the wall, with a weight attached to the end of it, by some person or persons on the outside. By this small rope he had mounted to the top of the wall, which is near 40 feet high, and on the top of which is all along an iron *chevaux de frize*, which turns upon a centre, and presents sharp and long iron spikes in every direction. Three of those spikes were cut off at the place where the rope passed over; but how, or by whom they could be cut, or wrested off, it is difficult to conceive, as it was an operation that must either have required a considerable time, or a great exertion of force, and the situation is very inconvenient for employing either the one or the other.

There is a watchman on the inside of the wall, whose duty it is to patrole the ground all night, and who is never supposed to be long absent from any part of so narrow circumscribed an inclosure.

The watchman was imprisoned on suspicion; and it was thought that Johnston must have had some friends within the prison, as he undoubtedly had without the wall. To cut out the pannel from over the door of the strong room must have been a work of time and labour, and even the escape through the aperture was not a very easy matter; all this, however, was accomplished without the least alarm being given.

Bell's Messenger, December 6, 1802.

Anecdote of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

BY the end of the year 1754, Dr. Johnson had completed the copy of his Dictionary, not more to his own ease and satisfaction, than to the joy of Millar, the bookseller, the principal proprietor of the work, and the guardian or treasurer of the fund, out of which the payments were from time to time issued. To say the truth, his joy on this occasion was so great, that he could not refrain from expressing it somewhat intemperately, as appears from the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript.

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money, for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To which Johnson returned this good humoured and brief answer:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

On a Miser.

IRON was his chest,
Iron was his door,
His hand was iron,
His heart was more.

The following is a literal Extract of a private Letter from a Quaker in the Country to his Friend in Town.

"FRIEND JOHN,—I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those *sinful men in the flesh*, called an *attorney*, and let him take out an *instrument with a seal fixed thereunto*, by means whereof we may seize the *outward tabernacle* of Timothy Edgson, and bring him before the *sheepskin men at Westminster*, and teach him *to do as he would be done by*.—And so I rest thy *Friend in the light*,

"*Z. B. M. Greetham, Rutland.*"

In defence of the Ladies' present Evening Dresses.

WHEN dressed for the evening, the girls now-a-days,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for Eve?

The Resigned Husband.

"ALAS! what will he do," said a wife like to die,
"When *William's* bereft of his *Nan?*"
'Consider not *him!*' was the husband's reply
'Trust *William*, he'll do what he can!'

Anecdote.

A DISPUTE having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alleged it was none of his business.—Very well, said the master; but pray what do you call your business? to take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu.—You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk, and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

The reason why Women have no Beards.

WHAT is the reason, pray, why the fair sex,
Possess no beard, no beards their chins perplex?
The reason's clear, their itch for talk is such,
A razor would draw blood at every touch.

Singular Adventure of a British Soldier, in North America.

IN the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of the American General, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army,—surprising their centinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses, whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station centinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the centinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The centinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the centinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The centinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!" The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The centinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone!—They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another

man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the centinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single centinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the office, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stept from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig!

I had almost resolved to let it alone, when just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim; discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jingles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other centinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the centinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

Quaint Conceit.

THE following quaint conceit of one of our old writers on Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake, is perhaps not generally known:

O NATURE! to old England still
Continue these mistakes;
Still give us for our kings such queens,
And for our Dux such Drakes.

The Modern Tipling Philosophers.

FATHER Hodge had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirst to awaken;
He was served with a rasher of ham,
Which procured him the surname of *Bacon.*
He has shewn, that, though logical science,
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honest truth will ne'er set at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a musket, they tell us,
Ere he wish'd, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tipple than fight.
Of his system the cause and design
We no more can be posed to explain—
The *materia subtilis* was wine,
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly shews,
At a *hob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from selfishness rose
He believed, and all laughter from pride.
The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer, and quaff;
Then starting, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Isaac discover'd, it seems,
The nature of colors and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That swam on his wandering sight.
Ever sapient, sober though seldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By observing, when no one upheld him,
That his wise head fell souse on the ground.

As to Berkley's philosophy—he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But a swarm of deceitful ideas
Kept, like other monsters, in spirit.
Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,
That their health does not mend, but decline:
Why, they take but some wine to their water,
He took but some water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
(Either name you may give as you please)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
Hatch'd a monster call'd *Fable of Bees.*
Vice, said he, aggrandizes a people;
By this right let my conduct be view'd;
I swagger, swear, guzzle, and tipple:
And tell ye 'tis all for your good.

D——H—— ate a swinging great dinner,
And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet the huge bulk of a sinner
Said there was neither spirit nor matter.

Now there's no sober man in the nation,
Who such nonsense could write, speak, or think:
It follows, by fair demonstration,
That he philosophized in his drink.

As a smuggler even P—— could sin,
Who, in hopes the poor ganger of frightening,
While he filled the case-bottles with gin,
Swore he fill'd them with thunder and lightning.
In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the shelf)
Could he speak, he would frankly confess to ye,
That, unable to manage himself,
He puts his whole trust in necessity.

If the young in rash folly engage,
How closely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retains, as a sage,
The thirst he acquired when a devil.
That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high priest could explain,
How the soul is but nerve at the most;
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That secreted the Paradise Lost.
And sure, it is what they deserve,
Of such theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy suggestions of claret.

Our Holland philosophers say, gin,
Is the true philosophical drink,
As it made Doctor H——y imagine
That to *shake* is the same as to *think*.
For, while drunkenness throb'd in his brain;
The sturdy materialist chose, O fye!
To believe its vibration not pain,
But wisdom, and downright philosophy.

Ye sages, who shine in my verse,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearse,
But impute all your sin to your drink,
In drink, poets, philosophers, mob, err:
Then excuse, if my satire e'er nips ye,
When I praise, think me prudent and sober,
If I blame, be assured I am tipsy.

Collins the Poet,

MUCH attached to a young lady who was born a day before him, and who did not return his passion—"Your's is a hardcase," said a friend. "It is so, indeed," replied Collins, "for I came into the world *a day after the fair.*"

How to bury a Lawyer.

A GENTLEMAN in the country who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarfs, &c. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote, gravely. "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?" "Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, throw open the sash, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other in amazement; "what becomes of him?"—"Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there is a *strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning.*"

A Hint to Servants to obey Orders.

"WE'LL wash to-day," the mistress said,
"Betty, 'tis charming drying weather,
"So take one sheet from off your bed,
"And make a shift to night with t'other."

Next morn the busy dame prepares
To have the washing made complete,
So ordered Bet to step up stairs,
And bring her the remaining sheet.

"Lauk! ma'am, I took it," quoth the maid,
"And work'd all night upon your gift,
"Behold! your orders are obey'd,
"I've made myself a tidy shift!"

AT a sale of farming stock in Gloucestershire, some time since, the auctioneer gave the following extempore description of a beautiful cow:

LONG in her sides, bright in her eyes,
Short in her legs, thin in her thighs;
Big in her ribs, wide in her pins,
Full in her bosom, small in her shins;
Long in her face, fine in her tail,
And never deficient in filling her pail.

Murder of Mathews the Hermit.

THE eccentricities of the above unfortunate old man have for a number of years been the subject of much curiosity to those who have visited Norwood and its vicinage. Many years ago he obtained leave of the governors of Dulwich Common to form himself a dwelling on their ground, in the neighbourhood of Sydenham Common and Dulwich Wood. This dwelling, which was the child of his own fancy, was far secluded from any other, and consisted of an excavation in the earth, thatched in with fern, underwood, &c. In this cave or Hermitage, he lived for a series of years, his daily employment being to work in the gardens of the neighbouring gentry, by whom, from his simplicity of manners, he was much liked. He always returned to his cave to sleep, and on Sundays used to sell beer to such as curiosity might lead to visit his cell, of whom in the summer there were many. Some years ago however some villains, instigated by the same motive that probably occasioned his death (an idea that he was possessed of money) broke into his cave, beat him in a most dreadful manner, and, agreeably to his own account, robbed him of twelve shillings. For upwards of a year and a half after this he deserted his abode, and usually slept in the stables or hay-lofts of those for whom he had been at work. Drawn, however, by some strange impulse, to his former mode of life, he returned to his cave, the construction of which he altered, by digging it with a mouth resembling an oven, into which he had just room to crawl, and when laid down he contrived to press his feet against a board which, placed at the entrance, served for a door. All these precautions did not however, save him from the further attacks of his enemies, for shortly after he was found near the entrance of his cave dead with his jaw-bone broken in two places, and a severe wound in his cheek, the body was discovered by some boys, who, at Christmas time had always made a practice of paying the old man a visit; he was covered with fern, &c. and under his arm was an oaken branch about six or seven feet long, which it is supposed the villains put into the cave in order to hook him out, as the hooked part was found broken off, which exactly matched with the stick, and from the nature of the wound in his face, it appears likely the hook had been hitched into his mouth, there being a hole of the size of it quite through the cheek; and in dragging him to the mouth of the cave they must have turned the body, as his head, when discovered, was outermost. His jaw was broken, and, as is the opinion of a professional gentleman on the spot, the extravasated blood getting into his throat, caused suffocation. The deceased had been at the French Horn at Dulwich; on the Monday evening, and had changed half-a-guinea there, great part of which change he is known to have had about him when he went home, none of which was to be found, as his pockets were turned out. A secret pocket, of which none of his acquaintance had any knowledge, did not escape the prying eyes of his murderers, as it was also turned out. Mathews, the deceased, was near seventy years of age, and was supposed to have been induced to adopt his singular mode of living from the affectionate remembrance he entertained of a departed wife, by whom he had one daughter, doing, as we understand, tolerably well in London. He was generally liked in the neighbouring villages, and remarked for the simplicity of his manners and the punctuality of his dealings; from which circumstance, some gipseys, perhaps, who infest the vicinity of Norwood might be led to

conceive him worth money. Three men of the above description have been committed by Messrs. Bullock and Bowles, on suspicion of knowing something of the matter; as they were a part of the vagrant tenants of an encampment formed very near the cave of the deceased.

The Coroner for the county of Surry with a Jury of twenty-four respectable persons, sat on Friday on the body of Samuel Mathews.——Nathaniel Field, the first witness, was one of the boys who had on the above morning gone, as was their custom, to visit the old man of the wood.—On searching his cave they only found his bottle and scrip; on looking narrowly about the outside of his hut, they found the body covered with two old coats, and some fern; he, with his companion, gave information of the circumstance to the parish officers of Dulwich; when Mr. Kitchen, a surgeon and apothecary, went to examine the body; he was lying on his back, his jaw-bone broke in two, and his mouth filled with coagulated blood; one part of the jaw-bone forced through the outer skin. Mr. Kitchen had known the singular character of old Mathews, and from the mode in which he usually slept, with his feet towards the entrance of the cave, believes the oaken plank produced, to be the instrument with which his death was effected, and that the murderers had hitched the hooked part into his mouth, and by the violence which they used to drag him out the jaw was broken; and being kept on his back (in which position he was found), the coagulated blood had caused suffocation: his pockets when found, were turned inside out; and to prove he had been robbed, Mr. Turk, a butcher at Dulwich, deposed that on the evening preceding the murder, the deceased came to his shop, and received 8*s.* 2*d.* in change of half-a-guinea, after discharging a debt of 2*s.* 4*d.*—Mr. Turk was so pleased with the old man's promptitude on this occasion, that he gave him a breast of mutton to carry home with him. The Jury found their verdict: Wilful Murder, by a person or persons unknown.

On some very Young Ladies Dancing to a Bad Fidler.

ALAS! that such cherubs in face and in shape,
Should bring a man into so shocking a *scrape!*

A curious Custom in Yarmouth.

ACCORDING to the charter of this borough, the aldermen and common-councilmen are annually to assemble and choose, *before they separate*, the "most discreet alderman to be mayor," The election of Mr. Cory did not take place until after a strong trial of patience and abstinence on both sides: the electors assembled on the *Tuesday* noon, and remained shut up (with only such provisions as they carried in their pockets) until ten o'clock on the Thurday night; when the six whose supplies were first exhausted, found themselves obliged to agree with the other six who were better provided, and to surrender their votes to avoid starvation, and a third night's confinement in the church hall.

Craniology.

A PROFESSOR of *Craniology* passing the other morning through a church-yard near town, while they were opening some old graves, took up several sculls, and affected to distinguish very accurately the characters of their owners. "This now," said the professor, "belonged to a philosopher." "Like enough, your honor," replied the grave digger, "for I see 'tis a bit *cracked!*"

Epitaph, on a Monument lately erected in Horsley-Down Church, Cumberland.

HERE lie the Bodies
Of THOMAS BOND and MARY his Wife.
She was Temperate, Chaste, and Charitable;
BUT
She was Proud, Peevish, and Passionate.
She was an affectionate Wife, and a tender Mother;
BUT
Her Husband and Child, whom she loved.
Seldom saw her Countenance without a disgusting Frown,
Whilst she received Visiters, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards Strangers; BUT
Imprudent in her Family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
BUT
At home, by ill temper.
She was a professed Enemy to Flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend; BUT
The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering Fláws and Imperfections.
She was an admirable Economist,
And, without Prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every Person in her Family;
BUT
Would sacrifice their Eyes to a Farthing Candle.
She sometimes made her Husband happy with her good qualities;
BUT
Much more frequently miserable—with her many failings;
Insomuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented
That, maugre all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two Years of Matrimonial Comfort.
AT LENGTH,
Finding that she had lost the affections of her Husband,
As well as the regard of her Neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by Servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn-out Husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this life Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th Year of his age.
WILLIAM BOND, brother to the deceased, erected this Stone,
As a *Weekly Monitor* to the surviving Wives of this Parish,
That they may avoid the Infamy
Of having their Memories handed to Posterity
With a *patch-work* Character.

Loss and Gain.

A BUILDER having raised a magnificent mansion at a common estimate, in hopes of profit, remarked, that being too good for common use, he had *gained a loss* by it. In his next foundation he was determined to repair the error by erecting a cottage; but this was found so small and inconvenient, that no tenant could occupy it. A punster then observed, "If he had *gained a loss* by the first, he had *lost again* by the second."

The Welcome and Unwelcome Decision.

ONCE a Cockneigh and Yorkist maintain'd a dispute,
Whether London or York was of oldest repute;
And the contest kept up, with a clamorous pother,
About "which *Lord Mayor* took place of the other;"
When a wag, who stood by took the part of the Tyke,
Saying—London to York, was, in fame, nothing like;
And,—that when their chief magistrates met on the road,
Never yet did the *First* dare the *Last* incommode:
As the law of the land, which binds lords to obey,
Makes the Lord May'r of London turn out of the way!
At this *sage* arbitration so pleas'd was the Hick,
That the umpire, he swore, was as wise as old Nick!
But the wag thus reply'd,—"No great conjurer, I,—
"For without the black art, we this knot can untie;
"And, before you exult, hear the reason, I pray,
"Why the Lord May'r of London, for YOUR's must break way:—
"The former, when pleas'd on a journey to fix,
"From the city sets out, in his chariot & six;
"While the latter, whose state you so boastfully brag on,
"His journey must take in the Yorkshire stage waggon;
"Which *waggs on*, by law, with its dignified load,
"Unimpeded, while chariots turn out of the road!"
Poor *Sapscul*, thus craftily put to the blush,
Thought, a badgering to 'scape, 'twas the best way to brush.

Interesting Letters relative to the Seduction of a Daughter.

Woburn, Sat. night.

Dear Charles,

THIS morning put a period to all my happiness—your sister—your lost unhappy sister, is fled with Glanville! The care, the affection that I have ever shewn for her—all the principles of virtue and religion that I have ever endeavoured to inculcate, have availed her nothing, and she is fled at last with Glanville. From her infancy I have laboured to prove myself a kind and indulgent father; and now, when I meant to reap the harvest of my toil—behold, this is my reward! but I myself have been the cause—I have given up too far: but as she had lost her mother, and my notions of life were supposed to be too contracted, the opinions of others have weighed against me, and I have relaxed my own principles to her ruin. I have got so far on my road to town, but can hear no tidings which way they took—nor is it needful for me to inquire: I am rather flying from myself than in pursuit of her—she is for ever lost—she's ruined—she fled, alas! with Glanville. Had his intentions been honorable, whence this secrecy? But nothing can exculpate her—she knew the depth of misery into which I should be plunged; and, had she thought of marriage, would have saved my desperation. Glanville would not marry her. He owns no ties of either honesty or honour: he could violate all engagements, (if he made any) and the infatuated world would call it gallantry.——All her principles were polluted—she was deaf to shame, as well as virtue, who could dare to triumph thus over the weakness of a father's heart! Delay not, my son, to seek, to inquire, to upbraid—it is too late, alas! to recal: and should chance or fortune cast her in your way, reproach her with her infamy—tell her that she has violated her duty to herself, to me, and if there need any aggravation of her crime, to her God: that no penance can obliterate the stain: that she has pulled down ruin on herself and on her father, and that his tears will be drops of vengeance on her head for ever: tell her—no, no, this may be too harsh—tell her only that if she would return——I could forgive her.

London.

Dear Charles,

I HAVE now no hopes of seeing you before I leave town; for I have at last got some faint intelligence of your sister, and shall set off immediately for Dover. Should she have set sail (for I hear he is carrying her to France) I shall then relinquish all pursuit, and leave her to the protection of that power, that can amend her heart and assuage my sorrows. When you perceive me thus torn and distracted with my grief, harbour not a thought that your sister was ever dearer to me than yourself—she is lost—and now awakens all my anxiety; "but thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

Dear Charles,

LET those only talk of bearing up against afflictions, who have never felt them; there may be such situations that no principles can fortify the mind against, and under which the greatest and the best must ever fall—into such an one is your unhappy father plunged—I pursued my journey so much faster than I expected (for man neither knows his weakness nor his strength) that I thought, by night, I should even reach Dover; but gaining no tidings, I began to sink under my fatigue, and to hope only from time, for that aid, which philosophy could not afford me. As I was passing through a small village, I saw all the people running out, with unfeeling curiosity, after a poor wretch, who,

they told me, was falling into labour; the officers, I found, were persecuting her, to save expenses, to the next parish, and had refused her, not only harbour, but relief—no situation can dispense with our humanity: I determined, therefore, to allot some few shillings, to succour, at least, if not to save, this victim of distress. As I came nearer the rabble stopped, and, for a while, I even forgot mine own miseries, to contemplate her's. I inveighed against their cruelty in the bitterest terms, broke through the crowd, and insisted on their affording her some relief; they told me, "there was no occasion, for the woman intreated only for to die."—I demanded that they should convey her to the next public-house, that I would leave my watch, my money; my aid to carry her into it, alas! I was unable to give, for she was now, from agonies, become an object too shocking for humanity to behold. I was, at length, responsible for her charges, and the crowd were indifferent to her distress. As soon as they had borne her in, I entreated her to take comfort, bewailed her miseries, assured her, that if either by leaving my watch or some money, I could procure her cordial medicine or assistance, I would relieve her; she looked up wistfully in my face, and told me she only wished me to forgive.——Think my dearest Charles, what must be my feelings, when I found this object of misery, to be no other than my poor unhappy daughter, whom that villain, Glanville, had thus basely deserted. For a while, I fear, I was unable to yield that assistance, as a father, that she would have found from me, as a friend. But recovering my tranquillity, I assured her all resentments were lost in her distress; that I had even forgot she had offended me, and that if she could recover—"Alas! says she, it is now too late, for I have languished whole days from want—without friends, without money, and without that comfort which innocence could have afforded me; but that to see me once again, was more than her fondest wishes ever formed; nor had she another hope than by the blessing of a father, to look up for the forgiveness of her God."——But here I pause, for the scene became too affecting, and I believe I was carried away from her, before death put a period to her distress. Fondly bewailing her untimely fate, I sit by her faded corpse, and shed the tender tribute of unavailing tears—thinking that I still see her only as asleep; that I shall again enjoy the sweets of her converse, and that we shall again be happy—happy indeed, we may be in another world, but never more in this—but I blush to refer myself only to futurity, when on earth I can feel no more comfort. Oh! Charles, think not that I mean to vindicate wrong, or that my fondness gets the better of my principles. I know her errors, but will not, with a malicious world, think this the only fault that a woman can never expiate: it is not, believe me, an horror at the crime, but the pride of life, that begets these distinctions. Let the cold, the selfish, and the unfriendly, speak rigidly of her offences, a father could feel only for her distress.——When this first burst of my grief begins to subside, I shall endeavor to take some measures for her removal; for I intend to bury her at Marleston, not with those honours, perhaps, as if adorned with virtue; yet, nevertheless, with a decency that is due to the unfortunate; and lest "ill tongues should hereafter be too busy with her fame," I will inscribe something like the following epitaph upon her tomb:

STOP, gentle maid, whoever thou art;
he that lies buried here, was once as fair
and amiable as thyself.
Whilst she was innocent, she was happy;
But by yielding to the seduction of man,
and of the world—she was cut off in
the early bloom of youth, to
deter thee from following her example.

Death of Mr. Pitt.

ON Wednesday, January 22, 1806, died at his House in Putney, the Right Hon. William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the Trinity House, Governor of the Charter House, and High Steward of the University of Cambridge.

The illness of Mr. Pitt originated in extreme debility. By this debility, his whole nervous system was so deranged, that for weeks together he was unable to sleep. An hereditary gout produced, according to its ordinary effect on a debilitated system, water in the chest, and such a weakness of stomach, that he could neither admit nor retain any thing.

The Bishop of Lincoln (his intimate friend) who attended him, being called out of his room, had the following opinion expressed to him:—"He cannot live forty-eight hours—the disorder has taken a mortal turn—any attempt to rouse him from his present lethargy would be attended with instant death; he is not strong enough for medicine, or any restorative application. If he lingers a few days, it will astonish me." The Bishop of Lincoln now saw the necessity of intimating the danger to Mr. Pitt. He fulfilled this painful office with firmness; Mr. Pitt was hardly sensible: this dreaded shock had scarcely power to dissipate his lethargy; but after a few moments he waved his hand, and was left alone with the bishop. He instantly expressed himself perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and, with the utmost composure asked Sir W. Farquhar how long he might expect to live? Mr. Pitt then entered into a conversation of some length with the Bishop of Lincoln, upon religious subjects. He repeatedly declared, in the strongest terms of humility, a sense of his own unworthiness, and a firm reliance upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ. After this, the Bishop of Lincoln prayed by his bed-side for a considerable time; and Mr. Pitt appeared greatly composed by these last duties of religion. The Bishop of Lincoln continued with him all night.—The mortal symptoms were now approaching to a crisis.—His extremities were already cold, and his senses began to fail. As a last and desperate effort to protract life, blisters were applied to the soles of his feet. They restored him to something of life and recollection, but they could arrest nothing of the progress of his death, which took place at half-past four in the morning. Mr. Pitt was in the 47th year of his age.

William Pitt, the illustrious Earl of Chatham, had three sons, of whom William was the youngest. He was born May 8, 1759, at a time when his father's glory was at its zenith.

Last Moments of Mr. Fox.

THE death of this eminent statesman took place at twenty minutes before six, on Saturday evening, September 13, 1806, in the presence of Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox and Lord Holland. Lord Fitzwilliam arrived at Chiswick a few hours before the death of his friend; he saw him only to behold the last gleam of life. Mr. Fox opened his eyes, and recognized the man whom he had perhaps most esteemed through life. This perception was the last act of his expiring faculties. Lord Fitzwilliam was as speechless as his friend; he was forced from the room by the physicians, who were desirous that the last moments of their illustrious patient should be as little disturbed as possible. Throwing himself on a sofa in an adjoining chamber, he became senseless; and in the general distress and agitation was suffered to remain some time without assistance.

It is stated that the last words of Mr. Fox to Lord Holland were—"I die happy—I pity you."

The chief trait in the domestic character of Mr. Fox was an uncommon gentleness of temper; he was placable almost to a fault; the greatest of injuries could not have worked him up to a resentment beyond the moment. His heart, therefore, was open to the slightest kindness; and the most insignificant tribute of this nature, the commonest act of almost ordinary civility, excited in him a lively benevolence; but this quality may be better described by a term as simple as it is purely English: he was the most good natured man living.

The Two Doctors.

AN Indian monarch entertained at his palace two men of letters; one who devoted his whole time to books, was accounted a prodigy of learning — nothing could abate the ardour of his studies, so that he soon excelled his companion, who, however, was amply compensated by possessing uncommon penetration, and an astonishing presence of mind. Both being ambitious of renown, they mutually envied one another, and each secretly decried his companion. Not knowing to which to give the preference, the rajah sought for a long time an occasion to put their talents to a trial. At length an opportunity presented: having occasion to send embassies to some neighbouring princes, our two scholars were appointed the ambassadors; each was to carry with him a chest, which he was given to understand was filled with magnificent presents; the man of profound learning presented his as he had been ordered, but was struck dumb with amazement when he discovered, on its being opened, that it contained nothing but cinders: and not being able to answer the interrogatories of the monarch on this strange present, he was disgracefully driven from the court, and returned, covered with confusion, to the rajah, his master. The other ambassador, likewise, presented his chest, which was not more richly laden than that of his companion; but he, when he discovered the contents, without appearing at all disconcerted, replied—that the king, his master, having lately made a great sacrifice according to the rites of their religion, had appointed him to renew the alliance, which had so long subsisted between them, and to strengthen it by the usual ceremonies. Thus saying, he repeated a short prayer; and, taking a cinder between his fore finger and thumb, made a mark on the monarch's forehead, who received this token of amity, with every mark of respect. Our ambassador, laden with kindnesses and presents, returned home, attended by a numerous escort, where he experienced the most flattering reception from his sovereign. Every one admired his address and presence of mind, in extricating himself from so unpleasant a situation; and, finally, he received the most honorable distinctions, and arrived at the highest offices of the state; while his rival, notwithstanding his profound learning, was totally neglected, and sunk into an obscurity, from which his laborious works will never rescue him.—In active life, penetration and good sense are of more value than profound erudition.

Anecdote of Mr. Betty.

AT a first rehearsal, the Edinburgh manager expressed his fears that young Betty's voice would not fill the house. "My dear Sir," replied the little hero of buskin, "I beg you would be under no apprehensions upon that score, for, if my voice does not fill your house, probably my playing will."

The Merry Mal-Entendu.

NICKNAMES, they say, are foolish things,
A sort of sapscul jargon:
On which each dolt the changes rings,
A question I'll not arg' on.

But this I know, and dare to say,
They oft create a pother;
In which the wording points one way,
And meaning takes another.

Thus Jack and Nan, at Stirbich fair,
Two servants at an Inn;
A chambermaid and waiter rare,
Were caught in quibblers gin.

For John in country had been bred,
And Ann had been the same;
And neither yet had troubled head,
With things of twofold name.

When lo! two blades of London lore,
Who chanc'd that way to pass,
Bid John, when both were half seas o'er,
To bring a looking glass.

So John up to the chamber went,
Unconscious of his error,
And, quick returning, did present,
The smooth and polish'd mirror.

Blockhead! says one: says t'other, dunce!
(And Nan within ear-shot,)
A glass!—Beshrew your empty sconce!
We want a chamber-pot.

Nan, hearing all upon the wing,
Her flight up stairs she takes;
While Jack fetch'd down the proper thing,
And rectified mistakes.

Next day, in state, came Lady Pride,
And out of chariot bolting,
"I'm all in such a muck,," she cry'd,
"With so much dust and jolting:"

"Shew me a room up stairs," 'Yes ma'am,'
"And now, d'ye hear, my lass?
"That I may see how touz'd I am,
"Bring me a looking-glass."

"O yes," says Nan, brisk as a bee,
"I'll do it in a crack;
"I'm not so great a fool," you'll see,
"As that great numpscull, Jack."

So to the chamber up she flew,
Brought down the crock'ry ware,
And cry'd, "Here ma'm is one quite new,
"And bought just now at fair!"

"That!—Why I want a looking-glass!"
"I know it ma'm," says Nan;
"They took in Jack, poor silly ass,
"But take in ME who can."

Bon Mot from Botany Bay.

AN edition of Bailey's Dictionary having been put up at an auction, the vendue-master observed, that it was a *New Bailey.*—"I am glad of that with all my heart," replied the bidder, "for most of us have had enough of the *Old one.*"

PROPHECY ON REFORM.

WHEN a lawyer sheds tears while he's striking a docket;
When assessors heave sighs when they empty your pocket;
When reviewers feel pangs, like the authors they cut up;
When conscience for sale shall no longer be put up;
When placemen, unask'd, throw up sinecures;
When any quack medicine performs any cures;
When women of eighty confess they're in years;
When they make such confessions without shedding tears;
When poor curates thrive, while fat bishops get skinny;
When a note with a shilling is preferr'd to a guinea;
When there's peace, because tyrants are weary of killing;
When a good thumping loaf's to be had for a shilling;
When, like cattle at market, base voters ar'n't sold;
When tea-scandal ceases, and fish-fags don't scold;
When true taste shall suffer no more like a martyr;
When Shakspeare's preferr'd to Timour the Tartar;
When ale's made again from good malt and hops;
When Corn-Jews are found to rejoice at good crops;
When butchers, dear souls! low'r the price of their chops;
When truth shall no longer be deem'd a foul libel;
When men follow precepts they preach from the bible;
When symptoms like these shall be seen through the land,
They'll seem to portend—"*A Reform is at hand!*"

(From the Morning Chronicle)

A CRUST FOR THE QUORUM;

Or, a worshipful Wiseacre fairly foil'd.

ONCE an old country squaretoes, to fop-p'ry a foe;
And disgusted alike at a crop and a beau,
Being churchwarden made, was in office so strict,
That there scarce was a coat but a hole in't he pick'd;
Infringements, encroachments, and trespasses scouting,
And from straddling the tombstones the boys daily routing;
At last made a Justice, corruption to purge,
His Worship became both a nuisance and scourge:
When a poor needy neighbour, who kept a milch Ass,
Which he often turn'd into the churchyard for grass,
And with long ears and tail o'er the graves did he stray,
While perchance, now and then at bystanders he'd bray;
One day as old Midas was passing along,
He set up his pipes at his brother, ding, dong!
At which his puff'd pride was so stung to the quick,
That he glar'd at the browser as stern as old Nick;
And when he got home for the Sexton he sent,
Who with his doughty threat to the Ass-keeper went.
That again should his beast the churchwarden assail,
Or be seen in the church-yard—he'd cut off his tail.
When the owner replied—"Sure his Worship but jeers;
But should he dock Donkey—I'll cut off HIS EARS."
When no sooner the answer was brought to him back,
But he summon'd before him the Clown in a crack;
And he said, "Thou vile varlet, how comes it to pass,
That thou dar'st to threaten to crop a Just-ass?
Thou cut off MY EARS?—Make his mittimus, clerk;
I'll make an example of this precious spark:
But first reach me down the Black Act,—he shall see
That, the next Lent Assizes, he'll swing on a tree."
"I zwing on a tree!—And for what," replies Hob,
"How the Dickens came zuch a streange freak in your knob?
"I woanly but zaid, if my Ass met your shears,
"And you cut off his tail, that I'd cut off his EARS;
"Vor as long tails, you think, is the mark of a Fop,
"I'd ha' done't, to have made'n completely a crop."
At this subtle rejoinder, his Worship struck dumb,
Found his proud overbearing was quite overcome;
So the Ass sav'd his tail by a quibble so clever,
And the Justice's Ears are now longer than ever.

Royalty from a Brewhouse.

DURING the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in his occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

On Edward Hublin, a Cornish Attorney.

I'FAITH Ned,
I'm glad thou'rt dead,
But had it been another,
I could wish'd had been thy brother;
And for the good of the nation,
Thy whole generation:
But seeing thou'rt dead,
There's no more to be said.

Origin of Balloons.

A DESIRE to fly has prevailed in all ages, and most children have a wish to imitate the birds. Roger Bacon born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in the beginning of the 13th century, was the first that is known to have conceived the idea of rising in the air, supported by exhausted balls of thin copper. He was ignorant of the existence of light air, endowed with as great an elastic force as common air, and therefore, though his example of light balls was the same as that on which balloons are now made, it was impracticable: but we find that Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, is the first person who is known to have suggested the possibility of enclosing inflammable air so as to render it capable of raising a vessel into the atmosphere, which was done in his lectures in 1767 and 1768; and Mr. Cavallo, in 1782, first made experiments on the subject, but he was unable to retain the air in any material light enough for the purpose, except a thick solution of soap, which the practice of children had shewn would ascend even with respired air rarified by heat. In the same year, Stephen and John Montgolfier, paper manufacturers, of Annonay, about ten leagues from Lyons, filled a silken bag rarified by burning paper, which rose, first in a room, and afterwards, to the height of 70 feet in the open air. Several repetitions of the experiment were made in the ensuing year, and finally, dry straw and chopped wool were consumed instead of paper. One of their balloons, about 13 feet in diameter, rose to the height of 3,000 feet in two minutes.

At length, on the 15th of October, 1788, M. Pilatre de Roziere rose from the garden of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine at Paris, in a wicker gallery about three feet broad, attached to an oval balloon of 74 feet by 48, which had been made by Montgolfier, and which also carried up a brazier, or grate, for the purpose of continuing at pleasure the inflation of the balloon by a fire of straw and wool. The weight of this machine was 1600 pounds. On that day it was permitted to rise no higher than 84 feet, but on the 19th, when M. Giraud de Villette ascended with him, they rose to the height of 332 feet, being prevented from farther assent only by ropes. In November of the same year, M. P. de Roziere and the Marquis D'Arlanzes first trusted a balloon to the elements, who, after rising to the height of 3,000 feet, descended about five miles from the place of their ascent.

About the same time, Count Zambeccari sent up from the Artillery Ground, in London, a small gilt balloon filled with inflammable air which in two hours and a half reached a spot near Petworth, in Sussex, and would not then have fallen had it not burst. The discovery was now nearly as complete as in its present state. Inflammable air, produced by iron filings and vitriolic acid, was soon used in the inflation of larger balloons, and by one of $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, M. Charles and M. Roberts rose in December from the garden of the Thuilleries in Paris, and in an hour and a half descended 27 miles from that city. In this voyage, the thermometer fell from 47 to 31, from which *datum* the balloon was supposed to have reached the height of 3500 feet.—Subsequent experiments may rather be enumerated than described.

Enigma.

I ONLY alone you only that
Love one, are love one, one
One, and she; one and be
And you do and let me.

Explanation.

I LOVE one, and only one,
And you alone are she;
Do you love one, and only one,
And let that one be me.

Breach of Promise of Marriage.

HAND *v.* KISTEN.

MR. Serjeant Cockel stated, that his client was a young lady who sought redress for one of the most cruel injuries that could be offered to her sex. She resided at Harbro' with her brother, a respectable tradesman in that town. The defendant was put apprentice to Mr. Hand, and in the course of some years a mutual affection sprung up between him and Miss Hand. An *eclaircissement* at last took place, and the lovers vowed eternal constancy. The term of the defendant's apprenticeship was now nearly expired, and he resolved to try his fortune in London.—After a tender parting he accordingly set out. Miss Hand was much depressed, and her fears to the dissipation of the metropolis proved to have been prophetic. For some time, however, he remained true to his promises. He wrote her affectionate letters, and having seen her once in town, he testified all the fondness for her which had formerly marked his passion when at its height. But when he ought to have led her to the alter he forgot his plighted troth, and drew back from his sacred engagements. She was thus disappointed in her views of future happiness, and held up to the ridicule of all her acquaintance. The learned Serjeant added many other particulars, and described in the most glowing terms the ill usage which Miss Hand had received.

The evidence consisted chiefly of the letters which the defendant had wrote from London to his mistress at Harbro.' These occasioned infinite merriment. In the first place they disclosed the fact that Mr Kisten was a *journeyman tallow-chandler*. In painting the ardour of his attachment he likewise borrowed many terms from his art. Although it appeared that he was not always in a *melting mood*, he talks of his soul being *dissolved*, of being *dipped* in wretchedness; of his heart being *cast in a delicate mould*, of the *store* of happiness which he conceived was awaiting him; of his love *burning clear;* of his liver being consumed like the *wick of a candle;* of his fears lest her passions died away like the *flame in the socket of a candlestick*, &c. &c. There was one passage which afforded peculiar amusement, as it reminded every one of the style of a Noble Marquis, who, after painting the ardour of his passion, stops suddenly short to descant upon the price of wheat in Reading market. "My love, (says Mr. Kisten) my angel, my HAND, when shall we be joined together, *and mix like wax and spermaceti?* By the bye, I have bad news for your brother. Tallow is as high as ever, and at present there is a prospect of its rising higher still. As such he cannot do better than buy any that comes in his way."

From an able cross-examination, it came out that this disconsolate virgin is thirty-seven years of age, and the fickle swain might almost be her son.

Mr. Serjeant Best addressed the Jury in behalf of the defendant with his usual acumen and pathos. He allowed that the young man had acted very indiscreetly, but strenuously contended that the plaintiff had no reason to complain. He thought it unnecessary to call any witnesses, as it already appeared that the match was quite disproportionate, and that if it had taken place it could have produced nothing but misery.

Lord Alvanley observed to the Jury, that though cases of this kind were often very serious, yet that the present could scarcely be considered of such a complexion. From the rupture that took place, Miss Hand could scarcely be supposed to have been deprived of much happiness. Where the ages of the parties were so unequal, and where there had been no consent of parents, little could be expected but discord and misery. How-

ever, the lady had met with a disappointment, and was certainly entitled to some compensation. He would not venture to point out how large it should be.

The Jury, after consulting together for a few minutes, found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 100*l.*

Bell's Messenger, July 22, 1802.

Brighton Anecdote.

SOME ill-timed pleasantry was played off at Brighton, on a respectable Law Officer, and his wife, who made a summer excursion there. An invitation, couched in due form, and bearing all the marks of authenticity, was sent to them, desiring their company at the Pavilion, in the evening. The gentleman and lady, justly proud of the distinguished honour thus conferred on them, they knew not how, attended at the hour appointed, and were ushered into the saloon, in which were many persons of fashion, to whom they were wholly unknown. Some embarrassment necessarily ensued, but it was increased to a tenfold degree, when they were announced to the illustrious Master of the house, who had no recollection either of his guests, or the invitation in his name; an explanation ensued, when his Royal Highness, with all that urbanity which distinguishes him as the most finished gentleman in Europe, was pleased to declare "that he felt himself much indebted to the ingenious person who (by forging his invitation, in order, perhaps, to sport with their feelings) had afforded him the pleasure of their society, and acquaintance, however unexpected; and that he was perfectly happy in the opportunity of receiving them." His Royal Highness conducted himself towards them, during the whole of the evening, with the most liberal and marked attention, and thus converted a rencontre, which was produced by the most malignant motives, into a source of honour and satisfaction.

An account of a Man's standing the Shot of a Cannon, at a small Distance, with the Method of doing it with Safety.

A PERSON, some time since, affirmed he had the secret of doing what had been hitherto imagined impossible; that is, standing the shot of a cannon charged with a proper ball, and full quantity of powder, at the distance of only ten yards. An iron gun, a nine pounder, a bullet of that weight, and powder for a charge was provided. All that he required was to have the charging of the gun himself, which when he had done, he placed himself at ten yards distance, straight before the muzzle, and desired one of his companions to fire it: he was greatly surprised at his confidence, but, unwilling to be accessary to his losing his life by his rashness, desired him to stand from before the cannon, and only place his hand to receive the bullet; this he did, and his companion fired: the loudness of the report gave them no room to doubt but that he had put in the full charge of powder they gave him, but to their amazement and surprise, they saw him stop the ball with his hand; the ball fell directly down; in short, he received no hurt. Some of the company judged he had done this by putting in a false ball made of hollow pasteboard, but on examining it, found it to be the very bullet that was given him, so that it was plain there was no deception.

On the whole, after a thousand random guesses about the way in which this was done, the man offered, for a certain sum of money, to tell them the secret, which they joined to purchase, and found it to be this:

When you have the proper quantity of powder for a charge, put a very little of it into a cannon, then the the ball, and over that the best of the powder; then put in the wadding, and ram it down hard, as usual; this is the whole mystery: and a cannon

thus charged will not carry the bullet twenty yards. The report of the cannon this way is as loud as any other, for all the powder is fired, the bullet not filling the barrel so exactly as to hinder its catching; and the effect of the ball is almost nothing, because the ball is only thrown forward by the small quantity, of powder below it, that which is above rather driving it back than forward.

Duel.

IN April 1803, a very fatal Duel took place between Colonel Montgomery and Captain James Macnamara, of the Royal Navy. The misunderstanding arose about four o'clock that afternoon, in Hyde Park, from the Newfoundland dogs of these gentlemen unfortunately quarrelling and fighting. Captain Macnamara called upon Col. Montgomery to assist in separating the dogs, which he is said to have done; however, Captain Macnamara thinking otherwise, addressed him again in such terms as induced the Colonel to remark, "Sir, if you are not content with what I have done, you must satisfy yourself in such other manner as you think proper." Capt. Macnamara rejoined, that he should certainly require satisfaction in another way, and desired the Colonel to hold himself in readiness to receive a message from him, which the other promised to do. Col. Montgomery immediately sent for his friend, Sir W. Kier, of the dragoons, to attend him. Capt. Barry, of the navy, the second of Capt. Macnamara, arrived at five o'clock with the message; when it was settled, that the respective parties should immediately proceed in two hackney coaches to the bottom of Hampstead Hill. Arriving at the lane leading to Primrose Hill soon after six o'clock, they alighted, and walked to the bottom of that field, followed by their servants, with two cases of pistols, and attended by Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon. The seconds here, highly to their honour, strenuously pressed a reconciliation, stating, that the hasty cause of their misunderstanding could not require a further contest of so serious a nature. All mediation however proving vain, Sir W. Kier stepped out the ground, twelve paces.—The opponents took it back to back at a quarter before seven o'clock, and coming round at a word given, fired together, when both shots took place. The ball from Capt. Macnamara's pistol entered the right side of the Colonel, between the fourth and fifth ribs, who twirled instantly round, and exclaimed, "I am shot through the heart!" Mr. Heaviside said, "I hope not, Sir;" and procured him a glass of water; he tried to bleed him in vain, and he instantly fell. The Colonel's took place just above the hip of Capt. M. and passed through the left side, carrying part of his coat along with it. As soon as the coaches could be got up, they were both put into them, and conveyed to Chalk-house Farm, close by, where, in a few minutes, Col. Montgomery expired: he had requested, if any accident befel him, that Mr. Keate might be sent for. He lived just twenty minutes. Capt. Macnamara walked up to Col. Montgomery when he fell, and asked him, "Whether he was satisfied?" The Colonel replied, "Yes!" After bleeding Captain Macnamara, Mr. Heaviside conveyed him with great difficulty to his hotel in Jermyn-street. Understanding that an officer of the Police was attending in the hotel, to secure his person, his fever was violently increased. Mr. Hardinge, of St. James's-street, and ten other persons, were spectators of this frantic rencontre.—Mr. Montgomery, was Lieut.-Colonel of the 9th regiment of foot.

Ennis Summer Assizes, Ireland.

IN September, 1804, an action was brought by the Rev. Charles Massy, against the Most Noble the Marquis of Headfort, for criminal conversation with plaintiff's wife; damages being laid at £40,000.

Mr. Hoare stated the case for the plaintiff.—The plaintiff was the second son of a gentleman of high distinction in this county, who has been more than once called to the representation of it by a free and honourable election; and not only so descended, but was a person of liberal education, a member of one of the learned professions, in the prime of life; a man not only of inoffensive manners, and of innocent life, but a man whose virtues corresponded with his situation in society, and adorned the profession he adopted. In the year 1796, Mr. Massy became attached to Miss Rosslewin. Mr. Massy, being a second son, and not independent of the bounty of his father, possessed then a living but of £800 a year. Sir Hugh Massy, his father, disapproved a match which had not fortune to support the claim of beauty, and had therefore proposed one with a young lady of a neighbouring county, which he conceived, in point of fortune and connection, far more eligible, and on that occasion had offered to settle on his son, the plaintiff, £1,100 a year in landed property, together with the young lady's fortune; but, declining the hand of an amiable and accomplished lady, refusing an ample and independent establishment, with the additional enjoyment of parental bounty and approbation, and foregoing all these advantages, Mr. Massy proved the sincerity and purity of his attachment, by a sacrifice of fortune to affection, and married Miss Rosslewin, in March, 1796; and the happiness of the young couple, for eight succeeding years, not only seemed to be, but really was, unmixed and unabating, he loving with constant and manly ardour, she with chaste and equal affection; and during the interval, Heaven had blessed their union with a boy, the bond and cement of their present happiness, the pledge and promise of future multiplied felicities. All was quiet, tranquil, and happy, till, to the misfortune of this couple, and of this county, the Marquis of Headfort made his appearance at Limerick. Mr. Massy happened to have had some years since a living in the county of Meath, where Lady Bective, the mother of the Marquis of Headfort, was a principal parishioner, and from whom, during his residence in the parish, Mr. Massy received much polite and hospitable attention; from this circumstance of his acquaintance with her, Mr. Massy waited on her son, on his arrival at Limerick, invited him to his house, and strained his narrow means to give the son of Lady Bective every proof of his sense of her former attentions and politeness; but, whilst indulging the hospitable spirit of our country, little did Mr. Massy think he was introducing into his house the man who could conceive the blackest and basest designs against his peace and honour; that this stranger, so hospitably received, and affectionately cherished, was to pour poison into his peace, and make him a wretch; for no reasonable man could suppose that Lord Headfort, at his time, would ever disturb the peace of any family—his age (for he was above fifty), his figure, his face, made such a supposition not only improbable, but almost ridiculous; yet so it happened, this hoary veteran, in whom, like Ætna, the snow above, did not quench the flames below, looked at Mrs. Massy, and marked her for ruin Lord Headfort spent four days at Summer-hill, on his first visit, and was introduced by Mr. Massy to the gentlemen of the first

rank and consideration in the county; the Bishop of Limerick, brother-in-law to Mr. Massy, and every other gentleman and nobleman in the neighbourhood. I need not, in this most hospitable part of Ireland, mention to you the consequence. Lord Headfort was received, entertained, and cherished, by the friends and relatives of Mr. Massy. Whilst Mr. Massy was endeavouring, by every polite and hospitable attention in his power, to render his temporary stay in this country not unpleasant to him, some anonymous letters first created in the breast of the plaintiff, not suspicion, but conveyed an intimation, that the Marquis of Headfort was too attentive to Mrs. Massy. Too confident in the virtue of his wife, too generous to credit information so conveyed, and yet too prudent wholly to overlook or disregard it. Mr. Massy prohibited his wife's visits to Limerick; and this was followed up by intimating to Lord Headfort, that his lordship's visits would be dispensed with at Summer-hill, his (Mr. Massy's) place of residence. Lord Headfort's visits were discontinued; his lordship promised not to repeat them. It will shock and appal you, Gentlemen, to hear the time and occasion which Lord Headfort selected for the final accomplishment of his designs upon the honour of this unfortunate woman, and the happiness of his host and his friend. The day was Sunday, the hour the time of Divine Service; yes, Gentlemen, on that day, and on that hour, set apart for the service of our Creator, whilst the reverend rector was bending before the altar of his God, invoking blessings, not only on his flock there assembled, but on the heads of the unfeeling and profligate destroyers of his comfort and honour; on such a day, at such an hour, upon such an occasion, did the noble marquis think proper to commit this honourable breach of hospitable faith, this high-minded violation of the little laws of your diminutive country, this contempt, I would almost call it this defiance of the Almighty himself!—I have to state, what will be proved, that on Sunday, and at this hour, Marquis Headfort took off Mrs. Massy from her husband's house, at Summer-hill; they crossed the Shannon in a boat, got into a chaise in waiting for them on the road, and from thence posted to Pallas, eighteen or nineteen miles only from Summer-hill; there he and Mrs. Massy, heedless of the misery and distraction of her unhappy husband, remained in the same room the whole of Sunday night:—the noble peer did not fly—no—he made short and easy stages—not fearful of pursuit, nor as a criminal endeavouring to effect his escape; but as a conqueror, parading slowly through the country, and quietly enjoying the glory and honour of his triumph. What was his triumph? The destruction of the friend he maddened with agony, the pollution of a (till then) spotless and innocent woman. From Pallas, his lordship pursued his route to Clonmel, and there rested a night; from thence to Waterford, then to England; where, I trust, he will ever remain; because I am satisfied that no advantage to be derived to the country from the most ample fortune expended here, could countervail the mischiefs that must flow from the application of enormous wealth to extravagant vices, and the example of such prodigal profligacy amongst us.

Here several witnesses were called in, whose evidence corroborated the foregoing circumstances, when the counsel for plaintiff closed his case.

Mr. Quinn stated the case for the defendant. He insisted that the plaintiff was a careless and negligent husband; that Mrs. Massy was young, volatile, and giddy; beautiful and vain; of uncommon levity of disposition, and addicted to the love of

dress, even beyond the ordinary passion of her sex. She passed, he said, months at the houses of single gentlemen, unaccompanied or unattended, save occasionally by the plaintiff; and at Galway in particular, where she went on an excursion, the attentions of a military man of rank became so remarkable, and her encouragement so glaring, that her own connections found it necessary to snatch her from the spot, as from impending infamy, and hurried her to Limerick. Thus engaged in fashionable life, defendant met her first at the races of Limerick, then at the races of Mallow, unattended by the plaintiff at either place; the attentions of a man of such superior rank were too flattering to be declined—they passed under public observation at all places of public and private fashionable resort; the eyes of all companies were fixed upon them, and her reception of them being too obvious to pass unnoticed, became the subject of general conversation. She avowed to her relations her attachment to the defendant, and her determination to go off with him.

Colonel Pepper met the plaintiff in company with his wife, at the Marquis of Headfort's. The latter paid her much attention in the husband's presence, and she seemed much flattered by it. His attentions were so marked that they drew the observation of the gentlemen at the table. The company were generally composed of the officers of the Marquis of Headfort's regiment.

Mr. G. Ponsonby made a very able speech to evidence on the part of the defendant; and Mr. Curran addressed the jury on behalf of the plaintiff.

Baron Smith recapitulated the evidence, as it appeared upon his notes, and closed his charge without any further observation on the law. The trial lasted twelve hours. Verdict for the plaintiff, at twelve o'clock at night, *ten thousand pounds*, with costs.

Mr. George Morland.

THIS Artist was fond of visiting the Isle of Wight, and there is scarcely an object to be met with along the shore at the back of the island, that his pencil has not delineated. His best pictures are replete with scenes drawn from this spot. A fine rocky shore, with fishermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or sending off their fish to the neighbouring market towns, were scenes he most delighted in when he attempted sea-shore pieces; and the Isle of Wight afforded abundant opportunities to gratify his taste and fancy.

A few years since he was recognised in this his constant summer excursion, at a place called Freshwater-Gate, in a low public-house, known by the name of "The Cabin." A number of fishermen, a few sailors, and three or four rustics, formed the homely group: he was in the midst of them, contributing his joke, and partaking of their noisy merriment, when his friend called him aside, and intreated an hour of his company. Morland, with some reluctance, withdrew from the Cabin, and on his friend's remonstrating with him the next day for keeping such company, he drew from his pocket a sketch-book, and asked where he was to find so true a picture of humble life, unless it was in such a place as that from which his friend had withdrawn him. The sketch was a correct delineation of every thing in the Cabin tap-room, even to a countenance, a stool, a settle, or the position of a figure. This representation his remembrance had suplied, after leaving the house; and one of his best pictures is that very scene he then sketched—a proof that his mind was still intent on his favourite pursuit, that of nature in her homeliest attire, though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing further than eagerness to participate in the vulgar sensualities of his surrounding companions.

Within these two last years his excesses were so great, that for months he wasted his time in the company of grooms and pugilists; and then in a sober fit would return to the pencil, the vigour of which was as conspicuous as his follies and dissipation were reprehensible. About a year ago he was attacked with an apoplectic fit, and since that time there has been a lamentable falling off in his productions. Both his health and his talents have been on the decline.—Liberal and extravagant, he was seldom out of debt, and to the rude assaults of the merciless bailiff he was no stranger. Regardless of his talents, he was a few days ago arrested and lodged in a spunging-house, where he expired! who, with common prudence, might have lived in a palace, and have kept the first company of the land.

Several years ago, Morland, to avoid his creditors, retired from public sight, and lived very obscurely near Hackney; some of the neighbours, from his extreme privacy and other circumstances, entertained a notion that he was either a coiner or a fabricator of forged bank notes, and which suspicion being communicated at the Bank, the Directors sent some Police Officers to search the house, and if guilt should appear, to take the offender into custody; upon their arrival, they were soon observed by Morland, who, understanding them to be a bailiff and his followers, come in quest of himself, immediately retreated into the garden, went out of a back door, and ran over the brick-fields towards Hoxton, and then to London. Mrs. Morland, trembling with surprise, opened the front door, when the police officers entered, and began to search the house; but upon an explanation taking place, and upon her assuring them, with an unaffected simplicity (so very evidently the natural result of truth), that they were mistaken, and likewise informing them the cause of his flight, and on their discovering little more in the house than some very exellent unfinished pictures, which even in these men excited sentiments of admiration and respect, they were convinced of the mistake, and retired.—Upon communicating the result of their search to the Directors of the Bank, that they had made no discovery of Bank-notes, but that it was Morland the painter's retreat from his creditors they had chanced to discover, and an account of his flight to avoid them as bailiffs, the Directors of the Bank commiserated the pecuniary embarrassment of this unfortunate genius, and also on account of the trouble they had unintentionally given him, generously sent him, as a voluntary present, two Bank-notes of 20l. each.

Bell's Messenger, Nov. 5, 1804.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Born Dec. 25, 1642, *died March 20,* 1726.

IN Westminster Abbey is an elegant monument, with appropriate figures, to the memory of the immortal Newton, with the following Latin inscription:—

"Here is deposited Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, who, by the light of mathematical learning, and a force of mind almost divine, first explained the motions and figures of the planets and planetary orbits: the paths of the comets, the tides, and the ocean: and discovered, what no one before had ever suspected, the difference of the rays of light, and the distinction of colours thence arising. He was a diligent, faithful, and penetrating interpreter of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture. By his philosophy he asserted the Majesty of God, the greatest and most glorious of all Beings; and by his morals expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves, that there has been so great, so good a man, the glory of the human race."

The following Couplet was intended for his monument. By Mr. Pope.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light.

The Rhyming Apothecary.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle:
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle,
Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks
With all the love and kindness of a brother.
"So," many a suff'ring patient saith,
"Though the apothecary fight with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another."

A member of this Æsculapian line
In Thanet liv'd, and lov'd his wine,
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.;*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't
This balanc'd things; for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends, by bringing others into 't.

His fame around the island ran;
In short; in reputation he was *solus;*
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
His name was BOLUS.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade,*
Which sometimes great genius fetters,
Read works of fancy it is said;
And cultivated the *belles lettres,*

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthysic?
The poets have their patron God:
Apollo patronises physic.
Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't,
That his directions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecaries rhyme! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing—not a fault,
When patients swallow physic without reason,
Is it not fair to give a little salt?
He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some five miles from the town—it might be more,
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that's called cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse:
"When taken,
To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
And to St. Nicholas he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had.
It was indeed a very sorry hack:
But that's of course;
For, what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus ariv'd; and gave a *doubtful* rap,
Between a single and a double rap.
Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud; and then, a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place,
Portending some disaster.
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' apothecary had physick'd *him,*
And not his master.

"Well how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head!
"Indeed! hum! ha! that's very odd!
He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.
"Well, how? what then? speak out you dunce."
"Why, then," said John, "we *shook* him once."
"*Shook* him? how!" Bolus stammer'd out.
"We *jolted him about.*"
"Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do!"
"No, sir; and so we gave him *two.*"
"Two shakes! odds curse!
"'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir? and then a *third* we tried."
"Well! and what then? Then, sir, alas!"
Said John, "my master died."

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Who killed himself by drinking Strong Beer called October.

HERE lie I must,
Wrapp'd up in dust,
Confined to be sober;
*Clarke** take care,
Lest you come here,
For faith here's no October.

**His pot-companion.*

A French Miser.

MR. VANDILLE was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny per diem. His usual diet was bread and milk; and for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being a shilling and a penny per annum: which he cast up, and after his death, his *extensive* charity amounted to 43*s.* 4*d.*

This prudent economist had been a magistrate or officer at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon himself to be milk-taster-general at the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at no expense of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public, and regulating the goodness of the milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of threepence sterling, to carry him 130 miles; and with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest, or mendicant, and, no doubt, gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations, into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, "Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves:" "these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself."

When he became immensly rich, being, in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of 16 to the age of 72, one day he heard a woodman going by in the summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter; he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding hole; and thus contracted in that hot season a fever; he then sent for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation, was dismissed; he then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three-pence a time, "but," says this worthy economist, "how often will it be requisite to bleed." "Three times," said he,—"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"—"About eight ounces each time," answered the barber. "That will be nine-pence; too much, too much," says the old miser. "I am determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity you designed to take at three times, at one time, and that will save me sixpence;" which being insisted on, he lost 24 ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the King, whom he made his sole heir.

Bell's Messenger, Dec. 1804.

Singular Character.

WHEN we are at peace with the world, and the world is at peace with us, the summer ramblers of England visit the continent, and go through France to Switzerland, where without any relish of the peculiar circumstances of the country, they spend their time most dolefully. At their return they triumph over the ignorance of those who never strayed from home, and assure them of the infinite pleasure they have received from their tour.

But when war confines us within our own island, we go as far as we can, that is to the sea-coast, which must serve instead of going farther

All well-frequented watering-places offer to the attentive observer a great variety of characters more or less amusing. Some few really come for health, some for pleasure; but with most the motive is idleness—persons to whom not only the day but every hour is much too long—persons, as Ranger in the play expresses it, "who had rather go to the devil than stay at home." Sometimes we meet with an agreeable exception, and sometimes with an oddity.

A week's residence at Weymouth gave me an opportunity of conversing with a singular character. We had often met—at the coffee-house—at the library, and had made some little progress toward an acquaintance; when, without any provocation on my part, he seemed rather to shun than to seek me. However we were accidentally obscured in the *camera obscura*, and could not well avoid going down the hill in company together, when he expressed himself nearly in this manner: "I am afraid you think me something worse than an odd fellow?" To which, receiving no reply, he continued—"I confess the apparent absurdity of my way of life. It is upon a principal which differs so much from common custom, that it lies perfectly open to attacks which I shall not even attempt to repel. I am content to be thought incapable of defending myself; and, if non-resistance in one party can communicate any honour to the other, my adversary may enjoy all the triumph of such a victory: my system is my own, and made for myself alone.

"In my early days I was not long in observing that by far the greatest part of life's troubles were not made upon our own account but that of others; that it was in the power of one person to make an hundred miserable, by their partaking of his personal afflictions; but that he could make but one happy by partaking of his personal pleasures. This is undoubtedly a losing trade, but yet this is the commerce of society. A man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with those about him; his acquaintance with some produces friendship, and his friendships produce sorrow.—Every trouble of mind, or disease of your friends, affects you: it is true you also participate their pleasures, as far as they can be communicated; but these are not in equal proportions.

"Should your friend increase his possessions, you are not the richer: but if he is in want, you are the poorer. If he be in health, as it is a thing in course, you do not rejoice; but if he is sick, you mourn. If he possesses an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleasure; but if he loses her, his pain is poured into your bosom.

"Suppose life passes without any exertions of friendship, but merely in a belief that if they were required they would be made: I then see my friend advance in years; he loses his person and strength by degrees; death sets his mark upon him, and at last he claims him for his own.—What I see in him he sees in me; and

all those sensations are multiplied according to the number of our intimate connections.

"Fully sensible of this truth, I very early in life determined to have no friend at all. To accomplish this intention, my plan has been to shift my residence from place to place; to have many acquaintances, but no friends. The common scenes of public amusement I visit occasionally, and sometimes bury myself in London. If I wish to improve, I retire; if to amuse myself, I join in such accidental parties as occur; and, like the butterfly, play among the flowers, but fix on none. If an acquaintance with an agreeable person improves too fast, and I begin to feel something like an attachment, I take it as a hint for shifting my quarters, and decamp before the fetter is fastened. To confess the truth, I more than suspect that I have been too long acquainted with you: I shall quit this place immediately, lest to-morrow I should feel myself your friend."

He then redoubled his pace, as if willing to avoid my reply. I indulged him in his wish, and was not sorry to be excused from continuing a conversation I could not support with any other than common arguments, which seldom have any effect upon those who so boldly differ from principles long established and supposed to be true.

I. C.

Three Black Crows.

THIS tale will raise your wonders I suppose,
What can the meaning be of three black crows?
It is a London story you must know,
And happen'd as they say not long ago,
The meaning of it custom would suppress,
Till at the end—and leave you then to guess;
But tho', it differs from the ways of old,
To tell the moral ere the tale be told;
For once will give a hint for to apply
The meaning first, and hang the tale thereby.
People too oft are put into a pother,
For want of understanding one another;
And strange amazing stories run about,
Which come to nothing when you trace 'em out;
Lies of a day, perhaps a month, a year,
When serv'd their purposes, quickly disappear;
From whence, mean while, disputes of every size
That is to misunderstandings rise:
The springs of ill from bickering up to battle,
From noise and tumults down to tittle tattle.
By hasty rendering of too rash assent,
Behold how meanings which were never meant
Will fly about, not much unlike black crows,
The self same breed of which the story goes.
Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other kindly by the hand,
Hark you, says he, 'tis an odd story this,
About the crows—I don't know what it is,
Reply'd his friend. No, I'm surpris'd at that,
From whence I came it is the common chat;
Not to detain you of a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lives not far from Change,
This week in short as all the Alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.
Impossible. Nay, sir, 'tis really true,
I had it from good hands, and so may you;
From whence I pray, and having named the man,
Straight to enquire, his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell, (relating the affair)
Yes sir, I did, and it is worth your ear;
Ask Mr. such-a-one, he told it me,
But by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three:
Resolved to trace so wond'rous an event
Whip to the third this virtuoso went,
Sir, and so forth, the thing is fact,
Tho' in regard to number not exact:
It was not two black crows, but only one,
The truth of that you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case,
Where may I meet him pray?—In such a place;
Away he goes, and having found him out,
Sir, be so kind as to resolve a doubt:
So to his last informant he referr'd,
Him, then he ask'd, if true, what he had heard;
Did you throw up a black crow sir? Not I,
Bless me, how people propagate a lie:
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find all come at last to none:
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?
Crow, crow, perhaps I might, now I recal
The matter o'er—pray tell sir, what was't?
Why I was very sick, and so at last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was as black as any crow.

The concealed Marriage.

MARIA STAPLETON was the daughter of a widow lady of small fortune, which consisted principally of a pension, allowed her by a great trading company, in consequence of her husband having lost his life while engaged in their service. The beauty of Maria, and her acquired accomplishments, attracted the attention of all who knew her, but especially of Mr. George Devreux, a young gentleman who had inherited from his father an estate of two thousand a year, but clogged with a condition in favor of the daughter of his uncle (his father conceiving himself to be under particular obligations to his brother) by which he was restrained from marrying before he was thirty, except to one of his cousins, or at least with the consent of his uncle; on pain of losing one-half of his estate, which it was in his father's power to devise from him by will, and which, in that case, was to pass to the daughters of his uncle. His father had fixed on the age of thirty, as that mature period of life, when the violent passions of early youth would begin to subside; and as his cousins were young ladies of no inconsiderable fortune and expectations, if they then continued unmarried, prudence might be expected to take the place of thoughtless love, and produce an union for life, according to the wishes, and indeed the last solemn injunction, of a parent, solicitous for what he deemed the honor and happiness of his son.

But as Love, at the least idea of restraint,

'claps his light wings and in a moment flies.'

Mr. Devreux, before he met with Miss Stapleton, made very slow advances towards gaining the affections of either the ladies recommended to his attention by his father; but after he had seen Maria, they became almost his aversion. But before he could contract the union he so ardently wished, with her he so tenderly loved, several years must elapse, or a forfeiture to which he could not bring himself to consent, must be incurred. Of these years, one or two were passed in patient expectation; but at length, love in some degree overcoming prudence, he proposed to his Maria a secret marriage, with which, to prevent discovery, not even her mother was to be acquainted. To this, Miss Stapleton, after many earnest solicitations, was, though not with a little reluctance, induced to consent. —Every thing was accordingly arranged by the management of Mr. Devreux, and they were married with a privacy which he confidently believed must elude any discovery, especially as it was his intention, when the time came which set him at liberty, to repeat the ceremony in a public manner, and remove every suspicion, if any might arise, and thus prevent all further inquiry.

But scarcely had another twelvemonth elapsed, when a new difficulty arose, for which a sufficient preparation had not been made —Maria discovered that she was pregnant. Whatever joy this event might have given to both lovers under other circumstances, it was now the cause of considerable perplexity. Mr. Devreux had again recourse to his fertile invention; and, by his advice, Maria applied to her mother, for permission to visit a female acquaintance, who had gone to reside at a great distance in the country, and to stay with her for a month or two. Mrs. Stapleton readily consented, and her daughter, by the management of Mr. Devreux, retired to some obscure apartments, which he had procured for her, where she laid in with the greatest privacy; it being intended that when she should be recovered, she should return to her mother, and that the child should

be brought up privately, till the time arrived, when their marriage might be re-solemnized and openly declared. Letters, in the mean time, by Mr. Devreux's contrivance, were conveyed to Mrs. Stapleton from her daughter, as if from the country, requesting the indulgence of a longer stay, and fixing the time when she would return.

Maria had, from the first, been anxiously desirous that her mother should be admitted to a participation of the secret; but Mr. Devreux well knowing Mrs. Stapleton's inflexible integrity, high sense of honour, and utter aversion to every thing that had the most distant resemblance to artifice and dissimulation, feared her openness of character might lead to discovery, and could not be induced to consent. The yielding Maria therefore acquiesced in his plan. But, as no art or cunning can infallibly guard against accident, a servant girl who knew Maria chanced to obtain a sight of her, and informed her mother both of the place of her retreat, and for what purpose she was there. Mrs Stapleton, in the utmost distress, flew to find her daughter; and, though not without some difficulty, at length obtained admission to her. She found her in bed with her infant, and not doubting but she had been dishonoured—"O Maria!" exclaimed she, bursting into tears, and in the most violent agitation, "what have you done? How have you thus disgraced yourself and me? How have you thus rendered us both wretched? Who is your seducer? Tell me that I may fly to revenge on him the misery he has inflicted on us!"—Maria with difficulty pacified her, and prevailed on her to listen to her story, which she now related to her, without the least reserve, conjuring her to secrecy, which Mrs. Stapleton, yielding to the necessity of the case, readily promised; though she did not forbear remonstrating with her daughter, in very strong terms, on her want of confidence in her, and on her proceeding to such a length in an affair of so great importance, without even consulting her.

Maria soon after returned home; but her long absence, some alteration in her appearance, and certain hints which had been given by the servant girl, and were circulated in whispers through the neighbourhood, rendered all her female acquaintances very shy towards her: in fact, she found herself at last entirely excluded from their society, since it was not in her power to justify herself, without betraying the secret, which it was of so much consequence to her interest not to disclose. For another year, therefore, which was still to come, before her character could be retrieved by the open avowal of her marriage with Mr. Devreux, poor Maria lived in a state of melancholy seclusion, and compelled, as it were, tacitly to resign those pretensions to honour and virtue, which she had in reality never forfeited. Her child, Mr. Devreux did not think advisable that she should ever see, lest such visits should lead to a discovery; and Mrs. Stapleton evidently suffered the greatest uneasiness, from the suspicious light in which both she and her daughter appeared to their friends, without being permitted to vindicate themselves by declaring the truth, which, to a woman of Mrs. Stapleton's high spirit, and strict regard to her honour, was a most painful humiliation; so that but for the consciousness of her innocence, and her love for her husband, life itself would have been a burden to the unoffending but too yielding Maria.

At length the time arrived when Mr. Devreux, set at liberty from the restraint laid on him by his father's will, prepared to carry into execution his scheme of a public marriage with Maria, to be celebrated with all the splendor and festivity suitable to the

occasion. But while he was making arrangements for this purpose, he received a notice from a solicitor, employed by his uncle, that an action would be immediately commenced, under the will of his father, for the half of his estate, in consequence of his marriage without the consent of his uncle, and before the time prescribed, of which they were in possession of sufficient proofs.

Mr. Devreux found on inquiry, that by some extraordinary accidental circumstances, his uncle had obtained such proofs of the fact, that it would be in vain to attempt a defence; he, therefore, surrendered without a contest, what he knew he could not hope to retain.

Thus was rendered fruitless all the artifice of Mr. Devreux, while all the uneasiness and mortification endured by Maria and her mother, were equally to no purpose. That which might have been obtained by patience, or yielded with generosity, was lost with some degree of disgrace and much disappointment. Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter, however, on reflection, were not displeased at the event; for they conceived, that the suspicions which had attached to the character of the latter, could only be removed by a full and undeniable disclosure of the truth; and the disproof of these, they considered as more than a compensation for the diminution of fortune.

In Glasgow Church Yard.

HERE ligs *Mess Andrew Gray*,
Of whom ne muckle good can I say;
He was ne *Quaker*, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne *Papist*, for he had ne merit;
He was ne *Turk*, for he drank muckle wine:
He was ne *Jew*, for he eat muckle swine.
Full forty years he preach'd and lee'd;
For which God dom'd him when he dee'd.

From Camden.

HERE lyeth RICHARD A PREENE,
One thousand, five hundred, eighty nine,
Of March xx. day;
And he that will dye after him—may.

William Rufus.

THE memory of William, surnamed Rufus from his red hair and florid complexion, is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities.

He seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged without reserve that domineering policy, which suited his temper, and which if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice.

The monuments which remain of this prince in England are the Tower, Westminster Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. William Rufus died August 2, 1100, aged 40.

A Moderate Wish.

OF wealth; ye powers, I want but little store,
One cent. per annum, and I ask no more;
Give me content enough through life to pass,
By turns a friend, a thought, a book, a glass:
A verdant walk inductive to some shade,
Not form'd by art, but by kind nature made;
A pond, and on its bank a woodbine bower,
A little garden stor'd with ev'ry flow'r:
A female mate with virtue-sparkling eyes;
Her face not handsome, let her mind be wise;
Of conversation innocently gay,
And manners gentle as the breath of May;
Friend to my friends, a bitter foe to strife,
Kind to my children, and to me a wife.

The Story of an Ape, which is transmitted upon the authority of Mr. Terry, Chaplain to Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from the Court of Great Britain, to the Great Mogul.

THE Mogul giving credit to the tricks and decisions of astrologers, magicians, and fortune-tellers, the nation was soon filled with this artful crew, one of whom, presented him with an ape of his own tutoring, assuring his majesty that the beast was able to perform many strange and surprising tricks. The Emperor received the present, on condition that the owner of the ape would hazard a trial of his beast's skill to discover secrets; and being both of them ordered to withdraw, the Mogul took off his ring from his finger, and gave it to one of his boys; of which sort, he generally kept about 200 about him, for unnatural and beastly uses, and bid him hide it, and then crowd all together in a knot: then, sending for the ape and his master, now says his majesty, let your ape try his skill, I have lost my ring, let me see if your ape can find it. The master commanded the ape to fetch the ring, and the beast went immediately to the boy who had it, and taking it out of his bosom carried it to the Emperor.

This struck the Mogul and all that saw it with extreme surprise; the master and his ape were then ordered a second time to retire, and in their absence, the Emperor caused his secretary to write in several papers, the names of twelve or fourteen of the greatest Gods and Prophets which were either heard or known to be worshipped, either in his country or in any place in the world, and after they were written, to be mingled in a heap and laid upon a table. Then calling for the ape, he commanded the beast to pick out from that parcel, the name of the greatest God, and truest Prophet; the ape obeyed, and immediately leaping upon the table, turned over the whole heap, and taking out the name of Jesus, delivered the paper which contained it to the Mogul, to the astonishment of all the spectators. But lest there might be some fraud in this essay, it was resolved by the Mogul and his nobles to make another trial; and the ape and his master were commanded into a room at a great distance, to take off all suspicion of any deceit, and the papers were written over again, with the same names, and an addition of some more; yet, when the ape was remanded to pick them a second time, and to make choice as formerly it had been directed, the beast with great readiness took from amongst the whole parcel of papers newly wrote, the same name of Jesus as before, to the greater surprize of the Infidels and other by-standers. However it was resolved to try it a third time, and the ape acquitted itself with the same success.

Whereupon, Matollet Chan, i. e. the beloved lord, a certain prince in great favor at court, humbly requested of the Emperor to be permitted to make a fourth trial of this amazing trick, and obtaining the royal assent, he in the absence of the man and his ape, caused the names to be written again, and he having mingled them together and cast them upon the table, called for the ape, which was commanded as before, to seek out the greatest God or Prophet whose names should be contained in those papers, went immediately to the heap, and scornfully turning them over, returned to his master, without taking up any paper. The Emperor and his nobles wondered still more at this proceeding than at what had been done before, and asked the master what might be the cause, why the ape behaved in that scornful manner, and brought no papers. Perhaps replied the master, the name which the ape

looked for, is not amongst them; which conjecture upon examination was found true. for the name of Jesus was missing. Then, says the Mogul, let the ape prove its skill, by fetching the paper wherein that name is written: the ape received the command, leaped upon Mattollet Chan, and with its hand drawing the paper inscribed with the name of Jesus out of his bosom, and delivered it to the Emperor, in the sight of many Mahometans, Jews and Christians, whom the novelty of the affair had drawn together.

Fatal Curiosity; or happy Ignorance.

A BRAHMIN, far beyond his brethren both in powers of mind and extent of knowledge, lived in habits of great intimacy with an Englishman who was fond of natural and experimental philosophy; the Brahmin, who had learned English, read the books of his friend, searched into the Cyclopædia, and profited by his philosophical instruments. It happened that the Englishman received a good solar microscope from Europe; he displayed its wonders with delight to the astonishment of the Brahmin; and convinced him by the undeniable evidence of his senses, that he and his countrymen who abstained so scrupulously from any thing which had life, devoured innumerable animalculæ upon every vegetable which they ate. The Brahmin, instead of being delighted as his new friend had expected, became unusually thoughtful, and at length retired in silence. On his next visit he requested the gentleman would sell him the microscope; to this it was replied, that the thing was a present from a friend in Europe, and not to be replaced; the Brahmin, however, was not discouraged by the refusal; he offered a very large sum of money, or an Indian commodity of equal value, and at length the gentleman, weary of resisting his importunities, or unwilling longer to resist them, gave him the microscope. The eyes of the Hindoo flashed with joy, he seized the instrument, hastened from the viranda, caught up a large stone, laid the microscope upon one of the steps, and in an instant smashed it to pieces. Having done this, he said in reply to the angry reproaches of his friend, that when he was cool he would pay him a visit and explain his reasons. Upon that visit he thus addressed his friend:—

'Oh that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance in which you found me! Yet I confess, that as my knowledge increased, so did my pleasure, till I beheld the wonders of the microscope: from that moment I have been tormented by doubts—I am miserable, and must continue to be so till I enter upon another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual among fifty millions of people, all brought up in the same belief as myself, and all happy in their ignorance. I will keep the secret within my own bosom, it will destroy my peace, but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing that I alone feel those doubts which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been communicated to others, and rendered thousands wretched. Forgive me, my friend—and bring here no more implements of knowledge!'

Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in Ansty Church-yard.

MARY BEST lies buried here,
Her age it was just ninety year:
Twenty-eight she liv'd a single life,
And only four years was a wife:
She liv'd a widow fifty-eight,
And died January 11th, eighty-eight.

Epitaph

HERE lies the man whose horse did gaine,
The bell, in race, on Salisbury plaine.
Reader, I know not whether needs it,
You or your horse rather to read it.

A Conversation between Buonaparte and the late Queen of Prussia.

THE following story has appeared in a morning paper. It is probably a fabrication,—but such as it is, the reader may be amused with it:—After the preliminaries which led to the treaty of Tilsit were adjusted, Buonaparte was attended by the King of Prussia in his own apartment, where the unfeeling conqueror received him with the greatest haughtiness. "Let me see your wife!" said he. "She is at Konigsburg, your Majesty," "I must see your wife," sternly repeated the tyrant. "She will not come," replied the humbled monarch; "a sense of the injuries she has lately sustained, would forbid her attending you." "Let me see your wife, or I will not sign a peace," added the Corsican. The King, reduced by the most urgent necessity, sent a letter to his queen, begging her attendance; but, as he expected, received a reply, that she could not submit to the interview.—The king communicated this reply to Buonaparte, who imperiously rejoined, "If you do not yourself bring your wife to my presence, our negociations must end." Thus humbled, the painful alternative remained, to prevail upon the queen to comply, or take the consequences of her final refusal. The king repaired to Konigsburg, and his obedient queen consented to appear before the Emperor of the French. This *unprincely* prince eyed her with an attention bordering on rudeness. "I expected," said he, addressing himself to her, "to see a fair queen, but I behold the fairest of women." Then, turning to a stand of flowers, he selected from among them a rose, and, presenting it, added, "I offer the fairest of flowers to the fairest of her sex." The queen distantly replied, "Sir, we are not sufficiently acquainted for me to receive this compliment;" when the polished Buonaparte held it to her, and, with a menacing look and haughty air, replied, "Take it, madam,—it is *I* who offer it to you!" The queen accepted the rose, and answered, "Sir, I receive it as a pledge of friendship to come." Apparently softened by her beauty and noble demeanour, this *gracious* emperor made an offer of his services, and inquired what favor he could grant her. "I have nothing to ask," said the queen. "I wish you to command my services—ask what I can give you." "As a queen, I ask for nothing, sir," said the afflicted princess; "but as a mother, I beg the town and citadel of Magdeburg for my sons." "You are a very beautiful queen," replied Buonaparte, "but you know not what you ask—Magdeburg is worth an hundred queens."

Epitaph, on a Tomb in Dorsetshire.

NOT born, not dead, not christen'd, not begot,
Lo! here she lies, that was, and that was not;
She was born, baptized, is dead, and what is more,
Was in her life, not honest, not a w— —e:
Reader, behold a wonder, rarely wrought,
And whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest NOT. Ob. A. Ætatis 18.

A Letter.

FRIENDS sir friends
stand your disposition
I bearing
a man world
is whilst the
contempt
ridicule
are
ambitious

The Explanation.

SIR, between friends, I understand your overbearing disposition; a man even with the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitious are below ridicule.

Anecdote of Shakspeare.

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those that were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakspeare fled to London, from the terror of a persecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the theatre, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that every man, as he alighted, called for Will. Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, "I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir." In time, Shakspeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the theatre continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys.

UPON A NOTORIOUS SHREW.

By her Husband.

WE lived one and twenty yeare,
As man and wife together:
I could not stay her longer here,
Shee's gone I know not whether.
But did I know, I doe protest,
(I speake it not to flatter)
Of all the women in the world,
I sweare I'de nere come at her.
Her body is bestowed well,
This handsome grave doth hide her,
And sure her soul is not in hell,
The devill could ne'er abide her:
But I suppose shee's soared aloft,
For in the late great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voyce,
Rending the clowds assunder.

The Origin of Surnames.

BEFORE the arrival of the *Normans*, men were usually named from their condition and properties, as GODRED, the *Saxon* word for good advice; and a woman was called from some quality of her body, as SWCANSHALSE, for the whiteness of her neck: but after that period, men began to be known by their dwellings, and to have an appellation from the possessions they enjoyed: at that time the names of *John*, *Thomas*, *Nicolas*, *Francis*, *Stephen*, and *Henry*, were introduced, with others scriptural, and now in use among us; such as had lands assigned them, were called from these: thus, if *Thomas* had got the township of *Norton*, *Sutton*, *Knowles* or *Combe*; he was thenceforth called *Thomas* of *Norton*, of *Sutton* or of *Coombe*; others again preferred the places in *Normandy* or *Brittany*, whence they had arrived; thus, if a man came from a village called *Vernon*, *Montague*, *Howard*, or *Spencer*, he transmitted to his posterity, the surname of *Vernon*, *Montague*, *Howard*, or *Spencer*, to be put after their *Christian* names so long as any of them should remain.

Three Things a good Wife should be like; which Three Things she should not be like.

A WIFE domestic, good, and pure,
Like SNAIL should keep within her door;
But *not* like SNAIL in silver'd track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A WIFE should be like ECHO true,
And speak but when she's spoken to;
But *not* like ECHO—still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Like a TOWN CLOCK a WIFE should be—
Keep time and regularity,
But *not* like CLOCKS—harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice might hear.

YOUNG MAN! if these allusions strike—
She whom as bride you'd hail,
Must just be *like* and just *unlike*
An ECHO, CLOCK, and SNAIL.

W. M.

Customs in Spain.

IN Spain and Navarre marriages are often performed without the consent or knowledge of either father or mother, and consequently not seldom to their dislike. A girl inclined to put an end to her sweetheart's languors appoints him to come about dusk to her house door, bringing a priest with him. At the time appointed she leaves the room, where perhaps she is sitting amidst the family, and goes and disposes of herself through a ground-floor window, or in the yard She returns into the room, without any body being the wiser about her absence; and the next day a band of priests and monks come and demand her of her father, in the bridegroom's name, and in case he is refractory, they carry her off by force, telling the father to make himself easy, for the match is of God and the Blessed Virgin's making.

When a Spaniard buys a carriage, he will by no means use it till it has been hanselled by Jesus Christ, and it is accordingly driven from the coach-maker's to a church door. The priests generally use it for a day, and this certainly secures it from any accidents; but the Spanish carriages being very slight, and the roads none of the best, they are often overturned.

A priest going with the Viaticum to a sick person, takes the first carriage he meets, and keeps it till his return to the church, the owner of it waiting in some house. Coachmen are very fond of such jobs, as entitling them to some indulgences.

High mass is always celebrated in music, but music little correspondent to the dignity of the ceremony; the officiating priest is fanned from time to time for coolness' sake. None read in church; all the devotion lies in fingering large rosaries.

Foundlings are reputed nobles on proving that they were exposed; it being presumed from that circumstance, that the father was a gentleman, rather than a plebeian.

Giles Jolt and his Cart.

GILES Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring villains stole his team away:
Giles wakes and cries—what's here, a dickin, what,
Why how now—am I *Giles,* or am I not?
If he—I've lost six geldings to my smart:
If not—Odds-buddikins, I've found a cart.

Inscribed on a Pillar lately erected in the midst of a heap of stones, on the side of the highway in the North of England, by the Lord of the Manor.

STAY, Traveller, stay, and peruse a sad story;
For here I am set, as a *Memento Mori;*
To give the world notice, that under these stones,
Here lie the remains of one William Jones,
Who made, if the tale be as true as 'tis old,
Too much haste (alas!) to get rid of a scold.
One night, as he under her dicipline lay,
Atoning for crimes of the foregoing day,
An unfortunate thought came into his head
To make his escape: so he rush'd out of bed.
And ran with all speed to the brink of yon delph,
From whence, leaping headlong, he brained himself.
This was, without question, his own act and deed,
And yet in their censures all are not agreed.
The law, it condemn'd him, you see here: but still
Some people applaud him: because say they, Will
Chose rather to lie, for avoiding of strife,
Alone in a grave, than in bed with his wife:
Whilst others entitle him fool for his pains,
In dashing out's own, instead of her brains.

The Punsters.

AT a tavern one night
Messrs. *More, Strange,* and *Wright*
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange,
Says *More,* 'of us three
The whole town will agree
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange.*'
'Yes,' says *Strange,* (rather sore)
'I'm sure there's one *More*—
A most terrible knave and a bite;
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother'—.
'O yes,' replied *More,* that is '*Wright.*'

Interesting Particulars of the Trial and Execution of the late Dr. Dodd, for Forgery.

WILLIAM DODD was a doctor of divinity, prebendary of Brecon, and chaplain in ordinary to his majesty; he was also the promoter of many charities, and the institutor of some, particularly the Magdalen-Hospital, the Society for the Relief of Poor Debtors, and that for the Recovery of Persons, apparently Drowned.—Being in want of cash to pay his tradesmen's bills, and having been preceptor to the earl of Chesterfield, he pretended that his lordship had an urgent occasion to borrow 4000*l.* but did not choose to be his own agent, and begged that the matter might be secretly and expeditiously conducted. The doctor employed Mr. Robertson, a broker, to whom he presented a bond, not filled up or signed, that he might find a person who would advance the requisite sum to a young nobleman, who had just come of age.—After applying to several persons who refused the business because they were not to be present when the bond was executed, Mr. Robertson, absolutely confiding in the doctor's honour, applied to Messrs. Fletcher and Peach, who agreed to lend the money. Mr. Robertson returned the bond to the doctor, in order to its being executed; and on the following day the doctor produced it as executed, and witnessed by himself. Mr. Robertson, knowing Mr Fletcher to be a particular man, and who would consequently object to one subscribing witness only, put his name under the doctor's. He then went and received the money, which he paid into the hands of Dr. Dodd, 3000*l.* in notes of Sir Charles Raymond and Co. the remaining 1200*l* in bank-notes. The money being thus obtained, the doctor gave Mr Robertson 100*l.* for his trouble, and paid some of his own debts with the remainder. It appears, the doctor intended to replace the money, and pay off the bond in a short time, without the knowledge of any person but the broker, and the gentleman of whom the money had been borrowed. It happened, however, that the bond being left with Mr. Manly, (attorney for Messrs. Fletcher and Peach) he observed in the condition of the bond, a very remarkable blot in the first letter E, in the word SEVEN, which did not seem to be the effect of chance, but done with design. He thought it remarkable, but did not suspect a forgery; yet he shewed Mr. Fletcher the bond and blot, and advised him to have a clean bond filled up, and carried to lord Chesterfield for execution. Mr Fletcher consented, and Mr. Manly went the next day to his lordship, who, having previous notice of the intended business, asked him if he had called about the bond. Mr. Manly said he had; and his lordship answered, "I have burnt the bond." This appeared very extraordinary; but was soon explained, by lord Chesterfield saying he thought the gentleman called about a bond for 500*l.* which he had given some years before, and had taken up and burnt. When Mr. Manly produced the bond in question, lord Chesterfield was surprised, and immediately disowned it. Upon this, Mr. Manly went directly to Mr. Fletcher, to consult what steps to take. Mr. Fletcher, a Mr. Innis, and Mr. Manly, went to Guildhall, to prefer an information respecting the forgery, against the broker and Dr. Dodd. Mr. Robertson was taken into custody, and with Fletcher, Innis, Manly, and two of the lord mayor's officers, went to the house of the doctor, in Argyle-Street. They opened the business—the doctor was very much struck, and affected. Manly told him, if he would return the money, it would be the only

means of saving him. He instantly returned six notes of 500*l.* each, making 3000*l.* he drew on his banker for 500*l.* the broker returned 100*l.* and the doctor gave a second draft on his banker for 200*l.* and a judgment on his goods for the remaining 400*l.* *which judgment was immediately carried into execution.* All this was done by the doctor, in full reliance on the honour of the parties, that the bond should be returned to him cancelled; but, notwithstanding this restitution, he was taken before the lord mayor, and charged as abovementioned. The doctor declared he had no intention to defraud lord Chesterfield, or the gentleman who advanced the money. He hoped that the satisfaction he had made, in returning the money, would atone for the offence. He was pressed, he said, exceedingly for 300*l.* to pay some bills due to tradesmen. He took this step as a temporary resource, and would have repaid it in half a year. "My lord Chesterfield," added he, "cannot but have some tenderness for me, as my pupil. I love him, and he knows it. There is nobody wishes to prosecute. I am sure my lord Chesterfield don't want my life—I hope he will shew clemency to me. Mercy should triumph over justice." Clemency, however, was denied; and the doctor was committed to the Compter, in preparation for his trial.—On the 19th of February, 1777, Dr. Dodd being put to the bar at the Old Bailey, addressed the court in the following words:

"My lords,

"I am informed, that the bill of indictment against me, has been found on the evidence of Mr. Robertson, who was taken out of Newgate, without any authority or leave from your lordships, for the purpose of procuring the bill to be found. Mr. Robertson is a subscribing witness to the bond, and, as I conceive, would be swearing to exculpate himself, if he should be admitted as a witness against me: and as the bill has been found upon his evidence, which was surreptitiously obtained, I submit to your lordships that I ought not to be compelled to plead to this indictment; and upon this question, I beg to be heard by my counsel. My lords, I beg leave also further to observe to your lordships, that the gentlemen on the other side of the question are bound over to prosecute Mr. Robertson."

Previous to the arguments of the counsel, an order which had been surreptitiously obtained from an officer of the court, dated Wednesday, Feb. 19, and directed to the keeper of Newgate, commanding him to carry Lewis Robertson to Hicks's-hall, in order to his giving evidence before the grand inquest, on the present bill of indictment; likewise a resolution of the court, reprobating the said order; and also the recognizance, entered into by Mr. Manly, Mr. Peach, Mr. Innis, and the right hon. the earl of Chesterfield, to prosecute and give evidence against Dr. Dodd and Lewis Robertson, for the said forgery, were ordered to be read; and the clerk of the arraigns was directed to inform the court, whether the name Lewis Robertson was indorsed as a witness on the back of the indictment, which was answered in the affirmative. The counsel now proceeded in their arguments for and against the prisoner. Mr. Howarth, one of Dr. Dodd's advocates, contended, that not any person ought to plead or answer to an indictment, if it appear on the face of that indictment, that the evidence upon which the bill was found was not legal or competent to have been adduced before the grand jury. Mr. Cowper, counsel on the same side, followed this idea, and hoped that Dr. Dodd might not be called on to plead to the bill of indictment, and that the bill might be quashed. Mr. Buller

likewise argued, as follows, on the same side:—

"My lords,

"It is the established law of this land, that no man shall be put upon his trial for any offence, unless there be a bill first properly found by a grand jury: I say *properly* found; for if there be any objection whatsoever to the finding of the indictment; and the most familiar that are to be found in our books, are those that go to the objection of the grand jury; for instance, where only one person of the grand jury has been incompetent, where only eleven of the jury have found the bill, that therefore it shall not be tried. I take it the objections go universally. I am aware that the objections I have been alluding to, and which are particularly stated in lord Hale, go to the grand jury only; but I will beg leave to consider, whether the reason that governs the one does not govern the other. Another case put by my lord Hale, is this: if one of the grand jury is outlawed, these objections go to the persons of the grand jury. I am aware that this is not the present objection; but I will beg leave, with your lordships' permission, to consider whether this does not fall within the same reason; for I cannot conceive that the law, which is so peculiarly watchful over the personal qualifications of the grand jury, should not be equally attentive to the evidence which is offered to their consideration. I take it to be as essential to the finding of the bill, that the evidence offered to the grand jury should be such as the law allows, as it is when the indictment afterwards comes to be tried before your lordships; and if that rule holds, I trust I shall have very little difficulty in convincing your lordships that this bill has been improperly found. My lords, the prosecutor has thought it so material to admit Mr. Robertson a witness in this cause, that though, in my humble apprehension, he stands in a more criminal light than the prisoner at the bar, yet they have thought fit to bargain with him, to let him off from a capital felony of the most dangerous sort to society—the most peculiarly so from his situation in life of any man that can be charged with such an offence. Mr. Robertson stands in this business as a sworn broker of the city of London: as such, it was his peculiar duty to preserve good faith between man and man: he is bargained with by the prosecutor, to be let off, in a case where he stands upon the appearance against him, now as the most criminal, for the purpose of procuring evidence against the prisoner at the bar. My lords, if that evidence be improper, there remains but one thing more to be inquired into; that is, whether your lordships can say, that that evidence has not had an improper effect, when it was admitted before the grand jury. It is not improbable, that the bill might be found wholly upon his evidence: if I have a right to assume that as a fact, because the prosecutor has thought it material, and absolutely necessary to produce him before the grand jury, why, then, your lordships sitting here, cannot say but this indictment may have been found upon his evidence only: if it be so, is Robertson a person whose evidence ought to have been received? If I am right in saying that the same evidence, and the same evidence only, is legal before a grand jury, which is legal upon a trial, I apprehend the case which was mentioned in lord Hale, folio 303, is decisive upon this point. My lords, there are more passages in that folio book. The first was the case mentioned of 'Henry Trew, indicted for a burglary, and (by the advice of Keeling, chief justice; Brown, justice; and Wilde, recorder;) Perrin was sworn a witness against Trew, as to the burglary,

which he confessed, but was not indicted for the other felony. Here he was admitted, because he confessed himself guilty.' The passage before that in lord Hale, seems to me still stronger: 'If two defendants be charged with a crime, one shall not be examined against the other, to convict him of an offence, unless the party examined confess himself guilty.' Now, has Robertson confessed himself guilty?—No, he has not; then there is an express authority, by lord Hale, that not having done it, he is no witness; he does not stand in that predicament which lord Hale states the man to be in there. He says, they were both charged with the crime; that is the case here: the prisoner and Robertson were both committed for the same crime; he stands now charged with that crime, and he has not pleaded guilty: therefore upon this authority, I take it to be clear, that he cannot be admitted a witness upon the trial; and if not, I must leave it to the ingenuity of the learned counsel to shew why a man, whom the law says shall not be a witness upon the trial, shall be admitted a witness to find the bill upon, against a man whom there is no other evidence to affect."

Mr. Mansfield and the other counsel employed for the prosecution, replied to these arguments with equal ingenuity and professional knowledge. It was now agreed on, that the trial should proceed; and the question respecting the competency of Robertson's evidence, be reserved for the opinion of the Twelve Judges. Hereupon Dr. Dodd was indicted for forging a bond, for the payment of 4200*l.* with intent to defraud, &c. and the facts already stated, were sworn to by the respective witnesses.

When the evidence was gone through, the court called upon the doctor for his defence, which was as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,

"Upon the evidence which has been this day produced against me, I find it very difficult to address your lordships: there is no man in the world who has a deeper sense of the heinous nature of the crime for which I stand indicted than myself. I view it, my Lords, in all its extent of malignancy towards a commercial state, like ours; but, my lords, I humbly apprehend, though no lawyer, that the moral turpitude and malignancy of the crime always, both in the eye of the law, and of religion, consists in the intention. I am informed, my lords, that the act of parliament on this head runs perpetually in this style, *with an intention to defraud.* Such an intention, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, I believe has not been attempted to be proved upon me, and the consequences that have happened, which have appeared before you, sufficiently prove that a perfect and ample restitution has been made. I leave it, my lords, to you, and the gentlemen of the jury, to consider, that if an unhappy man ever deviates from the law of right, yet, if in the single first moment of recollection, he does all that he can to make a full and perfect amends, what, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, can God and man desire further? My lords, there are a variety of little circumstances, too tedious to trouble you with, with respect to this matter. Were I to give a loose to my feelings, I have many things to say which I am sure you would feel with respect to me; but, my lords, as it appears on all hands, as it appears, gentlemen of the jury, in every view, that no injury, intentional or real, has been done to any man upon the face of the earth, I hope that, therefore, you will consider the case in its true state of clemency. I must observe to your lordships, that though I have met with all

candour in this court, yet I have been pursued with excessive cruelty; I have been prosecuted after the most express engagements, after the most solemn assurances, after the most delusive, soothing arguments of Mr. Manly; I have been prosecuted with a cruelty scarcely to be paralleled. A person, avowedly criminal in the same indictment with myself, has been brought forth as a capital witness against me; a fact, I believe, totally unexampled. My lords, oppressed as I am with infamy, loaded as I am with distress, sunk under this cruel prosecution, your lordships, and the gentlemen of the jury, cannot think life a matter of any value to me. No, my lords, I solemnly protest, that death, of all blessings would be the most pleasant to me after this pain. I have yet, my lords, ties which call upon me—ties which render me desirous even to continue this miserable existence. I have a wife, my lords, who, for twenty-seven years, has lived an unparalleled example of conjugal attachment and fidelity, and whose behaviour during this trying scene would draw tears of approbation, I am sure, even from the most inhuman. My lords, I have creditors, honest men, who will lose much by my death. I hope, for the sake of justice towards them, some mercy will be shewn to me. If, upon the whole, these considerations at all avail with you, my lords, and you gentlemen of the jury—if, upon the most impartial survey of matters, not the slightest intention of injury can appear to any one—and I solemnly declare it was in my power to replace it in three months—of this I assured Mr. Robertson frequently, and had his solemn assurances that no man should be privy to it but Mr. Fletcher and himself—and if no injury was done to any man upon earth, I then hope, I trust, I fully confide myself in the tenderness, humanity, and protection of my country."

The jury retired for about ten minutes, and then returned with a verdict, "that the prisoner was Guilty;" but at the same time presented a petition, humbly recommending the doctor to the royal mercy. On the first day of the sessions held at the Old Bailey, in May, Dr. Dodd, being put to the bar, was addressed by Mr. Justice Aston in the following terms:

"Dr. William Dodd,

"When you were brought up in last February sessions, to plead to an indictment found by the grand jury of Middlesex, for forgery, before you pleaded, or the trial was proceeded upon, a question was submitted to the court by you, with the advice of your counsel, which was reserved for the opinion of the judges; that is, whether you were bound to plead to, and ought to be tried, upon that indictment, as the name of Lewis Robertson, committed for the same forgery, appeared to be indorsed as a witness upon the bill of indictment, and that he had been taken before the grand jury, to be examined as a witness, by means of an order directed to the keeper of Newgate, which had been improperly obtained, on the 19th of February, and which was afterwards vacated by the court. The judges have met, and have fully considered the whole matter of this objection; and they are unanimously of opinion, that the necessity of some proper authority to carry a witness, who happened to be in custody, before the grand jury, to give evidence, regards the justification of the gaoler only: but that no objection lies upon that account in the mouth of the party indicted; for, in respect of him, the finding of the bill is right, and according to law. Whether a private prosecutor, by using an accomplice, in or out of custody, as a witness, gives such a witness a plea not to be prosecuted, or can entitle himself, the prosecutor, to have his recognizance

discharged, is a matter very fit for consideration, under all the circumstances of the particular case, when that question shall arise; but it is a matter in which the party indicted has no concern, nor can he make any legal objection to the producing such a person as a witness, for the accomplice is, against him, a legal and competent witness, and so was Lewis Robertson upon the bill of indictment preferred against you; the judges, therefore, are of opinion, that the proceedings upon that indictment against you were legally had, and that you were thereupon duly convicted according to law. Of this opinion, I thought it most proper thus early to apprize you, that you may be prepared for the consequence of it at the close of the sessions."

To this address Dr. Dodd replied in the following terms:

"My Lord,

"I humbly thank your lordship, and the rest of the learned judges, for the consideration you have been pleased to give to the objections made by my counsel, on that awful day of my trial; and I rest fully satisfied, my lord, in the justice of your lordship's opinion."

On the last day of the sessions, Dr. Dodd was again put to the bar, when the clerk of the arraigns said,—

"Dr. William Dodd,

"You stand convicted of forgery—what have you to say why this court should not give you judgment to die according to law?"

Hereupon Dr. Dodd addressed the court as follows:

"My Lord,

"I now stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered; and when I became a clergyman, I considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor, I hope, an useless minister: I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved—my pulpit became popular; and I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me, some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my lord, to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how much they must embitter my punishment! Being distinguished and elevated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself; and thinking my integrity, what others thought it, established in sincerity, and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptation seized and overwhelmed me! I committed the crime, which I entreat your lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation, who are now among the penitent in heaven! To an act now waiting the decision of vindictive justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity—in relieving such distresses as I now feel—in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence, than by declaring, what I hope will appear to many, and what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend finally to defraud: nor will it become me to apportion my own punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious, and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into

poverty and scorn: my name and my crime fill the ballads in the streets; the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked! It may seem strange, my lord, that, remembering what I have lately been, I should still wish to continue what I am! but contempt of death, how speciously soever it may mingle with heathen virtues, has nothing in it suitable to Christian penitence. Many motives impel me to beg earnestly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous to recompence the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion; and to efface the scandal of my crime, by the example of my repentance: but, above all, I wish to die with thoughts more composed, and calmer preparation. The gloom and confusion of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, the horrors of suspense, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave not the mind in a due disposition for the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little life be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, prepare myself to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that judge, who shall distribute to all according to their works—who will receive and pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy! For these reasons, my lords, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live; and most humbly implore, that I may be recommended by your lordship to the clemency of his majesty."

The Recorder now replied,—

"Dr. William Dodd,

"You have been convicted of the offence of publishing a forged and counterfeit bond, knowing it to be forged and counterfeited; and you have had the advantage which the laws of this country afford to every man in that situation, a fair, an impartial, and an attentive trial. The jury, to whose justice you appealed, have found you guilty; their verdict has undergone the consideration of the learned judges, and they found no ground to impeach the justice of that verdict; you yourself have admitted the justice of it; and now the very painful duty that the necessity of the law imposes upon the court, to pronounce the sentence of that law against you, remains only to be performed. You appear to entertain a very proper sense of the enormity of the offence which you have committed; you appear too in a state of contrition of mind, and I doubt not have duly reflected how far the dangerous tendency of the offence you have been guilty of, is increased by the influence of example, in being committed by a person of your character, and of the sacred function of which you are a member. These sentiments seem to be yours: I would wish to cultivate such sentiments; but I would not wish to add to the anguish of a person in your situation, by dwelling upon it. Your application for mercy must be made elsewhere: it would be cruel in the court to flatter you; there is a power of dispensing mercy, where you may apply. Your own good sense, and the contrition you express, will induce you to lessen the influence of the example, by publishing your hearty and sincere detestation of the offence of which you are convicted; and that you will not attempt to palliate or extenuate, which would indeed add to the degree of the influence of a crime of this kind, being committed by a person of your character and known abilities; I would therefore warn you against any thing of that kind. Now, having said this, I am obliged to pronounce the sentence of the law, which is—That you, Dr. Wm. Dodd, be carried from hence to the place from whence you came; that from thence you are to be carried to the place of

execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

To this Dr. Dodd replied, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!"

The exertions now made to save Dr. Dodd were perhaps beyond all example in any country. The newspapers were filled with letters and paragraphs in his favour. Individuals of all ranks and degrees exerted themselves in his behalf; parish officers went, in mourning, from house to house, to procure subscriptions to a petition to the king; and this petition, which, with the names, filled twenty-three sheets of parchment, was actually presented. Even the lord mayor and common-council went in a body to St. James's, to solicit mercy for the convict. As clemency, however, had been denied to the unfortunate Perreaus, it was deemed unadvisable to extend it to Dr. Dodd.*

This unhappy clergyman was attended to the place of execution, in a mourning coach, by the Rev. Mr. Villette, ordinary of Newgate, and the Rev. Mr. Dobey.—Another criminal, named John Harris, was executed at the same time. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds of people that thronged the streets from Newgate to Tyburn.—When the prisoners arrived at the fatal tree, and were placed in the cart, Dr. Dodd exhorted his fellow-sufferer in so generous a manner, as testified that he had not forgot the duty of a clergyman, and was very fervent in the exercise of his own devotions. Just before the parties were turned off, the doctor whispered the executioner. What he said is not ascertained; but it was observed that the man had no sooner driven away the cart, than he ran immediately under the gibbet, and took hold of the doctor's legs, as if to steady the body, and the unhappy man appeared to die without pain; but the groans, prayers, and tears of thousands attended his departure.—He suffered on the 27th of June, 1777.

ON MR. JOHN MOLE,

Who died at Worcester.

BENEATH this cold stone lies a son of the Earth;
His story is short, though we date from his birth;
His mind was as gross as his body was big;
He drank like a fish; and he ate like a pig.
No cares of religion, of wedlock, or state,
Did e'er, for a moment, incumber John's pate;
He sat or he walk'd, but his walk was but creeping,
And he rose from his bed—when quite tir'd of sleeping.
Without foe, without friend, unnotic'd he died,
Not a single soul laugh'd, not a single soul cried.
Like his *four-footed* namesake, he dearly lov'd earth,
So the sexton has cover'd his body with turf.

On a Litigious Man,

HERE lies a man who in his life
With every man had law and strife,
But now he's dead and lay'd in grave,
His bones no quiet rest can have,
For lay your care unto this stone,
And you shall heare how every bone
Doth knock and beat against each other,
Pray for his soul's health gentle brother.

EPITAPH.

On Master Burbridge, the Tragedian.

EXIT Burbridge.

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* It was observed to his Majesty, that if Doctor Dodd was pardoned, the Perreaus were *murdered*. Since the execution of Dr. Dodd, several convicted of forgery have been pardoned; therefore, according to this sophistical mode of reasoning, Dr. Dodd, the Perreaus, and all who have suffered before, have been *murdered*. How often, in a gang of convicted mutineers, are several, at the moment of expected punishment, forgiven, and only two or three examples made! Are those examples *murdered?*—Mercy is a royal prerogative, and justice should withdraw, when she is pleased to smile.

Biographical Sketch of Mantaccini, the famous Charlatan of Paris.

A YOUNG man of good family having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind, he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favored by fortune. He soon perceived, that *charlatanism* was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favors with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic, was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the town under the name, style, and title of "The celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch, or a single look." This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion, and modestly announced himself at Lyons, as the "celebrated doctor Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared, that in fifteen days, he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour, and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *Baume de Vie.* His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, he had scarcely time to eat and drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to shew signs of uneasiness.—"You know nothing of mankind," said the doctor to him, "be quiet," Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen.

"The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself."

In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city; as in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy;—in short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said: "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution, the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to

go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault, we were not eye-witnesses of your power."

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a downright *charlatan* in love, assisted in reducing him to want; but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

In St. Anthony's Church, London.

ON THOMAS KNOLLES, AND HIS WIFE.

THOMAS Knolles lieth under this stone,
And his wife Isabell: flesh and bone,
They were together nineteen year,
And ten children they had in fear.
His fader and he to this church,
Many good deeds they did worch.
Example by him may ye see,
That this world is but vanity;
For whither he be small or great,
All shall turn to worms'-meat;
This said Thomas was lay'd on beere,
The eighth day the month Fevrer,
The date of Jesu Christ truly,
Anno MCCCC. five and forty.
We may not pray; heartily pray ye,
For our souls, *Pater-noster* and *Ave.*
The swarer of our pains lissed to be,
Grant us thy holy trinity. Amen.

ON THE SON OF THE ABOVE.

HERE lieth graven under this stone,
Thomas Knolles, both flesh and bone.
Grocer and alderman years fortye,
Sheriff, and twice maior trulye.
And for that he should not lye alone,
Hear's with him his good wife Joane.
They were together sixty year,
And nineteen children they had in fear.

On a Man eating rotten Cheese.

JACK eating rotten cheese did say,
Like Sampson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

An Account of the Origin and Progress of making Paper.

The Ancients had no paper, but wrote on the leaves of palm trees, from which word leaf, our word folio, and the leaves of books is derived. They next wrote on the skins which they found between the bark and wood of some trees, particularly that sort which slips off the easiest; viz. the elder, the plane, the ash, and the elm: these skins, or films, being curiously taken off, were joined together, and were made books; and because film in Latin, is called liber, the same name is given to a book; from whence came our word library. In process of time, the method was found out of writing on parchment, made of sheep skins; the invention of which, is assigned to the people of Perganues, a city in Asia, on the banks of the river Caicus, whereof Eumenes was king, and from that city, it was called pergamenum, which we have corrupted into parchment. After this, there was a sort of paper made of the rind of a plant, called Papyrus, growing in the marshes about the river Nile, in Egypt. These rushes bear small leaves betwixt the outward rind and the pith, which being neatly opened, with the point of a needle, and then prepared with fine flour and other ingredients, served to write on; from this rush called papyrus, our word paper is derived. The Egyptians, also called this plant phylyra and biblos, from whence, the Greeks gave the name biblos, to a book, and from that our word bible, or the book. The word volume, came from vellum, on which books was fomerly wrote. The art of making paper of rags, is supposed to have been discovered about the twelfth century. The first paper mill in England, was built on the river Davent, in Kent, by Sir John Spilman, to whom King Charles the first, granted a patent, with 200*l.* a year to encourage the manufactory.

The Ghost of a Scrag of Mutton.

IN the days that that are past, by the banks of a stream,
Whose waters but softly were flowing,
With ivy o'ergrown, an old mansion-house stood,
That was built on the skirt of a chilling damp wood,
Where the yew-tree and cypress were growing.

The villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,
When they rested at eve from their labors;
And the traveller many a furlong went round,
If his ears once admitted the terrific sound
Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

They said, that the house on the skirts of the wood
By a saucer-eyed *ghost* was infested,
Which fill'd ev'ry heart with confusion and fright,
By assuming strange shapes in the dead of the night—
Shapes monstrous, and foul, and detested.

And *truly*, they said—and the master well knew
That the ghost was the greatest of evils;
For no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd 'one,'
Than the frolicsome imp in a fury began
To caper like ten thousand devils.

He appear'd in all forms the most strange and uncouth;
Sure never was goblin so daring!
He utter'd loud shrieks and most horrible cries,
Cursed his body and bones, and his *sweet little eyes*,
'Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

Just at this nick o' time, as the master's sad heart
With anguish and sorrow was swelling,
He heard that a scholar, with science complete,
Full of mystical lore as an *egg* is with meat,
Had taken at Cambridge a dwelling.

The scholar was versed in all magical arts,
Most famous was he throughout college,
To the Red Sea full many an unquiet ghost,
To repose with King Pharoah and his mighty host,
He had sent, through his powerful knowledge.

To this scholar so learned the master he went,
And, as lowly he bent with submission,
Told the freaks of the ghost, and the horrible frights,
That prevented his houshold from resting o' nights,
And offer'd this humble petition:

"That he, the said scholar, in wisdom so *wise*,
"Would the mischievous fiend lay in fetters;
"And send him, in torments for ever to dwell,
"To the nethermost pit, of the nethermost hell,
"For destroying the sleep of his betters."

The scholar, so versed in all mystical lore,
Told the master, his pray'r should be granted;—
Then order'd his horse to be saddled with speed,
And perch'd on the back of his cream-color'd steed,
Trotted off to the house that was haunted.

He enter'd the doors at the fall o' the night,
The trees of the forest 'gan shiver;
The hoarse raven croak'd, and blue burnt the light,
The owl loudly shriek'd, and, pale with affright,
The servants like aspins did quiver.

"Bring some turnips and milk!" the scholar he cried,
In a voice like the echoing thunder—
They brought him some turnips, and suet beside,
Some milk and a spoon; and his motions they eyed,
Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips, and peel'd off the skin,
Put them into a pot that was boiling;
Spread a table and cloth, made ready to sup,
Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up,
In a hurry, for they were a spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk;
The hail at the casement 'gan clatter;
Yet the scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
But, raising his eyes, and turning about,
Ask'd the maid for a small wooden platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk;
The storm came on thicker and faster:
The lightnings blue flashed, and with terrific din
The wind at each crevice and cranney came in,
Tearing up by the roots lath and plaister.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk;
The mess would have ravish'd a glutton:
When, lo! his sharp bones hardly cover'd with skin,
The Ghost, from a nook o'er the window peep'd in,
In the form of a BOIL'D SCRAG OF MUTTON!

"Ho! ho!" said the ghost' "what art doing below?"
The scholar look'd up in a twinkling—
"The times are too bad to afford any meat,
"So, to render my turnips more pleasant to eat,
"A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling."

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he seized,
And soused it at once in the platter;
Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,
And before the poor ghost could tell what he was at,
He was gone!—like a mouse down the throat of a cat,
And this is the whole of the matter.

Female Depravity in London.

AT Paris and Berlin, (to which an untravelled Englishman with secret satisfaction refers for frightful contrasts to the morals and purity of his own country) the women of the town confine themselves to certain public places, so that those who wish for them know were to find them, and those who wish to avoid them know how to prevent the contact; but in London they are scattered every where. You cannot walk any of the streets at night but they address you, and frequently with no small violence of attachment. In these streets their very *walks* are allotted, by a sort of general agreement, and certain penalties are incurred if trespassed upon. The miserable wretch who is obliged by disease to retire for a time, actually lets her *walk* during the period to some sister in iniquity, whose *walk* is confined to a street less productive, because less favourable to the purposes of prostitution.

The theatres are not a little indebted to these unfortunate girls for a great portion of their audiences. The players and the prostitutes pretty nearly divide the attention of the frequenters of the upper boxes. It is eminently ridiculous to hear the canting of the English about the superiority of their moral character; and at the same time to attend a party of modest females to the play, where they are destined to encounter the most disgusting scenes of indecency, in reaching and returning from their box; and when there, they cannot raise their eyes towards the opposite side without witnessing the vilest of their sex, in semi-nakedness, in dalliance with grey-headed dotards, or beardless libertines. What a melancholy and afflicting subject for reflection is it to think of the fate of hundreds and thousands of these abandoned women, who, arrayed in all the sumptuousness and gaiety of meretricious attraction, have often met and engaged the eye in these public places of amusement! But a few years since, many of them were elegant in their persons, tasteful in their dress, and, painful to think upon, unpolluted in their minds! Now what is become of them? Some, pinched by penury, have incurred the vengeance of the law, and writhed under the lash of the executioner, languished in goals, or been banished to a distant region; whilst others, devoured by the most loathsome of diseases, or victims of slow consuming declines, have descended, unwept and unlamented, to their graves.

When it is considered how great is the number of bachelors, and of very

young men under the dominion of raging passions; of strangers resorting to the metropolis, seamen and labourers, and the general profligacy of vulgar life, the tables of female prostitution with which an ingenious, able, and humane magistrate, Mr. Colquhoun, has furnished the public, will cease to surprise. His estimate is as follows:

Prostitutes of the class of well-educated women -	2,000
——— of the class of persons above the rank of menial servants - - -	3,000
——— of the class who may have been employed as menial servants, or seduced in very early life, in all parts of the town, about	20,000
——— of those in different ranks of society, who live partly by prostitution, including the multitudes of low females who cohabit with labourers, and others, without matrimony, in the metropolis, about - -	25,000
	50,000

This calculation, of course, must not be considered as perfectly accurate; though I fear it is as likely to be under as over rated. The amount is alarmingly great, inasmuch as it ascertains the prodigious extent of almost avowed prostitution; and yet, at the same time, it is in favour of the general female chastity of the country.

Journal of a Wiltshire Curate.

MONDAY.

RECEIVED ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half-year's salary. Obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted, was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles.—Item, The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

TUESDAY.

Paid nine pounds to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches, offered to me as a great bargain, by Cabbage the taylor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church in.

WEDNESDAY.

My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for two daughters; but unluckily in coming home dropped half a guinea through a hole, which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown.—Item, Chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely on the goodness of God.

THURSDAY.

Received a note from the ale-house at the top of the hill, informing me, that a gentleman wished to speak to me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven-pence halfpenny; in a struggle what to do—the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, in order to avoid giving credit in future; and George Greasy the butcher, sent us word, that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town: mortifying reflections these. But a want of humanity is, in my opinion, a want of justice: the Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress,

and we consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence—paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

FRIDAY.

A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that by avoiding to eat I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling: the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears.—Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like her's, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable in its indiscretion, and in each elapse from the severity of œconomy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

SATURDAY.

Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively weary and hungry—and only twopence halfpenny in the house—but see the goodness of God: The strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declared himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

On a Person with a most voracious Appetite.

OTHO, entomb'd within this glebe so hallow'd,
Had in his life-time many acres swallow'd
But in return to this voracious limb,
The earth in justice now has swallow'd him.

Chronological Account of the principal Events in the Life of Buonaparte.

1769.
Aug. 15. BORN at Ajaccio, in Corsica
1779.
Mar. —. Placed at the military school at Brienne
1793. An officer of artillery at the siege of Toulon, and appointed general of brigade
1794.
Oct. 4. Commands the conventional troops, and defeats the Parisians
1796. Appointed to the command of the army of Italy
May 10. Battle of Lodi
Aug. 3. Battle of Castiglione
Nov. 16. Battle of Arcola
1797.
Feb. 2. Surrender of Mantua
Mar. 23. Trieste surrenders
April 18. Preliminaries with Austria, signed at Leoben
May 16. French take possession of Venice
Oct. 17. Treaty of Campo Formio with Austria
1798.
May 20. Buonaparte sails for Egypt
July 21. Battle of Embabe, or of the Pyramids
Oct. 24. Insurrection at Cairo
1799.
May 21. Siege of Acre raised
Aug. 23. Sails from Egypt for France
Oct. 7. Lands at Frejus
Nov. 9. Dissolves the conventional government
—— 10. Declared first consul
1800.
Feb. 15. Peace with the Chouans
May 15. Buonaparte crosses Mount St. Bernard
June 16. Battle of Marengo
July 28. Preliminaries with Austria, signed at Paris
Dec. 3. Battle of Hohenlinden
—— 24. Explosion of the infernal machine

1801.
Feb. 9. Treaty of Luneville with Austria
Aug. 16. Nelson attacks the Boulogne flotilla
Oct. 8. Preliminaries with England
1802.
Jan. 26. The Cisalpine repub. placed under Buonaparte
Mar. 27. Definitive treaty with Eng.
May 15. Legion of honour instituted
Aug. 2. Declared consul for life
—— 28. Swiss form of government changed by the interference of the French
1803.
May 18. English declaration of war
June 5. Hanover conquered
1804.
Feb. — Moreau arrested
Mar. 20. Duc d'Enghien shot
April 8. Pichegru dies in prison
May 18. Buonaparte made emperor
Nov. 19. Crowned by the Pope
1805.
Feb. — Writes a pacific letter to the king of England
April 11. Treaty of Petersburgh, between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden
May 26. Buonaparte declared king of Italy
Sept. 24. Buonaparte heads his army against Austria
Oct. 20. Mack's army surrenders at Ulm
Nov. 13. French enter Vienna
Dec. 2. Battle of Austerlitz
—— 15. Treaty of Vienna with Prussia
—— 26. Treaty of Presburg with Austria
1806.
Mar. 30. Joseph Buonaparte declared king of Naples
June 5. Louis Buonaparte declared king of Holland
July 26. Convocation of the Jews
—— 27. Confederation of the Rhine published
Sept. 24. Buonaparte marches against Prussia
Oct. 14. Battle of Auerstadt or Jena
—— 27. Buonaparte enters Berlin
Nov. 19. Hamburgh taken
—— Berlin decree
1807.
Feb. 8. Battle of Eylau
June 14. Battle of Friedland
July 7. Treaty of Tilsit
1808.
July 7. Joseph Buonaparte declared king of Spain
—— 20. Surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen
—— 29. Joseph Buonaparte evacuates Madrid
Aug. 21. Battle of Vimeira
Sept. 27. Conferences at Erfurth
Nov. 5. Buonap. arrives at Vittoria
Dec. 4. Surrender of Madrid
1809.
Jan. 16. Battle of Corunna
—— 22. Buonaparte returns to Paris
April 6. War declared by Austria
—— 13. Buonaparte heads his army against Austria
May 10. French enter Vienna
—— 22. Battle of Esling or Asperne
July 6. Battle of Wagram
Aug. 15. Flushing taken by the English
Oct. 14. Treaty of Vienna
Dec. 13. Lucien Buonaparte arrives in England
—— 16. Buonaparte's marriage with Josephine dissolved
—— 23. Walcheren evacuated by the English
1810.
Mar. 11. Buonaparte marries Maria Louisa, dau. of Francis II.
July 9. Holland & the Hanse Towns annexed to France
Aug. 21. Bernadotte elected crown prince of Sweden
Dec. — Decree for restraining the liberty of the press
1811.
Jan. 1. Hamburgh annexed to the empire
Apr. 20. The empress delivered of a son, who is styled king of Rome

Sept. 2. Buonaparte present at an engagement between the Boulogne flotilla and an English cruiser

1812.

Jan. 22. Swedish Pomerania seized by Buonaparte
May 9. He heads the army against Russia
June 11. Arrives at Konigsberg
—— 28. Enters Wilna
Aug. 18. Smolensko taken
Sept. 7. Battle of Moskwa
—— 14. French enter Moscow
Oct. 22. Evacuate it again
Nov. 9. Buonaparte at Smolensko
Dec. 5. Quits the army
—— 18. Arrives at Paris

1813.

April — Takes the command of the army on the Elbe
May 1. Battle of Lutzen
—— 20. Battle of Bautzen
June 4. Armstice agreed on
—— 21. Battle of Vittoria
Aug. 17. Hostilities recommence
—— 28. Battle of Dresden— Moreau killed
Sept. 7. English enter France
—— 28. Buonap. evacuates Dresden
Oct. 18. Battle of Leipsic
Nov. 15. Revolution in Holland
Dec. 1. Declaration of the allies at Frankfort
—— 8. English army cross the Nive

1814.

Jan. 4. Allies cross the Rhine
Mar. 30. Battle of Montmartre
—— 31. Allies enter Paris
April 11. Buonaparte abdicates the throne
May 8. Arrives at Elba

1815.

March 1. Sails from Elba to France
—— 20. Arrives at Paris, and reassumes the throne
—— 25. Is declared an outlaw by the sovereigns of Europe, then assembled at Vienna
April — Calls a new house of peers, and chamber of representatives of the people
—— Calls a Champ de Mai
June 16. Defeats the Prussians
—— 18. Loses his army in a great battle against the English and Prussians
—— 21. Abdicates the throne a second time
July 22. Surrenders himself to an English ship of war off Rochefort
—— Arrives at Torbay
Aug. 11. Sails from England in the Northumberland for St. Helena.

The Lottery of Life.

THE following story is by Barclay in his "Icon Animcorum." Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty four prisoners one of whom was an Englishman, (named George Haslewood.) He ordered eight of these to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert, upon the same number of Hollanders.

The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest symptoms of horror when it came to his turn to put his hand in the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accordingly accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape the second time; upon being called a fool for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, "he thought he acted very prudently; for as he daily hazarded his life for sixpence, he might have made a good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns."

On a Puritanical Lock-smith.

A ZEALOUS lock-smith dy'd of late,
And arriv'd at heaven's gate,
He stood without and would not knocke,
Because he meant to picke the locke.

Tom Paine.

THE close of the life of this extraordinary infidel is thus given in an American publication of authenticity; his last moments cannot be better described, than by quoting a passage from a letter written by Dr. Manley, who attended Paine during his last illness.—About eleven months previous to his death, excepting the last six weeks, he was drunk twice a day. The doctor thus states—

"During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular: he would not be left alone night or day. He not only required to have somebody with him, but he must see that he or she was there; and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if as sometimes would unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and hollow, until some person came to him.—When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplating, his eyes being generally closed, and his arms folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne.—There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period (which comprises two weeks immediately preceding his death) particularly when we recollect that Paine was the author of 'The Age of Reason."—He would call out, during his paroxysms of distress, with intermission, 'O Lord help me! God help me! Jesus Christ help me! O Lord help me,' &c. repeating the same expression, without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct that induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions; and I was more inclined to that belief, when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious, and I believe a pious woman) that he would occasionally inquire when he saw her with a book, what she was reading; and being answered, 'Hobart's Companion to the Altar,' used at the same time to ask, whether she should read aloud, he assented; and would often appear to give particular attention. I took occasion during the night of the 5th or 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinion respecting the Revelation.—I purposely made him a very late visit It was a time which seemed to sort exactly with my errand—it was midnight—he was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words before-mentioned, when after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner: "Mr. Paine, your opinions by a large portion of the community have been treated with deference; you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of course—you have never indulged in the habit of profane swearing; you must be sensible we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world: what must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that he can help you? Do you believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ? Come now, answer me honestly—I want an answer from the lips of a dying man; for I verily believe you will not live twenty-four hours." I waited some time at the end of every question: he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner Again I addressed him, "Mr. Paine you have not answered my questions: will you answer them? Allow me to ask you again—Do you believe, or, let me quanfy the question; do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God?" After a pause of some minutes, he answered, "I have no wish to believe on that subject." I then left him, and I know not whether he spoke to any person on any subject; though lived; as I before observed, till the morning of the 8th."

WOMAN!

WHO, in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
As friend, companion, and as wife?
'Tis Woman!

Who by a thousand tender wiles,
By fond endearments and by smiles,
Our bosom of its grief beguiles?
'Tis woman!

From whom do all our pleasures flow;
Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,
And makes the heart with transport glow?
'Tis woman!

Who, of a nature more refin'd,
Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,
And make him gentle, mild and kind?
'Tis woman!

Who binds us all to one another,
By silken bands, of father, mother,
Of husband, children, sister, brother?
'Tis woman!

When hours of absence past we meet,
Say, who enraptur'd runs to greet
Our glad return, with kisses sweet?
'Tis woman!

Who, by a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simple glancing of her eye,
Can fill the soul with ecstacy?

'Tis woman!
Eden she lost, ensnared to vice,
But well has she repaid its price,
For earth is made a paradise
By woman!

Bid me with mandate stern prepare,
To cope with famine, death, despair,
All, all, undaunted I would bear
For woman!

Place me upon some desart shore,
Round which the angry tempests roar,
My constant soul should still adore,
Dear woman!

Guide me to mountains white with snow,
Where chilling winds for ever blow,
E'en there contented I would go
With woman!

Deep, deep, within the mountain's side,
I'd dig a cavern for my bride,
And there my treasure I would hide,
My own dear woman!

On Mr. John Day.

HERE lies the body of *John Day;*
What *young John?* no, no. *Old John?* Aye.

A new Punishment for Bigamy.

AN am'rous Scot intent on pleasure, strove
To multiply the joys of wedded love,
And that so wise a man might have an heir,
Instead of one young wife—he took a pair.
Two noble virgins grac'd his worthless arms,
And lavished on a perjur'd wretch their charms.
The trick discovered—hostile nobles throng
T' obtain redress for each sad consort's wrong:
'Our peccadillos, when compar'd with this
Dire outrage,' they exclaim'd, 'are not amiss;
Gaming, seduction, nay adultery seem
Mere bubbles on gay fashion's eddying stream,
Compar'd with such enormous vice—this crime
Might be excusable in Asia's clime,
But must be punished here; what sentence say
Should be denounc'd on those who thus betray?'
Let the delinquent be condemn'd to dwell
With both his wives—they'll make his home a hell;
Daily reproaches, nightly brawls shall prove
His torment who abus'd a woman's love.
Pass such a law—and England shall be free
From future instances of bigamy.

A Dream.

I DREAM'D, that, buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay,
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence I cry'd:
Scoundrel, begone; and henceforth touch me not;
More manners learn, and at a distance rot,
How! scoundrel! in a haughtier tone, said he;
Proud lump of dirt! I scorn thy words, and thee;
Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine.

Upon John Death.

HERE lies John Death, the very same,
That went away with a cousin of his name.

Cooks and Curates.

A HUNDRED a year to a man cook to give,
With a plentiful table few nobles forbear;
Oft a curate gets *thirty*, and yet I believe,
If he din'd with Duke Humphrey few rectors would care.

Cheap Travelling.

JOHN KILBURN, a person well known on the turf as a list-seller, &c. being at a town in Bedfordshire, and according to a turf phrase, quite broke down: it was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, near which place he was born, and to arrive there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—he applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words, 'Richmond Gaol,' which, with the chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoping they would not let him lay till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol accosted the keeper with—"Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well; it is Kilburn: I have known him many years." "We suppose he has broken out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark. Is not he a prisoner?" "A prisoner!—I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, Sir. They have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not give them any further trouble. I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it. I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles.

The Crooked Lady.

A VERY crooked lady
Did shew Mr. Grady,
Her hall, of a very great height;
"But, madam," says he,
"Though very high it be,
You never can stand in't *upright*."

Singular Notice which appeared in the Daily Advertiser, after a Gentleman's House, in Stanhope-Street, had been broke open.

"MR. R——, of Stanhope-Street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honor of eating a couple of roasted chicken, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house, on Monday night.

"*In their haste* they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table spoons and the light guineas which were in an old red Morocco pocket book, they are also *heartily welcome;* but in the said pocket book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them.

"For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser."

"W. R."

A few nights after, a packet, with the following letter inclosed, was dropped into the area of his house.

"Sir,—You are quite a gemman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we never should have cribbed your papers; they be all marched back again with the red book.

"Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup*, in Duke's Place, two hours before day light. The old family watch cases were at the same time made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts new christened*, are on their voyage to Holland.

"If they had not been *transported*,

you should have them again, for you are quite the gentman; but you know, as they have been christened, and got a new name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And so sir we have nothing more to say, but that we are much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and visit you by night or by day, and are your humble sarvants to command."

On Pluralities.

WITH three livings loaded some parsons we view,
That others get none we allow;
An old fashion'd proverb though homely is true,
Men are willing to "grease the fat sow."

Melancholy Fact.

SULLIVAN was an unfortunate Irishman, hurried by impetuosity and resentment, into a bold and unwarrantable enterprize. He did not, like his American namesake, help to convert successful rebellion into a glorious revolution, but fell an ignominious victim to the passions, those arbitrary tyrants, which so few of us are able to resist.

Having formed an attachment to an amiable young woman, of polished and engaging manners, he was admitted as her lover; but, from some trifling disagreement, in which his constitutional ardor somewhat overleaped the bounds of discretion and decorum, his visits had, for a short time, been forbidden. Stung with keen desire, and wearied by tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's house at the dead of night, seized her in his arms, and in spite of outcries, tears, and resistance, conveyed her to a lonely sequestered spot in the county of Limerick.

After securing the avenues of his retreat, which was an ancient castle, and considering himself as safe from the danger of immediate pursuit, he conducted the trembling fair one into a retired chamber, and addressed her in the following words:

"You have tortured me so long on the tenterhooks of suspense, and in the agonies of delayed hope, that it is not possible to flatter myself with enjoying the least share of your affections;—but it is now too late to struggle against an infatuation which has wound itself round the fibres of my heart; it shall not," (continued Sullivan, his eyes flashing at once with vengeance and fierce desire) "it shall not remain for an insulting rival, to riot on those beauties, which, to contemplate, has been, for many a day, the only solace of my life."

Deaf to her most earnest entreaties, inattentive to remonstrances and tears, he grasped her in his arms, with the rude energy of savage appetite, and was as happy as the struggles of reluctant beauty, and raptures, not mutual, could make him.

So flagrant a violation of the laws, alarmed the country; and a detachment of soldiers, headed by the sheriff, in a few days rescued the lady, and conducted Sullivan to prison. He was tried and convicted; but, before sentence of death was passed, the court permitted him to put the following question: "Madam! matters have been carried against me with a high hand, and they are now come to an extremity which it is only in your power to palliate; if you will marry me, the court will perhaps consider my case in another light, and save my life?" "If I loved you," (instantly replied the violated and indignant female, erect, with just pride and resentment) "if I loved you to distraction, I would not stir a step to save your life; though the punishment you are about to undergo will not restore my blasted honour, it may hereafter protect innocence from violence and villainy."

This impetuous and misguided pupil of impulse, soon after suffered an ignominious death.

Less to Carry and less to Count

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S boy went lately into a baker's shop in the Strand for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, he remarked to the baker, that he did not believe it was weight "Never mind that," replied the man of dough; "you will have *less to carry*" "True" rejoined the lad, and throwing three-halfpence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him, that he had not paid money enough "Never mind that," halloed young sooty, "you will have *less to count.*"

The Progress of Life.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.—At first the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side:
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing!

Upon one Blind and Deaf.

HERE lies Dicky Freeman,
That could not heare nor see man.

Rustic Rhymist.

OUR learned poet, Ben Jonson, passing one day along Fleet-street, near the then Devil Tavern, observing the eyes of a country bumpkin stedfastly fixed on the window of a grocer's, gently tapped him on the shoulder, and inquired what so particularly had attracted his attention? "Why, master," replied Ralph, "I be admiring that nice poetry over the shop." "How can you make that rhyme?" replied Ben:—"the words are,—*Coffee and Tea to be sold.*" "Thus," answered the rustic:—

"Coffee and Tea
"To be S--o--l--d."

The poet was so well pleased with the thought, that he took Ralph immediately into his service, in which he continued until Jonson's death.

Occasioned by a Report, that her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough had offered a reward of £500 to the Poet who should best exert his genius in honor of the late Duke her husband.

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon,
To put a poet's muse in tune,
That nothing may escape her;
Shou'd she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious *Churchill's* glory,
It scarce wou'd buy the paper.

Anecdote.

A MERCHANT well-known at the Royal Exchange, who lately died suddenly, left in his bureau an epistle written to one of his correspondents, which he had not sealed. His *sagacious* clerk (a Paddy) seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom

'*Since writing the above, I have died.*'

On Richard Button, Esq who was interr'd in a Church near Salisbury.

OH Sun! Moon! Stars, and ye celestial Poles!
Are *Graves* then dwindled into *Button-holes.*

Printers and Compositors.

CURIOUS mistakes are sometimes produced in print, among which the following are recorded by Mr. Malone.

The reader need not be told that *whist* was the ancient interjection for silence; from which the name of a favourite game, or rather *a science* at cards, is supposed to be derived, as requiring mute attention.

In this sense it is used by an old translator of the Æneid of Virgil, at the beginning of the second book. *Conticuere omnes* are the words of the Roman poet, which are thus *done* into English:—"They whisted all;" but the compositor, either a humourist or too fond of ale, by adding a letter, has given the passage a laughable turn, "They *whistled all!*"

To many laughable errors of the press the following may be added. The *Potatoes* of Europe have been called on to resist the ambitious views of France; and the *Dog* of Venice once gave audience to an English Ambassador. A British senator has asked leave to bring in a *Bull*, and the House of Commons has proceeded to the order of the *Dey*; an Irish officer received a *Confusion* in his head; and an advertisement in a newspaper, once announced an effectual cure for *Raptures*. *Rice* has been made an ingredient in a cure for the plague, instead of Rue; and a professional man rendered ridiculous, by publishing a *Syllabub* of his lectures.

Dr. Roger Long.

THIS celebrated astrologer walking one dark evening with a gentleman, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which, in the earnestness of conversation, he took to be a boy standing in his way, said hastily, "Get out of the way, boy!"—"That boy, Sir," replied the doctor, very calmly, "is a *post boy*, who never turns out of his way for any body!"

To a Friend on the choice of a Wife.

I WOULD not have thee, Strephon, chuse
a mate
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region shares
The least disquiet, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for
thine:
Her education liberal, not great,
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit, but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry;
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But, chiefly, let her humour close with
thine,
Unless where your's does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of
joys.
Her person amiable, straight, and free
From natural, or chance deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine,
For women past their vigour soon decline.
Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right
If thine's enough, then her's may be the less;
Do not aspire to riches in excess;
For that which makes our lives delightful
prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency, and love.

Full Measure.

A QUAKER, on alighting from the Bristol "leathern convenience," immediately on his entering the inn, called for some porter, and observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord: "Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month? "Ten, sir," replied Boniface; "and wouldst like to draw *eleven* if thou couldst?" rejoined Ebenezer. "Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord. "Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the quaker "*Fill thy measures.*"

On Nothing.

ON *nothing* must I, Rosa, write,
And no one charm of yours indite?
The muse is most unruly—
A theme more easy she would woo,
More soft, more beautiful than you,
And that is *nothing* truly!

The Rabbis and Mythology on Sneezing.

THE age, Anno 750, is reckoned the æra of the custom of saying, God bless you, to one who happens to sneeze. It is said that in the time of the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great, the air was filled with such a deleterious influence, that they who sneezed immediately expired. On this the devout pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for adverting them from the fatal effects of this malignancy. A fable contrived against all the rules of probability, it being certain that this custom has from time immemorial subsisted in all parts of the known world. According to mythology, the first sign of life Prometheus's artificial man gave, was by sternuation, This supposed creator, is said to have stolen a portion of the solar rays; and filling with them a phial, which he made on purpose, sealed it up hermetically. He instantly flies back to his favourite automaton, and opening the phial held it close to the statue; the rays still retaining all their activity, insinuate themselves through the pores, and set the factitious man a sneezing. Prometheus, transported with the success of his machine, offers up a fervent prayer, with wishes for the preservation of so singular a being. His automaton observed him, and remembering his ejaculations, was very careful, on the like occasions, to offer these wishes in behalf of his descendants, who perpetuated it from father to son in all their colonies.

The rabbis, speaking of this custom, do likewise give it a very ancient date. They say, that not long after the creation, God made a general decree, that every man living should sneeze but once, and that at the very instant of his sneezing, his soul should depart, without any previous indisposition. Jacob by no means liked so precipitate a way of leaving the world, as being desirous of settling his family affairs, and those of his conscience; he prostrated himself before the Lord, wrestled a second time with him, and earnestly entreated the favour of being excepted from the decree. His prayer was heard, and he sneezed without dying. All the princes of the universe being acquainted with the fact, unanimously ordered that, for the future, sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgivings for the perservation, and wishes for the prolongation of life. We perceive, even in these fictions, the vestiges of tradition and history, which places the epocha of this civility, long before that of christianity. It was accounted very ancient even in the time of Aristotle, who in his problems has endeavoured to acconnt for it, but knew nothing of its origin. According to him, the first man, prepossessed with the highest ideas concerning the head, as the principal seat of the soul, that intelligent substance governing and animating the whole human system, carried their respect even to sternuation, as the most manifest and most sensible operation of the head. Hence those several forms of compliments used on similar occasions amongst the Greeks and Romans: Long may you live! May you enjoy health! Jupiter preserve you.

Reply to a Person suspected of Publishing the Labours of another as his own.

SAYS Jack, 'I've published something new,
Hast read it yet?'—'No, Jack, have *you?*'

On Matrimony.



XXX & but e e e.

Answer.

Expect great crosses, and but little ease.

A Sketch of the Life of Jane Shore.

JANE Shore was daughter to a citizen of London: her youth and beauty being her chief portion, she was induced to marry, much against her inclination, Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldsmith, in Lombard-street, a person extremely rich, but much advanced in years. The fame of this lady, far from being confined within the limits of the city, soon reached the ears of Majesty, for Edward IV. made his addresses to her, and won her. Her husband left England, she repaired to court, and shone with splendor in the sphere of gaiety and festivity. Historians represent her extremely beautiful, remarkably chearful, and of most uncommon generosity. The king, they further tell us, was not less captivated with her temper than her person, as she never spoke ill of, or endeavoured to prejudice him against any body. She often indeed importuned him, but always in behalf of the unfortunate, She scorned to be rewarded for her good offices; her riches, therefore, were trifling, when she fell into misfortunes. By all the accounts we have of this lady, she had as many excuses for female frailty, as ever came to any woman's share. Her mind was formed for magnificence, as her heart was for virtue; both of them could not be gratified, and virthe sunk in the unequal contest: yet with so much modesty did she employ tue ascendancy she had over Edward, that even the pride of the queen, the most sensible sufferer, was never offended at their intimacy. The friendship she had gained by her munificence, her benevolence, and her affability, had made her considerable, even in the beginning of this reign. Upon the death of Edward, it was that her scene of adversity began to shew itself. With the amiable Lord Hastings she continued her unlawful commerce: but this nobleman was so much devoted to the love of his royal master, that he did not, till the death of the king, discover his passion for his favourite mistress. And now, both she and her noble lord began to shew themselves so unalterably devoted to the young monarch, and his brother, as to render themselves objects of hatred to the protector Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. who looked upon them as the main obstacles of his deep-laid ambition. To give some colour to his proceedings against Hastings, whom he caused suddenly to be beheaded, he directed the sheriff of London to arrest Mrs. Shore, as his accomplice, and sent her to the Tower for examination. Nothing, however, (her illicit commerce with Edward and Hastings excepted,) appearing against her, it was matter of indignation as well as ridicule, to see the formidable charge of treason and witchcraft terminate in a single penance.—This penance she was obliged to perform on the Sunday morning next following; being brought cloathed in a white sheet, by way of procession, from the Bishop of London's palace to St. Paul's church, with the cross carried before her, and a wax taper in her hand. This sentence she underwent with a behaviour so graceful but so resigned, that the punishment of her crime became, as it were, a triumph over the hearts of her beholders: nor was her punishments confined to her person only; for the protector seized the little fortune she had made, about two or three thousand marks, and ordered her house to be rifled. It has been said also, his hatred pursued her to such extremity, that it was dangerous after this for any one to accommodate her with lodging, or the common necessaries of life; thus far the generality of historians. There have not been wanting some however, of a very different opinion, who will not allow Richard to have been the

tyrant he is generally represented. They urge that the nation was over whelmed with ignorance, so that scarce a man in it was able to write except the monks; that these men had it in their power to represent people just as they pleased; that neither Richard II. nor Richard III. were generous to churchmen; that. therefore, the accounts of such writers cannot strictly be considered as authentic, as they may be grounded upon resentment and malice, rather than direct fact. It is added, that some of the monks taking occasion to cry out against the sin of adultery, and exclaiming against Jane Shore, she was delivered over to the spiritual power, and that they laid their own usage to the charge of Richard. Mr. Rowe seems to have built his tragedy upon the foundation of an old historical ballad, which not only adopts the cruel order of Richard, but informs us that she perished with hunger in a loathsome place, since called Shoreditch Whatever the severity might be that was excercised against her, certain it is she found support, and was alive (and sufficiently wretched) under the reign of Henry VIII. It appears that Sir Thomas More knew her, but, alas! without the least remains of her former beauty.—"Proper she was (says this great man) and fair, nothing in her body you would have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Albeit some that now see her, deme her never to have been well visaged; whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house. For now she is old, lean withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin and hard bone.—At this day (continues he) she begged of many, at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not been."

The Loin of Beef.

AS King Henry VIII. was hunting in Windsor Forest one day, he lost himself, probably on purpose. Upon which he struck down, about dinner time, to Reading, where he disguised himself in the habit of a yeoman of the king's guard; for one of whom by his stature and figure he might well pass.

He went to the Abbey, and was invited to dine at the Abbot's table. A Sir Loin of Beef was set before him, so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry; on which his majesty laid on lustily, not disgracing the coat of a king's beef-eater, for whom he was taken. "Well fare thy heart, (quoth the abbot) and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds, upon the condition that I could feed so heartily on beef as you. Alas! my weak and squeamish stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The king merrily pledged him, and heartily thanking him for his good cheer, after dinner, departed undiscovered.

Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a king's messenger, brought up to London, clapped into the Tower, kept close prisoner, and fed for several days with bread and water only.

The abbot's mind was sorely disquieted with thoughts and suspicions, how he might have incurred the Kings displeasure. At last the day came, on which a Sir Loin of Beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed like the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that "two hungry meals make the third a glutton." In bolts King Henry, out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour." "My lord (quoth the king) lay down immediately your hundred pounds in

gold, or else there shall be no going hence for you all the days of your life. I have been your physician; I have cured you of your squeamish stomach, and here as I deserve, I demand my reward for the same."

The abbot, glad to escape so, deposited the cash, and returned to Reading, murmuring at the severity of the doctor's regimen, and the exorbitance of his fees.

Lord Chesterfield's Ghost.

TIME was sir, for truth I will tell,
When my precepts with gentlefolks bore off the bell,
On me ev'ry nobleman laid greatest stress,
My name was the passport for true *politesse.*
Lord Chesterfield's maxims the standard were made,
I presided sole chieftain, and would be obey'd;
I tendered advice without favour or fee,
Mankind cou'd not eat, drink or sleep without me;
But where I both favour and fee now to tender,
I should not convert even one foul offender;
In short from all ranks now are banish'd the traces,
Of that charming *trio*—I mean friend the *Graces.*
But it is not in conduct alone, that the nation
Most fully evinces its degeneration:
E'en he who should model the manners and times,
Whether writer of *Prose* or composer of *Rhymes,*
This sad falling off by his labour excuses,
Which bears no alliance with *Mesdames* the Muses:
But now for your Poets, prose always must follow
The flights of those sons of Parnassian Apollo.
Epic labours come first, which for weight and for size,
Dispute with fat *Lambert* the unweildy prize;
Broad margins of wire-wove their lilly hues mix,
With streamlets of text, as obnoxious as Styx;
To sense so repulsive, they needs must ensteep
That soul who would scan 'em in Lethean sleep.
Of such I might quote a whole string, did I choose,
But i' faith I'm afraid of offending the Muse:
Suffice it to say they find parents to foster,
In that *mighty firm* which astounds *Pater-Noster.*
Next to these drawl your verses half modern—half old
In whose numbers the feats of some knight are enroll'd.
A style so bombast 'tis nor this thing nor that;
But no rank in confusion with Babylon's brat.
Yet in speaking of these let the muse not forget
The splendid engravings—the laboured *vignette.*
In which to be plain is concenter'd the spirit,
'Tis the *Artist* not *Poet* who claims any merit.
You leave volumes containing odes leaden and lazy,
With sonnets and ballads on damsels run crazy;
And to tickle the fancy of each modern *belle,*
Such themes as for decency's sake I'll not tell.
No wonder your girls rank as women *entire,*
When a flame thus seductive enkindles desire;
But of rhymes now enough which all reason defy,
And give real genius the positive lie.
Where sound void of sense ev'ry huge quarto fills
An Amalgama hostile as *Brodum's* quack pills,
Which in lieu of dispelling the evil ne'er fail,
Disease on the patient at once to entail.
But a truce to these warblers—a truce to their stuff,
On the topic of *nonsense* I've said *quantum suff.*
And, as Sir, I'm very sure you must feel
That my motives are pure, and unsullied my zeal,
I next month from the realms of Elysium will stray,
To lash the degenerate prose of your day;
From whence I shall duly proceed to explain
The gew-gaw of fashion which now guides the rein;
Your manners contemn, and your pleasures deride,
For to rank first in folly, is each Briton's pride.
Farewell then, expect me again at my post,
And mark well the words of Lord Chesterfield's ghost.

Relation of an astonishing Apparition, from the Voyages and Cruises of Commodore Walker.

WHEN Mr. Walker was setting out on his second cruise in the Boscawen private ship of war, in 1745, a report made by the French officers, when the ship was taken, that a gunner's wife had been murdered on board, began now to be looked upon by the men, as ominous of the misfortunes which would attend the cruise. One of the seamen, remarkable for his sobriety and good character, one night alarmed the ship, by declaring he had seen a strange appearance of a woman, who informed him, among other particulars, that the ship would be lost. The story spread among the crew, and laid such hold of the imagination, as would have been attended with the most serious consequences, had not Mr. Walker contrived a device for turning it into ridicule, and with great presence of mind related the following anecdote to the assembled ship's crew:

In June, 1734, Mr. Walker lying at an anchor at Cadiz, in his ship, the Elizabeth, a gentleman of Ireland, whose name was Burnet, was then on board, going to take his passage over to Ireland. This gentleman was a particular acquaintance of Mr. Walker's, and he was extremely fond of him, being a man of great good sense, and very lively in conversation. The night before the affair we speak of happened, the subject turned upon apparitions of deceased friends, in which this gentleman seemed much to believe, and told many strange stories as authorities for them, besides giving some metaphysical arguments, chiefly that the natural fear we had of them proved the soul's confession of them. But Mr. Walker, who was entirely of another way of thinking, treated all his arguments with ridicule. Mr. Burnet, who was bred a physician, was curious to try how far fancy might be wrought on in an unbeliever, and resolved to prove the power of this natural fear over the senses: a strange way, you will say, to convince the mind by attacking the imagination: or, if it was curiosity to see the operations of fear work on fancy, it was too nice an experiment to anatomize a friend's mind for information only. But perhaps the humour of the thought was the greatest motive; for he was a man of a gay temper, and frolicsome.

About noon, as they were standing, with more of the ship's company, upon deck, near the forecastle, looking at some of the governor's guard boats making fast to a buoy of a ship in the bay, in order to watch the money, that it might not be carried out of the country, Mr. Burnet proposed, as a plan for a wager, he being a remarkable good swimmer, to leap off the gunnel of the ship, and dive all the way quite under water, from the ship to the boats at that distance, and so rise up upon them, to startle the people at watch in them. A wager being laid, he undressed, jumped off, and dived entirely out of sight. Every body crowded forwards, keeping their eyes at the distance where he was expected to come up; but he never rising to their expectation, and the time running past their hopes of ever seeing him more, it was justly concluded he was drowned, and every body was in the greatest pain and concern; especially those, who by laying the wager, thought themselves in some measure accessary to his death. But he, by skilful diving, having turned the other way behind the ship: and being also very active, got up by the quarter ladder in at the cabin window, whilst every body was busy and in confusion, at the forward part of the ship; then concealing himself the remaining part of the day in a closet in the state room, wrapped himself up in a linen night-gown of Mr. Walker's. Evening

coming on, the whole ship's company being very melancholy at the accident, Mr. Walker retired with a friend or two to his cabin, where, in their conversation, they often lamented the sad accident and loss of their friend and dear companion, speaking of every merit he had when living, which is the unenvied praise generally given to our friends, when they can receive nothing else from us. The supposed dead man remained still quiet, and heard more good things said to his memory, than perhaps he would else have ever in his life time heard spoken to his face. As soon as it was night, Mr. Walker's company left him; and he being low in spirits went to bed, where lying still pensive on the late loss of his companion and friend, and the moon shining direct through the windows, he perceived the folding doors of the closet to open; and, looking stedfast towards them, saw something which could not fail startling him, as he imagined it a representation of a human figure: but recalling his better senses, he was fond to persuade himself, it was only the workings of his disturbed fancy, and turned away his eyes. However, they soon again returned in search of the object; and seeing it now plainly advance upon him, in a slow and constant step, he recognized the image of his departed friend. He has not been ashamed to own he felt terrors which shook him to the inmost soul. The mate, who lay in the steerage at the back of the cabin, divided only by a bulk-head, was not yet a-bed; and hearing Mr. Walker challenge with a loud and alarmed voice, "What are you?" ran to him with a candle, and meeting Mr. Burnet in the linen gown, down drops the mate, without so much as an ejaculation. Mr. Burnet, now beginning himself to be afraid, runs for a bottle of smelling spirits he knew lay in the window, and applied them to the nose and temples of the swooning mate. Mr. Walker, seeing the ghost so very alert and good-natured, began to recover from his own apprehension, when Mr. Burnet cried out to him, "Sir, I must ask your pardon; I fear I have carried the jest too far; I swam round and came in at the cabin window; I meant, sir, to prove to you the natural awe the bravest must be under at such appearances, and have, I hope, convinced you in yourself" "Sir," says Mr. Walker, glad of being awakened from a terrible dream, and belief of his friend's death, "you have given me a living instance; there needs no better proof; but pray take care you do not bring death amongst us in earnest." He then lent his aid in the recovery of the poor mate, who, as he retrieved his senses, still relapsed at the sight of Mr. Burnet: so that Mr. Walker was obliged to make him entirely disappear, and go call others to his assistance; which took up some considerable time in doing, every body, as Mr. Burnet advanced to them, being more or less surprised; but they were called to by him, and told the manner of the cheat, and then they were by degrees convinced of his reality; though every one was before thoroughly satisfied of his death. I being persuaded that this story carries a lesson in it, which speaks itself, shall conclude it by mentioning this circumstance, that the poor mate never rightly recovered the use of his senses from that hour. Nature had received too great a shock, by which reason was flung from her seat, and could never regain it afterwards; a constant stupidity hung around him, and he could never be brought to look direct at Mr. Burnet afterwards, though he was as brave a man as ever went, in all his senses, to face death by day-light.

In Grantham Church-yard.

JOHN Palfryman which lyeth here,
Was aged twenty-four year;
And in this place his mother lies;
Also his father, when he dies.

Account of the Marriage of Two Dwarfs.

THE princess Natalia, only sister to the Czar, by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding of two of her dwarfs, who were to be married; on which occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to the number of *ninety-three*. They went in a grand procession through all the streets of Moscow, preceded by a large open waggon, drawn by six horses, with kettle drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys; then followed the marshal and his attendants, two and two, on horseback; then the bridegroom and bride, in a coach and six, attended by their bride-man and maid, who sat in the coach before them. They were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs.

It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage suitable to their stature. Two troops of dragroons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church, where the small couple were married; from thence the procession returned in order to the princess' palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the company. Two long tables were covered on each side of a long hall, where the company of dwarfs dined together, the princess with her two nieces, princess Ann, and Elizabeth, the czar's daughters, were at the trouble themselves to see them all seated, and well attended, before they sat down to their own table.

At night the princesses, attended by the nobility, conducted the new married couple to bed, in great state; after that ceremony the dwarf company had a large room allotted them, to make merry among themselves; the entertainment concluded with a ball, which lasted till day-light. The company which attended the princess on this occasion were so numerous, that they filled several rooms.

Curious Impertinent.

AN English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty, which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting a seal upon the lips of the *curious* impertinent, the Englishman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded his letter in these words: —"I would say more, but a d—d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

The following was spoken extempore by a clergyman, who was blamed for wearing a button in his hat.

WHO can believe with common sense,
A *button'd* hat gives God offence?
Or that the *rose*, in any case,
Conveys a larger share of grace;
The habit, howsoever quaint,
Can't, of a sinner, make a saint.
If pure the heart, what's outside put on,
It does not signify a *button*.

Henry VIII.

HENRY the Eighth was desirous of engaging for his wife, Christiana, Duchess dowager of Milan; but she sent him word, that she had but one head: had she two, one of them should be at his Majesty's service.

The Methodist.

A CERTAIN methodist, born and bred in London, though in what street the chronicle says not, but whose name, according to tradition, was John Grant, or, as he was vulgarly called, Johnny Grant, chanced one day to fall in love with a young lady from Newcastle. As he possessed great wealth, and had besides a very sanctified reputation, the ceremony was soon settled between him and the young sprig of methodism. The only condition attached to it of any importance was, that the newly-married couple should pass the honey-moon in Newcastle, at the house of the bride's father; a condition that was readily acceded to, for Johnny was always extremely careful of the main chance. Accordingly, the pious couple set out on their journey, and were well received by their friends; who, in the true spirit of hospitality, contrived to intoxicate the bridegroom. Overpowered by the fumes of the wine, Johnny fell into a profound sleep: in this state, his new friends thought proper to complete the jest, by letting him down into a coal-pit, and pleased themselves not a little with the idea of his astonishment upon waking.

In a few hours Johnny awoke, and was immediately surrounded with the miners; one of a peculiarly rough appearance stepped forward to the astonished trembling bridegroom, and asked him in a gruff voice, "Who, and what are you? and how did you come hither?" Johnny, astonished at the infernal crew, concluded immediately that he was in hell, and very submissively taking off his hat replied, "How I came here I know not, but I suppose I died."

"Who, and what are you?" repeated the miner. "When on earth," replied the bridegroom, "I was Johnny Grant a righteous man, and a psalm-singer; but now I am in hell, I am any thing your devilship pleases."

Sir Joshua Reynolds and the Picture Dealer.

"WHAT do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer whose portfolio he was looking over. —"Twenty guineas, your honor." "Twenty-pence I suppose you mean?" "No, Sir; it is true I would have taken twenty-pence for it this morning, but if *you* think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him his money.

The Ugly Wife.

TOM weds a rich hag that would frighten a horse,
Repentance soon tortures his mind,
But vain are the tears that express his remorse,
Unless he can cry himself blind.

Blunder upon Blunder.

IN a debate on the leather-tax in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Sir John Parnell) observed with great emphasis, that in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last guinea* to protect the *remainder*.——Mr. Vaudeleure said, "However that might be, the tax on *leather* would be *severely felt* by the *barefooted* peasantry of Ireland."—To which Sir Robert Roach replied, that this could easily be remedied—by making the *under-leather* of *wood*.

ON PARKER,

Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1575,

GIVE thine, whilst thine they are, for when once dead,
They then arn't thine, for you from them are fled;
Another owner now supplies thy place,
Who says 'tis his, not thine, as once it was,
Use time, and do much good, whilst time is thine,
In future ages then thy name will shine.

Ironical Satire.

THIS is a species of literary composition, in which Swift excelled. The following specimen, by a late writer, may be found worth preserving.

"Avershaw* died last Monday; an amiable man, cut off in the prime of life, formed by nature, talents, and education, for a statesman. He read with tolerable correctness; he spoke and wrote, at least, as intelligibly as the defenders of our present men and measures; like them, what he did not know, he could assert, and what he could not prove, he would swear to. His conversation was copious, lively, and figurative; but, conscious of the general tendency in mankind to doubt, he frequently appealed to Heaven; on these occasions, his oaths were solemn, his execrations marked by energy and indignant sensibility.

"His talents for finance were alone sufficient to have raised him into consequence; where persuasion was ineffectual, he employed force; what could not be done by direct means, he performed by circumvention; like other great financiers, he first *excited terror*, and by this method, generally raised supplies with facility. In one respect he differed from these eminent characters; though he levied large contributions on the rich, the accumulating, and the tenacious, he spared the poor and helpless.

"He had all the ambiguity of a prime minister: in his schemes, he observed the profoundest secresy. It was difficult to know what he meant from what he said; from his countenance little could be gathered, as in the execution of his darling projects, he concealed it beneath a mask, which at once preserved his modesty and eluded observation.

"In his commercial transactions, his moderation was conspicuous.—When inclined to part with any thing, he never received more than a third of its value; often adding, with an oath, in order to increase confidence, 'That it was more than it cost him.'

"In his hours of recreation or reflection, he was fond of wandering over uncultivated heaths, commons, and unfrequented woods; from the fertility of his genius, he generally rendered these solitary excursions productive. His ideas of property were not correct; his notions of the *meum* and *tuum* were somewhat confused. Deeply engaged in the practice of raising cash, he probably had neither inclination or leisure to attend to theory and hypothesis. He preferred the *monied* interests; and so peculiar was his mode of address to men of that description, that he always gained upon them.

"Of his religious opinions, little can be collected. He frequently spoke of hell: yet he never anticipated success by *fasting*, nor ever, before or after an engagement, composed *a form of prayer*. His extemporaneous effusions were, however, frequent and fervid, generally heard with fear, and often with impression.

"Such was Avershaw; he fell by a death, glorious as his life, a death which hath alone been wanting to complete the characters of many heroes and statesmen, whose histories would, in that case, have been perused with greater pleasure and profit."

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* Lewis Jeremiah Avershaw, (highwayman and murderer) was a most depraved character, who had long been the pest of society, and whose unparalleled audacity did not terminate but with his life. He was executed at Kennington Common, Aug. 3, 1795, for the murder of D. Price, an officer belonging to the Union-hall police office.

IN THE CLOISTERS OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE,

ON JOHN CLARK,

One of the Fellows. Who died in 1541.

BENEATH this stone lies shut up in the dark,
A fellow and a priest, yclep'd *John Clark*;
With earthly rose-water he did delight ye,
But now he deals in heavenly *aqua-vitæ*,

Singular Disappointment.

AN old maiden lady at Dover, having taken it into her head that she should die in a few days, gave directions to the sexton of the parish, to which she belonged, to dig her out a handsome deep grave; but meeting with a young cornet, before the much-apprehended time arrived, she was prevailed upon to accompany him to church on a very different occasion. The honest sexton was hard at work for her as she passed by, when she generously clapped half a guinea into his hand, and bid him fill it up again with the utmost expedition.

W. ELDERTON,

The red-nosed Ballad Maker.

HE was originally an attorney in the sheriff's court of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys, a comedian) was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads, and probably other pieces. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle, before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and is thus translated by Oldys.

DEAD drunk, here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

Dissenting Clergyman.

SOME time ago, at Barnstaple in Devonshire, a dissenting clergyman having got *rather more than merry* with one of the candidates to represent that town in parliament, the company agreed to sally forth, and break the windows of all the houses that were not illuminated; when they came to the Meeting-House, "Hang me, Jack, (cried the candidate to the parson) there's a dissaffected house!" "Faith is it,—(said the priest) and I'll have the first fling." Away went the stone, the mob followed his example, and the windows were all demolished in an instant.

The Monkey or the story of Madame de Cerdon

'TIS said, ages have their several characters, and nations take their turns, like private men, in wisdom and in folly.

In a remote period, when frivolous France had become wise, and our sedate and sober country thoughtless; the following singular incident is said to have happened, and to have shamed us by the application.

There lived within the purlieus of the court, an ancient Gascon lady, Madame de Cerdon; who, remembering in her youth there was a celebrated beauty of that name, declared herself the person, and determined to keep up the credit of her charms. Madame de Cerdon was now seventy-four; but in France it was then somewhat as it is in England now, to be a beauty nothing was required from Nature except eyes. These she had, and they were fine ones: in a mask she railed the Marquis as a coquette; and it was only needful to have a better covering for the natural face by day-light. She sacrificed regularly eleven hours of the twelve, to prepare herself; and shone the other sixty minutes, a perfect object, if no one came too near her.

This lady had a monkey famous for its mimickries; and the king was every day entertained with the representation of some of his favourites by this creature; very, like, though a little better than Nature. He had at length an opportunity to see the buffoon, in a female character. A princess of the blood, called Madame de Cerdon, summoned from her toilet somewhat too early; and the hurry with which she obeyed these honourable commands, prevented her putting up the implements of that sacred table. The lady contented herself to lock the door; and the pleasant rascal picked her pocket of the key, and got into possession of all her treasures.

What no human eye had ever been permitted to see pug had often viewed with undisturbed attention. He had seen the whole progression of his lady's face, from old to young, from bagged to most beautiful: he did not know why he should not make himself as handsome; he was sure Nature had done as much towards it; and down he sat to dress him.

Pug played the politician to a hair, we mean as the politician sometimes has played in Britain; he tried all ways and means, and fell on all expedients; but he did not always put them in the right place. The whole magazine was before him, and right or wrong he used it all.

He dipped his paw into the pot of rouge, and, drawing a great quantity of it in a fair arch over each eye, he made himself two vermillion eye-brows Close beside this ingredient stood the black with which the lady converted daily her white hairs to the jetty hue of youth; this he deliberately placed in two large blotches, one upon each cheek; and as the French know 'tis impossible that part of the face should be naturally coloured alone, he rubbed a small piece also well upon his chin. The enamel for the white lay next; and this he smeared along where hair should grow, from either temple back beyond his ears, and upwards to his crown. He patched his forehead, and he viewed himself. He thought he had done; but there appeared now in the most secret part of the repository a pot of somewhat, red and promising; pug knew that nothing was kept there in vain; and he judged wisely that the closer this was stored, the greater must be certainly its value. Every part of his face was finished but the lips; he laughed at his simplicity that could think a toilet was without lip-salve, and for whatever use the lady kept it, pug rubbed the ointment round his mouth. 'Twas allum; and it pursed his lips together, till from the gaping flabby chaps he had a moment before, he found the opening drawn into a small tight round, that scarce shewed two of his teeth. 'Twas painful; but the monkey knew folks suffer something to be handsome; he bore it patiently; he curtsey'd to the glass, and turning in that motion towards a little door which opened in a pannel of the wainscot, he saw the ratafia. He hugged the bottle to his breast, and getting the opening with some difficulty to his mouth, you might have seen him stand, like the squire of Quixote, motionless some minutes, and with his eyes turned up to heaven.

The bottle is to monkeys, as well as men, Pandora's box; full of all kinds of mischief—he grew inspired, he reeled and danced: and took his usual journey to the antichamber.

Every one gave room for the new droll; for even human buffoonry makes its way to courts, and to those second courts, the levees of the great, where human merit seldom gets admittance: the whisper ran; and it soon reached the royal ear, that the monkey had introduced a female character.

The king was in extacy when he beheld the mimic beauty, with black cheeks, red eye-brows and white hair, but he did more than laugh. Poor pug had never once thought of any part below his face, and the contrast between the tawny neck, and ridiculous embellishments of the head attracted his attention.——"I am obliged, said he, to Madame de Ceidon for a good lesson of policy. Pug in his paint reminds me of my neighbour England, gloriously adorned with every thing, except where each thing should be: glowing in Flanders, and enamelled on the Rhine; her trade contracted; but, below, the purse strings open to dissipation; blind, and with this extravagance of ornament, pyebald

and ridiculous. While every thing is bestowed upon a face which needs no mending, and which nothing can improve; her bosom is neglected; and with all this parade abroad, she will not leave enough to cloath herself at home.

The Rats and the Cheese.

IF bees a government maintain,
Why may not rats, of stronger brain,
And greater pow'r, as well be thought
By Machiavelian axioms taught?
And so they are; for thus of late
It happened in the rats' free state,
Their prince (his subjects more to please)
Had got a mighty Cheshire cheese,
In which his ministers of state
Might live in plenty and grow great.
A pow'rful party strait combin'd,
And subt'ly all their forces join'd
To bring their measures into play,
For none so loyal were as they;
And none such patriots to support,
As well the country as the court;
No sooner were these dons admitted,
But all those wondrous virtues quitted.
Regardless of their prince, and those
They artfully led by the nose,
They all the speediest means devise
To raise themselves and families.
Another party well observing
These pamper'd were, while they were starving;
Their ministry brought in disgrace,
Expell'd them, and supply'd their place;
These on just principles were known
The true supporters of the throne,
And for the subject's liberty
They'd (marry would they) freely die.
But being well fix'd in their station,
Regardless of their prince and nation,
Just like the others, all their skill
Was how they might their paunches fill.
On this a rat not quite so blind
In state intrigues as human kind,
But of more honour, thus reply'd;
Confound you all on either side:
Your politics are but a farce,
And your fine virtues all mine a—,
All your contentions are but these;
Whose arts shall best secure the cheese.

Stonehenge.

STONEHENGE, on Salisbury-Plain, 2 miles W. of Ambresbury, and 6 N. W. of Salisbury, is reckoned one of the wonders of the kingdom, though authors are divided about the occasion of this monument. How such vast stones should come thither, since the adjacent country wants common stones for building, is matter of surprise; and some therefore think them artificial stones, made up of sand, and cemented by a glutinous matter: But others think them to be natural stones. Dr. Gibson offers several arguments to prove, that it is not a Roman monument, nor a place of christian sepulture; and that it is not a Danish monument, because it is mentioned by Ninnius almost 200 years before they had any considerable footing in the island. He therefore thinks it more probable to be a British monument for some victory, because there are some like it both in Scotland and Wales, where the Romans and Danes never came. Time has much impaired these stones both as to size and form. The number of them as they now remain, is 72. This surprising monument stands on a rising ground, encompassed with a deep trench about 30 feet broad. It has three entrances from the plain, the chief of which is towards the N. E. and at each of them on the outside of the trench are raised 2 huge stones gatewise, parallel to which on the inside are 2 lesser ones. After passing the ditch, we ascend 35 yards before we come to the work itself, which consists of 4 circles of stones. The outermost consists of great upright ones, 20 feet high, 2 yards broad, and 1 thick: These are coupled at top by large transom stones like architraves, 7 feet long, and 3 and a half thick. Within this lies another row of pyramidal stones above six feet high. In the innermost part there was a stone not much above the surface of the earth, 4 feet broad and 16 feet long. Upon the whole, Dr. Gibson thinks it to have been built by the Britons, after the Romans came in, and to be a rude imitation of some of their structures.

Cooke, the Pentonville Miser.

THIS celebrated miser finding disease, and the infirmities of age creep on him by slow degrees, was reduced to the necessity of applying from time to time, for medical advice. But not deriving such instantaneous relief from the prescriptions of those physicians, whom he consulted, as he expected to receive, he ran the gauntlet from one doctor to another, until he tired them all. Many are the anecdotes which might be related, the tricks which this avaricious old man used to play, to cheat medical men of their time, and save his money. He would make no scruple to beg from some of his acquaintance, whom he knew to be subscribers, a letter for a dispensary, and clothing himself in his own old ragged and cast-off apparel, would attend regularly, as a pauper, amongst others, to receive advice and medicines gratuitously; and this for several successive weeks. At length, however, his real circumstances being made known to the medical gentlemen, by some of the patients, or by other means, he has been dismissed, in a way not much to his credit; and this has happened to him more than once.

He once obtained a recommendation, as a patient, to the dispensary for the diseases of the eye and ear, in Charter-house square. The natural goodness and suavity of Mr. Saunders's disposition, induced him to pay every attention to Mr. Cooke, who passed himself upon him as a reduced tradesman who had seen better days; but finding that this old man would not be satisfied, without engrossing a great deal more of his time than he could well spare, he was at last induced to make some inquiry concerning his patient; and at length learning who he was, he read him a very serious lecture on the meanness and impropriety of his conduct, in thus obtaining gratuitously that which was only intended for the necessitous; and acquainted him, that if he expected his future services, he must give a fee, as was usual with other gentlemen. "Very well," said old Cooke, "I am willing to pay any thing in reason; but mark this, I expect to be cured first, for I always go upon the maxim of "*No cure no pay.*" Mr. Saunders rang the bell, desired the servant to call in the next patient in rotation, and politely wishing Mr. Cooke a good morning, desired the servant to "open the street door for the gentleman."

Another time Mr. C. became so excessively troublesome to a physician to whom he had paid about four or five half guineas, that the doctor at last told him, he had tried every remedy and exerted all his skill, and could render him no further service; "then give me back my gold, sir," said Cooke; "why did you rob me of my gold unless you meant to cure?" The doctor, whose chariot was waiting at the door for him, left the old man to vent his spleen in the study, to the no small diversion of the servants, and gave orders that he never should *be admitted again.*

Mr. Cooke would without ceremony, go to the houses of apothecaries, and have them called up at four or five o'clock in the morning, to administer some medicine, for a complaint he was subject to in his bowels; which he would want to have made up for two-pence; if this was refused, he would go as far as four-pence; but if it was to be sixpence, he would go to another shop, and make the same disturbance; if he could get nothing for his groat, he would go to a druggist's and buy a pennyworth of jalap; for he said he would sooner bear the *pain in his guts all day,* than pay such a *great deal of money* as SIXPENCE for *physic.*

At one time, Mr. C. rang up the domestics of a medical gentleman in

Islington, at four o'clock in a winter's morning. On the door being opened, to the question, what is your pleasure? he answered, "my business is *pain*, and my *pleasure* is to see your master." "Sir, my master has been out at a labour all night, very much fatigued, and not very well, and has not been in bed above half an hour." "Don't tell me about his labours, and about his being unwell; doctors must get up at all hours, well or ill. Tell him he must come down. I do not come as a pauper; I can pay for what I have." Away went the servant to tell his master; who sent his compliments to the gentleman, that he was really very poorly, but that his assistant, a regularly bred and skilful young gentleman was then putting on his clothes to wait on him, and would, he was sure, supply his place, to the satisfaction of the patient. "Then he may *put off* his clothes again, and go to his bed; I will have no assistant; I will see none but the master; I have plenty of money in my pocket, and am willing to pay for what I have." Down stairs the master came; but when he saw it was Cooke, whom he happened to know, although his servant did not, he wished himself in bed again. Cooke, in his usual way, kept him three quarters of an hour, giving a detail of symptoms and complaints, which could just as well have been given in three minutes. "Sir," answered the doctor, "from the very circumstancial account you have given of the symptoms, I understand what your disease is perfectly well, and I will make you up a small draught that shall relieve you in an instant."

Cooke. What will you charge me for it?

Doctor. Only eighteen-pence.

Cooke. Eighteen-pence! why Sir, do you think I get my money on the highway by robbing people? I never heard of such extortion in my life! Eighteen-pence! I thought you might have made me up something for two-pence!

Doctor. Sir, I am sorry to say, there are too many, who think that because it is the duty of a medical man to rise to all calls at unseasonable hours, they may wantonly, and without absolute necessity, or consideration of his fatigues in the day-time, call him out of his bed whenever they please; but this is the first time I ever heard of a gentleman being called up on a *two-penny* errand. As you must certainly mean to insult me, there is the door, Sir.

Cooke. Well, Sir, will you make me something for *four-pence*?

Doctor. No, not for *four shillings;* therefore go your ways, and be thankful that your years protect you from a kicking; and never come near my house again, either by day or by night.

Soon after, Mr. C. went to live in White-Lion-Street: he sent for a Mr. Pigeon, a surgeon, who lived on the opposite side of the street, to examine an ulcer on his leg, which gave him a little temporary alarm, he being of a very gross habit of body. After the gentleman had duly inspected it, Mr. Cooke asked him if he could cure it. "Certainly, Sir," replied the surgeon. "How long do you think it will be before you can make a perfect cure of it?" "A month." "And how much must I give you?" Mr. Pigeon, who saw that the sore was not of any great importance, answered, "a guinea." "Very well," replied Cooke, "but mark this,—a guinea is an *immense sum of money*, and when I agree for sums of such magnitude, I go upon the system of NO CURE NO PAY; so if I am not cured at the expiration of the month, I pay you nothing." This was agreed to. After diligent attendance for several days, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied, and would not let Pigeon see it any more. However, within two or three days of the

month being expired, the old fellow got some sort of plaster with *euphorbium* in it, from a farrier, and made a new ulcer on the place where the former had been; and sending for Pigeon on the last day of the month, shewed him that his leg was not well, and that of course the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited!* This story the old fellow used to tell of himself with great satisfaction, and called it, "*plucking a pigeon.*"

Anecdote.

WHEN the late Dr. Henry Goddard, a learned and able physician, who practised at York, was an under graduate at St. John's College, in Cambridge, his room was immediately above that of Mr. Baker, the famous antiquary, who being ancient and infirm, was easily disturbed and affected by any unusual noise in the neighbouring apartments. On this account, Goddard, who was a very sober, regular person, had his room matted, that he might not incommode the worthy old gentleman. One night, having invited some of his friends, among whom was Mr. Browne, to spend the evening with him, the chearfulness of their conversation, notwithstanding Mr. Goddard's frequent remonstrances, put them off their guard, and in the end brought up Mr. Baker, to sue for peace. Upon opening the door, appeared a tall meagre figure, in a black gown, a night cap, over which was a broad brimmed hat, on his head, and a twinkling taper in his hand. Without giving the apparition time to speak, Browne started up, and repeated from Shakspeare,

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell—
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee—

This, which, in other circumstances, would have appeared a cruel insult, was really no more than an enthusiastic impulse, neither the effect of intoxication, nor of a spirit of malignity; accordingly, it was readily excused by the good old man, after a genteel apology from Mr. Browne in person was made the next morning.

Epitaph.

HERE lies a head that often ach'd,
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit.
Here lies a heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd,
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes;
Here lies that livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene,
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves so often twitch'd
With painful cramps, and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
Here lies the skin per scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red.
Here lies the man from top to toe,
That fabric fam'd for pain and woe:
He caught a cold; but colder death
Compress'd his lungs, and stopt his breath;
The organs could no longer go,
Because the bellows ceas'd to blow.
Thus I dissect this honest friend,
Who ne'er till death was at wit's end;
For want of spirits here he fell,
With higher spirits let him dwell,
In future state of peace and love,
With just men's perfect spirits move.

Remarkable Instance of Longevity.

DIED at Festioning in Caermarthenshire, Wales, an honest Welch farmer, who was 105 years of age; by his first wife he had 30 children, 10 by his second, 4 by his third, and 7 by his two concubines; his youngest son was 81 years younger than his eldest, and 800 persons descended from his body.

Address to the Whip Club.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU are fond of notoriety: and therefore you should gratefully acknowledge this public exhibition of your merits. Whether peers or commoners, whether heirs to large estates or living at the expense of duped tradesmen, whether fools or villains, or both united, suffer me to congratulate you on your contempt of the ordinary maxims of human conduct, and on your acknowledged dexterity in driving four in hand.

I will not recal to your memory the Grecian youth and the philosophic Plato, except to appreciate your worth. The former used to aspire to the honours you are so ambitious to deserve, and perhaps he might have equalled you; but the latter paid him a compliment which you will allow can apply to your fraternity, however partial they may be to your *talents.*

No one can suppose, that any application to *nobler* pursuits, however assiduous, would qualify you "to govern men and guide the state." You are satisfied with the praises due to a coachman, and in this instance, I commend your modesty. I trust that in a short time, a regular college for the WHIP will be established, that professors who have distinguished themselves, will be appointed with a liberal salary to read lectures to younger students, and that academic honours will be confered on those who have *driven* their way up to this high privilege. I would farther propose, that the MAIL coachmen should be chosen from your illustrious body; and that none but dunces should in future be devoted to common stages

You may probably smile at this proposition; but believe me, I am in earnest. I have so much compassion for your follies, that I rejoice to think you may yet be useful to the community and to yourselves, after you have exhausted the means of acting *gratuitously.* Horses and carriages are expensive things; and many of you are ill able to support them. I know you are: and that it is only to fly from care or from your creditors, that you mount the barouche, and finger the reins. The gambler who ventures his all upon a cast of the die, is not more desperate than you. In your daring vocation, you venture *neck* as well as *property,* and deserve no mean fame for your resolution. But you are not insensible of this The *sume superbiam quæsitam meritis* operates on your *generous* minds in its full force.—I do not know that medals have yet been struck in honour of your achievements, which I shall endeavour to emblazon in history; but I have seen SEALS emblematic of your sublime pursuits; and the BIRMINGHAM BUTTON-MAKER is called in to give a discriminating badge to your *elevated* body.

Persevere, most *honourable* sirs, in your *meritorious* designs; and accept this humble tribute of my attention, as an earnest of more individual and appropriate panegyric, from your most enthusiastic admirer, CATO.

On a Gravestone in the Ruins of an old Church, near Boughton-Green.

TIME was I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thoul't lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

Mortal Calculation.

THE aggregate population, on the surface of the known habitable globe, is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation lasts 30 years, then in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day; 3,407 every hour, or about 56 every minute.

Seven Stages of Woman.

THE world's a stage—and man has seven
ages;
So Shakspeare writes—king of dramatic
sages:
But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
That woman plays her part as well as man.

First, how her infant heart with triumph
swells,
When the red coral shakes its silver bells!
She, like young statesmen, as the rattle rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading
strings.

Next, little Miss, in pin-a-fore so trim,
With nurse so noisy—with mamma so prim,
Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter,
Lisps as she grasps her allotted bread and
butter;
Type of her sex—who, though no longer
young,
Hold every thing with ease, except the
tongue.

A school girl then, she curls her hair in
papers,
And mimics father's gout and mother's va-
pours;
Tramples alike on custom and on toes;
And whispers all she hears to all she knows:
" Betty!" she cries, "it comes into my head,
" Old maids grow cross because their cats
are dead,
" My governess has been in such a fuss
" About the death of our old tabby puss—
" She wears black stockings—Ha! ha!—
what a pother,
" Cause one old cat's in mourning for an-
other!"
The child of Nature—free from pride and
pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a
romp?

Next riper miss, who nature more disclosing,
Now finds some traits of art are interposing,
And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, Man.

Behold her now an ogling vain coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver net:
All things revers'd—the neck cropt close
and bare,
Scarce feels the incumb'rance of a single
hair;
Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled
full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull—

Then comes that sober character—a wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life:
A thousand cards a thousand joys portend,
For what may then upon a card depend!
Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera,
—Ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;
'Till spousy finds, while anxious to im-
mure her,
A patent coffin only can secure her!

At last the Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles—this age denoun-
ces—
And thus she moralises—(speaks like an old
woman,)
' How bold and forward each young flirt
appears!
' Courtship in my time lasted seven years—
' Now seven little months suffice of course,
' For courting, marrying, scolding, and
divorce!
' What with their truss'd up shapes and pan-
taloons,
' Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons;
' They say we have no souls, but what
more odd is,
' Nor men, nor women now, have any
bodies?
' When I was young my heart was always
tender,
' And would to every spouse I had surren-
der;
' Their wishes to refuse I never durst,
' And my fourth died as happy as my first.'
Truce to such splenetic and rash designs
And let us mingle candour with our lines,
In all the stages of domestic life,
As child, as sister, parent, friend or wife,
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land?
How cold and chearless all you can command
Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and
power,
Unless, kind woman shares your raptur'd
hour;
Unless, midst all the glare of pageant art,
She adds a smile, and triumphs in your
heart.

The following Lampoon upon our military Gentlemen was some time since handed about at Bath.

AS Q—n and Beau N— were discoursing of
late,
The Grand Expedition came into debate:
" I'll tell you says Q—n, why our bravery
droops,
'Tis because we want *men* to lead on our
troops.
Our chiefs are a parcel of sh—n a—e boys,
Scarce wean'd from the go-cart, and play-
ing with toys:
More fit for a nurse than the army by G—d
Instead of a *pike*, 'Zounds! I'd give 'em a
rod."

Anecdote of a young French Lawyer.

A FARMER-GENERAL, who had acquired immense riches, as most of them usually did, had a son, whom he was very desirous to bring up for the same business.

The young man, who had, during his residence at college, formed different connexions with other young men of opulent families, as soon as he was introduced into the world, launched into a variety of expense and extravagance, quite inconsistent with the plodding and circumspectful profession for which his father intended him. Finding him incorrigible, and yet wishing to reclaim him, the father was advised to purchase for him the place of a counsellor in parliament, as the French styled it; that is to say, a seat on the bench in one of their courts of judicature. In this he did no more than many opulent fathers did every day for their children in France, where the purchase of such places was as usual as of any post or employment whatever.

His son, though wild and dissipated, neither wanted sense nor learning; it was not indeed of that sort which would have qualified him for the post he held; but it was liberal, and precisely of that nature which enables young men to shine in gay and fashionable companies. Among other qualities, he had a peculiar turn for the laughable and ludicrous; and never missed an opportunity of exercising it whenever it offered. This, of course, made him very acceptable to those of the same cast, who form a large party amongst the young gentlemen in France.

As he added to this a humane and compassionate disposition, he was quickly noted by those who relied more upon that, than upon the goodness of the causes that brought them before the tribunal of which he was a member. Being handsome, as well as tender-hearted, and extremely devoted to the fair sex, no young gentleman of the long robe had more frequent visits from the ladies in the way of his profession. His partiality to any cause that had a fair pleader to enforce it, was conspicuous to all his brethren; and he was emphatically styled the patron and advocate of beauty.

Among the many female solicitors that attended his levees, there came one on whom the hands of the graces had lavished all they could bestow, in such profusion, that she struck him at once with that admiration and wonder which so completely captivate and enslave the hearts of amorous young men. I need not say that her requests were so many commands, which it was impossible for him to disobey, and her looks so many darts, which pierced him to the very soul. He espoused her cause with so much warmth, that in a short time she came triumphantly out of her suit, which was a very important one, no less than a considerable annuity, settled upon her by a man of high rank. She had, it seems, been his mistress: but his parents, desirous of marrying him to a rich heiress, had prevailed upon him to forsake her; which he did very reluctantly, after making a handsome provision for her. But his parents, who did not approve of this alienation, instituted a law-suit, in order to recover it, and would have succeeded, but for the zeal and activity of our young magistrate.

So important a service merited, undoubtedly some returns: he became in his turn a solicitor, and was not refused. But as, previous to the winning of her suit, her circumstances were very narrow, and as the fees of lawyers and attornies were a continual drain upon her purse, she was fain to replenish it by the only means that were left, the sale of her charms to a secret admirer; who supplied her with what was necessary to defray the charges of the law.

This friend was a very debauched man; his riches enabled him to revel among the women that were venal and his taste led him to seek them indiscriminately every where.

As people of this di-position are liable to an infinity of dangers, he did not escape them; he contracted a violent distemper, and communicated it to his fair companion. She was ignorant of her situation, when the loving instrument of her success had been favoured with her embraces; he consequently became a sharer in her misfortune.

On the discovery of what had befallen him, instead of expressing any anger or ill-will to the damsel, he conceived the design of turning the matter to a jest, and of making it a subject of public pleasantry. In order to compass this end the more effectually, he merrily proposed to her to assist him in the scheme he had in view, as without her co-operation it could not possibly take effect. This scheme was to bring into the same situation with himself two or three more young gentlemen of the law of his own degree, who had equally befriended her, by strengthening his decision in her favour with the addition of their own. As they had done this through his intercession, and chiefly to oblige him, he jocosely argued that they had an equal right to the same recompence with himself. But what was his astonishment, when the damsel told him, that though gratitude would have prevented her from coinciding with a proposal which she doubted not he made in mere jest, yet he needed not bemoan himself for want of companions in adversity; that the friends whom he wished to participate in the donation she had made him, had already received it, as unintentionally and innocently on her part, as he had himself. Our young judge was wonderfully elated with this news: he sent his compliments to his fellow sufferers, assuring them that he felt a particular satisfaction to hear that the rewards due by the lady, for their exertions in her favour, had been distributed so impartially.

The Trumpet.

THE trumpet is said by Vincentio Galileo, to have been invented at Nuremberg; and there is extant a memoir which shews that trumpets were made to great perfection by an artist in that city, who was also an admired performer on that instrument: it is as follows: Hans Meuschell, of Nuremberg, for his accuracy in making trumpets, as also for his skill in playing on the same alone, and in the accompaniment with the voice, was of so great renown, that he was frequently sent for to the palaces of princes the distance of several hundred miles. Pope Leo the Tenth, for whom he had made sundry trumpets of silver, sent for him to Rome; and after having been delighted with his exquisite performance, dismissed him with a munificent reward.

On a Watchmaker in Shrewsbury.

THY movements, Isaac, kept in play,
Thy wheels of life felt no decay,
For fifty years at least:
Till, by some sudden, secret stroke,
The balance, or the main-spring broke,
And all thy movements ceas'd.

Garrick.

A CLERGYMAN once asked Mr. Garrick, why a church congregation was seldom brought to tears, when the same persons placed in a theatre, would be worked up to grief by a fictitious distress. "The reason," answered Garrick, "is obvious; we repeat a *fiction* as though it were a *truth*; you repeat a *truth* as though it were a *fiction*."

Parody on Alonzo and Imogine.

A PLOUGHMAN so stout, and a damsel so fair,
Convers'd as they sat on the hay;
They ogled each other with simpering stare,
Pretty Peggy the gay was the name of the fair,
And the ploughman's the bold Roger Gray.

"And oh!" said the nymph, "since to-morrow you go,
"Far hence with a serjeant to list;
"Your tears for your Peggy soon ceasing to flow,
"Your love for some wealthier maiden you'll show,
"And she'll by my Roger be kiss'd."

"What nonsense you talk!" said the youth in a pet,
"For by the Lord Harry I swear,
"Nor cheeks red as cherries, nor eyes black as jet,
"Nor moist lips, nor of teeth the most beautiful set,
"Shall make me untrue to my fair.

"If ever by money or love led aside,
"I forget my fair Peggy the gay,
"With the power of a justice's warrant supplied,
"May a constable come as I sit by my bride,
"And bear me to prison away!"

To Glocester then hastened the ploughman so bold;
His sweetheart lamented him sore;
But scarcely nine months had over him roll'd,
When a rich butcher's widow, with bags full of gold,
Bold Roger enticed to her door.

Her mutton and beef, so red and so white
Soon made him untrue to his vows;
They pamper'd his palate, they dazzled his sight,
They caught his affections, so vain and so light,
And she carried him home as her spouse.

From church the fond couple adjourn to the Crown;
The company drink, laugh and sing;
The bacon and greens they go merrily down,
And the mugs were all frothing with liquor so brown,
When the bell of the alehouse went '*ting*.'

Now first Roger Gray with amazement beheld
A stranger stalk into the room;
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not aside;
He neither regarded the landlord nor bride,
But earnestly gazed on the groom.

Full stout were his limbs, and full tall was his height;
His boots were all dirty to view,
Which made all the damsels draw back in a fright,
Lest by chance they should sully their petticoats white;
And Roger began to look blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
The men sat in silence and fear,
Till, trembling, at length cried poor Roger, "I pray
"Aside your great coat, my old cock, you would lay,
"And deign to partake of our cheer."

The swain now is silent—the stranger complies;
His coat now he slowly unclosed—
Good Gods! what a sight struck poor Roger Gray's eyes;
What words can express his dismay and surprise,
When a constable's staff was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrific shout;
All hasten with hurry away;
For, as no one could tell whom he came to seek out,
Some tried to creep in, and some tried to creep out,
When the constable cried "Roger Gray!"

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
"Remember fair Peggy the gay,
"Whom you left big with child to possess a new bride;
"But his worship, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
"Has sent me to fetch thee away."

So saying, he laid his strong arm on the clown,
Calling vainly for help from the throng.
He bore him away to the gaol of the town,
Nor ever again was he seen at the Crown,
Or the catchpole that dragg'd him along.

Not long staid the bride—for, as old women say,
The meat in her shop was all spoil'd;
All her mutton and beef were carried away,
And sold to buy caudle for Peggy the gay,
And biggins and pap for the child.

Four times in each year, when, in judgment profound,
The quorum all doze on the bench;
Is Roger brought up, and is forced to be bound
With a friend in the sum of at least forty pound
To provide for the child and the wench.

The churchwardens sit round, the treat they don't pay,
Their cares all with 'bacco beguiled;
They drink out of mugs newly form'd of baked clay;
Their liquor is ale; and this whimsical lay
They sing—"Here's a health to fair Peggy the gay,
"And the false Roger Gray, and his child."

Anecdote.

AN eminent lawyer married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments. In every respect but one, the gentleman behaved unexceptionably. Though the bride was charmed with her husband's politeness and generosity, for he was continually loading her with presents, and assuring her of his everlasting attachment to her; yet she could not help lamenting in secret, that he was fond of separate beds. At last she laid open her situation to her father and mother. The good folks paid the husband a visit. They at first gave distant hints of the cause which brought them to his house, and at last they told him, though in general terms, that their daughter was much dissatisfied with his conduct to her. He seemed astonished that his wife should be so unreasonable as to complain of him, who was not conscious of denying her any thing she wished for. "My dear son-in-law," said the father, "you are very kind in every thing but one; you don't lie with your wife." "Whose fault is that?" said the married man, "she never once asked me." "Nay, but son," said the old man, "you know that's a thing never demanded." "No! Believe me, sir, that's a poor thing, indeed, which is not worth asking for."

A Wonder.

A WOMAN once, as it is sung,
Cou'd speak so loud without a tongue,
That you cou'd hear her full a mile hence.
A greater wonder I can tell:
I knew a woman very well,
Who had a tongue and yet kept silence!

Evils of Fortune-Telling.

PREDICTIONS often procure their own fulfilment, and thus occasion the very evils most apprehended: in confirmation of which, the following fact is related:—A lady had been married some years, had three little girls, and was near her confinement a fourth time, when her husband being absent on business, wrote to request she would search his bureau for a paper of some consequence; in doing which, she found another inclosed, "minutes of my fortune told me in the year 1789;" which was seven years prior to her marriage. Curiosity prompted her to open it, when she found as follows:—"E. D. tells me, that I am to marry in seven years a lady with blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair, with whom I am to live very happily; that I shall have three daughters; that in giving birth to a boy, the fourth child, my wife shall die." This paper fell into the lady's hands, but a few days before she was confined, and caused a depression which she could not throw off; but when the sex of the child was known, the strange coincidence of the three girls, and a boy being as predicted the fourth child, so entirely seized her imagination, that in three days she lost her intellect, and in less than three weeks (during the whole of which time she was completely deranged) she expired.

Epitaph on an Innkeeper.

A. B. removed from over the way.

Bon Mot.

IN a trial on a division of lands, before a certain facetious judge, the counsel on both sides set forth their limitations; one of them pleaded, "My lord, we lie on this side;" and the other said, "My lord, we lie on that side."—"Nay, then," said the judge, "if you *lie* on both sides, I'll *believe* neither of you!"

The Three Sharpers.

A PEASANT was conducting a goat to Bagdat; he was mounted on a mule, and the goat followed him with a bell hung to his neck. Three sharpers observing this little escort, instantly longed to make it their own, not so much for the value of the thing, as to shew their address. I will lay an even bet, said the first, that I will rob that man of his goat, without his thinking to inquire after it. And I, said the second, will lay another wager, that I will steal from him the mule he rides on; that must be a hard task indeed, said the third; but what do you think of my enterprise, since I engage to take from him all the cloaths upon his back, and to make him rejoice at seeing himself thus stripped to the skin.

Their manner of executing this project was truly ridiculous; yet tricks of as absurd a nature are daily practised in London, where the inhabitants pretend to be much wiser than their country friends, whose rustic simplicity is with them a standing jest.

The first sharper most dexterously loosened the fastening to the bell, slipt it from the goat's neck, tied it to the mule's tail, and made off with the goat, quite undiscovered. The peasant hearing the tinkling of the bell, never doubted but that his goat followed him. However, happening to look behind him some time after, he was strangely surprised at missing the little animal, which he was to sell at market. He now made inquiry of every passenger, in hopes of hearing of his strayed goat; at last, the second sharper accosted him, and told him he had just seen a man make down the next lane precipitately, dragging along a goat by the hind legs. The peasant, thinking he could run faster than his old mule could carry him, instantly dismounted, and requested the sharper to hold his mule, while he set off full speed in pursuit of the thief. After exhausting himself in running without getting sight of the man or the goat, he returned quite spent, and almost breathless to thank the stranger for taking care of his mule, when, to add to his misfortune, behold his mule and its keeper were vanished.

The two successful rogues had gained a secure retreat, and were triumphing over their associate, while he waited for the countryman at the side of a well, in a part of the road he knew he must pass. Here he sent forth the most lamentable cries, and made such bitter wailings, that the peasant was touched with commiseration as he approached him, and reflecting on his own recent misfortunes, found himself disposed to listen to the afflictions of others. As he appeared to be overwhelmed with grief, he thus addressed him; how can you take on so piteously? surely your misfortunes are not so great as mine; I have just lost two animals, the value which is more than one half of my substance; my mule and my goat might in time have made my fortune. A fine loss truly, said the third sharper, to be compared with mine! you have not, like me, let fall into this well, a casket of diamonds delivered into my hands, and entrusted to my care and discretion, to be carried to the Caliph of Bagdat; no doubt I shall be hung for my negligence, which will be called an excuse for having clandestinely sold them. Why don't you dive to the bottom of the well and fetch up your treasure, said the peasant? I know it is not deep. Alas! replied the sharper, I am quite aukward at diving, and had rather run the risk of being hanged, than meet inevitable death by drowning; but if any one who knows the well better than me, would undertake the kind office, upon recovering the

jewels, I would give him ten pieces of gold.

The unwary dupe poured out his pious ejaculations in gratitude to Mahomet for having thrown in his way the means of repairing the loss of his mule and his goat. Promise me, said he, in an extacy, the ten peices, and I will recover your casket; the sharper agreed, and the countryman stripped himself and jumped with such alacrity into the well, that the sharper saw he had no time to lose, and immediately took to his heels with the cloaths. The poor peasant felt all round the bottom of the well to no purpose, and then raising himself to the brink to take breath, and recover strength for a second attempt, he found that the stranger had decamped with his apparel. Grown wise too late by woeful experience, he returned home by many a lonely path to conceal his shame; and relating his tale to an affectionate wife, the only consolation he received from her was, "that from the king upon the throne, to the shepherd of the plains, two thirds of the human race owed the greatest part of the vexations of life to imprudent confidences."

Curious Observations.

IN speaking of the different manners of the French and Spaniards, it has been remarked, that the Frenchman wears his hair very long; the Spaniard, his very short; the Frenchman eats fast and very heartily, the Spaniard slow and sparingly; the Frenchman takes his soup first, the Spaniard eats his roast meat first, and then his soup; the Frenchman pours wine upon his water, the Spaniard puts water to his wine; the Frenchman talks freely at table, the Spaniard does not utter a word; the Frenchman walks after dinner, the Spaniard either sleeps or sits still; the Frenchman walks very fast, the Spaniard deliberately; the French valets follow their masters, the Spanish go before them; the Frenchman in making a sign for any one to come to him, lifts up his hand and draws it towards his face; the Spaniard kisses his hand, and declines it towards his feet; the Frenchman, as a mark of civility, gives you the upper hand in the street, the Spaniard takes it of you; the Frenchman goes in and out of his house after his company, the Spaniard marches before them; the Frenchman, reduced to poverty, sells all but his shirt; the shirt is the first thing a Spaniard parts with; the first begs alms with submission, the latter with haughtiness; the Frenchman, in dressing himself, puts on his breeches the last of all his clothes, the Spaniard begins with putting them on; the Frenchman always buttons himself from top to bottom, the Spaniard from bottom to top.

ADDITION. An Englishman is distinguished from all foreigners abroad, by shutting the doors of rooms and houses after him, at least he always attempts it; whereas all other Europeans, accustomed to the officiousness of servants, never offer to take hold of a door.

The Cock and the Horses.

A COCK within a stable pent,
Was strutting o'er some heaps of dung;
And aye as round about he went,
The gallant courses stamp't and flung.
Bravo! cried he, a decent noise,
We make a tolerable pother;
But let's take care, my merry boys,
We do not tread on one another.

On a Tomb-Stone in Essex.

HERE lie the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain;—
They abounded in riches;
They no care had, nor pain,
And the wife *wore the breeches.*

Laconic Epitaph.

SNUG.

Church Bells.

THE invention of bells, such as are hung in the towers or steeples of christian churches, is, by Polydore Virgil and others, ascribed to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. It is said that the names Nolæ and Campanæ, the one referring to the city, the other to the country, were for that reason given to them. In the time Clothair, king of France, and in the year 610, the army of the king was frighted from the seige of the city of Sens, by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's church. In the times of popery, bells were baptised and anointed *Oleo Chrismatis;* they were exorcised, and blessed by the bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even to recreate the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical; and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some saint. In Chauncey's History of Hertfordshire, page 383, is the relation of the baptism of a set of bells in Italy with great ceremony, a short time before the writing of that book. By an old chartulary, once in possession of Weever the antiquary, it appears that the bells of the priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were, anno 1501, new cast, and baptised by the following names:

Prima in honore Sancti Michaelis Archangeli.
Secunda in honore S. Johannis Evangeliste.
Tertia in honore S. Johannis Baptiste.
Quarta in honore Assumptionis beate Marie.
Quinta in honore Sancta Trinitatis, et omnium Sanctorum.

Fun. Mon. 633.

The bells at Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were also very famous: their names were Douce, Clement, Austin, Hautector (potius Hautcleri) Gabriel, and John.—Appendix to Hearne's Collection of Discourses by Antiquaries, No 11.

Near Old Windsor is a public-house, vulgarly called the Bells of Bosely. This house was originally built for the accommodation of bargemen, and others navigating the river Thames between London and Oxford. It has a sign of Six Bells, that is the bells of Osney.

In the funeral monuments of Weever are the following particulars relating to bells:

'Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.'
Page 122.

"In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's chapel: about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words:

"King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight and three;
Take me down, and wey mee, and more you shall find me."

But these bells being taken down in the reign of King Henry VIII. one writes underneath with a coal,

'But Henry the Eight,
Will bait me of my weight.'—Page 492.

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stow in his Survey of London, ward of Farringdon within, to wit, that near St. Paul's school, stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called Jesus' bells, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked a hundred pounds, and won them of King Henry VIII. at a cast of dice.

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Corsini family in Italy, was laid by an ancestor of it, who, at the dissolution of religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries acquired a very great estate. Nevertheless it

appears that abroad there are bells of a great magnitude. In the steeple of the great church at Roan, in Normandy, is a bell with this inscription:

"Je suis George de Ambois,
Qui trente cinque mille pois;
Mes lui qui me pesera,
Trente six mille me trouvera."

"I am George of Ambois,
Thirtie five thousand in pois;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirtie six thousand shall find me."

And it is a common tradition that the bells of King's College chapel, in the university of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Phelps, the bell-founder in Whitechapel, who melted them down.

The practice of ringing bells in change, is said to be peculiar to this country, but the antiquity of it is not easily to be ascertained; there are in London several societies of ringers, particularly one called the college youths: of this, it is said, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was, in his youth, a member: and in the life of this learned and upright judge, written by bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour this report. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated peals now known were composed about fifty years ago by one Patrick: this man was a maker of barometers; in his advertisements he styled himself Torricellion operator, from Torricelli, who invented instruments of this kind.

In the year 1684, one Abraham Rudhall, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells, and by a list published by them, it appears that at lady-day, 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the amount of 3594. The peals of St. Dunstan's in the East, and St. Bride's, London; St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster; are in the number.

Smart Repartee.

HENRY Lord Viscount Falkland was much distinguished by his extraordinary parts and heroic spirit. He was elected very young a member of the House of Commons, his admission into which was opposed by some of the older members, who said, *he had not yet sown his wild oats;* upon which his lordship replied, *it would be the best way then, to sow them in the house, where there were so many geese to pick them up.* This repartee gives us some idea both of his wit and his spirit. He was by the king appointed lord lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and is celebrated by the muse of Mr. Cowley. His lordship wrote one play, called *The Marriage Night,* a tragedy, printed in the year 1664, but it is uncertain whether it was ever acted.

Query.

AS I was going to St. Ives, I met 7 wives, the 7 wives had 7 bags, the 7 bags had 7 cats, the 7 cats had 7 kits; kits, cats, bags, and wives how many were there going to St. Ives?

The Answer.

NONE, the person who was going to St. Ives, met them all coming back.

Enigma.

STOOD took to taking
I you throw my.

Explanation.

I UNDERSTOOD you undertook to overthrow my undertaking.

The following Account of the dreadful Execution of Francis Ravaillac, for the murder of Henry IV. King of France, by stabbing him in his Coach, will not be unpleasing to our curious Readers,

FRANCIS RAVAILLAC, born at Angoulême, was in the thirty-second year of his age, when he committed this horrid murder. He had been a kind of pettifogger or solicitor for 14 years before. He was of a superstitious and contemplative disposition, much given to vapours and fancies, and often imagining he saw visions and revelations, which made him a very fit tool for the Romish priests to work upon. He declared, his main motive for killing the king was, that he had not, as he was able to do, brought back the followers of the pretended reformation to the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church. Upon his trial, he persisted in acquitting every one of having any concern in the murder, and in affirming he himself was the sole contriver and perpetrator of it; nor could the most excruciating tortures force the secret of his accomplices from him: it is not to be doubted he was incited to the commission of the fact by the priests, who alone, by their artful insinuations, promises, and wiles, can work a man up to such a pitch of desperation and resolution.

At three o'clock, on May 27, 1610, when he was taken from the prison of the Conciergerie, and put into the tumbril, the crowd was so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty the archers and officers of justice could force themselves a passage; and as soon as the prisoner appeared, that vast multitude began to cry out, wicked wretch, traitor, &c.

The enraged populace continued their cries and exclamations, till he arrived at the Greve, where, before he was taken out of the tumbril to mount the scaffold, he was again exhorted to reveal his accomplices; but he persisted in his former declaration, that he had none; again imploring pardon of the young king, the queen, and the whole kingdom, for the crime he had committed.

When he had ascended the scaffold, the two doctors comforted him, and exhorted him to acknowledge the truth; and after performing the duties of their function, the clerk approached him, and urged him to think of his salvation now at the close of his life, and to confess all he knew; to which he only answered as he had done before.

The fire being put to his right hand, holding the knife with which he had stabbed the king; he cried out, *Oh God!* and often repeated *Jesu Marie!* While his breast, &c. were tearing with red-hot pincers, he renewed his cries and prayers; during which being often admonished to acknowledge the truth he persisted in denying he had any accomplices. The furious crowd continued to load him with execrations, crying, that he ought not to have a moment's respite. Afterwards, by intervals, melted lead, and scalding oil, were poured upon his wounds; during which he shrieked aloud, and continued his cries and exclamations.

The doctors again admonished him, as likewise the clerk, to confess, and were preparing to offer up publicly the usual prayers for the condemned; but immediately the people, with great tumult and disorder, cried out against it, saying, that no prayers ought to be made for that wicked wretch, that d——d monster. So that the doctors were obliged to give it over. Then the clerk remonstrating to him, that the indignation of the people was a judgment upon him, which ought to induce him to declare the truth, he persisted to answer as formerly, saying, I only was concerned in the murder.

He was then drawn by four horses, for half an hour, by intervals.

Being again questioned and admonished, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices; while the people of all ranks and degrees, both near and at a distance, continued their exclamations, in token of their great grief for the loss of their king. Several persons set themselves to pull the ropes with the utmost eagerness; and one of the noblesse, who was near the criminal, alighted off his horse, that it might be put in the place of one which was tired with drawing him. At length, when he had been drawn for a full hour by the horses, without being dismembered, the people, rushing on in crowds, threw themselves upon him, and with swords, knives, sticks, and other weapons, they struck, tore, and mangled his limbs; and violently forcing them from the executioner, they dragged him through the streets with the utmost eagerness and rage, and burnt them in different parts of the city.

As this account of the execution is not so full as we could wish, we shall subjoin the sentence of the parliament, upon Ravaillac.

"The court hath declared, and doth declare, the said Ravaillac duly attainted of the crime of high-treason, in the highest degree, for the most wicked, most abominable, and most detestable parricide, committed on the person of the late king, Henry IV. of good and laudable memory; for reparation whereof, the court hath condemned, and doth condemn him, to make the *amende honorable*, before the principal gate of the church of Paris, wither he shall be carried and drawn in a tumbril, in his shirt, bearing a lighted torch of two pound weight, and that he shall there say and declare, that wickedly and traiterously he hath committed the aforesaid most wicked, most abominable, and most detestable parricide, and murdered the said lord the king, by stabbing him twice in the body with a knife; that he repents of the same, and begs pardon of God, the king, and the laws: From thence he shall be carried to the Greve, and, on a scaffold to be there erected, the flesh shall be torn with red-hot pincers from his breasts, his arms, and thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand, holding the knife wherewith he committed the aforesaid parricide, shall be scorched and burned with flaming brimstone; and on the places where the flesh has been torn with pincers, melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch, with wax and brimstone melted together, shall be poured: After this, he shall be torn in pieces by four horses, his limbs and body burnt to ashes, and dispersed in the air. His goods and chattels are also declared to be forfeited and confiscated to the king. And it is further ordered, that the house in which he was born shall be pulled down to the ground (the owner thereof being previously indemnified) and that no other building shall ever hereafter be erected on the foundation thereof: And that within fifteen days after the publication of this present sentence, his father and mother shall, by sound of trumpet, and public proclamation in the city of Angouleme, be banished out of the kingdom, and forbid ever to return, under the penalty of being hanged and strangled, without any farther form or process at law. The court has also forbidden, and doth forbid, his brothers, sisters, uncles, and others, from henceforth, to bear the said name of Ravaillac, enjoining them to change it to some other, under the like penalties: and ordering the substitute of the king's attorney general to cause this present sentence to be published and carried into execution, under pain of being

answerable for the same; and before the execution thereof, the court doth order, that the said Ravaillac shall again undergo the torture, for the discovery of his accomplices."

The Butterfly and the Maggot.

A BUTTERFLY, of plumage gay,
Descended on a hazel spray;
Where dwelt a maggot in his nut,
Contented in his humble hut.

The coxcomb pertly now press'd in,
Exclaiming with satiric grin;
" Who's here that bid the world farewell?
" Hoh! Master Maggot are ye dead?"
The Maggot heard—popp'd out his head,
Just like a hermit from his cell.

" What, Friar Maggot! alive and moping,
" Amid the dark for ever groping?
" Why, what a horrid life is thine!
" I range at will the hill and vale,
" I face the sun, enjoy the gale,
" And on the honied blossoms dine.

" Amid the fields of air I stray,
" And, tell me, who dares stop my way,
" Not of proud man the crawling nation.
" Why, thou art e'en beneath the mole!
" Heavens, how I pity thee, poor soul!
" Thy birth disgraces the creation."

" What insolence (the grub replies);
" Alas! how vain are butterflies.
" Know, then, that Heaven my wishes grants,
" Contented with my humble food;
" I know that providence is good,
" And feel his bounty in my wants.

" Blaspheming creature, learn, O learn!
" What thy dull optics can't discern;
" The hand which gave the sun its form,
" Fram'd ocean, bids the winds arise.
" Displays its power on earth and skies,
" Displays a world within a worm."

The Maggot ended—now behold!
The beau, with plumes of glittering gold,
Was with a grin, pr. par'd to treat him;
When forth a sparrow hopp'd unseen,
Spoil'd Monsieur's meditated mien,
In triumph bore him off, and ate him.

How few simplicity endears!
Ah! who would lose, or sighs and tears,
The charms of friendship, love and calm security,
To grandeur's giddy heights to climb?
The happy state, and true sublime,
Live in two words—contentment and obscurity.

Account of Mr. Edward Bright so remarkable for his enormous bulk.

HE was an eminent shopkeeper at Malden in Essex, and was 30 years old when he died. He was supposed to be the most corpulent man that ever was known. He weighed 42 stone and a half horseman's weight; and not being very tall, his body was of an astonishing bulk, and his legs were as big as a middling man's body. He was an active man till a year or two before his death, when his corpulency so over-powered his strength, that his life began to be a burden to him. He left a widow pregnant with her sixth child. His coffin was three feet six inches over the shoulders, six feet seven inches long, and three feet deep. A way was cut through the wall and staircase, to let the corpse down into the shop: It was drawn upon a carriage to the church, and placed in the vault by the help of a slider and pulleys.

Tit for Tat.

SAYS Allen to his wife, before we part,
I have some serious matter much at heart;
When I was young I was prodigious wild,
I fell in love, and got a maid with child;
The babe is handsome, though she's rather brown;
Do take her home, and rear her as your own;
I wish indeed you'd her example be,
I'm sure you'll love her for she's much like me!
'Tis well my dear, and you confess in time;
I'm glad to find by you—that it's no crime,
I had a boy before I married you,
Therefore together let us wed the two.

A Query to a Dull Author. An Epigram.

IF Tom should publish what he writes,
I hope 'tis not decreed,
That we, who kindly buy his works,
Shall be obliged to read!

Impromptu: addressed to a Gentleman whose pocket had been picked of his Watch

HE that would wear a watch, ev'n this must do,
Pocket his *watch*, and *watch* his *pocket* too.

Henry I. Stephen, and Henry II.

HENRY the first was one of the most accomplished princes that have filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station he attained: his person was manly, his countenance engaging, his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. Also the affability of his address encouraged all those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and kept a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers.

His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government; and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters.

His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct toward his brother shown, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. He died December 1, 1135, aged sixty-seven, having reigned thirty-five years.

ENGLAND suffered great miseries during the reign of Stephen; but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects.

He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had he enjoyed the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty of revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Stephen died in the year 1154.

IN the fifty-eighth year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, died Henry the second, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable.

He was of a middle stature, strong and well-proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour, and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study above any prince of his time.

His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of the ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society.

His character has been transmitted to us by many writers, who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. He died in 1189.

Two of a Trade.

SAYS Jack to Tom, you're a rogue and a cheat,
Says Tom to Jack you're a rascal complete;
Quoth Richard, the truth of the proverb I see,
That two of a trade will never agree.

New Application of a Pack of Cards.

THE four suits correspond to the four quarters of the year, and the number of cards in each suit, to the weeks in a quarter. The twelve court cards intimate the twelve calendar months. The king and queen remind me of the duty I owe to their majesties; the ten, of the commandments; the nine, of the muses; the eight, of the beatitudes; the seven, of the wonders of the world; the six, to work six days, and to keep the seventh holy; the five, of the senses given by God to man; the four, of the seasons; the three, of the graces; the two, of the contrary principles of virtue and vice; the ace, of one supreme God; and the knave, of him who is a foe to the constitution of his country.

Two Heads better than one.

AS Yorkshire Humphrey t'other day
Oe'r London Bridge was stumping,
He saw with wonder and delight
The Water-Works a pumping:

Numps gazing stood, and, wond'ring how
This grand machine was made,
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the ballustrade.

A sharper prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout;
And soon with fish-hook fingers turns
His pockets inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around,
The thief, with artful leer;
Says, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd
For pick-pockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I don't fear London thieves,
"I'se not a simple youth,
"My guinea, Measter's, safe enow,
"I've put'n in ma mouth!"

"You'll pardon me," the rogue replies;
Then modestly retires;
Numps re-assumes his gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand
With Humphrey full in view,
And now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

When thus the elder thief began,
"Observe that gaping lout!
"He has a guinea in his mouth,
"And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me," young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat;
"Only observe how neat I'll queer
"That gaping country flat!"

By this time Numps had gazed his fill,
Was trudging through the street;
When the young pilferer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stop to find,
And gave the boy his coin;
And Humphrey, with this friendly band,
Most cordially does join.

"There is thy pence," quoth Numps my boy
"Be ZURE THEE HAULDS 'em faster."—
"My pence! quoth Filch, "here is my pence,
"But where's my GUINEA, Master?

"Help! help! good folks, for God's sake help!"
Bawls out this hopeful youth,
"He pick'd my guinea up just now,
"And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws;
And, seizing by the gullet, plucks,
The guinea from his jaws;

Then roars out, "Masters, here's the coin,
"I'll give the child his guinea;
"But who'd have thought to see a thief
"In this same country ninny?"

Humphrey astonish'd, thus begins.
"Good Measters, hear me, pray;"
But "duck him! duck him!" is the cry:
At length he sneaks away.

"And now," quoth Numps, "I will believe
"What often I've heard said,
"That London thieves will steal the teeth
"Out of a body's head!"

Quin and Foote.

AS Quin and Foote one day walk'd out,
To view the country round,
In merry mood they chatting stood,
Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke a shilling took,
And said, 'I'll bet a penny,
In a short space, within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.'

Upon the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown;
'Behold,' said Foote, 'the thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.'

'I wonder not,' says Quin, 'that thought,
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way your debts to pay,
One shilling in the pound.'

Upon being required to give a Logical Definition of an Epigram.

AN Epigram is—is—'tis plain,
And obvious, what it is:
This is an Epigram; so then,
An Epigram is *this*.

The Three Wives.

THOUGH marriage, by most folks, be reckoned a curse,
Three wives did I marry for better or worse:
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
And the the third for a warming pan, doctress, and nurse.

A Case of Seduction.

MARY Fenton was the eldest daughter of an industrious villager, at Dunson, in Oxfordshire; she was a lively girl, with a pretty face and well-proportioned form; nor could an exposure to the weather in the harvest field, diminish the attractions of this pleasing village-maid. In this state of obscure but blameless poverty, Mary attained her nineteenth year, and was universally allowed by her rustic neighbours to be one of the prettiest girls in the country, and remarkable for modesty and agreeable manners. She had been taught to read and write, at a Sunday school, and was perfectly contented with her humble situation, when a letter from a female friend, who had adventured to London, first interrupted the serenity of Mary. The friend was employed as housemaid in a nobleman's family; she had heard of a place for Mary, and invited her to share the delights of servitude, in terms of rapturous eulogium.

Incited by that curiosity so strong in the youthful mind, Mary, with the concurrence of her parents, who were very poor, prepared for her journey; and after bestowing the kiss of friendship on each of her three sisters, she left home. With a bosom throbbing with the pleasurable emotions of hope, she set out on her journey, and arrived in the capital in health and good spirits.

She was received by her friend with unaffected joy, and on application, to a lady in Baker-street, who wanted a nursery-maid, she was hired, and entered upon her arduous employment without delay. Mary, though unacquainted with the cares of the nursery, soon became a proficient in the management of children. She was in possession of those indispensable requisites good health, a cheerful temper, and a tender heart: the two children entrusted to her care, soon

became strongly attached to her, and the first year which she spent in Baker-street, was a year of happiness. Her wages and the liberal presents which she received from the visitors amounted to about twenty pounds; one half of which she sent to her indigent parents, and the residue was laid out in requisite clothing.

Mary was now a pretty nursery maid, her rusticity gradually gave place to more graceful manners, and her behaviour was irreproachably decent. But the hour approached in which the happiness of this amiable girl was to be sacrificed to the caprice of a superior, and her pure heart, unsuspicious of evil, was soon to receive the contaminating taint of depravity. The Hon. Captain L***** became a resident in Baker-street.

He was the only brother of Mary's mistress; and having acquired a fortune in India, came home to spend it in England. Soon after his arrival, he took a fancy to the pretty nursery-maid; and unaccustomed to the restraint of his capricious desires, he resolved to violate the laws of hospitality and honour, by the seduction of virgin innocence. Finding Mary unmoved by his unmeaning flattery and polite assiduity, he proceeded to address her with all the apparent ardour of a sincere lover. The vanity of the nursery-maid was gratified by the attention of a gentleman, who swore he loved her, and would marry her; she believed his protestations, and was seduced from the path of discretion.

For some months the unhappy dupe of falsehood lived in daily expectation that her lover would realize that promise of a private marriage, which he so repeatedly swore he would perform. Her situation now became extremely critical; she was far advanced in pregnancy, and dreaded the exposure of her imprudence. To add to her affliction, the captain went to pass the summer at Brighton. He gave her a kiss, and presented her with five guineas, at parting—but she never saw him again. Like most men of pleasure, the captain was totally callous to all the finer emotions of the heart; and when Mary pressed his hand, while her bosom was convulsed with sobs, and her eyes overflowed with the honest tears of true love, he turned from her with a fashionable shrug, and humming an Italian air as he walked down stairs, mounted his horse and rode off, without bestowing another thought on his abandoned victim.

The pregnancy of Mary now became so visible, that the scandalous circumstance was whispered among her fellow-servants, and soon communicated to her mistress. Mary was interrogated by the lady, who felt her honourable pride alarmed, at the idea of permitting an abandoned girl to sleep under the same roof. The poor dupe of deception confessed the truth; but the perfidy of the captain was so far from exciting indignation against him, and pity for Mary, that his sister instantly turned her out of doors!

It was now six o'clock in the evening, and Mary—the poor outcast Mary—went, with a face covered with blushes, to recount her errors and misfortunes to that friend who had tempted her from innocent rusticity to vicious refinement. Her friend received her with apparent cordiality, expressed her concern on finding she was out of place; but on hearing the particulars of her disgrace, she started up, and stood at a distance from the unfortunate girl, as if she dreaded infection. When her surprise abated, she requested Mary to go with her to the house of an acquaintance in the neighbourhood—there she left her, with a promise to call in the morning, but with a secret resolution never more to hold any intercourse with a dishonoured woman.

Next morning Mary waited for some time, in expectation of a visit from her friend—but no friend came; Mary had not a friend in the world. She then wrote a letter to her former companion, and received a laconic answer, informing her, that in consequence of what had happened in Baker-street, the correspondence must terminate, for the loss of character was an irremediable evil. With a heart almost bursting with mournful and indignant emotions, the abandoned Mary began her solitary journey to her natal village. Her parents she thought would not reject her; and this consolatory reflection enabled her to travel on foot nearly seventy miles, exposed to the heat of summer.

On her arrival at the cottage, which had been the former scene of her blameless youthful joys. Mary shed tears; she found her parents both living; but her father was confined to bed by a severe indisposition, which was not mitigated by the misfortune of his child. Mary, however, received no reproaches, she was welcomed back with the cordiality of parental affection; and having brought about twenty pounds with her, she obtained medical aid, which gradually restored her father to his usual health.

Two months after her arrival, Mary was delivered of a son, and the requisite accommodations diminished her purse, insomuch, that in a short time she found herself pennyless.—Her parents were unable to afford her any relief, except a share of their humble fare, and the shelter of their cottage: she made several applications to those farmers' wives in the neighbourhood, who wanted a nurse, but none of them would admit her under their roof. In this distress Mary applied to the parish officers for relief, but her bastard had no claim on them, it must be sent to the parish of St. Mary-le-Bone. Destitute and almost despairing, Mary was necessitated to wander as a mendicant, through the villages of Oxfordshire. Her beautiful aspect, pale with woe, and frequently bedewed with tears, excited the pity of the compassionate, who relieved her immediate wants; but her misfortunes too often served as a subject for the gross and licentious wit of unfeeling rustics. Adversity preyed on the spirits of Mary, but with her sufferings, her love of virtue returned. Indeed she had never been vicious; she was deceived, not corrupted; and this reflection proved consolatory, amid the surrounding calamities of want and infamy. The little boy too, proved a fine thriving child; accustomed to continual changes of air, he daily grew stronger and more lively, and his fond mother often, with tearful eyes bent over him, kissed that smiling companion, who was unconscious that his existence had been the cause of a mother's misery.

Half a year passed away, and the vagrant mother and child were unprovided for—no benign hand opened an asylum to shelter them from the wintry air. The clothing of Mary was insufficient to afford necessary warmth to herself and her infant, and she exposed a frame naturally delicate to the chilling atmosphere, while she wrapped a tattered silken cloak about her son, and cherished him at her *yet warm* bosom. In her wandering, during a gloomy afternoon in December, she beheld a village on a distant hill. She bent her steps towards it, but spiritless and exhausted, a sudden faintness compelled her to stop at the entrance of a lane. The shades of a winter's evening closed fast around her—she was hungry, cold, and destitute—but she was not alone; ah, no! a helpless infant was her companion. Thus abandoned as an outcast in a civilized nation which so loudly boasts of its humanity, the sad victim of a villain's arts, was left to perish, "with

not a friend to close her eyes." Yet although abandoned by mankind, she was not forsaken by celestial mercy; the consciousness that she was unfortunate but not criminal, blunted the arrows of death. While sensibility remained, she performed the duties of a good mother. She pressed her infant to that bosom which was chilled by the blasts of night: she supplied him with milky nutriment, and folded the son of her youth in a last embrace. Tears of maternal love dropped from the eyes of the dying mother, on the beloved face which she was never more to behold—she uttered a plaintive prayer to the FATHER of the fatherless, beseeching his protection to her son—then clasping the infant more closely in her arms, she laid her head on a mossy bank, and closed her eyes for ever on sublunary scenes.

In this state her corpse was found about the dawn, by a waggoner, who happening to stop his horses on the road adjacent to the spot were Mary lay, was alarmed by the feeble cry of an infant. He discovered the child, endeavouring to suck the breast of the unhappy mother—but that fountain was for ever dried up. The honest rustic wept over this mournful scene; he conveyed the child to a secure asylum, and the remains of poor Mary were interred in the village churchyard.

Epitaph, in the true Stone-Cutter's style.

HERE lies the body of Thomas Dollman,
A vastly fat, tho' not a very tall man;
Pay serjeant was he in the Royal Surry,
A better *I thinks* you'll not see in a hurry;
Full twenty stone he weighed, yet I'm told,
His captain thought him worth his weight in gold;
Grim death *who ne'er to nobody* shews favour,
Hurried him off, for all his good behaviour;
Regardless of his weight, he bundled him away;
'Fore any one Jack Robinson could say:
Soldier take care, and by him pray take warning,
You may be dead ere night, tho' alive and well in the morning.

The following Particulars relating to Joanna Southcott, by a Writer signing himself "Amicus Religio," are from the Morning Chronicle.

IN the year 1790, this prophetess was a workwoman at an upholsterer's in Exeter. The upholsterer was a methodist, and his shop was visited by methodist ministers, who were so struck with Joanna's serious turn of mind, that they thought her a prodigy, and used frequently to discuss heavenly subjects with her. With the aid of dreams and visions, she now began to think herself inspired. One morning, in sweeping the shop, she found a seal, with the initials, I. S. It was the miraculous seal, of which she had been forewarned in a vision. She now quitted the shop, and turned prophetess. In 1792, she states that she was visited by the Lord, who told her that a vision would be shewn to her in the night. It appeared, sometimes in the shape of a cup, and then like a cat, which she kicked to pieces. This made her uneasy, till she was told that these were nothing but the tricks of Satan. The methodist preachers and others now had a meeting with her: a warm discussion ensued: it ended in their assenting to a paper, stating that her calling was of God. —Converts now rapidly increased, and she could hardly furnish seals enough for them. The sealed papers contained texts of scripture, promissory of beatitude hereafter, stamped with the seal found in the upholsterer's shop. The sealed person is forbidden to open the paper, lest the charm should be destroyed. Those who wish to see the writings of the prophetess, have only to purchase an eighteen-penny book from Mr. Sharp the engraver, or Mr. Tozer, the preacher. Her "seven days' dialogues with Satan," according to Amicus Religio, is too blasphemous for publication —In 1803, she published some remarks on the church prayers, to

which Mr. Sharp contributed a preface. He asserts that the character of the prophetess will be found in the *Revelations, c.* xii. *v.* 1. which runs thus: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Amicus Religio cannot perceive the applicability of this passage to Joanna Southcott: he has known it applied to the Virgin Mary; but how, he asks, does it apply to the *Virgin* Joanna?—In the fifth verse of the same chapter, it states that the woman is delivered of a male child, who is "to rule all nations with a rod of iron." This text no doubt coincides with the Virgin Joanna's pregnancy, and next January (1815) the promised *Shilo* is expected.—Mr. Tozer has either sworn, or is ready to swear, that Joanna is a virgin.—With regard to the doctrines of the prophetess, it is no easy matter to get at them, for they are all of "a mysterious, ambiguous, blasphemous, or illiterate description." All that Amicus Religio has been able to collect, relates to a second redemption of mankind, through the medium of Joanna; that her coming is called the second advent; that when the number of her followers shall amount to three hundred thousand, then the objects of her mission will be for the most part accomplished; that all who admit the truth of her writings will be blessed, and those who deny them condemned to everlasting torment. She also asserts, that the salvation of mankind will not be completed, without a second redemption wrought in her person.—The Reverend S. P. Foley (said to be a relation of Lord Foley) and the Rev. Mr. Tozer, are now the leading preachers of Joanna's doctrines in the metropolis. Mr. Carpenter, "of the house of God," Newington-Butts, has seceded from her ministry, and employs a young man to see visions for him on his own account.

A stone has been placed over the remains of the late Joanna Southcott, in the new burial ground of St. Mary-le-bone, adjoining the Regent's Park, with the following *mystic* inscription:

In memory of Joanna Southcott, who departed this life, Dec. 27, 1814, *aged* 65.

"While through all thy wond'rous days,
"Heaven and earth enraptur'd gaze:
"While vain sages think they know,
"Secrets thou *alone* canst shew,
"Time *alone* will tell what hour,
"Thou'lt appear in greater power!"

Joanna Southcott and her Followers.

A MRS. B——, the wife of a respectable tradesman, being fond of novelty, had eagerly swallowed down the *heavenly prophecies*, that Joanna had written, and said on subjects of *nocturnal discoveries* and *lucubratory compositions*, being extremely anxious to ascertain how her sealed soul could safely get to glory, a little quicker than the rest of her sealed brethren, applied to a noted *rhodomontade doctor* in Joanna's cause, for advice, who readily informed his weak adherent, that she must follow the example of our blessed Saviour when on this earth; who with all humility entered Jerusalem "meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass;" and that as Christ rode into the literal Jerusalem on an ass, (which was a figure and type of the heavenly Jerusalem above;) so Mrs. B. as a disciple of Jesus, and a sealed heir of Joanna's angelic tribe, was to ride on an ass into the heavenly Jerusalem, escorted by an angel, of the *first order*, ordained and commissioned by the *Bride*, mentioned in the 2 Esdras, vii. 26. to watch and protect the sealed favorites, in the nicromantic school, and bring them safe to glory on some heavenly *donkey!!* Believing the above statement to be true, Mrs. B. was in constant expecta-

tion of the heavenly messenger who was to conduct her, from the evil to come. Mr. B. her husband, who had repeatedly (but in vain) warned his wife of the delusive and diabolical doctrines, imposed upon the *weak* and *ignorant*, by that *wicked witch* Joanna Southcott, and her *deceiving followers*, could have had little or no domestic happiness with his misguided wife, who by night, was constantly dreaming of Joanna and her visions; and by day, dinning his ears with the delectable anticipation of her *aerial flight*, on one of Joanna's spiritual and angelic neddies!

Thus anticipating the grand appearance of the heavenly messenger, and impatiently watching the fulfilment of the wonderful prediction, Mr. B's family and household affairs became neglected, if not quite abandoned, by his *(before)* valuable and good housewife.—Being at a loss what step to take to undeceive his innovated wife, Mr. B. consulted a friend on the business, who devised a plan that produced the desired effect; they both agreed, that on a certain night about twelve o'clock, (the awful moment when the midnight hosts, from the dark regions of the bottomless pit are permitted to ascend, and all *spectres*, *hobgoblins*, *demons*, and *spirits* of *wizards*, and *witches*, make their nocturnal excursions in order to perform their regular demonology, and gain proselytes to the prince of darkness) the friend of Mr. B. was to make his appearance, clothed in white, riding on the *divine jack-ass*, and in all the majestic and heavenly form possible, to approach the door of Mr. B. with three loud and *awful raps*, (assuming the voice of an *archangel*) to summon Mrs. B. to the world of spirits —The long wished for period arrives; the *heavenly messenger* performs his office: Mr. B. looks out of the window, and inquires who is there? Being answered "I am the holy angel sent by the venerable agent, residing in the town of the august Lady Joanna Southcott, to conduct your *sealed spouse* to the mansions of bliss." Mr. B. in seeming agitation, informed his dear partner of the singular address he had met with, from the mighty visitor, and enquired of her, who this astonishing personage could be? He was answered by his beloved wife to the following effect, "O dear! the doctor's prophecy is come to pass! 'Tis the good angel come to fetch me to heaven. I must arise and go to glory with my heavenly guide," &c. In vain did Mr. B. attempt to undeceive his good lady, and shew the absurdity of the prophecy: go she was determined.—What a scene immediately took place! *his children crying; his servants reasoning;* himself in (seeming) *tears;* and even the very *cat* was in *agonies*, at the sudden alarm and confusion that had taken place: still Mrs. B. remained unmoved, as to feeling the least relentings, or desire to continue in the troubles, cares and perplexities of a family. All pathetic entreaties and sound reasoning being useless, Mr. B. consents, with seeming reluctance to receive her farewell kisses; she embraces her children; takes her leave of the servants; and complies with the angel's hasty and peremptory request; bids a final farewell to all terrestrial objects; quickly mounts the *humble steed*, and with the surprising agility of a *thorough blood donkey*, in less than two hours, arrives at a lonely spot about two miles from the place of her abode. Mrs. B. was now apprised, by her heavenly guide, that another sealed female was yet left behind, and must be immediately fetched to that spot, in order to ascend upwards with her; she therefore dismounted, patiently to stay for the return of her angelic protector. But lo! having waited about three or four hours; and no return of either angel or donkey, her fears came on, her

faith began to stagger, her prayers to Joanna and her spirit, (though fervently offered) seemed to flow in vain. No heavenly guide appears; no sealed sister is in view. Despair pervades her mind; alarmed beyond measure, she moves with velocity, the lonesome road towards her house, and as soon as she came, (with unspeakable agitation and mortification,) raps lustily at the door of her once peaceful dwelling. Mr. B. looking from the window, inquired "who is there?" Mrs. B answers "your dear wife, my love!" He replied, "than can never be: she is gone to heaven on one of Joanna's *spiritual donkeys*, several hours ago, and no doubt by this time is happy enough. She can have no wish to return to the cares of a family, or to this troublesome world!" Mrs. B. finding all attempts to persuade her loving husband that she really returned in the *body*, was at length obliged to desist, and patiently bear the inclemency of the weather, until the morning; when she convinced her dear partner, by his feeling and handling her, that she was still only *flesh*, and not *spirit*. Mrs. B. being now undeceived, and thoroughly satisfied that Joanna, her doctors, priests, and *sealed* people, were all under the immediate influence of the devil, became once more a good housewife, an affectionate domestic; and has ever since discarded the false *prophecies*, and diabolical writings of Joanna Southcott.

On an Insurance-Office in Baltimore, America.

IF you would have your Goods secur'd,
From fire or from water;
Step in; all things are here insured,
Except your Wife and Daughter.

Classic Epitaph.

HERE lies Tom Rogers, and 'tis something rarish,
He was born and bred, and hang'd all in this parish.

A Pennyworth of Wit.

A MAN of some address, and no little assurance, having watched an opportunity to importune the late Duke of Newcastle for money, enforced his request, by quaintly observing, that as they were of the same family, *being both descended from Adam*, he hoped his grace would not refuse something towards his support, "Certainly not," replied the Duke, "certainly not!—There is a penny for you and if all your relations do but give you half as much, you will soon be a far richer man than I am!"

On a Seaman.

MY watch perform'd, lo here at rest I lay,
Not to turn out till resurrection day.

Character of a well-bred Man.

SOME have supposed the fine gentleman and the well-bred man to be synonimous characters; but I will make it appear that nothing can be more widely different, the former leaves nature entirely, the latter improves upon her. He is neither a slave nor an enemy to pleasure, but approves or rejects as his reason shall direct. He is above stooping to flatter a knave, though possessed of a title; nor ever over-looks merit, though he should find it in a cottage. His behaviour is affable and respectful, yet not cringing or formal; and his manners easy and unaffected. He misses no opportunity wherein he can oblige his friends, yet does it in so delicate a manner, that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favour. He does not profess a passion he never felt, to impose upon the credulity of a silly woman; nor will he injure another's reputation to please her vanity. He cannot love where he does not esteem, nor ever suffers his passions to overcome his reason. In his friendship he is steady and sincere, and lives less for himself than for his friend.

An Invitation to Margate.

THE day now opens with a morning fair,
And *S——'s boarders* to the sea repair;
With heavy hearts and sleepy heads they go,
Seeming to care not, if they bath'd or no:
But now inevitable they see their fate
On that unerring record, *S——'s slate.*
Now cries the Doctor, learn'd in bathing laws,
" Ye willing bathers come and take your cloaths."
Dear boasting Doctor! tho' you seem so stout.
No willing bather comes more willing out.

See—slow and thoughtful, they approach the block,
And summon all their courage for the shock;
Among the rest the *tender Flora* goes,
Watching the sea, as up the steps it flows,
" Indeed I cannot, cannot bathe" she cries;
Then from the steps in timid haste she flies:
And now returning with reluctant pace,
Pale horror pictur'd in her beauteous face,
Sees not the smiling guide in ambush lay;
Ah! now she seizes on her trembling prey,
Vain are her weak attempts, herself to save,
Deep she immerges in the briny wave.

But now she rises, sees her danger o'er,
Affects to laugh at what she fear'd before:
Wishes to bathe again—pretends to spurn
At woman's fears,—to-morrow shall she learn,
That with their *cause* the same *effects* return.
So the rough sailor when he's safe on shore,
Forgets the dangers he escap'd before;
But when again at sea, the thoughtless elf,
Dreads the impending storm—and wonders, at himself.
Thus are our passions with exactness weigh'd,
As hope arises, all our fears are laid:
As either passion weakens in the scale,
In just proportion t'other shall prevail.

The clock strikes *nine*—now———*'s boarders* meeting
With smirking faces bow—each other greeting:
And now the Doctor having drank salt water,
The girls affect to wonder what he's after,
Nor roll nor tea he values of a farthing
But quits them both for———*'s* pleasant garden.
Breakfast now over—how they pass their time,
How some write prose, and others wretched rhyme!
How various minds to various parts resort,
How some the rooms prefer, and some the fort;
All this, and more than this, in verse I'd bring,
If writing verses was an easy thing:
If as of old the muses would indite,
And poets need learn nothing———but to write,
Was this the case, old volumes I'd rehearse.
Philosophy I'd teach—and all in verse.
But now, alas! should poets never write
But when capricious muses will indite:
In helpless expectation wait their leisure
To dictate sentiment, and rhyme, and measure;
Longing for lines those fickle jades have made,
Starved must our poets be, and lost their trade.

Hark! how———speaks—he tells ye truth:
Hear him, ye *sensualist—old age*—and *youth.*

'Ye Margate bathers, and ye drinkers too,
'Wou'd ye my plan of health in truth pursue,
'Wou'd ye a trial to the waters give,
'Mark me ye eaters!—be temperate and live.
'Ye pamper'd wretches who from London came,
'Ye murderers of yourselves, ye sick and lame;
'Ye traitors to your king and this lost nation,
'Curst with that load of life—a *complication!*
'In tavern luxuries no longer stay,
'Tis reason calls you, reason points the way;
'Eastward direct thy steps—but do't with care—
"T' explore the clearest way to *Hawley's square:*
'A boarding house there is, well known of yore,
'———*'s* 'tis now, 'twas———*'s* heretofore.
'From me she learns her culinary art,
'Cooks by *my book*—has every page by heart.
'Your health her study, temperance all her aim,
'No flaming gravies e'er from——— came,
'Nor turtle feasts, nor soups, nor hot chyan,
'Shall e'er beguile you from my temperate plan.
'Variety!—of health the greatest bane,
'No Margate boarders must of this complain.
'Old England's staple here is often seen,
'*Two legs of mutton boil'd*—a *neck* between.
'Feeding too much on these I heard her say,
'She thought it best to take *one leg* away:'

'And since, I'm told—to give a farther check
'In spite of hungry looks—she's moved the *neck*.

'No longer stay,
'But haste away,
'Ye invalids that can,
'I assure you,
'She shall cure you,
'And finish what I began.'

A Letter from the Right Reverend Dr. Wilcocks, Bishop of Rochester, then Chaplain to the English Factory at Lisbon, (respecting a Young Woman in the territory of Elvas, in Portugal, who speaks without a tongue,) to a learned and ingenious Gentleman, dated Lisbon, September 3, 1707.

SIR,

THE Conde D. Ericeyra, a nobleman of letters, and curious in natural knowledge, brought from the country a young woman without a tongue, who yet speaks very well. She is seventeen years old, but in stature not exceeding one of seven or eight: I was with her at the Conde's house, and made her pronounce every letter in the alphabet; which she can do distinctly except Q, which she calls Cu, (after the common pronunciation of all her country people.) She hath not the least bit of a tongue, nor any thing like it, but the teeth on both sides of her jaws turn very much inward, and almost meet. She finds the greatest want of a tongue in eating, for as others, when they eat, move their meet about with their tongue, she is forced to use her fingers. She pretends to distinguish tastes very well; but I believe doth it imperfectly. Her voice, though very distinct, is very hollow, and like that of old people who have lost half their teeth.

Universal Magazine, 1748.

On a Taylor.

CABBAG'D by death and in his eye laid by,
The remnant of a taylor here doth lie.

A young King of Persia, taught Wisdom by a Shepherd.

A YOUNG King of Persia, named Behram, succeeded to the throne of his father at an age in which he was more fit to be governed than to govern; and thinking he was a king for no other reason but to consult his own happiness, he delegated to a vizir, the whole government of his empire. This vizir imagined he should never be called to any account for what he did, and therefore greatly abused the trust reposed in him; the persons, whom he employed under him, followed the example of their master, considering only their own private interest, instead of the public good, for which they were responsible. The troops were ill-paid, and therefore they neglected their duty; all sorts of order, justice, and economy, were now no more, and the people began to revolt. The prince was too late informed, that his subjects would no longer obey him. He roused himself from his lethargy, and considered how he could prevent the evils that threatened him: his counsellors, who were awed by the presence of the vizir, acquainted him with the complaints of the people, but were afraid to discover the cause. One day as the prince was walking in a pensive mood, reflecting upon the misfortunes that surrounded him, he observed a shepherd hanging up his dog upon a tree. "What has that poor dog been guilty of, said the king, to the shepherd, to deserve that ignominious death?"—"What has he done," replied the shepherd," why he has abused the confidence I reposed in him. I bred him up from a puppy, and furnished him with food that he might defend my sheep from the wolves; instead of that he has entered into a league with these voracious animals, and is a partaker with them in the booty;—my flock has been destroyed by the perfidy of my dog.

The misfortunes of the multitude will always fall upon the governor or leader."—These words opened the eyes of the king; he comprehended he had done wrong in submitting all to his vizir, who he was convinced was as perfidious as the shepherd's dog—he therefore ordered him to receive the same chastisement that the dog had so justly merited. This example intimidated all those, who, like the vizir, had abused the portion of authority with which they were intrusted; order and regularity were established in Persia, and a king was instructed by a poor shepherd, how he ought to govern mankind.

Half an hour before Dinner.

HOW sad it is to sit and pine,
The long *half hour* before we dine!
Upon our watches oft to look,
Then wonder at the clock and cook;
To cast as long as we are able,
Desponding looks across the table;
Till, at last, starting from our chair,
We seize a fork in mute despair—
Then raise a knife, or poise a plate,
And strive to laugh, in spite of fate!
But laughter forced soon flies the room,
And leaves it in its former gloom:
Silence prevails—there seems no hope—
Who with the *fidgets* e'er could cope?

Ah! who as hunger grows still stronger,
The horrors of suspense can tell?
What stomach can hold out, Sir, longer?—
As a last effort, pull the bell!

But, lo! the dinner now appears—
The object of our hopes and fears—
The end of all our pain;
For all our troubles past no matter,—
While glasses ring, and dishes clatter,
We are ourselves again!

In Norwick Cathedral.

UNDER this Ston
Ligs John knapton
Who died Just
the XXVIII of augnst
MDXC and on
Of thys church Peti-canon.

Epitaph.

HERE doctor Fisher lies interr'd,
Who's fill'd the half of this church-yard.

Richard I. and John.

THE most shining part of Richard's character was his military talents; no man even in that romantic age, carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of Lion-hearted *Cœur de Lion.* He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it.

His resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable; and his subjects as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel; and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than to promote either their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy.

As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore any regard to them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom; the croisade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity: the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France; and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. He died April 6, 1199, aged 42, and reigned ten years.

THE character of John is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect, that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudices of the ancient historians.

It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew or his subjects, were most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the Pope, and the barons.

His dominions, when they devolved to him, by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost by his misconduct in the flourishing provinces in France, the ancient patrimony of his family: he subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage under the see of Rome: he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction: and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahomedan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch. But though this story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable; except that there is nothing so incredible, but may be believed to proceed from the wickedness and folly of John. He died in 1216.

Affecting Scene of Distress.

A WIDOW of a timber-merchant, who had lived in affluence, finding herself, by the premature death of her husband, reduced to a very forlorn situation, took refuge in a small, though neat cottage, built upon the edge of a common, and supplied with a little flower-garden, which was nicely cultivated in the days of her prosperity. To this cottage of pleasure she used to make frequent excursions in the summer; and here she passed many an afternoon in rural and not inelegant simplicity. At her husband's death she retired to it, as the only habitation she could call her own; the companion of her distress was a daughter the widow of a sea lieutenant, with her child, a girl about eight years of age, and this daughter's pension of 30*l.* constituted their whole revenue. For some years they lived with an appearance of decency, though totally sequestered from all communication, till the daughter died, and all the resources of her mother were cut off. She, nevertheless, appeared at church with her grandchild in mourning, and the girl having now attained her 13th year, afforded the promise of a very agreeable person; a humane lady who lived in the neighbourhood, suspecting the low circumstances of the grandmother, called at the cottage, and offered to educate the child in her own family. The old gentlewoman thanked her with an air of sullen pride, and blessed God, that none of her family had ever been in the condition of servants; she rejected all advances that were made to her by her charitable neighbours; she was observed to pawn her houshold furniture and her wearing apparel piecemeal; she no longer came to church, and her granddaughter gradually put on the appearance of want and misery. During a hard winter no baker was ever seen at her door, no firing was carried into her lonely hut, and scarce any smoke

issued from her chimney. The overseers of the poor were desired to visit and assist her; she met them on the threshold in wretched attire, declined their assistance, and told them they were set upon by her enemies to affront her. At length the boards that formed a little fence to her yard were torn down for fuel; the grand-daughter became more meagre, and more naked, and her piteous moanings were often over-heard by passengers. I took for granted that this hapless pair were reduced to extreme distress, and resolved to relieve them even in their own despite. I went to the cottage, accompanied by two honest tradesmen of my acquaintance, I knocked at the door, and after some delay, was admitted by such a melancholy spectre of misery, as I could not behold without shedding tears. It was the wretched damsel, wrapped in an old tattered blanket, exhibiting in her countenance the marks of famine, grief, horror, and despair. When I entered the place, nothing was to be seen but bare walls, except in one corner, where the grand-mother lay expiring upon straw; she had been in consequence of cold and hunger, suddenly seized that very day with the dead palsy, which deprived her of speech; and the poor forlorn maiden, would not leave her in that condition, lest she should die in her absence. Language is not able to convey an idea of what I felt on this occasion. You may be sure they were not left in such extreme indigence. The old woman died next day, notwithstanding all our assistance; my wife has taken the grand-daughter into her care and protection. The cheeks and upper bar of their grate were the last things they sold to purchase a loaf; for a whole week they had not tasted bread, but subsisted upon old turnips, which had been turned up by the plough in a neighbouring field.

The distress of this woman you will say, was owing to her own pride and obstinacy; but there are many other families of worthy people, who have lived in affluence, and starved, from the same principles, upon a narrow income, which was formerly sufficient to procure the indispensable necessaries of life.

London Magazine, 1757.

To-Morrow.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatia say, to-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it.—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar,
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless,
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they are all arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path tractless
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

Singular Wager.

A GENTLEMAN at a coffee house in the city, laid a wager of twenty guineas with a friend present, that he would walk the length of Brokers' Row, Moorfields, without being asked to walk into one of the shops. He then offered the same wager, which was likewise accepted, that immediately after the first being determined, he would walk the ground over again, and receive an invitation from every broker to inspect his repository. To determine the first wager, he assumed the appearance of a tax-gatherer, with his morocco book open in his left hand, in his right a pen, and an ink bottle suspended at his left breast. rare and uncommon as is the appearance of such a character in England, and curious as John Bull confessedly is, yet was he shunned like one infected, and the wager won by him beyond dispute. He then assumed his own dress and character, and sallying through the row with a young lady under his arm, his attentions to whom bespoke a recent or intended trip to the altar, he received rather a pressing invitation to walk in, from every "hero of the chips," and the wager was again determined in his favor.

A King and a Postilion.

A CERTAIN monarch having been greatly annoyed by allusions to his origin, has asked, What is the difference between a king and a postilion?

A king takes precedence of all those with whom he associates—So does a postilion.

Much depends upon a king's being firmly established on his seat—So it does with a postilion.

The renown of a king spreads from *pole* to *pole*—So it does with that of a postilion.

A king's power is not confined to land, but stretches over the *main*—So does the power of a postilion.

A king appoints or rejects may'rs—So does a postilion.

A king sometimes *mounts*, sometimes goes down hill—So does a postilion.

A king (of Great Britain for example) is obliged to receive addresses from the *Livery*—So is a postilion.

A king rarely moves without an *Equipage*—Neither does a postilion.

The state of a king closely approaches the *Imperial*—So does that of a postilion.

The *Executive Authority* is vested in a king—So is it in a postilion

Much of the king's happiness depends on the proper allotment of *posts*---So does that of a postilion.

A king is constantly occupied in *reigning*---So is a postilion.

In fine, kings are sometimes *overthrown*---So alas! *are postilions.*

Epitaph on a Miser.

HERE lies one who for medicines would not give,
A little gold, and so his life he lost;
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

Punishment for Adultery.

FORMERLY in Germany the husband of an adultress was allowed to assemble her relations, and in their presence cut off her hair, strip her naked, turn her out of his house, and whip her from one end of the village to the other. A woman thus publicly exposed could never wipe away the stain of so foul an infamy: the most circumspect behaviour could never call back her lost character; nor could any motive ever prevail on another to marry her, though youth, beauty, and fortune, with every other advantage combined to allure him.

Alexander's History of Women.

How d'-y'-do and Good-bye.

ONE day Good-bye met How-d'-y'-do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the Rival Sisters flew,
From kissing to disputing.

Away—says How-d'-y'-do—your mien,
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen,
In Sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'-y'-do has tuned each tongue,
To Hope's delightful measure;
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung,
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill,
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you from present joys distil,
The tears of separation.

Good-bye replied—"Your statement's true,
And well your case you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'-y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
Could your's have ever flourished;
And can your hand one hour dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft, if, at the Court of Love,
Concealment be the fashion;
When How-d'-y'-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers;
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

"Go bid the timid Lover chuse,
And I'll resign my charter;
If he for ten kind How-d'-y'-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter,

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our kind assistance.

"'Tis well the World our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying;
One half in How-d'-y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing."

On an old Woman, who wore false Hair.

THE Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
Is her's, who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Address to M. Polito, on seeing his Grand Menagerie of Wild Beasts and Birds.

POLITO, thou wondrous collector of Nature,
Thou Noah the second for each curious Creature;
That wonder produces or money procures,
Or lib'ral industry's best wishes secures—
Accept my best thanks for the charming delight
You've afforded us all, by the exquisite sight
Of your beautiful Lioness, whelp'd in the Tower;
Of the Lion, on which I could gaze for an hour,
And its step-dame, the Pointer, when first I cast eye on't,
Appear'd like a Fairy-Queen suckling a Giant;
But your non-descript Sloth is more curious than all,
Which capers, and rolls itself into a ball,
"*Nigroque simillima cygno*," you know,
If you wish'd, or had any thing wondrous to shew,
Was a proverb so trite, till your Black Swans were seen,
That, in truth, we as well might be told they were green;
Your Tyger, your Leopards, and each mountain monster,
Would take us at least a whole twelvemonth to construe;
The fam'd Kangaroos your collection may boast,
With the Grand Cassowary, from Java's hot coast;
From the Men of the Wood, so gigantic'ly tall,
To the beauteous Sangin, delectably small;
The Beaver, the Ounce, with a hundred things more,
Which add to your credit as well as your store;
The Pelican strange, with so wondrous a crop,
That 'twould hold as much fish as a fishmonger's shop.
Your Birds shew in colours like rays of the Sun,
Your laughable Monkeys all mischief and fun;
Each domestic so civil, each place so secure,
So polite, you're POLITO himself, I am sure.

On an Infidel married to a Shrew.

SWOL'N with vanity, looking wond'rous wise,
'There is nor heaven or hell,' poor *Fretful* cries;
To agree with him I cannot be so civil,
His home's a hell, his wife's the very devil.

Memoirs and Anecdotes of the extraordinary Thomas Britton, the Musical Small-Coal-Man.

THIS extrordinary person bound himself, and served seven years, to a small-coal man in St. John's-street. After which his master gave him a sum of money, and Tom went back to his native place, Higham-Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. When he had spent his money, he returned to London, and set up the small-coal trade, notwithstanding his master was still living, and took a stable, which he converted into a house; mentioned hereafter. Some time after he became an excellent chemist, and, perhaps, performed such things in that profession, as had never been done before, by the help of a moving elaboratory, that was contrived and built by himself, and much admired by the faculty. He was also famous for his skill in the theory and practice of music; and kept up for near forty years in his own little cell, a musical club, which was nothing less than a concert, and merits our attention the more, as it was the first meeting of the kind, and the undoubted parent of some of the most celebrated concerts in London. Its origin was from Sir Roger L' Estrange: and this attachment of Sir Roger, and other ingenious gentlemen, arose from the profound regard that Britton had, in general, to all literature. The humility of his deportment procured him great respect; he was called, though so low in station, Mr. Britton: and men of the best wit, as well as some of the best quality, honoured his musical society with their company. When passing the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small-coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with, "There goes the small-coal man who is a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen."

Britton's house was next to the old Jerusalem tavern, under the gateway. On the ground-floor was a repository for small-coal; over that was the concert room, which was very long and narrow; and had a ceiling so low, that tall men could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could scarce be ascended without crawling. The house itself was very old, low built, and, in every respect so mean, as to be a fit habitation for only a very poor man. Notwithstanding all, this mansion, despicable as it may seem, attracted to it as polite an audience as ever the Opera did. And a lady of rank, one of the first beauties of her time, in the pleasure which she manifested at hearing Mr. B.'s concert, seemed to have forgot the difficulty with which she ascended the steps that led to it.

At these concerts, Dr. Fepusch, and frequently Mr. Handel, played the harpsichord; Mr. Bannister the first violin. Dubourg, then a child, played his first solo at Britton's concert, standing upon a joint-stool, but so terribly awed at the sight of so splendid an assembly, that he was near falling to the ground.

It has been said, that Britton found instruments, and that the subscription to his concert was ten shillings a year, and that they had coffee at a penny a dish. If so, Britton had departed from his original institution; for, at first, no coffee was drank there, nor would he receive any gratuity from any of his guests; on the contrary, he was offended whenever it was offered to him. The following stanza of a song, written by Ward, in praise of Britton, seems to confirm it:

UPON Thursday's repair
To my palace, and there,
Hobble up stair by stair;
But I pray ye take care,
That you break not your shins by a stumble.
And without e'er a souse,
Paid to me or my spouse,
Sit as still as a mouse,
At the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble.

As to his own real skill in music, it is not to be doubted: it is certain he could tune a harpsichord; and he frequently played the viol de gamba in his own concert.

Britton was in his person a short thick-set man, with a very honest ingenuous countenance. There are two pictures of him extant, both painted by his friend Mr. Wollaston It happened thus: Britton had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack in a shorter time than he expected, had a mind to see his friend Mr. Wollaston, but having always considered himself in two capacities, viz. as one who subsisted by a very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in a station of life above him, he could not consistent with this distinction, drest as he then was, make a visit; he therefore in his way home, varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick-lane, determined to cry small-coal so near Mr. Wollaston's door, as to stand a chance to be invited in. Accordingly he had no sooner turned into Warwick-court, and cried small-coal in his usual tone, than Mr. Wollaston, who had never heard him there before, flung up the sash and beckoned him in. Mr. Wollaston intimated a desire to draw his picture, which he consented to, and he was painted in his blue frock and with his small coal measure in his hand.

This extraordinary man was also well skilled in ancient books and manuscripts, and much esteemed by the then collectors. While the earls of Oxford, Sunderland, Whinchelsea, Pembroke, duke of Devonshire, &c. who had a passion for collecting old books and manuscripts, were assembled at Bateman's shop, in Paternoster-Row, on Saturdays about twelve o'clock, Britton would arrive in his blue frock, and pitching his sack on Bateman's bulk, would go in and join them in conversation, which generally lasted an hour.

The singularity of his character induced various suspicions. Some thought his musical assembly a cover for seditious meetings; others for magical purposes. Britton himself was taken for an Atheist, a Presbyterian, and a Jesuit; but he was perfectly inoffensive, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

The circumstances of his death are not less remarkable than those of his life. One Honeyman, a blacksmith, had become famous for the faculty of speaking without opening his lips; by which art the voice seemed to proceed from some distant part of the house. The pranks played by this man were infinite.—The famous Dr. Sackwell, though a large man, and one of the stoutest and most athletic then living, was almost terrified into fits by him in his own house, surrounded by friends; into which Honeyman, called "the talking smith," got himself introduced, by pretending that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. —Mr. Robe, a justice of peace in Clerkenwell, who played frequently at Britton's concert, was wicked enough to introduce Honeyman, unknown to Britton, for the sole purpose of terrifying him, and he succeeded in it. Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, announced as from afar off, the death of poor Britton within a few hours; with an intimation, that the only way to avert this doom was, for him to fall on his knees and to say the Lord's prayer. Britton did as he was bid, went home, took to his bed, and in a few days died; leaving his friend, Mr. Robe, to enjoy the fruits of his mirth. He died in the month of September, 1714; leaving little besides a considerable library of books, with a large collection of manuscripts and printed music.

Demoniacal Interference.

ON a journey from Baroche to Dhuboy, Mr Forbes stopped at Nárrah, a large ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt by the Mahrattas. The principal house, had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. Mr. Forbes was privately informed that under one of the towers there was a secret cell, formed to contain his treasure; the information could not be doubted, because it came from the mason who constructed the cell. Accordingly the man accompanied him through several spacious courts and apartments, to a dark closet in a tower; the room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower, and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through; they enlarged it and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, composed in like manner of bricks and chunam and here also was a similar aperture. This also was enlarged, torches were procured, and by their light Mr Forbes perceived from the upper apartment a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring that wherever money was concealed in Hindostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. He laughed at their superstition, and repeated his orders in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathised with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than of curiosity. The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon, strong ropes therefore were sent for, and more torches. The men reluctantly obeyed, and as they were lowered, the dark sides and the moist floor of the dungeon were distinguished by the light which they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground before they screamed out that they were enclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams, Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared that the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature; their cries were dreadful; he however was inflexible; and the upper lights were held steadily, to give him as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hold; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear his head, over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. "What I felt," he continues, "on seeing two fellow-creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the reader's imagination" To his inexpressible joy they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down upon the lighted torches which they had dropped.—When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr. Forbes supposes that the owner had carried away the treasure with him, but forgotten to liberate the snake which he had placed there as its keeper. Whether the snake were venomous or not, he has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if he were not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inanition, confinement and darkness, to exercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails that snakes are the guardians

of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure (as is frequently done under the oppressive government of the East) would sometimes place it under such protection.

An Hindoo's Reply to an Englishman for his neglect in Religion.

MR. FORBES says he almost envied the Hindoos the pleasures which they enjoyed in the performance of their religious duties, and the delight of social worship: for during four years he was deprived of all the ordinances of Christianity. They often asked him this question, "Master, when an Englishman dies, does he think he shall go to his God?" and the remark upon his answer was usually to this effect—"Your countrymen, master, seem to take very little trouble about that business—the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, the Parsees, the Roman Catholic Christians, all perform the ceremonies of their religion: the English alone appear unconcerned about such things." Mr. Forbes, to his astonishment, fell under an imputation of a very different kind. When he had been about two years at Dhuboy, a rumour prevailed that he worshipped the devil, or at least that he performed ceremonies, and paid some kind of adoration to the evil principle—and the rumour was traced to his own servants. The mystery was soon explained: he had frequently pea-fowl at his table; the gizzard was, in English fashion, sent from the table to be broiled and seasoned, and when it was returned thus *bedevilled*, and the guest took a glass of wine after it, the servant, who was a stranger to the manners, customs, and language of the master, and understood nothing but the name, actually believed that this was a sacrifice performed to the devil himself.

Misery in a Farm-House.

SEVEN ragged children round the embers sat,
A sickly wife, a half-starv'd dog and cat;
Of mangy horses there were half a score,
Which scarce could totter from the stable door;
A wheat-rick small, on four stone-staddles propp'd,
A clover rick, from which the head was lopp'd,
Supported on one side by two elm boughs,
Co-mates with those which prop the shatter'd house.

Epigram.

A PLACE under government,
Was all that Paddy wanted:
He married soon a *scolding wife,*
When all he wish'd was granted.

Sir Francis Burdett's Grandmother.

IT is related that the grandfather of Sir Francis Burdett was in the commission of the peace, and resided at Foremark, in Derbyshire, that his wife was much pleased and amused by sitting on the bench, and hearing the justice business; but that she always retired whenever a case came on to be heard calculated to shock the ears of discretion. A fellow of more wit than prudence, it appears, often occasioned the departure of the lady justice, being charged six or seven times a year, at least, with *increasing* the population without deference to the service of matrimony, and as it was necessary to go into the *detail*, his appearance was always a signal for Lady Burdett's retreat. On one of these occasions she met him at the door, and seeing him rather dejected, said "Ah, Charlton, what here again?" "Yes, my lady," replied the fellow; "and for the old offence." "Fie, fie, upon you," replied her ladyship, "fie upon you, Charlton, why won't you leave the maids alone, why don't you see and get a wife." "So I do sometimes, my lady," said Charlton; "but then *the husbands* make such a pother."

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

WHO is the poor Maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?
She weeps not yet often and deeply she sighs
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the Maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak,
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathy pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac has been;
The trav'ller remembers who journied this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcom'd them in with a smile:
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary could walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night.
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

'Tis pleasant,' cried one, 'seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without.'
'A fine night for the Abbey!' his comrade replied,
'Methinks a man's spirit would now be well tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

'I myself like a school-boy should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's white spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead.'

'I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cried,
'That Mary would venture there now.'
'Then wager and lose!' with a sneer he replied,
'I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
'And faint if she saw a white cow.'

'Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
'I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle.'

With fearless good humour did Mary comply
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight,
Through the gate-way she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she past,
And arriv'd in the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder tree grows in the aisle.

Well-pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd a bough:
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd—nought else could she hear,
The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept, to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by,—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd;
—She felt and expected to die.

'Curse the hat,' he exclaims: 'Nay come on, and first hide
The dead body,' his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplies,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—O God, what cold horror then thrill'd through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by
His gibbet is now to be seen:
Not far from the road it engages the eye,
The traveller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

From Murray's Lectures.

ONE Squires was persuaded by Walpole, the English jesuit, to attempt to kill Queen Elizabeth; he told him it might easily be done by poisoning the pommel of her saddle he received the priest's blessing and the promise of eternal salvation; and after he had sworn to secrecy, he was sent to England, where he was taken, confessed the bloody and villanous design, and was executed in 1598.

Dramatic Wonder.

WHILE SIDDONS one night was attracting each ear,
Some thought—an *Attorney* was seen shed a tear!
"Then which to prefer"—cried a Critic—"I'm loth,
"For it must have been *capital acting* in both."

Customs of different Nations.

THERE is nothing so vile or repugnant to nature but you may plead prescription for it, in the customs of some nation or other. A Parisian likes mortified flesh.—A native of Legiboli will not taste his flesh till it is quite putrified.—The civilized inhabitants of Kamschatcka get drunk with the urine of their guests, whom they have already intoxicated.—The Nova Zemblans make merry on train oil.—The Greenlanders eat in the same dish with their dogs.—A true-bred Frenchman dips his fingers imbrowned with snuff into his plate, filled with ragout; between every three mouthfuls he produces his snuff-box, and takes a fresh pinch, with the most graceful gesticulations; then he produces his handkerchief, which may be termed the flag of abomination, and in the use of both, scatters his favours among those who have the happiness to sit near him.—A French lady will undress herself in the presence of a male visitant, and talk to him of her lavement, her medicine, and her bidet. An Italian Signora makes no scruple of telling you, she is such a day to begin a course of physic for a certain disease. —The Tartars sit upon their meat, in order to cook it for eating, using no other heat but that of their own bodies.—A Chinese, when his wife is pregnant, takes to the same bed, remains their until her accouchment is over, and is fed with caudle.—Gentoos, when they drink, avoid touching the vessel with their lips that contains the liquor, they pour it into their mouths, holding the vessel at least a foot distance. *Drakes Travels.*

French Error.

DURING the cry of "*Goold, Goold*" (the name of the manager) at the Opera House, one night, a Frenchman in the gallery observed, "Dese English be ever crying for de *money*."

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION;

A Parody.

PITY the sorrows of a sad Impure,
Whose days of pleasure are for ever flown;
Who cannot long her miseries endure—
One moment fancy all her griefs your own!

These wretched rags my poverty disclose,
No other garb has dying Nancy got—
My care-worn visage indicates my woes;
My haggard frame bespeaks my friendless lot.

To yonder cottage, deck'd with woodbines round,
In former days how cheerfully I went!
Eliza's smiles to welcome me I found,
With her my every hour was gaily spent.

Hard is the fortune of the vicious poor!
Here as I begg'd a shelter from the cold.
My lov'd companion turn'd me from the door,
And call'd me saucy, impudent, and bold.

O take me to your menial's humblest fire,
To warm my limbs and rest my weary bones!
A little bread is all my heart's desire,
Cheer'd with the music of the cricket's, tones.

If charity could from your hearts distil
That heavenly sense to feel for other's woe—
My tale your breasts with sympathy will fill,
And kind, commiserating tears will flow,

My earlier years in rapture rolled along:
With spotless innocence I hail'd each day;
And cheerful join'd the blithe and giddy throng—
Ah! Nancy then was gayest of the gay!

Artless myself, I thought my blissful smiles
And tranquil mind, but with my life could cease:
But Man, vile man, with treach'rous wiles,
Robb'd me of honor, happiness, and peace.

To cruel Henry, dress'd in love's soft guise,
(For ever blasted be the traitor's name!)
I fell an hapless unsuspicious prize,
Prey to remorse, to frailty, and to shame.

My hoary Sire, by just resentment led,
By passion urg'd, and feelings most acute,
Drove me from home to seek my guilty bread.
And I became a wretched Prostitute.

Heart-broken soon he sunk beneath his woes
Sorely lamenting his severe decree:
My mother too, bereft of all repose,
Soon died—and left this wicked world to me.

Pity the sorrows of a sad Impure,
Whose days of pleasure are for ever flown;
Who cannot long her miseries endure—
One moment fancy all her griefs your own!

Mother Creswell.

MOTHER CRESWELL was one of the many mothers, who flourished, or rather decayed in the reign of Charles II. By *will* she left ten pounds for a sermon to be preached at her funeral, on condition that the preacher said nothing but what was *well* of her. He, after a sermon on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded with saying—"By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but is *well* of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this;—she was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well;* for she was born with the name of Cres-*well*, she lived in Clerken-*well*, and she died in Bride-*well*."

Bigotry.

WHEN Bishop Thomas was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburgh, a gentleman of the factory being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air: accordingly he went into a village about ten miles distant, but after some time died there: upon this, application was made to the parson of the parish for leave to bury him in the church-yard; the parson inquired of what religion he was, and was told he was a Calvinist. "No," says he; "there are none but Lutherans in my church-yard, and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered that any man of learning or understanding should have such ideas: I resolved to take my horse, and go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible: at length I

told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself, when I was curate of a church in Thames Street: I was burying a corpse, and a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve, in the midst of the service—"Sir, Sir! I want to speak to you!"—"Pr'ythee," says I, "woman, wait till I have done."—"No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately!" "Why then, what is the matter?"—"Why, Sir," says she, "you are burying a man, who died of the small-pox, next my poor husband, who never had it!" This story had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his church-yard."

Singular Contrast.

IN the spring season at Bath, in the year 1760, subscription books were opened for prayers at the Abbey, and gaming at the Rooms. At the close of the first day, the number of subscribers for prayers were *twelve*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*.

The following was written in consequence:

The church and rooms the other day,
Opened their books for prayer and play:
The priest got twelve, Hoyle sixty-seven;
How great the odds for hell 'gainst heaven!

Pike.

AT Lord Gower's canal at Trentham, a pike seized the head of a swan, as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much as killed them both; the longevity of this fish is very remarkable. Gesner relates, that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words, in Greek characters—"I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the universe, Frederick the II. the 5th October, 1230.

British Zoology.

Parody on the Beggar's Petition.

PITY the sorrows of a *poor old* MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from the ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthen'd to despair,
For I am lame and wretchedly unsound.

This pierced skin my poverty betide,
Oh! once, alas! the sleekest of the stud;
And many a furrow in my spur-worn side,
Has been the channel of a sea of blood.

Yon alehouse sign erected near the wood,
With tempting aspect drew me from the road,
To shelter there—for "entertainment good
For man and horse," was painted on the board.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a handful of their hay,
An ostler drove me from the stable-door,
To seek again my solitary way.

Oh! take me to yon hovel's straw-built shed
Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold;
Oh! spare some litter for a scanty bed,
For I am lame and miserably cold.

Should I reveal the sources of my pain,
How long I've borne oppression's direful sway,
Your hand would not withhold some little grain,
And I in humble gratitude would neigh.

Myself descended from the noblest race,
Oft from Newmarket's course the palm have borne!
Or ran the foremost in the joyful chace,
When rous'd to action by the sprightly horn.

Hard riding makes the stoutest horse decline;
Hard riding brought me to the state you see;
May your own horse's fate be ne'er like mine
The foal of famine and of misery!

Doom'd to draw sand, I labor'd thro' the day,
With toil oppress'd, to earn my master's bread;
Then turn'd a-drift, this dreary waste to stray,
Unheeded and unhous'd, and worst of all, unfed.

Blind Dobbin, late companion of my age,
(Oft did the cruel whip his carcase flay)
Fell, stumbling fell, sad victim to blind rage,
And left the cart to cruelty and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old mare, &c.

Female Wit.

A YOUNG lady going into a barrack-room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword. On which she said, "I think, Sir, you have got the *staff of life* on the *point of death.*"

Neighbour Sly.

THE passing bell was heard to toll,
John wail'd his loss with bitter cries;
The Parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
The Sexton hid her from all eyes.
'And art thou gone?'
Cry'd wretched John,
'O dear, 'twill kill me, I am dying!'
Cry'd Neighbour Sly,
While standing by,
'Lord, how this world is given to lying!'

The throng retir'd—John left alone,
He meditated 'mong the tombs,
And spelt out on the mould'ring stone,
What friends were gone to their long homes
'You're gone before,'—
Cry'd John—'no more—
'I shall come soon, I'm almost dying!'
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
'Lord, how this world is given to lying!'

Here lies the bones—Heaven's will be done
Of farmer Slug;—reader wouldst thou know
Who to his memory rais'd this stone?
'Twas his disconsolate widow.
Cry'd John, 'Oh ho!
'To her I'll go—
'No doubt with grief the widow's dying.'
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
'Lord, how this world is given to lying.'

Their mutual grief was short and sweet,
Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd,
When they were sped;—the funeral meat
Was warmed up for the marriage feast!
They vow'd and swore,
Now o'er and o'er,
They ne'er would part till both were dying;
Cry'd Neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
'Lord, how this world is given to lying.'

Again to hear the passing-bell,
John now a kind of hankering feels;
Again his help-mate brags how well,
She can trip up a husband's heels:
Again to th' tomb,
Each longs to come,
Again with tears and sobs and sighing,
For Neighbour Sly,
Again to cry,
'Lord how this world is given to lying!'

Anecdote.

THEO. Cibber, in company with three other Bon Vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second, a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach—and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint—and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, "od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!" "Why dom thee," says a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner, they appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship at Dover, each man reassumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter,—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth Sir!" said the man. "Aye, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second called out, "Here you—take out my eye!" "Lord, sir," said the waiter, "your eye!" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog—pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third

cried out, "Here, you rascal—take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying, with rueful countenance the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

A Reckoning with Time.

COME on, old Time!—nay, that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough;
  Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!
But, tell me, sand-man! ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
  So thick to make me stupid;

Tell me, death's Journeyman! but no;
Hear thou *my* speech;—I will not grow
  Irrev'rent while I try it;
For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
Thy forelock fills me with such dread,
  I—*never take thee by it.*

List, then, old—*Is*,—*Was*,—*and*—*To-Be!*
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me:—
  Thou gav'st me, first, the measles;
With teething would'st have ta'en me off;
Then, mad'st me with the hooping-cough,
  Thinner than fifty weasels.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon, now,
That Jenner combats on a cow;)
  And, then, some seeds of knowledge;
Grains of grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thrash upon our tails,
  To fit us for a college.

And, when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains, with sloe-juice port,
  And lectures out of number:—
There Fresh-man folly quaffs, and sings,
While graduate dulness clogs thy wings,
  With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they wave
Fan all our birth-days to the grave)
  I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me, from the schools to town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
  A dapper Temple student.

Then much in dramas did I look;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord Coke;
  Congreve beat Blackstone hollow;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale,
To supersede Apollo.

Ah, Time! those raging heats I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind:
  How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy summer-solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store;
  An autumn of reflection!

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,—
  Gull'd by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A when *versus* B?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
  To pleading John Bull's causes?

But, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
  Some ragged muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee,—(and, faith, to *others* too!)
  I'm very much indebted:

For, thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inur'd me to each day that's rough,
  In hopes of calm to-morrow;
And when, old mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
  Some FEW *dear friends* will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose or rhyme,
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
  Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,
  "*Thank Time for all his favors!*"

The following Epitaph was made on an old Woman a seller of Pots, and may be seen at this day in a country Church-yard in Cheshire.

BY earth and clay she got her pelf,
But now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, I would advise,
To banish sorrow from your eyes;
Again be chearful, dry your tears,
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again.

Extraordinary Account of Richard Carrol commonly called Blind Dick.

IT is something remarkable, that the parents of this unfortunate person were transported during his infancy, by which means he was put into St Luke's Workhouse—His playing upon a fife at that place attracted the notice of one of the overseers so far, that he procured an able master to teach him the violin; but he not liking confinement, soon eloped from his patron, and subsisted by playing in Moorfields, and at public-houses.

His first adventure as a marauder was as singular as any other trait of his character; as he actually, in concert with a lame man, robbed the workhouse where he had been brought up, of several beds, &c. that had been to put out to air in the yard. He soon afterwards ran a race with another person that had lost his sight, named BLIND JOB; which he won by a considerable distance. A habit of betting and gaming had so far initiated him into a course of dissipation, that at length he could resist no opportunity of pilfering, to enable him to attend the skittle-grounds; at which he was such an adept, that he could tell, by the sound of the pins, how many had fallen, &c. He once, after fiddling with a hunter's garland, decamped with the box. He also kept company with a blind girl, till, by the quickness of his ear, he discovered a rival in the room, by hearing him breathe. He was afterwards a cicesbio to a lady of easy virtue near St. Catharine's, till he was detected in packing up the household furniture for a removal. In February 1782, he was detected in cutting the velvet out of a loom belonging to a weaver near Moorfields; for which he was capitally convicted, but received his Majesty's clemency, on condition of being imprisoned three years in Newgate.—Near the expiration of this period, in consequence of some wanton provocation, he stabbed one of the prisoners in the belly, for which he was again imprisoned two years. It is also singular, that he procured an affluent subsistence in Newgate, by taking pledges of wearing apparel, &c. of which he was a competent judge by mere feeling; and was frequently employed by the prisoners in better circumstances to play Macpherson's and other flash tunes, of which he was a tolerable performer.

Anecdote.

A POOR lord of the manor in the north of England, who had rather an extensive rabbit warren on his estate, was particularly partial to the company of the curate of the parish, and frequently invited him to dine at his house; and, though the table was but scantily furnished with fish, fowl, and butcher's meat, it was most amply supplied with rabbits dressed in various ways. The curate who was not over burthened with riches, and who found it convenient occasionally to accept the lord of the manor's invitation, grew in course of time, rather cloyed of his usual fare. Being one day asked by his host to return thanks on the removal of the cloth, he rose and complied in the following terms:

For rabbits hot, for rabbits cold,
For rabbits young, for rabbits old,
For rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
We thank the lord we've had enough.

EPITAPH ON SHAKSPEARE.

Extracted from his Play of the Tempest.

THE cloud-capt Towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn Temples,
The great Globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits,
Shall dissolve;
And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.

Varieties of Mourning.

THE colour of mourning differs according to ranks and countries.

For Princes violet is worn.

For Virgins white.

In Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia, sky-blue is the common mourning.

In Egypt yellow, or the dead leaf.

The Ethiopians wear grey.

The Europeans black.

Velvet and purple being a mixture denotes both sorrow, and what we wish for the dead.

Sky blue points out the abode we hope they inhabit.

White is the token of purity.

Yellow, or the dead leaf, is a symbol which shews that death is the end of human expectations, as the leaves, when decayed, turn yellow.

Grey signifies the earth to which the dead return; and

Black, the privation of life, because it marks the privation of light.

Remarkable Story of a Medical Gentleman.

IN one of the last year's great floods, a farmer's wife was taken in labour, and no person proper to assist her living nearer than seven miles, the good husband rode with the utmost speed to Dr. Rhubarb, whom he begged instantly to go to his wife. The doctor being a knowing one, declared, though his usual fee was two guineas, at such a distance, when no danger appeared, yet now (said he) as I must go at the eminent hazard of my life, I shall not budge one foot, unless you agree to give me ten guineas. The farmer in vain remonstrated on his inability to perform such a demand; Rhubarb was inflexible.—The honest countryman's love to his Joan rose above every objection, and he at last engaged to raise the money: they got to the farm-house, through much difficulty, and in an hour or two the doctor presented the master of the house with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee; which the farmer immediately gave him, and they drank each a glass of ale to the boy's future welfare —By this time the flood was greatly increased, and real danger threatened the doctor in his return; on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he intreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back.—"My friend (cries the farmer) you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you; but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to shew you the safest way back; therefore unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting you home, you may abide where you are until the next dry season."—All replies were in vain; no art could make any impression on the countryman.—Rhubarb was obliged to return nine guineas; the farmer landed him safe among his gallipots, and the honest man got well home again, triumphing over inhumanity and avarice.

Lady's Magazine, Sept. 1786.

Tit for Tat.

'I'LL list for a soldier,' cries Robin to Sue,
'To avoid your eternal disputes;'
'You'll list for a soldier, aye, do Robin, do,
'In the mean time, I'll raise *fresh recruits.*'

Copy of a Letter from a Country 'Squire to his Apothecary.

DEAR SIR,

MY son Dick was throune from his hors yisterday, and got a vilent *confusion* in his head, they say if his skul was not verry thick that it would be frackterd; bring all your stuffs with you, for we must not lose a sheep for a haporth of tar.

I am yours in hast,

K. B.

Particulars of the Life of Earl Ferrers, together with his Execution for the Murder of his Steward.

LAURENCE, Earl Ferrers, was descended from a distinguished family of the royal blood of the Plantagenets. One of the family was slain while fighting on behalf of the crown, at the memorable battle of Shrewsbury, in the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. a circumstance that is mentioned by the immortal Shakspeare. The second baronet of this family, Sir Henry Shirley, married one of the daughters of the famous earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the reign of queen Elizabeth; and Sir Robert Shirley, son of Sir Henry, died in the Tower, where he was confined by Oliver Cromwell, for his attachment to the cause of Charles I. Sir Robert's second son succeeding to his title and estate, Charles II. summoned him to Parliament by the title of lord Ferrers of Chartley, as the descendant of one of the coheiresses of Robert earl of Essex, the title having been in abeyance from the death of the said earl, and the precedency of it as high as the twenty-seventh year of Edward I. In the year 1711, queen Anne created Robert lord Ferrers viscount Tamworth and earl Ferrers. This nobleman possessed a very large estate, but it was greatly diminished by making provision for his numerous family, which consisted of no less than fifteen sons and twelve daughters, by two wives. The titles were possessed by the second son of the first earl; as he died without having any son, they fell to the next surviving brother, who was his father's ninth son; but as he did not marry, they fell, on his death, to the tenth son, who was father to Laurence earl Ferrers, a man of unhappy disposition. Though of clear intellects and acknowledged abilities when sober, yet an early attachment to drinking greatly impaired his faculties; and when drunk, his behaviour was that of a madman. He married the daughter of Sir William Meredith, in the year 1752; but behaved with such unwarrantable cruelty, that she was obliged to apply to parliament for redress; the consequence of which was, that an act passed for allowing her a separate maintenance, to be raised out of his estates. At Derby races, in the year 1756, lord Ferrers ran his mare against captain M——'s horse for fifty pounds, and was the winner. When the race was ended, he spent the evening with some gentlemen, and in the course of conversation, the captain (who had heard that his lordship's mare was with foal) proposed, in a jocose manner, to run his horse against her at the expiration of seven months. Lord Ferrers was so affronted by this circumstance, which he conceived to have arisen from a preconcerted plan to insult him, that he quitted Derby at three o'clock in the morning, and went immediately to his seat at Stanton Harold in Leicestershire. He rang his bell as soon as he awaked, and a servant attending, he asked if he knew how captain M —— came to be informed his mare was with foal. The servant declared that he was ignorant of the matter, but the groom might have told it; and the groom being called, he denied having given any information respecting the matter. Previous to the affront presumed to have been given on the preceding evening, lord Ferrers had invited the captain and the rest of the company to dine with him as on that day; but they all refused their attendance, though he sent a servant to remind them that they had promised to come. Lord Ferrers was so enraged at this disappointment, that he kicked and horse-whipped his servants, and threw at them such articles as lay within his reach. Some oysters had been sent from London, which not proving good, his lordship

directed one of the servants to swear that the carrier had changed them; but the servant declining to take such an oath, the earl flew into a rage, stabbed him in the breast with a knife, cut his head with a candlestick, and kicked him on the groin with such severity, that he was under the surgeon's care for several years afterwards. Lord Ferrers's brother and his wife paying a visit to him and his countess at Stanton-Harold, some dispute arose between the parties; and lady Ferrers being absent from the room, the earl ran up stairs with a large clasp-knife in his hand, and asked a servant whom he met, where his lady was. The man said, "in her own room;" and, being directed to follow him thither, lord Ferrers ordered him to load a brace of pistols with bullets. This ordered was complied with; but the servant, apprehensive of mischief, declined priming the pistols, which lord Ferrers discovering, swore at him, asked him for powder, and primed them himself. He then threatened that if he did not immediately go and shoot his brother the captain, he would blow his brains out. The servant hesitating, his lordship pulled the trigger of one of the pistols, but it missed fire. Hereupon the countess dropped on her knees, and begged him to appease his passion; but in return he swore at her, and threatened her destruction if she opposed him. The servant now escaped from the room, and reported what had passed to his lordship's brother, who immediately called his wife from her bed, and they left the house, though it was then two o'clock in the morning.—The unfortunate Mr. Johnson, who fell a sacrifice to the ungovernable passions of lord Ferrers, had been bred up in the family from his youth, and was distinguished by the regular manner in which he kept his accounts, and his fidelity as a steward. When the law had decreed a separate maintenance for the countess, Mr. Johnston was proposed as receiver of the rents for her use; but he declined this office, till urged to take it on him by the earl himself. It appears that Johnson now stood high in his lordship's opinion; but a different scene soon ensued: for the earl having conceived an opinion, that Johnson had combined with the trustees to disappoint him of a contract for coal-mines, he came to a resolution to destroy the honest steward. The earl's displeasure was first evinced by his sending notice to Johnson, to quit a beneficial farm which he held under him; but Johnson producing a lease granted by the trustees, no farther steps were taken in the affair. After this, lord Ferrers behaved in so affable a manner to Johnson, that the latter imagined all thoughts of revenge had subsided; but on the 13th of January, 1760, his lordship called on Johnson, who lived about half a mile from his seat, and bid him come to Stanton between three and four in the afternoon of the Friday following. His lordship's family now consisted of a gentlewoman named Clifford, with four of her natural children, three maid servants, and five men-servants, exclusive of an old man and a boy. After dinner, on the Friday, lord Ferrers sent all the men-servants out of the house, and desired Mrs. Clifford to go with the children to the house of her father, at the distance of about two miles. Johnson coming to his appointment, one of the maids let him in, and, after waiting some time, he was admitted into his lordship's room, and, being ordered to kneel down, he was shot with a pistol, the ball from which entered his body just beneath his ribs. Lord Ferrers, alarmed at the crime he had committed, now called for the maid-servants, and directed them to put Mr. Johnson to bed. He likewise sent to Mr. Kirkland, a surgeon, who lived at Ashby-

de-la-Zouch, two miles from his seat. At the request of the wounded man, a person was also sent for his children. Miss Johnson, the eldest daughter, soon came, and was followed by the surgeon, to whom lord Ferrers said, "I intended to have shot him dead, but, since he is still alive, you must do what you can for him." The surgeon soon found that Johnson had been mortally wounded; but, knowing the earl's fiery disposition, and dreading similar consequences to himself, he dissembled the matter, and told him that there was no danger in the case. Hereupon the earl drank himself into a state of intoxication, and then went to bed; after which, Mr. Johnson was sent to his own house in a chair, at two o'clock in the morning, and died at nine. Mr. Kirkland, being convinced that Johnson could not live, procured a number of persons to secure the murderer. When they arrived at Stanton Harold, lord Ferrers was just risen, and going toward the stables with his garters in his hand, but observing the people, he retired to the house, and shifted from place to place, so that it was a considerable time before he was taken. This happened on a Saturday, and he was conveyed to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and confined at the public-house till the Monday following, when the coroner's jury having sat on the body, and delivered a verdict of wilful murder, his lordship was committed to the gaol of Leicester. After remaining in the above place about a fortnight, he was conveyed to London in his own landau. He behaved with the utmost composure during the journey, and being taken before the House of Peers, the verdict of the coroner's jury was read; on which he was committed to the Tower.—His lordship's place of confinement was the round tower, near the drawbridge. Two wardens constantly attended in his room, and one waited at the door. At the bottom of the stairs, two soldiers were placed, with their bayonets fixed, and a third was stationed on the draw-bridge: the gates of the Tower were shut an hour before the usual time, on occasion of his imprisonment. Mrs. Clifford now brought her four children to London, and taking lodgings in Tower-street, she sent messages to his lordship several times in the day, and answers being sent, the communication became troublesome; so that their messages were forbid to pass more than once in the day. While in the Tower, lord Ferrers lived in a regular manner: his breakfast consisted of a muffin, and a bason of tea, with a spoonful of brandy in it; after dinner and supper he drank a pint of wine mixed with water. His behaviour in general was very decent, but he sometimes exhibited evident proofs of discomposure of mind. His natural children were permitted to be with him for some time; but Mrs. Clifford was denied admittance, after repeated application. —Preparations being made for lord Ferrers's trial, and lord Henly (the chancellor) being created high steward on the occasion, the trial came on before the House of Peers, in Westminster-Hall, on the 16th of April, 1769. The proof of the fact was sufficiently clear: but lord Ferrers cross-examined the witnesses in such a manner, as gave sufficient proof of the sanity of his mind, of which some doubts had been entertained. Being found guilty by the unanimous voice of the peers of Great Britain, the lord high steward passed sentence, that he should be executed on the 21st of April, but his sentence was respited to the 5th of May.—While in the Tower, lord Ferrers left sixty pounds a year to Mrs. Clifford, a thousand pounds to each of his natural daughters, and thirteen hundred pounds to the children of Mr. Johnson; but this last legacy, which should have been

the first discharged, was never received! This unhappy nobleman petitioned to be beheaded within the Tower: but, as the crime was so atrocious, the king refused to mitigate the sentence. A scaffold was erected under the gallows at Tyburn, and covered with black baize; a part of this scaffold on which he was to stand was raised about eighteen inches above the rest. About nine o'clock on the morning of execution, the sheriffs attended at the Tower-gate; and lord Ferrers being told they were come, requested that he might go in his own landau, instead of a mourning-coach, which had been prepared for him. No objection being made to this request, he entered the landau, attended by the Rev. Mr. Humphries, chaplain of the Tower. His lordship was dressed in a white suit, richly embroidered with silver; when he put it on, he said, "This is the suit in which I was married, and in which I will die." Mr. Sheriff Vaillant joined them at the Tower-gate, and taking his seat in the landau, told him how disagreeable it was to wait on him, on so awful an occasion, but that he would endeavour to render his situation as little irksome as possible. The procession now moved slowly, through an immense crowd of spectators. On their way, lord Ferrers asked Mr. Vaillant if he had ever seen such a crowd: the sheriff replied in the negative; to which the unhappy peer replied, "I suppose it is because they never saw a lord hanged before." The chaplain observing that the public would be naturally inquisitive about his lordship's religious opinions: he replied—"That he did not think himself accountable to the world for his sentiments on religion; but that he always believed in one God, the maker of all things; that whatever were his religious notions, he had never propagated them; that all countries had a form of religion, by which the people were governed, and whoever disturbed them in it, he considered as an enemy to society: that he thought lord Bolingbroke to blame, for permitting his sentiments on religion to be published to the world." And he made other observations of a like nature. Respecting the death of Mr. Johnson, he said—"he was under particular circumstances; and had met with so many crosses and vexations, that he scarce knew what he did;" but declared that he had no malice against the unfortunate man. So immense was the crowd, that it was near three hours before the procession reached the place of execution; on the way to which, lord Ferrers desired to stop to have a glass of wine and water; but the sheriff observing that it would only draw a greater crowd about him, he replied, "that is true, by no means stop." He likewise observed, that the preliminary apparatus of death produced more terror than death itself. At Tyburn, he expressed a wish to take a final leave of Mrs. Clifford; but the sheriff advised him to decline it, as it would disarm him of the fortitude he possessed: to which he answered, "If you, sir, think I am wrong, I submit:" after which, he gave the sheriff a pocket-book, containing a bank note, with a ring, and a purse of guineas, which were afterwards delivered to the unhappy woman. The procession was attended by a party of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards, and at the place of execution was met by another party of horse, which formed a circle round the gallows. His lordship walked up the steps of the scaffold with great composure, and having joined with the chaplain in repeating the Lord's prayer, which he called a fine composition, he spoke the following words with great fervency—"O God, forgive me all my errors! pardon all my sins!" He then presented his

watch to Mr. Vaillant, and gave five guineas to the assistant of the executioner, by mistake, instead of giving them to the executioner himself. The master demanded the money; a dispute arose between the parties, which might have discomposed the dying man, had not the sheriff exerted his authority to put an end to it. The executioner now proceeded to do his duty. lord Ferrers's neckcloth was taken off, a white cap, which he had brought in his pocket, put on his head, his arms secured with a black sash, and the halter put round his neck. He then ascended the raised part of the scaffold, and the cap being pulled over his face, the sheriff gave a signal, on which the raised scaffold was struck and remained level with the rest. After hanging an hour and five minutes. the body was received into a coffin lined with white satin, and conveyed to Surgeons'-Hall, where an incision was made from the neck to the bottom of the breast, and the bowels were taken out; on inspection of which, the surgeons declared that they had never beheld greater signs of long life, in any subject which had come under their notice. His lordship's hat, and the halter, lay near his feet in the coffin, on the lid of which were these words—"Laurence Earl Ferrers, suffered May 5, 1760." After the body had remained some time at Surgeons'-Hall for public inspection, it was delivered to his friends for interment——It would be injustice to his memory not to mention, that during his imprisonment, he made pecuniary recompence to several persons whom he had injured, during the extravagance of those passions to which he was unhappily subject.

A Simile.

FRIENDSHIP is like the Cobler's tie,
That joins two soles in unity;
But Love is like the Cobler's awl,
That pierces through the sole and all.

The Life of Henry Hastings, the most remarkable Forester in England, who lived to the Age of One Hundred and Ten Years, and died in 1639.

THIS singular character never emerged from the obscurity of a private gentleman, living in the greatest privacy, in New Forest, Hampshire, almost a speculative hermit. He was the second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and inherited a good estate in Dorsetshire, in the right of his brother. Though he did not meddle with state affairs, he was very active with the deer and wild fowl of the forest, and ingratiated himself so far in the good opinion of James I. that his majesty made him forester, and built him a lodge to reside in during the hunting season, where he visited him twice in great state; but his principal residence was at Woodlands in Dorsetshire, where he had a capital mansion, but seldom lived there, preferring his lodge in the forest to every thing, as he could indulge his fancy in the beauties of the wild scenery that surrounded him. Here his communications were but few. His nearest kin, Anthony Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, was so opposite to him in principle, that they never met but to quarrel. Two men could not be more opposite in their dispositions and pursuits; Harry Hastings was an independent character, *though king-appointed,* and the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has written his life, declares that he would not bear the brutality of his manners, for he was only fit to live, as he did, by himself. These oppositions of sentiment and manners kept their distance, and the earl never spoke of him but as of a misanthrope.

Mr. Hastings was low of stature, but strong and active. His costume was always a long green coat, and in winter a cloak of the same colour over. The furniture of the house was as cynical as the master, and as

he kept no servants there, he was not subject to interruption. He had inclosed with his own labour a vast paddock, which he called his park, and which he kept well stocked with deer, and rabbits; with fish ponds of his own making. He had also contrived a narrow bowling green behind this inclosure, where he played by himself, chalking up for parties, as if he had any. In the same place he had also a banqueting room, built like a booth in a fair, where he entertained some of the poaching peasantry; for although he was a ranger, he was reasonable, and if they made him presents he took no more notice.

He kept all sorts of hounds, and other dogs that ran game or badgers, and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His hall or best room was commonly strewed with marrow bones, hunting poles, hawks' perches, and matchlock guns, cross bows, arquebusses and Indian arms. The upper end of it was hung with fox, otter, badger and polecat skins, and eagles, spread with nails, of his own shooting. The upper end of it was hung with game skins, and various dissections of birds and beasts, made by himself, filled all the corners. His bed room and parlour were lumber rooms, completely furnished in the same stile with all sorts of imagery country utensils. On the hearths and in the chimnies, lay his choicest terrier hounds and spaniels. In the chairs, cats and bitches had deposited their litters, which were not to be disturbed. Of these a select number constantly attended him at dinner, when a little white wand lay by his trencher for his defence when they became too troublesome. He could play upon the bugle-horn of any compass, and handled the quarter-staff in a masterly manner; and if a stranger visited him, they were sure of being consulted upon the grave subjects of the genealogy of dogs and cats, with choice observations upon hawks' bills, rings, and the sight of birds' eggs sunk in the crown of hats, which it was worse than high treason to touch. Yet with all this, he was not a cynic against some sort of diversion; cards, dice, tables and other boards with tobacco pipes of his own making, were ready to entertain his rougher guests; but of drink he was a stinter: mum and a medicated ale was all he produced, of which he drank but a regular quantity, and never exceeded himself, nor permitted others in his company. According to the piety of his patron and master, king James I. one room was appropriated to devotion, with a pulpit and desk in it, but he made no other use of it than as a safe deposit for salted meats and seasoned pies and pasties. His table was not costly, but, though homely, was wholesome and good to dwell at. Pudding was his delight, and when he made one, it was of large dimensions, though he was but a moderate eater; and his drink after dinner was a composition of gilly-flowers and sack, which he boasted of much, as being invigorating. At nights he took sage drops in water and rosemary. The troubles of the times disturbed him not; for he had forgotton the king, and the court had forgotten him. A short time before his death he lost his sight, yet that did not prevent him from riding out on horseback, and he went a day's journey to hear an old huntsman relate the death of a stag, who was himself turned of 90 years.

Extraordinary Circumstance.

ON Sunday the 26th of March, 1786, at Yarmouth, a most extraordinary circumstance occured. A countryman wanting to cross the river, casually got, into a boat, with an intent to convey himself over, but not knowing how to manage the boat, he drove to sea, and actually arrived safe at Calais on the Tuesday following.

The following Verses were sent by a Parish-Clerk to a Clergyman's Lady, in return for a Christmas Entertainment which the Clergyman always gave to his Clerks, and some of his Friends. The Poet himself has the misfortune of being deaf, but is (for deafness is NOW *no impediment) a great Musician. To gratify him in that his second Passion, the Lady made him sit down and fix his Ear-trumpet on the sound-board of the Piano-forte. A farther illustration of this enchanting Poem is unnecessary.*

HONNORED Madam I have send,
These here few lines that I have pend
To let you know what has been done
By Master ****** and you alone—

We all did come I do protest
For to partake of your feast
And so we did its very true
On good rost beef and puding too

A Rib of beef waid twenty pound
A leg of motten round and sound
And there was then the nicest ham
A Ever I had in my kan

Twas nice good puding I declare
And I believe I had my share
And I believe you did not lock it
For I had some put in my pocket

And we had Beer and twas not Skenty
And Every thing was very plenty
And after I blow'd out my knose
The Maidens put on their clean cloaths

Then after we had sup'd and all
We was atmited into hall
And their I heard the sweetest sound
Then Madam ask me to sit down

Then Madam play'd a tune so Rare
Like Angels singing in the ayre
And sumtimes twas like little birds
And they did sing all with out words

So when the singing all was done
Back to the kitchen we did come
And there we sate a little while
Till we at last begun to smile

For we had punch made piping hot
And we did drink till twelve oclock
Now we must thank you all of us
For all must come from your purs

I do believe that your feast
Must cost 2 guineas at the least

In a Church-yard in Cornwall.

HERE lies the last of William Wood;
Who lived and died as well as he could.

Female Courtship.

TWO or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three noes when he bids you say yes,
Two or three smiles when you utter the no,
Two or three frowns if he offer to go;
Two or three speeches, like—ah, go away,
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are begun,
To or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there,
Two or three nights to the play-house repair;
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate *hope;*
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three faintings before you press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hems when the chaplain appears,
Two or three squeezes when the *hand's given away,*
Two or three coughs when you come to—*obey;*
Two or three courtsies when marriage is over,
Two or three honeys discovering your lover;
Two or three steps towards the bedchamber run,
Two or three kisses, tho' ask'd but for one;
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three *little ones,* two or three times.

Tit for Tat.

LORD Evelyn Stuart, son of the Earl of Bute, and an officer of the guards, wore long mustaches, and appeared thus in the House of Commons, of which he was a member, One day Mr. C—y thus addressed him, "My Lord, now the war is over, won't you put your mustaches on the *peace establishment?*"—"I do not exactly know whether I shall do that," replied his Lordship, "but I would advise you to put your tongue on the *civil list?*"

A Murder.

A PERSON of the name of Elizabeth Burnet was committed to Yarmouth gaol for the murder of her bastard child. This young woman had kept company for some time with a sailor, and it was generally believed he was to be married to her. Business called him away, and the lady at whose house Betty lived, suspected from appearances that she was with child; but the girl, on being questioned, positively denied the case to be so. It happened on the 23d of August, 1785, there was a great wash in the family, and in this she was employed. The fatigue of such a business brought on her labour, and she retired from the laundry at about seven o'clock in the evening, to the seaside, where nature performed the part of the accoucher, and she was safely delivered of a male infant. This tender, innocent babe, as soon as she found strength to rise, she threw into the sea, and departed tottering from the shore. She had not gone above a hundred paces before she heard the child cry, on that noise she returned; and found her son thrown by the surge back to the shore, strong and alive. She threw it a second time with equal bad success as to the murder, for it came back with the waves alive: She threw it in a third time, but her strength being so much exhausted she could not send it as far out as at the first or second attempt, and therefore throwing it but a little way, the child again cried. Providence seemed to have given this inhuman wretch sufficient time for repentance, but, instigated by some hellish agent, she lost all sense of parental feeling, all motherly affection, and taking up a stone she beat out the brains of the child, and then waded as far into the sea as she could, and committed its body to the waves, and returned home. Her manner of going out, and her returning in so debilitated a state, alarmed the other servants; and her mistress being told of her state, ordered her to bed (imagining she was in labour) and sent for a man-midwife. When he arrived, and enquired scientifically into the fact, he informed the lady of the house that the girl had been delivered within a very short time This naturally brought on an enquiry, to which she gave many evasive answers; until next morning, when a fisherman having found the body of the infant, and it being brought into the room to her, (for the whole town had heard the report) she confessed the fact as above related, and was thereupon committed to gaol, to take her trial for the murder. Every precaution was used to prevent any instrument of death being conveyed to her, as she repeatedly declared she would make away with herself.

Epigram.

A GENTLEMAN late sent a rhyme-wrote story,
With notes descriptive and explanatory
Unto a Poet, who, alas! was very poor:
And to explain still more his friendly meaning,
He added two *short notes* of his own gleaning,
Each for *five pounds*—to want a certain cure.

Soon after when he met this rhyming hero,
He ask'd him—not how long ago liv'd Nero,
But how the book he sent had stood the test!
The author shows in ev'ry line his learning,
The notes appear to me to be discerning,
But your two little *notes* were much the best."

Thirst.

IN 1788, a young man, about twenty-three years of age, died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who had been a patient there for five weeks; he had such a continual drought on him, that he in general would drink from thirty to forty quarts of barley water or mint and balm tea, every day and night, but took no other sustenance the whole time he was in the hospital.

Description of a Wonderful Cavern in Upper-Hungary.

NEAR Strelitze, an inconsiderable village in Upper-Hungary, is a most wonderful cavern, in the middle of a large mountain. The aperture, which fronts the south, is eighteen fathoms high, and eight broad; and consequently wide enough to receive the south wind, which generally blows here with great violence. Its subterraneous passages consist entirely of solid rock, stretching away farther south than has yet been discovered. As far as it is practicable to go, the height is found to be fifty fathoms, and the breadth twenty-six. But the most unaccountable singularity in the cavern is, that in the heart of winter the air is warm on the inside; and when the heat of the sun without is scarcely supportable, freezing cold within. When the snows melt in the spring, the inside of the cave, where the surface is exposed to the south sun emits a pellucid water, which congeals immediately as it drops, by the extreme cold. The icicles are of the bigness of a large cask; and, spreading into ramifications, form very odd figures; the very water that drops from the icicles on the ground, which is sandy, freezes in an instant. It is observable also, that the greater the heat is without, the more intense is the cold within; and in the dog-days all parts are covered with ice. In autumn, when the nights grow cold, and the diurnal heats abate, the ice in the cave begins to dissolve, insomuch that by winter no more ice is to be seen; the cavern then becomes perfectly dry, and of a mild warmth. At this time it is surprising to see the swarms of flies and gnats, also bats and owls, and even of hares and foxes that make this place their winter retreat, till in the beginning of spring it again grows too cold for them.

Town and Country Magazine, 1769.

The Biter Bit.

A QUAKER coming to town with his team, was laid hold of and taken before a justice for riding on the shafts of his cart, and fined forty shillings. The Quaker, without hesitation, threw down two guineas; when the Justice offered him two shillings change. Aye says the Quaker but thou hast been at so much trouble, thee mayest keep the two shillings to thyself; *only thou write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction;* which the Justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, *but not upon a stamp paper.* The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring Justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he had just taken it, and asked, if it was according to law? No, said the Justice, it should have been stamped. On which the Justice, who levied the fine, was brought before the quorum and fined in the penalty of five pounds.

Anecdote of Dr Johnson.

DR. JOHNSON being one evening in company with some of the first-rate *literati* of the age, the conversation turned chiefly upon the posthumous volumes of *Swift*, which had not been long published. After having sat a good while collected in himself, and looking as if he thought himself prodigiously superior in point of erudition to his companions, he *roundly* asserted in his *rough* way, that *Swift* was *a shallow fellow, a very shallow fellow.* The ingenious Mr. Sheridan, not relishing so despotic an assertion, and in his opinion, so false a one, as he almost venerated the dean of St. Patrick's literary talents, replied, warmly, but modestly, "Pardon me, Sir, for differing from you, but I always thought the dean a very *clear* writer."

To this modest reply the following *laconic* answer was immediately vociferated; "All *shallows* are clear."

From the Town and Country Magazine, August 1787.

DR. LAUNCELOT Blackburne, Archbishop of York, in his younger years, had been buccaneering, upon which was founded the following story: when he became dean of Exeter, two of his former shipmates stept into the church accidentally while he was in the pulpit preaching; they were quite strangers to his new way of life, and could hardly believe their eyes or ears. One of them, as they were coming out of the church after the service was ended, in hearing of the dean, swore an oath, "that he that preached today must be Lancy or the devil" "It must be the devil then replied the other, for I'll be d—'d if Lancy has not been hanged long before now." "I should be sorry for that," said the dean, joining them, "for my profession is to save souls, and the loss of an old friend would grieve me." All were in rapture at meeting one another so unexpectedly; and in the course of conversation, which was carried on with sea-faring freedom, it was asked how such a wicked dog as Lancy had been, could ever think of turning priest: "Oh! oh!" said the dean, "the greater sinner, the better the saint: I hope, bad as I have been, to be a good archbishop before I die." Which accordingly came to pass, though he had no likelihood of any such preferment when he spoke the words.

A Quaker's Retort.

A QUAKER was examined before the Board of Excise, respecting certain duties: the Commissioners, thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his *thee-and-thouing*, one of them, with a stern countenance, asked him,—"Pray, sir, do yon know *for what we sit here?*" "Yea," replied Nathan, "I do,—some of you for a thousand, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year."

Moll Cut-Purse.

SHE was a notorious woman, and was taken notice of in her time for her adroitness and pilfering. Butler and Dean Swift mention her for her artfulness and masculine appearance. She is represented in the only print that remains of her, in a man's dress, with an ape, lion, and eagle by her. Her life, which, as well as the prints, is very scarce, was printed in 12mo. 1662. Her usual name was Mary Frith; she was a common woman of great spirit; a virago, and was suspected of being an hermaphrodite. The extreme badness of her character made her only remarkable for the shamefulness of her actions. Forgery, which at that time was very rare, was not above her reach, nor highway robbery beyond her spirit; for she robbed General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was committed to Newgate, where, like many others, she found protection in her ill got gains, and to live also luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. She lived in this manner by every means in her power to shun the face of day, until the seventy-fifth year of her age, but would probably have died before, if she had not smoaked tobacco many hours in a day. Nat. Field, in his comedy, called "Amends for the Ladies," has displayed some of her "*merrie prankes.*" Both Butler and Swift compare her to the Maid of Orleans in France.

A BOLD virago, stout and tall,
As Joane of France, or English Moll.
Butler.

LIKE ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joane of France, or English Moll.
Swift.

Royal Reply.

THE Princess Amelia once observing a very tall officer come into the rooms at Bath, asked who he was, and being told, that though now in the army, he was originally intended for the church. "For the steeple rather," replied she.

Life of Benjamin Kenton, Esq. late Tavern Keeper in Whitechapel.

POPE observes, in his excellent Essay on Man,

'Virtuous or vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in the extremes, but all in the degree.'

With this idea, the present character is introduced, for the most amiable and successful eccentricity that can accompany a man through life. Mr. K. was born in Whitechapel, in 1719, in an old house near the bell founders, where his mother kept a green grocer's shop. His education was in the parish school, and at fourteen years of age was apprenticed to the vintner who then kept the sign of the Old Angel and Crown, near Goulston-street, Whitechapel. He served his time with so much credit to himself that his master made him a handsome present at the expiration of it He then became a drawer and waiter, and occasionally gathered in the pots. After a few years spent in humble and useful toil, he took a similar situation at the Crown and Magpie in Aldgate High-street. This symbolical connexion the master of young Kenton had been imprudent enough to dissolve. Attached to the crown, he suffered that to remain; but not having the same respect for the magpie, he let that fly where it would; a circumstance which, although it operated in the first instance, against the trade of the house, was in the second, attended with consequences peculiarly fortunate to Mr. K. as it had an influence upon his future prospects.—The Crown and Magpie tavern had, besides its wine trade, been long noted for the exportation of beer to the East and West Indies; the principal being in the possession of a secret preparation, which prevented the too great fermentation of malt liquor in warm climates; consequently it rendered that liquor more palatable and estimable. But on the first arrival of the beer after the *magpie* had been expunged from the bills, such is the power of fancy, that it was not relished, and, of course, the trade declined in a concomitant degree. At this peculiar period, the master of the tavern died; an opportunity, therefore, was offered for our young vintner to remedy the defects of his predecessor This opportunity was not neglected by the friends of Mr. K. Upon this occasion, they gave him the highest proof of their confidence in his assiduity and integrity, by enabling him to take the business of the house into his own hands, and to open it upon his own account.

Mr. K. was too good a judge of mankind not to know the influence which small, and frequently extraneous circumstances have upon the human mind; therefore his first care was to restore the magpie to its pristine situation and dignity. Under these happy auspices, the beer soon recovered its character, among both foreign and domestic customers, and the trade of the house returned to its ancient channel.

Thus we find upon what trifling circumstances depends the greatest success in the world. The realizing nearly half a million of money may, in this instance, be said to have originated in the snuffing of candles, and replacing the figure of a magpie on a sign-post! Yet after all, these are only proofs of a natural acuteness of intellect, which, combined with perseverance and probity, could hardly fail of leading to a prosperous result.

He left the tavern business about twenty years before his death, and kept only the wholesale line to himself, which he carried on in the Minories. Mr. K. married early in life; by which he had one son and two daughters. The son was an eminent druggist in Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, where he acquired a very considerable fortune, which at his decease, princi-

pally devolved to his father. The daughters of Mr. K. both died unmarried. Thus, as no prosperity is, in this world, unmingled with adversity, he not only survived his children, but his relations; for it is extremely singular, that at his death, which happened May the 25th, 1800, at which period he was father of his company, there was no one that could claim affinity with him. He was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Dunstan, Stepney, where a monument has been erected by his residuary legatee. He bequeathed property to the amount of 100,750*l.*

The Crow and Cheese.

ONCE on a time (so Esop sings,
'Mongst other most facetious things,)
The wants of nature to appease,
A crow purloin'd a lump of cheese,
And, on a tree securely seated,
Began voraciously to eat it.
Sly Reynard, who, with longing eyes,
By chance beheld the tempting prize,
Thrice lick'd his lips,—by hunger press'd,—
And thus the sable thief address'd:—
'Dear madam Crow! with joy I greet
'A bird with every charm replete;
'That beauteous form! that noble air!
'Those feathers so—*divinely fair!*
'And more than all, thy *vocal art*,
'In love's sweet bondage links the heart.
'Begin then, empress of the throng,
'Begin thy soul-seducing song.'
The foolish bird, puff'd up with pride,
Her shape with fix'd attention ey'd,
And (bent the flattering rogue to please,
Cried—'*Caw*'—and dropp'd the precious cheese.
Delighted Reynard seiz'd his prey,
Laugh'd at his dupe, and scour'd away.

Ah, lovely nymph! to whom belong
The poet's heart and poet's song,
In this a faithful image find
Of *flattery* on the female mind.
Oh, listen not when puppies swear
Those cheeks the 'fairest of the fair.'
E'en whilst they talk of love and death,
The wily serpent lurks beneath,
Impatient to ensnare his prey,
And bear the yielding prize away.
But if (unmindful of my strain)
You love the false, insidious train,—
If still their treacherous praises please,
Go *listen*, but—'*hold fast the cheese.*'

Mother Damnable, the Person who gave rise to the Sign of Mother Red Cap, on the Hampstead Road. A. D. 1676.

OF this shrew, whose real name has not reached posterity, nothing farther is known than the following lines, annexed to the original portrait, informs us:

YOU'VE often seen (from Oxford tipling-house)
The effigies of Shipton-fac'd Mother Louse,
Whose pretty pranks (though some they might excel)
With this old trot's ne'er gallop'd parallel.
'Tis Mother Damnable! that monstrous thing,
Unmatch'd by Macbeth's wayward women's ring,
For cursing, scolding, fuming, flinging fire
I' th' face of madam, lord, knight, gent, cit, squire;
Who (when but ruffled into the least pet)
Will cellar-door key into pocket get.
Then no more ale: and now the fray begins!
Ware heads, wigs, hoods, scarfs, shoulders, sides and shins!
While these dry'd bones, in a Westphalian bag,
(Through th' wrinkled weasan of her shapeless crag)
Sends forth such dismal shrieks, and uncouth noise,
As fills the town with din, the street with boys;
Which makes some think, this fierce she-dragon fell,
Can scarce be match'd by any this side hell.
So fam'd both far and near is the renown
Of Mother Damnable of Kentish-town.
Wherefore this symbol of the cat's we'll give her,
Because so curst, a dog would not dwell with her.

It is pretty certain she is the person represented in the sign of the Mother Redcap, not far from London, on the road to Hampstead, more especially as the house which bears that sign was the only one standing near the place in the memory of many now living.

On a Sluggard.

LO! here does lazy LAURENCE lie,
Who, when he bade the world adieu;
Cried—"O, what bliss it is to die,
"For now, I've nothing more to do!"

The Country.

AS two Bond-street loungers were discoursing in Piccadilly, one of them said he wished much to go into the country; upon which the other made the following observation:

" WHY in the country, my friend, there's nought to be seen,
But an ass on a common, or a goose a green."

A countryman passing at the time, pronounced the following impromptu:

" THERE would be in the country them things to be seen,
" Were you on a common, and your friend on a green."

The Mistake.

A CROP, democratique, all closely shorn,
Went to a barber's shop one Sunday morn,
'Mid ranks of wigs he took his seat, to learn
Some barber's news, and wait his shaving turn.
Up came old Gauger with his flowing wig,
White as a cauliflower, but twice as big,
And peeping round, for he was almost blind,
A vacant block-stand for his wig to find.
He chanc'd, sad hap, his perriwig to pop,
Upon the nut-brown head of knowing crop.
Up bounc'd the blade, and swore, and flounc'd about,
' Od, demme—demme, Sir, I'll call ye out.'
Quick as light horsemen vaults into the saddle,
Did Gauger's spectacles his nose bestraddle,
For much he star'd to see his old wig walk,
Swear so, and so undutifully talk;
But soon as ever the mistake he spied,
The good old man, quite out of breath, replied,
' Your feelings, Sir, I did not mean to shock,
' Indeed, indeed, I took you for a block.'

Epigram.

A DRUNKEN old Scot, by the rigorous sentence,
Of the Kirk was condemned to the stool of repentance.
A priest to his conscience his vices laid home,
And his danger in this and the world that's to come.
" Thou reprobate mortal! why dost thou not know,
Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must go?
" Must go when we're dead? Why, Sir, you may swear,
We shall go, one and all, where we find th *best beer!*"

Important Intelligence (from the Morning Papers.)

BY our last advices from Knightsbridge, we hear that a horse was clapped in the pound on the 3rd inst. and that he was not released when the letter came away.

We are informed, from Pancras, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place; but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

Letters from Brompton advise, that the Widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

By a fisherman, who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for churchwarden; this being boat news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

By letters from Paddington, we learn that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place on the 5th instant.

Friday last, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of considerable property, was riding along the High-street, Islington, his horse had the misfortune to lose one of his shoes.

Yesterday, as Mr. George Conundrums, of Moor-gate, was conversing with some friends, in his usual way, he fell into a grievous mistake, and was extricated with great difficulty.

Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the use of his horse, while he remains at Margate.

Advice from Limehouse mention, that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin which was not got under when the post came away.

Yesterday some fellows were observed driving a quantity of oxen and sheep before them, on the road to Smithfield.

James Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, formerly known by the humorous appellation of Old Q.

THIS most eccentric nobleman was of royal Scottish extraction, and was born in 1730; many of his ancestors have intermarried with the Caledonian royal family, in whose courts they have held high and honourable situations, and since their residence in England, they have been noticed with peculiar attention by our sovereigns.

On the death of his father, the last Earl of March, he succeeded to the family estates, and became well known in London and Newmarket during almost fifty years, by the familiar name of Lord March. Being very young when he came to his title, and entering early into the world, it so happened that he formed a decided and almost unconquerable taste for the amusements of the turf.

While yet a boy, the Earl of March is reported to have acquired a certain species of distinction, by his gallantries in the capital, and his exploits at the race-ground, and he shone at once the meteor of the turf and the drawing-room. A handsome person, of which he has been always particularly careful, joined to a splendid equipage, a title, and a fortune, all of which were heightened by manners highly polished, and conversation that seemed bewitching, ensured to him the smiles of the fair. But if he never led a "willing partner" to the altar, he had many to attend him at his *couche* as well as *levee;* therefore it was always his particular fancy to enjoy the pleasures and freedoms of celibacy, which has hitherto precluded that species of alliance which might have insured legitimate heirs to the extensive fortune and splendid titles. We are said to be imitative animals, and this doctrine coincides with his conduct for many years, during which he imitated Lord Baltimore's way of life, intrigue, and oriental forms of courtship. Although, like the illustrious Duke of Bedford, he possessed a great attachment to the pleasures of the turf, yet, being too wary, he never became the prey of sharpers.

In the year 1756, Lord March rode his own horse, at Newmarket, against a Scottish nobleman. Some time after, the celebrated race against time was suggested by his lordship; which was that a machine with four wheels, should go not less than nineteen miles, within a space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the *knowing ones*, for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

His grace has been biographied in so many Cyprian histories, that we shall say nothing here upon that subject, but refer the reader for information to the Life of Maria Brown, a woman of intrigue, who lived formerly in Grosvenor Place, the house of assignation for Kitty Fisher, Fanny Murray, Nancy Dawson, and others. But with all his follies, he had many good qualities; and was a great friend to the poor, as well as to the industrious and deserving tradesmen, many score of whom felt their loss by his death. He never turned a servant away without a positive proof of some fault or neglect.

His funeral was a very plain and private one; in his own parish-church of St. James's, Piccadilly; his remains were deposited the last day of December, 1810. His grace died worth half a million of money besides his estates. His will and codicils were in thirty-six pieces, and many parts very questionable: an apothecary, who attended him in ordinary for many

years, not finding himself in his will, brought an action against the executors, and obtained a verdict of 5000*l.* for eight years' attendance.

Thomas Venner.

THIS man, who might have reasonably passed for having a tolerable share of common sense, and have sunk in his grave, "guiltless of his country's blood," had he not let his understanding become bewildered with enthusiastic fanaticism. He was a wine cooper by trade, and appears to have acquired a comfortable competence thereby; but not being a man possessed of a strong mind, when his leisure allowed him to think, he fell into the notions of the Millenarians or Fifth Monarchy Men; and so furiously did he go to work to propagate his notions, that he set out with a pole-axe to convert the people, preaching up his notions at the corner of the streets. Possessed with this opinion, he proclaimed—he expected Christ's coming upon earth was just at hand, and all human government, except that of the saints, was presently to cease.

Enthusiasm is of all ages, religions and countries. He preached equally against all sects and kings: said he looked upon Cromwell and Charles II. as damnable usurpers upon Christ's dominion, and persuaded his foolish and weak followers, that it was their duty to rise in every county, and seize upon the kingdom in his name. Accordingly a rabble of them, with Venner at their head, assembled in the streets of the city, and proclaimed king Jesus for ever! In a day or two they were overcome by a party of the militia, whom they resolutely engaged, and their leader, with twelve of his followers, were executed in January, 1661. In their last moments they declared, "that if they had been deceived, the Lord himself was their deceiver."

A Sermon preached by Mr. Dodd of Dedham, commonly called Old Dodd, to some Students of Oxford, who met him on the road to London, and insisted on his preaching to them in an old hollow tree, from the word Malt: having remonstrated a while to them, to no purpose, he got into the hollow tree, and said,

BELOVED,

LET me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a brief sermon, upon a small subject, to this congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.

And now, my beloved, my text is Malt: which I cannot divide into sentences, because it is none; nor into words, because (upon the whole matter) it is but a monosyllable;—therefore I must, as necessity forces me, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M, A, L T. M, my beloved, is Moral, A is Allegorical, L is Literal, and T is Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you Drunkards good manners; therefore M my Masters, A all of you, L listen, T to my text. The A, Allegorical, is when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. Now the thing spoken of is Malt, but the thing meant is Strong Beer, wherein you Drunkards make M, Meat; A Apparel; L, Liberty; T, Treasure. The Literal is according to the letter—M, much, A, Ale; L, little, T, Thrift: Much ale, little Thrift. The Theological is according to the effects which it works, which I find in my text to be of two kinds—1st, in this World; 2d, In the World to come. In this World, the effects are,—in some Murder, in others Adultery; in some Looseness of Life, in others Treason. 2dly, in the world to come. —In some Misery, in others Anguish; in some Languishing, in others Torment. Wherefore my first use shall be, Exhortation. M, my Masters; A, all of you, L, leave, T, Tippling, or

look for Torment. So much for this time and text; only, by way of caution, take this: a Drunkard is an annoyance of Modesty, the trouble of Civility, the spoil of Wealth, the destruction of Reason, the Brewer's Agent, the Ale-House Benefactor, the Beggar's Companion, the Constable's trouble, his Wife's woe, his Children's sorrow, his Neighbours' scoff, his own shame, a walking swell-tub, the picture of a Beast, and the monster of a Man.

On Mr. Stone.

JERUSALEM'S curse is not fulfill'd in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

Volcano.

IN 1783, there was an immense volcanic eruption in the Northern Island of Iceland, which began on the 10th of June, and continued till the middle of August; a new island was thrown up in the neighbouring sea, and again disappeared. And several months before this eruption, a heavy dark blueish sulphurous fog had been observed to rest over the island, when not dissipated by the wind, the fog at times was spread all over Europe. The year before this eruption, the influenza (a disorder hitherto unaccounted for) spread through Europe; this volcanic eruption in Iceland is perhaps the most remarkable yet recorded in history. One stream of burning lava extended forty miles in length, and sixteen in breadth, and was in some places, between four and five hundred feet deep. On the 18th of August 1783, a remarkable meteor, or ball of fire, was seen all over Britain, and in many places upon the Continent of Europe. This phenomenon happened much about the the time of the termination of the volcanic eruption in Iceland, and it is remarkable, that this meteor was first seen to the north-west of the Shetland and Orkney Islands, in the quarter of Iceland.

A Simile, written by Mr. Duck, who was in Love with Miss Drake.

SAY, fair one, dids't thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
Two creatures of the feather'd kind,
Alike in body and in mind;
Now swimming up or down the same
Or muddy or pellucid stream;
Now on the bank their brood among,
Now waddling side by side along:
Together sleeping both and waking,
Together silent both and quacking;
Partners alike of joy and fear,
For ever faithful, ever dear.—
Emblem of matrimonial life,
A picture true of man and wife;
How happy you and I cou'd be,
To lead this waddling life—agree,
Then change thy name, for heaven's sake!
Be thou the DUCK, and I the DRAKE.

Authentic Anecdotes of Mr. Pope.

MR. POPE was born in Lombard-street, London, in a house where a few years ago resided Mr. Morgan, an apothecary.

Pope, when very young, was introduced as a maker of verses to Dryden, who gave him a shilling for the version of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Pope wrote his Ode on Music, at the desire and instigation of Steele, who had used to prefer it to Dryden's. It was set to music by Dr. Green.

Pope spent some time in writing a tragedy called Timoleon; but did not succeed in the attempt.

Coffee-House Pun.

SOME gentlemen, at a coffee-house, discoursing on the wonderful discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, could resolve his attainments into no other cause but his dealing with a demon. A gentleman who sat by, says, "Gentleman, I am well assured, that your suspicion is justly founded; but can any one of you tell me the name of the demon to whom Sir Isaac is indebted?" They declared their ignorance. "Why, then," replies the gentleman, I will inform you: It is "Demon—stration."

The Matrimonial Creed.

WHOSOEVER will be married, before all things it is necessary that he hold the conjugal faith; and the conjugal faith is this; that there were two rational beings created, both equal, and yet one superior to the other, and the inferior shall bear rule over the superior: which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled without doubt he shall be scolded at everlastingly.

The man is superior to the woman, and the woman is inferior to the man; yet both are equal, and the woman shall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman.

And yet they are not two obedients, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the husband, and another dominion real of the wife.

And yet there are not two dominions, but one dominion.

For like as we are compelled by the christian verity to acknowledge, that wives must submit themselves to their husbands, and be subject to them in all things;

So are we forbidden by the conjugal faith to say, that they should be at all influenced by their wills, or pay any regard to their commands.

The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man;

Yet the man shall be the slave of the woman, and the woman the tyrant of the man:

So that in all things, as is aforesaid, the subjection of the superior to the inferior is to be believed.

He therefore that will be married, must thus think of the woman and the man.

Furthermore it is necessary to submissive matrimony that he also believe rightly the infallibility of the wife:

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that the wife is fallible and infallible;

Perfectly fallible and perfectly infallible, of an erring soul and unerring mind subsisting: fallible as touching her human nature, and infallible as touching her female sex.

Who although she be fallible and infallible, yet she is not two but one woman; who submitted to lawful marriage to acquire unlawful dominion; and promised religiously to obey, that she might rule in injustice and folly.

This is the conjugal faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be married.

ENIGMA.

A Strange and Wonderful Sight.

I SAW a peacock—with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing comet—pour down hail
I saw a cloud—wrapt with ivy round
I saw an oak—creep on the ground
I saw a pismire—swallow up a whale
I saw the sea—brimful of ale
I saw a Venice glass—fifteen feet deep
I saw a well—full of men's tears that weep
I saw wet eyes—all of a flaming fire
I saw a house--bigger than the moon & higher
I saw the sun—and even at midnight
I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

Anecdote.

MR. Quin happened to be in company with a gentleman whose father was a *footman:* when heraldry became the subject of conversation, the gentleman observed, "he had seen his arms on a baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit "your family, sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

The Book-Worm.

WILL has a noble library,—'tis true;
But does he use, peruse, or lend his books?
No—he contented feasts the *outward* view,
And, only at the *pretty binding* looks.

Epitaph at Marston, Oxfordshire.

I WOULD have my neighbours be all kind
and mild
Quiet and civil to my dear wife and child.

The Life of Milton, the Poet.

JOHN MILTON was descended from an ancient family of that name, at Milton near Abingdon, in Oxfordshire, and was son of Mr. John Milton, a scrivener, being born at his father's house in Bread-street, London, on the 9th of December, 1608. He was educated under a domestic tutor, and also at St. Paul's school, under Mr. Alexander Gill, where he made an uncommon progress in learning, by his admirable genius and indefatigable application; from his twelfth year he generally sat up half the night at his studies; and this, with his frequent head-achs, was the first cause of impairing his sight On the 12th of February, 1624-5, he was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College in Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. William Chapel, afterwards lord bishop of Ross, in Ireland; and even before that time had distinguished himself by several Latin and English poems, as he did afterwards while he continued at the university. In 1628, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and in the twenty-third year of his age wrote a letter to a friend, who had importuned him to enter into holy orders; of which there are two draughts in his own handwriting, among his manuscripts in Trinity-College library at Cambridge. After he had taken the degree of Master of Arts, which was in 1632, he left the university; and for the space of five years lived with his father and mother, at their house at Horton near Colebrook, in Buckinghamshire; whither his father, having raised a competent estate, had retired from business. In 1634, he wrote his "Mask," performed before the lord president of Wales, at Ludlow-castle. Upon the death of his mother, he obtained leave of his father to travel; and accordingly set out for France about April 1638. At Paris he was introduced to the celebrated Hugo Grotius; and from thence went to Florence, Sienna, Rome, and Naples; in all which places, he was entertained with the utmost civility and respect, by persons of the most eminent quality and learning: and was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from that resolution by the melancholy account of the confusions in England, which afterwards broke out into a civil war: esteeming it an unworthy thing, for him to be taking his pleasure in foreign parts, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He returned to England, after fifteen months absence, about the time of the king's second expedition against the Scots; and hired a lodging in St. Bride's church-yard in Fleet-street, where he undertook the instruction of his sister's two sons, Edward and John Philips. He continued not long here, but took a large and commodious garden-house in Aldersgate-street; in which he lived several years, applying himself to the education of the sons of several of his friends, according to a plan of his own. In 1641, he published five tracts relative to church-government; and in 1643, married Mary the daughter of Richard Powell, Esq. of Forest-Hill in Oxfordshire; who not long after visiting her father in the country, and refusing to return home upon her husband's repeated messages and letters, he seemed resolved to marry another wife, and published four pieces on the subject of divorce, in which he maintained this opinion, that "Indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind, arising from a cause in nature unchangeable, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than natural frigidity; especially if there be no children, and that there be mutual consent." However, upon his

wife's submission, he took her home again, and even entertained her father, and several of her brothers and sisters, in his house, till after his own father's death, which was in 1647. About the year 1644, he wrote a little tract on Education; and in November the same year, published his *Areopagitica;* and the year following his Juvenile Poems were printed at London. About this time it was intended to make him adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army; but the new modelling of the army defeated that design. Soon after the march of Fairfax and Cromwell with the whole army through the city, in order to suppress the insurrection which Brown and Massey were endeavouring to raise against the proceedings of the army, he left his large house in Aldersgate street for a small one in High-Holborn, which opened into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where he prosecuted his studies till after the king's trial and death, when he published his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates;* his *Observations on the Articles of Peace between James, Earl of Ormonde, for King Charles I on the one hand, and the Irish Rebels and Papists on the other hand.* He was now taken into the service of the Commonwealth, and made Latin secretary to the Council of State, who resolved neither to write to others abroad, nor to receive any answer, except in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. In 1651, he published his *Pro populo Anglicano defensio;* for which he was rewarded by the Commonwealth with a present of a thousand pounds. He soon after settled in Petty France, Westminster, in a house opening into St. James's Park; where he remained till within a few weeks of the Restoration. By his first wife he had four children, but she dying in child-bed of the fourth, in 1652, he married Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, by whom he had one daughter, who with the mother did not long survive the birth. This second marriage was about two or three years after his being wholly deprived of his sight; for by reason of his incessant studies, and the headach, to which he was subject from his youth, and his perpetual tampering with physic, his eyes had been decaying for twelve years before. In 1654, he published his *Defensio secunda,* and the year following his *Defensio pro se.* Being now at ease from state-adversaries and public contests, he had leisure again to continue his own studies and private designs, particularly his *History of Britain* and his new *Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,* which was afterwards made use of by the editors of the *Cambridge Dictionary.* In 1659, he published his *Treatise of the Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes,* and his *Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church.* Upon the dissolution of the parliament by the army, after Richard Cromwell had resigned the Protectorship, Milton wrote a letter upon the Commonwealth, and another piece on the same subject: and in February, 1659-60, published his *Ready and easy way to establish a free Commonwealth,* and soon after that, his *Brief Notes upon a late Sermon entitled, The fear of God and the King.* Just before the Restoration, he was removed from his office of Latin secretary, and concealed himself till the Act of Oblivion came forth; when, being secured by his pardon, he appeared again in public, and took a house in Jewen-street, near Cripplegate; where he married his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Minshul of Cheshire, by whom he had no children. Soon after, he removed to a house in the Artillery-walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, where he continued till his death, except during the plague

at London in 1665, when he retired with his family to St. Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamshire: at which time his *Paradise Lost* was finished, though not printed till 1667. In 1670, he published the *History of Britain;* the year following his *Paradise Regained,* and *Samson Agonistes;* in 1672, his *Logic;* and the next year his discourse *Of true Religion,* &c. He died at his house in Bunhill, November 15, 1674, and was interred near the body of his father, in the chancel of the church of St. Giles Cripplegate. His person was very prepossessing; his stature did not exceed the middle size; his limbs well proportioned, nervous and active; serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted, and wanted neither skill nor courage to resent an affront, from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. His deportment was erect, open, and affable; his conversation cheerful, easy, and instructive; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required; his judgment just and penetrating, his apprehension quick; his memory tenacious of what he read; his reading not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. He ever expressed the most profound reverence for the Deity; and would say to his friends, that the divine properties of goodness, justice, and mercy, were the adequate rules of human actions, nor less the object of imitation for private advantage, than of admiration or respect for their own excellence or perfection.

The Village School Mistress.

"These three children Milcah bare,"
"Milk a bear, child! spell it, spell it,"
"B-o-r-e—bore,"
"Aye, they might milk a boar; go on."

Epitaphium Chemicum.

HERE lyeth to *digest, macerate,* and *amalgamate*
with Clay,
In *Balneo Arenæ,*
Stratum super Stratum,
The *Residuum, Terra damnata,* and *Caput Mortuum*
Of BOYLE GODFRY, Chemist,
and M. D.
A Man, who in this Earthly *Laboratory*
Pursued various *Processes* to obtain
Arcanum Vitæ,
Or the Secret to live;
Also *Aurum Vitæ,*
Or, the Art of getting, rather than making Gold.
Alchemist like,
All his Labour and *Projection,*
As *Mercury* in the Fire, *evaporated* in *Fumo*
When he *dissolved* to his first Principles,
He *departed* as poor
As the last Drops of an *Alembic.*
For Riches are not poured
On the *Adepts* of this World.
Though fond of News, he carefully avoided
The *Fermentation, Effervescence,*
And *Decrepitation* of this Life.
Full Seventy Years his *exalted Essence*
Was *Hermetically sealed* in its *Terene Mattrass,*
But the radical Moisture being *exhausted,*
The *Elixir Vitæ* spent,
And *exsiccated* to a *Cuticle;*
He could not *suspend* longer in his *Vehicle,*
But *precipitated gradatim,*
Per Campanam,
To his Original Dust.
May that light, brighter than *Bolognian Phosphorus,* Preserve him from the
Athanor, Empyreuma, and
Reverberatory Furnace
of the other
World,
Depurate him from the *Fæces* and *Scoria of* this;
Highly *rectify* and *volatize*
His *æthereal* Spirit,
Bring it over the *Helm* of the *Retort* of this Globe, place it in a proper *Recipient*
Or *Chrystalline* Orb,
Among the Elect of the *Flowers of Benjamin,*
Never to be *saturated*
Till the General *Resuscitation,*
Deflagration, Calcination,
And *Sublimation* of all Things.

An IRISH *Poet, in his description of a hospitable mansion in the West of Ireland, says:—*

"THERE youthful BACCHUS held his ivy throne,
"There many a bottle bled without a groan."

The Laplanders.

WHO can be without a lively sense of gratitude toward his Creator, and of pity to those of his fellow-creatures to whom nature has more sparingly distributed her blessings, when he fixes his eyes on the Laplanders, and the inhabitants of the lands bordering on the arctic pole?

Their country is formed of a chain of mountains covered with snow and ice, which does not melt even in summer; and, where the chain is interrupted, bogs and marshes fill up the space. Winter is felt during the greater part of the year: a deep snow overwhelms the valleys, and covers the little hills; and for a long time the sun never rises above their horizon. The inhabitants seek shelter from the cold in tents, which can be removed from one place to another. They fix their fire-place in the middle of the tent, and surround it with stones. The smoke goes out at a hole in the top, which also serves them for a window. There they fasten iron chains, to which they hang the chaldrons, in which they dress their food, and melt the ice, which serves them for drink. The inside of the tent is furnished with furs, which preserve them from the cold; and they lie on skins of animals, spread upon the ground. It is in such habitations that the Laplanders pass their winter, surrounded by the howling wolves, who are roaming every where in search of prey. How could we bear the climate and way of life of these people? How much we should think ourselves to be pitied, if we had nothing before our eyes but an immense extent of ice, and whole deserts covered with snow; the absence of the sun making the cold still more insupportable!—and if, instead of a convenient dwelling, we had only moveable tents made of skins; and no other resource for our subsistence but in painful and dangerous hunting.

Are not these reflections proper to make us observe the many advantages of our climate, to which we attend so little? Ought they not to animate us to bless the Divine Providence for the many thousand advantages we enjoy? Yes: let us ever bless that wise Providence; and when we feel the severity of the season, let us return thanks, that the cold is so moderate where we dwell, and that we have such numerous ways of guarding against it.

But is the inhabitant of northern countries so unhappy as we imagine? It is true, that he wanders painfully through rough valleys and unbeaten roads, and that he is exposed to the inclemency of the seasons. But his hardy body is able to bear fatigue. If the Laplander be poor, and deprived of many of the conveniences of life that we enjoy; is he not rich, in knowing no other wants than those which he can easily satisfy? he is deprived for several months of the light of the sun; but in return the moon and the aurora borealis come to illumine his horizon. Even the snow and ice, in which he is buried, do not make him unhappy. Education and custom arm him against the severity of his climate. The hardy life he leads enables him to brave the cold; and the particular wants, which are indispensable to him, nature has made it easy for him to supply. She has pointed out to him animals, the fur of which defends him from the keenness of the air. She has given him the rein-deer, which furnishes him with his tent, his dress, his bed, and his food: with this animal he undertakes long journeys, it supplies almost all his wants, and the maintenance of it is no expense or trouble to him.

If it be true, then, that the idea we form of happiness, depends more on opinion than on reason; if it be true, also, that real happiness is not fixed to particular people, or particular climates; and that with the neces-

saries of life and peace of mind, a man may be happy in any corner of the earth; have we not a right to ask, what the Laplander wants to make him happy?

Droll Adventure of a Silesian Priest, related in the King of Prussia's Campaigns.

COLONEL Fouquet, having entered Cremsitz with six companies of grenadiers, had placed a sentinel on the wall, near the house of a priest, or curate. The good man, finding himself much disturbed by the frequent repetition of *Qui va la?* which the sentinel pronounced, with a loud voice, every quarter of an hour, resolved to make the soldiers weary of their post, and with this view masked himself like a devil; accordingly horns, claws, the serpent's tail, cloven feet and the fork were got ready; and our priest, having equipped himself to his own satisfaction, and like a real devil began to act his part, by advancing towards the sentinel, and, at every step, scratching the wall with his fork. The grenadier began to feel some tremors, but did not leave his post. He stopped short, till the devil coming too near, and presenting the three points of his fork, cried out with a hoarse voice, "Thou shalt die by my hand;" then the soldier got the better of his fears, and boldly cocked his musket. The spectre heard the click of this fatal instrument, and of a sudden losing all confidence in his fork, and the whole of his apparatus, recoiled, and wanted to save his honour, by a slow retreat. The grenadier, on the contrary, having once made free with this imaginary devil, followed him close, and saw him enter the house of the curate, by a little back door. Upon this, he called some of his companions to his assistance, who were not at any great distance; when they quickly forced the door open, and Beelzebub seized with all his infernal habiliments, before he had time to change them. As soon as he was taken, he was conducted to the next post, whence he was next day transported to the main guard, and flogged in the sight of the whole town.—The clergy made a great noise about this affair; but the colonel giving them to understand, that the worthless Levite had, by this impudent masquerade, insulted the garrison, and consequently all the king's troops, matters were made up in such a manner, that the poor curate was shut up in a convent to do penance and the clergy paid a fine of ninety ducats, of which each company had fifteen, to purchase spatterdashes. Every body thought this adventure very diverting; and the soldiers said to each other, that the devil had taken pains to provide them with spatterdashes.

To a Goose.

IF thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
Or waddle with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor,
Or find in farmer's yard, a safe retreat
From gypsey thieves, and foxes sly and fleet.
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet sad and sweet,
Wading the rigour of some lady fair;
Or of the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinion white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care,
But this I know, that thou wert very fine;
Season'd with sage, and onions, and Port Wine!

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH;

An Epigram.

POOR John had bought him half a hog,
And thought it would be glorious prog,
To eat with cabbage, pease, and beans,
Or with a dish of winter greens:
But Nelly thought it far too dear,
Indeed it cost her many a tear,
She used (for saving was her boast)
But half a pound of salt at most;
But see how Nelly was mistaken,
She sav'd her salt—but lost her bacon.

Murderer self-prompted to Confession.

A JEWELLER, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to look after his portmanteau. He had also with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master, having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot: then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise, by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances so well, that he grew in great credit, married into a good family, and, by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge; till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind, his colour changed often; at length he rose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he (addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him) "a striking instance of the just reward of heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it, to a master who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask he had worn. "But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt beset me in all their horror; the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow criminal till I had first impannelled and accused myself. Nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide. Therefore in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead

guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor." We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind: an exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion, and the tremendous justice of Providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after such a long concealment.

Epitaph on John Spong, a Carpenter:

"Who many a sturdy Oak had laid along,
"Fell'd by death's surer hatchet, here lies *Spong;*
"*Posts* oft he made, yet ne'er a *Place* could get,
"And lived by railing, though he was no *Wit.*
"*Old Saws* he had, although no *Antiquarian,*
"And *Styles* corrected, yet was no *Grammarian.*"

AN ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Somnus, Bulla, Vitrum, Glacies, Flos, Fabula, Fœnum, Umbra, Cinis, Punctum, Vox, Sonus, Aura, Nihil.

WHAT is the fleeting life of mortal man?
Its date extended measures but a span;
A *Dream*—that leaves no memory behind,
A *Bubble*—blown away by every wind,
A *Glass*—that's broke, and scarcely lasts a day,
As *Ice*—which quickly melts in tears away;
A *Flower*—that fades as soon as in the bloom,
A *Tale*—i' th' morning told, forgotten ere 'tis noon,
As *Grass*—cut down and wither'd in an hour,
A *Shadow*—which hath no continuance in its power,
As *Dust*—that's driven by the whirling storm,
A *Point*—that knows no substance, parts, or form;
A *Voice*—which nothing but a sound can boast,
A *Sound*—that in surrounding air is lost;
A *Vapour*—toss'd about by ev'ry breath,
A *Nothing!*—Such is man, the sport of time and death.

Remarkable Account of a Person who eat and digested the hardest Substances, in amazing Quantities.

SOME time ago was read before the university of Wittemberg, by M. Boehmer, president, a dissertation, entitled, "De Polyphago et Allotriophago Wittebergensi Dissertatio," containing a history of the most enormous eater that perhaps was ever known; the toad-eaters of the last, and the fire-eaters of the present age not excepted. He is said to have devoured, at one time, a whole sheep; at another, a whole hog; and, by way of dessert, at a third, four half-bushel baskets of cherries, together with the stones.

Substances, indeed, the most difficult to digest, and such as would be shocking to the generality of people, he swallowed and digested easily; such as china, glass, shells, &c. all which he would break to pieces with his teeth, chew, and swallow, without difficulty. Living animals and insects, as birds, mice, caterpillars, &c. were common to him: but what almost surpasses belief, is, that he once swallowed a block-tin standish, with the pens, penknife, ink, sand, and every thing it contained. This last fact is so very extraordinary, that had it not been attested on oath by seven eye-witnesses, before the senate of Wittemburg, its credibility could hardly ever have been admitted.

This strange person was of an extremely strong and robust constitution; and continued his exploits till the age of sixty; after which he lived a more regular life, and attained his eightieth year before he died.

His body was opened by the author of the dissertation, and many particular circumstances attending the dissection are remarked, in order to shew the practicability of the facts above mentioned.

Epitaph.

MAN'S life is a vapour, and full of woes,
He *cuts a caper,* and DOWN HE GOES.

John Wilkes,

AN active politician, and at one time of life the idol of the people, was born in Clerkenwell, in 1728. He received the rudiments of his education at Hertford, whence he was removed to Buckinghamshire, and placed under a private tutor of Presbyterian principles. After making a tour on the Continent, he returned home, and married a lady of considerable fortune. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Buckinghamshire militia, and nominated one of the deputy lieutenants of the same county. In 1761, he was chosen member of paliament for Aylesbury. Having dissipated the principal part of his fortune, he found his circumstances much embarrassed, and became the vehement opposer of government, under the administration of the earl of Bute, in which cause he was distinguished by that poetical genius Charles Churchill. In the paper-war which he commenced, he was called to an account for the 45th number of his "North Briton," in which he made so free with royalty itself, that a general warrant was issued against his papers by the Earl of Halifax, then secretary of state; and he was committed prisoner to the Tower. His political warfare not only deprived him of his liberty, but also exposed his life to danger from two duels. As some compensation, however, for his sufferings, he obtained a verdict with a thousand pounds damages, and full costs of suit, against Lord Halifax, for the illegal seizure of his papers. But he experienced the vengeance of the court of King's Bench, and both houses of parliament, for the libel, and for his "Essay on Women."—He was not only expelled the house of commons, but outlawed; though he obtained a reversal of the outlawry; when, after re-election and exclusion as being ineligible, he survived the violent persecution. In October 1774, he was a fifth time elected for the county of Middlesex, and took his seat without opposition: and in the same year, after having long been an alderman, served the high office of first magistrate of the city of London. When the marquis of Rockingham came into power, Wilkes seized the critical moment, and obtained a resolution of the house of commons for expunging from its journals, all the resolutions against him, as subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors in the kingdom. He soon after withdrew from the party whose strenuous champion he had been, in consequence of which he was overlooked in the general election of 1790. It was at this last election that Wilkes strived hard to regain his former seat of honor, but after a struggle of fourteen days, he was unsuccessful. The election for the county of Middlesex took place at Brentford, as usual; but the zenith of poor Wilkes's sun was set; he was tame, unnerved, and rather unpopular: the natural generosity of his former constituents, induced them to stick close to him, but with all their efforts, they were unavailing.

Various have been the opinion of Wilkes as to the integrity of his *political* conduct; some asserting that there was never any virtue in his actions; but, on the contrary, they were all for gain; and that he only *barked* for the gaining of a sinecure: his friends of course refuted these assertions with great warmth and eloquence: be it as it may, he annihilated the genuineness of warrants; so far he merits thanks. No man made a greater impression on the minds of the people of England in his time: "Wilkes and 45 O!" was the burthen of the song, from the purlieus of St. Giles's to the more refined abodes of the nobility at St. James's.

After a long struggle, Wilkes began to find that he was getting old, and wished for some office where he might employ his time in peace: the important one of chamberlain of London became vacant; and who was so capable of filling it as Wilkes? he was appointed; and administered the functions of the office with great fidelity, justice and satisfaction, until his decease, in December, 1797. His knowledge of polite literature was extensive; his taste elegant, and his wit inexhaustible.

The Storm, or Sailors and Priest.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hasted to get absolution;
Which done, and the load of the sins they'd confest
Transferr'd as they thought from themselves to the priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They tost the poor father souse into the ocean.

Old Boots, of Rippon in Yorkshire.

THE name of this curiously-gifted man is not known. Among the vast variety of human countenances, none perhaps ever excited more public curiosity than that of Old Boots: he was formed by nature with a nose and chin so tenderly endearing, that they embraced each other; and, by habit, he could hold a piece of money between them. The appellation of Old Boots was given him on account of his being employed at an inn at Rippon, Yorkshire, to clean boots. He always went into the rooms with a boot jack and a pair of slippers. The urbanity of his manners pleased the company, who frequently gave him money, on condition that he would hold it between his nose and chin; which he always complied with, and bore off the treasure with great satisfaction. He remained at the above inn till the time of his death.

THE SCHOOL-BOY:

A Parody on Mr. Pope's Ode to Solitude.

HAPPY the Boy whose wish and cheer
A little bread and butter serves;
Content, at meals, to drink small beer
And eat preserves.

Whose top and marbles give him pleasure;
Whose happy with his paper kite;
Whose pennies shine, a mighty treasure,
To charm his sight.

Blest who can every morning find
Some idle lads with whom to play;
When in the fields he hath a mind
From School to stray.

Not ferule fears, nor birch more dire,
But plays all day, and sleeps all night;
Some other boys his cash will hire,
His task to write.

Thus let me live, thus life enjoy,
Until to manhood I arrive,
And then, like me, sure ev'ry boy
To live will strive.

The Pig-Pye Man.

AMONG the numerous itinerants who have frequented the streets of London, and made themselves conspicuous by the eccentricity of their dress, their cries, or their article of sale, none excited more public attention than the subject of this memoir. Of the place of his birth, or his name, we are not informed. He frequented the streets of London; was a good-looking man, corpulent, but blind, and whose face bespoke to have seen better days: he was led by a boy.

He used to sell pigs, made of what is called standing crust, about three or four inches long, baked with currant sauce in their belly. The chaunting of his ditty,

'A long tailed pig, or a short tailed pig,'

always carried with him a vast deal of company, and the quantity he sold of his pigs was astonishing, being very cleanly made.

Epitaph.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail, God be thanked.

Anecdote of Dr. Goldsmith.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the private character of the doctor, knew that *economy* and *foresight* were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suite of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finance) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so Jack?" says the doctor, "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of *white mice;* now, as I know they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature. After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined; for without *two guineas,* to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half-guinea from him, on his death-bed, which the other, under such circumstances, very generously sent him.

The Epigram.

AN Epigram should be—if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright,
A lively little thing!
Like Wasp, with taper body—bound
By lines—not many—neat and round
All ending in a sting.

The old Fashion of Travelling.

IN March 1739, says Mr. Pennant, I changed my Welsh school for one nearer to the capital, and travelled in the Chester stage, then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen. The first day, with much labour, we got from Chester to Whitchurch, 20 miles; the second day to the Welsh Harp; the third to Coventry; the fourth to Northampton; the fifth to Dunstable; and, as a wonderous effort, on the last, to London, before the commencement of the night. The strain and labour of six horses, sometimes eight, drew us through the slough of Mireden, and many other places. We were constantly out two hours before day, and as late at night; and in the depth of winter proportionably later. Families which travelled in their own carriages, contracted with Benson and Co. and were dragged up in the same number of days, by three sets of able horses.

The single gentlemen, then a hardy race, equipped in jack boots and trowsers up to their middle, rode post through thick and thin, and, guarded against the mire, defied the frequent stumble and fall; arose and pursued their journey with alacrity; while, in these days, their enervated posterity sleep away their rapid journies in easy chaises, fitted for the conveyance of the soft inhabitants of Sybaris.

Anecdotes of the Effects of Fear.

THERE was, in the Turkish empire a person who had incurred the displeasure of the bashaw; and as in those countries the sentence of death is only in the disposal of the chief minister of the province, so he varies it according to his own caprice, or that of his favourite: it happened here, that the sentence was to have the great arteries opened, and the unhappy criminal to bleed to death. But some curious English gentlemen, being at the court, petitioned the bashaw with so good success, that the sentence was repealed, and the man put into their power: every thing had now happened according to these gentlemen's wish, as they had no other motives than that of humanity, and the desire to gratify their own curiosity, in seeing how far the apprehension alone of the sentence would hurt him.

When the day of execution came, the unhappy criminal appeared, seated on a machine which kept him from moving; at the bottom of which, was a bathing tub: he was then blindfolded, and the executioner, who had received his secret orders, was now told to begin; which he did, by giving him two or three small scratches, and at the same time some small spouts, which had been procured for the purpose, were (to carry on the deceit) supplied with warm water, which ran trickling into the bathing tub at the bottom. The deluded victim appeared in all the agonies of death, and, notwithstanding the utmost magnanimity, with which he had acted on this occasion, his mind could not bear an apprehension so dreadful, but nature sunk under the burthen, and he died in a few minutes.

Another case happened in Italy, and was in the following manner:

Nicolo, marquis of Ferrara, was taken ill of a quartan fever, which continued so violent that his physicians gave him up, and sent him to a house he had on the river Po, for change of air: he took with him one servant, who had the greatest respect for him; and this servant, having heard that sudden fear was a sovereign remedy for a quartan fever, resolved to try it on his master. Having observed that the marquis walked every day on the banks of the Po, and knowing it was not very deep, he resolved to push him in. A miller, who lived opposite the place, he acquainted with his design, and, having ordered him to be ready with his boat, to take his master up, if there should be occasion, next morning he threw him in, after which he immediately fled to Padua: in the mean time, the miller took up the marquis, who was indeed thoroughly frightened, and vowed to be revenged. So extraordinary a case was the subject of every body's conversation: the marquis caused his servant to be summoned before the courts of justice, and, not appearing, he was banished Ferrara, and condemned, if he ever returned thither, to be beheaded.—This news soon reached Padua, notwithstanding which, the servant, in a few days came back to Ferrara, and desired admittance to the marquis; which was denied, and instead thereof, he was apprehended, and ordered to prepare for execution. The marquis, however, finding himself cured of his fever, his resentment began to abate, and he was determined to save him, but to seem resolved to let the law take its course. A day was fixed for his execution, and all Ferrara thronged to see it performed. The servant appeared on the scaffold, with his confessor; who, after protesting he had no other motive than the cure of his master, laid his head on the block, and gave the fatal signal. The executioner had his orders, before-hand, at that instant to pour some cold water on his neck, which being done, the colour left his cheeks, his eyes sunk in his

head, and he died in a few moments, without speaking a word. Such are the fatal and extraordinary effects of fear on man; not less than the sudden transports of the most affecting joy.

Affecting Anecdote.

IN the year 166?, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, Monsieur de Sallo, returning from a summer's evening walk, accompanied with only a page, was accosted by a man, who presented his pistol, and, in a manner far from hardened resolution, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo, observing that he came to the wrong person, and that he could obtain but little from him, added: "I have but three pistoles, which are not worth a scuffle; so, much good may it do you with them; but, like a friend, let me tell you, you are going on in a very bad way." The robber took them, and, without asking him for more, walked away, with an air of dejection and terror.

The fellow was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered his page to follow the robber, to observe where he went, and to bring him an account of all he should discover. The boy obeyed, pursued him through several obscure streets, and, at length, saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles, and buy a large brown loaf. With this salutary purchase the robber went a few doors further, and, entering an alley, ascended several pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the topmost story, where he saw him go into a room, which was no otherwise illuminated than by the friendly light of the moon; and, peeping through a crevice, he perceived the wretched man cast the loaf on the floor, and, bursting into tears, cry out: "There, eat your fill, this is the dearest loaf I ever bought: I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings; for, soon or late, these doings must bring me to ruin." His wife having calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four poor starving children.

The page having thus performed his commission, returned home, and gave his master an account of all he had seen and heard. Sallo, who was much moved, commanded the boy to call him at five next morning. He rose accordingly, and took his boy with him, to shew the way: he enquired of his neighbours the character of a man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children; by whom he was informed, that he was a very industrious man, a tender husband, and a quiet neighbour; that his occupation was that of a shoemaker, and that he was a neat workman, but was over-burdened with a family, and struggled hard to live in such dear times. Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's lodging, and knocking at the door, it was opened by the unhappy man himself; who, knowing him at first sight to be the gentleman whom he had robbed, prostrated himself at his feet. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, assuring him that he had not the least intention to hurt him. "You have a good character, said he, among your neighhours; but you must expect your life will be cut short, if you are so wicked as to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand; here are thirty pistoles, to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a laudable example. To put you out of further temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry. I hear you are a neat workman; you shall therefore, at this time, take measure of me and my lad for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them."

The whole family seemed absorbed in joy: amazement and gratitude, in some measure, deprived them of speech. M. de Sallo departed, greatly moved, and with a mind replete with satisfaction, at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and perhaps from everlasting destruction.

John and Joan.

NO plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only Tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace;
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first, a moderate sup,
But Joan was not like John;
For, when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er changed a jot;
She loved to see the angel there,
And, therefore, drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And, where the angel stood so plain,
A Devil got pourtray'd,

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrified,
His hairs rose on his pate;
And—"Why dost guzzle now?" he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"

"O John," says she "am I to blame?
"I can't in conscience stop;
"For, sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
"To leave the *Devil* a drop!"

On an Usurer.

HERE lyes he, underneath this stone,
That, whilst he lived, did good to none.
And therefore at the point to dye
More cause had some to laugh than cry.
His eldest sonne thought he had wrong,
Because he lingered out so long.
But now he's dead, how ere he fares
There's no one knows, nor none that cares.

Singular Prophecies

WHEN roasting-jacks are water-mills,
And milk-pails worsted stockings;
When mountains change to small mole-hills,
And serious truths are mockings;
When silver spoons are leather thongs,
And pickled salmon milk;
When muslin bonnets are tea-tongs,
And copper saucepans silk—
Then, England, woe to thee!

When Thames and Lea are changed to moats,
And wether mutton veal;
When frying-pans are turn'd to boats,
And dough to Swedish steel;
When leaden spouts are judges' wigs,
And palaces pig-styes;
London's three bridges dancing jigs,
And Truth a telling lies—
Then, England, woe to thee!

When money's had at two per cent.
And bank notes turn to dancers;
When happiness is discontent,
And wolves are Polish lancers;
When learned dogs ascend the bench,
And women are not praters;
When sharks and whales are chub and tench,
And lions tavern-waiters—
Then, England, woe to thee!

When dying speeches are bell-ropes,
And men a hanging carrots;
When greedy hogs are holy popes,
And frogs and toads Poll-parrots;
When butterflies are beaux and belles,
And lapstones toasted cheese:
When bishops dance at Sadler's Wells,
And lawyers take no fees—
Then, England, woe to thee!

When tinder is both flint and steel,
And pancakes sing in chorus;
When misers' hearts are made to feel,
And our backside's before us;
When sugar-plums are tennis-balls,
And grow in ladies' pockets;
When Billingsgate is in St. Paul's,
And rushlights Congreve rockets—
Then, England, woe to thee!

When kings & queens are three-legg'd stools,
And millstones downy pillows;
When wisest men are arrant fools,
And black-thorn bushes willows;
When Monday morning's Saturday night,
And Tuesday falls on Sunday:
When blackamoors are washed white,
And every week's but one day—
Then, England, woe to thee!

When British seamen cowards turn,
And Frenchmen cease to dance;
When Stoics with hot passions burn,
And certainty is chance;

When pensioners refuse their pelf,
And patriots cease to brawl;
When egotists spurn I myself,
And crown and mitre fall—
Then, England, woe to thee!

Amours and Marriages of the Arabs.

AS the Arabs have no manner of conversation with any women, old or young, but their own, they cannot possibly be in love but by imagination, or upon the character that has been given of them. They never come near nor see them even in public, but by chance, and at a distance; the young women's faces are always covered with a veil, or some piece of linen: the young men take a fancy to them from the usual graces of gait, size, voice, and whatever else is attractive in their exterior, as they are passing by, or when they have an opportunity of talking one moment with them. They then study for a way of seeing them without being seen: they hide themselves in some tent at the places they pass, or behind the bushes near the springs, which they frequent for water; for there they commonly chat with their companions uncovered. When the girls have any inclination for the young fellows that court them, they afford them a sufficient opportunity of being seen, by dropping the corner of the veil which is held up by their teeth, just as they pass them, and catching it up again as quick as possible, as if the discovery of their face had been from the accidental slip of their veil. The sparks sometimes lie concealed at a relation's, or at the house of some woman who can oblige them with a view of their mistress; the young female and her mother are then sent for under some trifling pretence, and the lover has all that time to gaze on her; if he like her, he applies to some of his relations to procure her father's consent. They then bargain about the price of the daughter, which the son-in-law is to pay his new father in camels, sheep, or horses, because the Arabs keep no ready money by them, all their estate lying in cattle. A young fellow that has a wish to marry, must in good earnest buy himself a wife; fathers amongst the Arabs are never happier, than when they have abundance of daughters. They are the principal riches of a family; accordingly, when a bachelor himself is treating with the person, whose daughter he is desirous of marrying, he says to him, "Will you give me your daughter for fifty sheep, for half-a-dozen camels, or for a dozen cows?" &c. If he be not in circumstances to make such offers as these, he proposes to give her for a mare or colt, all, in short, according to the girl's merit, the condition of her family, and the income of her intended bridegroom. When both parties are agreed, they get the contract drawn up by the person the Arabs have chosen among themselves, to perform the office of Cadee or Judge, or by the Prince's secretary, to whom they give a share of their bargain, if they are people considerable enough so to do. The cadee, or secretary, writes the names of the witnesses at the bottom of the covenant, after those of the parties, which is accounted to be sufficient for the purpose. Poor folks who cannot be at the expense of an instrument, only take witnesses, and marry by word of mouth, paying upon the spot whatever has been agreed for. Then the relations of the intended bride and bridegroom eat and make merry together, receive compliments, and appoint a day for the performance of the ceremony. The women carry the bride to the first village where there are any hot-baths, where they wash her, put on her finest clothes, and perfume her hair with storax, Benjamin, musk, and such other sweets; black the edges of her eyelids and eyebrows, put ground colours upon her face that is already

greased with essence, upon which they throw gold dust, such as we put on writing; redden her nails with Khena, and with a certain ink draw out figures flowers, fountains, houses, cypresses, antelopes, and other animals, upon every part of her body. They dress her up likewise with plain and stone rings, with all sorts of gold and silver money, according to her quality and circumstances: they afterwards mount her upon a mare or camel, covered with a carpet, and adorned with flowers and greens, and with this equipage conduct her to the place where she is to be married, chaunting out her praises, and their wishes, for the prosperity of her marriage. The men, on their side, take the bridegroom to the bagnio, dress him with all the sprucest things he has, and carry him back again on horseback, in state: when they are all come to the place of meeting, the men and the women sit down at a table in different huts, where they have a wedding entertainment, and receive the compliments of their acquaintances, which are only wishes of a handsome family, abundance of children, and all the happiness and prosperity in the world. The men are merry without noise, behaving with great gravity and moderation in all those ceremonies: the women, on the contrary, sing, scream, and tabor it away, bawling out the beauty and advantages of the bride till evening, when they lead her to the tent they have prepared for their reception. Every one prays to God, that he will preserve the two lovers from the eyes of envy, and from all the spells that mischievous people might cast upon the match.

Epitaph on a Wrestler.

HERE lies a man beneath this stone,
Who often threw, but ne'er was thrown;
Before him his antag'nists fell,
As many a broken sconce can tell.
Death said—'I'll try this man of strength;'
And here he is, laid at full length!

Description of a remarkable Stone Bridge, formed by a petrifying Spring.

IN the neighbourhood of Clermont, in Avergne, a province of France, are wells, wherein any substances being laid soon contract a lapideous crust; but the most remarkable of these is that in the suburb of S. Allire, which has formed the famous stone bridge, mentioned by so many historians. It is a solid rock, composed of several strata, formed during the course of many years, by the petrifying waters of this spring running over it. It has no cavity or arches till after above sixty paces in length, where the rivulet of Tiretaine forces its way through. This petrifying spring which falls on a much higher ground than the bed of the rivulet, gradually leaves behind it some lapideous matter, and thus in process of time has formed an arch, through which the Tiretaine has a free passage. The necessity which this petrifying matter seemed to be under of forming itself into an arch, could continue no longer than the breadth of the rivulet; after which, the water of the spring ran regularly again under it, and there formed a new petrifaction, resembling a pillar. The inhabitants of these parts, to lengthen this wonderful bridge, have diverted the brook out of its old channel, and made it to pass close by the pillar, whereby the spring formed a second arch: and thus as many arches and pillars as they please might, by the same means, have been produced. But the great resort of people to see this natural curiosity, became troublesome to the Benedictines of the abbey of S. Allire, within whose jurisdiction the spring lies. In order to lessen its petrifying virtue, they divided the stream into several branches, which has so well answered their intent, that at present it only covers with a thin crust, those

bodies on which it falls perpendicularly; but in those, over which it runs in its ordinary course, no traces of this petrifying quality are any longer perceivable. It is the only drinking water in this suburb, and no bad effect is felt from it.

The Atheist.

CAPTAIN Mackfitz had every thing in his prime: he had killed his man, ruined his woman, broke his taylor, kicked waiters out of windows, and hummed the parsons; he had been a free thinker, a fine gentleman, a buck, blood, and free speaker; quite the thing as a toast-master; and one of the highest fellows formerly about the gardens. All the women, both on and off the town, were fond of him. There was not a remarkable club, fit for a gentleman and man of fashion to be admitted into, but he was made a member of that society.

But alas! as the finest linen may, when grown old and much worn, be made into tinder, so natural is it for bloods about town, when old and worn out, with tinder-like constitutions, to twinkle to the last in the same rotten condition.

The captain had, for some time past, been a casual dependant on a publican, for board and lodging; but the poor gentleman falling sick, was removed out of the alehouse garret, and carried into an untenanted house, where an uncurtained bedstead, a flock bed, and two or three hospital blankets were laid for him to die on.

It is common for chimney sweepers to mark a house which is not inhabited, and steal up the first time they find the door open, to get the soot away. The maid of the alehouse had one morning been very early to see how the captain was, because she had dreamed of him the night before three times successively; coming down carelessly she left the door a-jar, this, two chimney sweep boys saw, and up stairs they darted, into the room were the captain was, who, at the very instant, had taken up the chamber pot and was kneeling on the bed; but at their appearance down he sunk, frighted, overset the earthenware urinal, and crept under the bed clothes in a very wet, terrified, and pitiful condition. The boys did not mind him, but went about their work up the chimney.

Dr. Space presently came up stairs to see the captain; they had been many years intimates. The doctor was a great materialist and disprover of religion, a philosopher, orator, and syllogism maker to the farthing fields society. Now, although the physician was a free thinker, because he was a scholar, the captain, who was a fine gentleman, was no thinker at all, but took his friend's opinion as he did his medicines, upon trust.

Space walked into the room with all imaginable quack consequence, like an over salaried player strutting at rehearsal, came to the bedside and called out, "captain, captain Mackfitz." The captain, shoving up the bed clothes with his hand, discovered himself under a dirty nightcap, and his lank cheeks, lengthened by the fright like an optical picture, and large globules of sweat standing in the wrinkles of his forehead, like pebbles in a plough furrow, looking gastfully on his physical friend. The doctor seated himself on the bed side, took hold of his patient's hand, and the following dialogue passed between them:—

Doctor. My dear captain Fitz, here is a fœtid smell which intrudes itself upon my olfactories; pray how do you do?

Captain. Do—do—why I am damned; that's all; and you are damned; and we are both damned; and there's two little devils gone up the chimney, waiting till the wind rises, to take away our souls.

Doctor. Captain, your ideas are coagulated: your pia and dura mater act inconclusively; the sensorium of your pineal gland is obnubiated; the valves of your imagination being too much relaxed to retain confact, you have a lucid caput.

Captain. Capot! yes, it is a capot, and a repique too! Lucifer will repique us, and we are damned, I tell you! can't you say one prayer for us both? do try, perhaps that would drive the devils off for an hour or so: stay, I can say some of the Belief myself. As it was in the beginning is now—but I can't go on with it; lord, lord, what a rogue have I been! I must be a fine gentleman indeed, and cut jokes upon Heaven, just to make the ladies laugh, and now Belzebub will make me howl for it. I have often said that women have no souls, I wish I had no soul. What will become of me?

Doctor. Captain, I will investigate the nonentity of such ideas instantaneously; the soul is nothing more than an exhilarated vapour, which rises from the organs being put in motion, as you would observe smoke issue from the axle-tree of a broad wheel waggon. As to talking of devils, it is all a fable, and you have the romance of it in Paradise Lost.

Captain. Yes, yes, I have lost Paradise sure enough? what a miserable sinner I am. The devil fetch me. Lord forgive me for saying such wicked words. If I could live my time over again, before I'd be a buck, or a blood, or a high fellow, I'd black shoes. How many fine women's reputations have I taken away wrongfully! I shall be tossed upon the points of their pitchforks, from one little devil to another, for that. Then I debauched my friend's wife, and told of it afterwards: they'll pull out my tongue, with red hot pincers for that.

Doctor. Captain, I intreat attention: corporeal sensibilities are extinguished upon a dissolution of the material organ, I therefore succinctfully will elucidate, discriminately, that such phantoms are heterogeneous.

Captain. O lord! no more of your unintelligibleness; you used to tell me there was no Hell! and I was such a fool as to believe you, for I was too fine a fellow to read myself. Now, what signifies all your arguments when there are two little devils up the chimney come to confute them? If you can dispute with them, do: you used to be an orator, and make speeches; do talk to the brace of diabolical ambassadors up the chimney, if they'll take my parole for three or four years: but they wont, for Belzebub has sent an action against both of us. I wish some good christian would give bail to it.

Just at that instant the boys had filled their sacks, and down they dropped on the hearth; the room was instantly filled with soot dust. The doctor was struck speechless, and the captain once more retreated beneath the bed clothes, and creeping out at the feet, bending like a posture master, got that way under the bed, praying all the while, as well as he could, they would carry his friend to Hell without him.

The two boys lugged the sacks along the room, which the doctor observed, and turning down the blankets, and not finding his friend in bed, firmly believed the devils were dragging him off, and fearing his turn would come next, opened the sash, crept out upon the penthouse, and was sliding off into the street, but, luckily for him, a baker's boy, with an empty basket, going by, received him; but the weight brought them both to the ground, the doctor crying out, "For God's sake help! help! there are two devils in that house flying away with my friend."

Away the crowd run up stairs, just as the two boys had brought the sack out of the room to the landing place; but they, hearing people below, ran up a pair of stairs higher, and left the sack upright at the door. The mob seeing something black standing upon the stair-head, halted, and called a council. The captain, who by this time had put his head and two hands from underneath the bed, and looked like an overgrown turtle, at the sound of the human voices, cried out. His wet shirt was now dirt dried, covered with woolly sweeping, his nightcap off and hair frizzed, he looked like a mad Hottentot. In that figure, bare-footed, he padded to the room-door. The mob, seeing him coming, called out, "the devil!" and ran down stairs. He tumbled over the sack, the soot came out after him, and all covered with dust he trampled out of doors and ran over the way. It happened to be a barber's shop, who had just lathered a customer; confusion immediately took possesson of the family; the man in the suds ran one way, the barber another, the apprentice hid himself in the necessary house, and the wife crept into the washing tub, while captain Fitz. availing himself of the affright, unperceived crept up into the first floor, which was rented by a girl of the town, and she was dead drunk in bed, into which the captain crept in that miserable condition.

Royal Anecdote.

KING James once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked, what connection swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your majesty came out of *your* way, I could not do less than go out of mine."

A new M. P.

A DOG having one day got into the House of Commons, by his barking interrupted Lord North, who happened to be opening one of his budgets. His Lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked? A wag replied, "It was a member for *Berkshire.*"

Lines written on the Wainscot of a Room at an Inn in Linlithgow, in Scotland.

PRAY what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
What lighter than that dust I pray?
The wind that drives it far away,
Say what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
Tell me what's lighter than this last?
—Nay—now, my friend, you have me fast.

Advantages of a quick Wife.

"THY wife is a drone, my good neighbour, I fear,"
Said lusty young William to Dick;
"If e'er 'tis my fate to be married, I swear,
"I will wed one who's lively and quick."
In a fortnight, or less, William married a lass,
A lass neither pretty nor mild;
She was quick, you'll suppose,—and, in faith, so she was,
For in six weeks she brought him a child!

Anecdote.

LADY Wallace, celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly at Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to know who he was? Lady W———e instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, "Oh, don't you know him? It is *young Bible*, bound in *calf* and *gilt*, but *not letter'd.*"

Account of the Earthquake at Lisbon; from the Writings of a Spectator.

THERE never was a finer morning seen than the first of November 1755. The sun shone in his full lustre, and the whole face of the sky was perfectly serene and clear. Not the least signal or warning was afforded of that approaching event, which rendered the once flourishing, opulent and populous city of Lisbon a scene of the utmost horror and desolation.

On the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, I was sitting in my apartment, and had just finished a letter, when the table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting on what could be the cause, the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the rattling of coaches in the street; but on listening more attentively, I found it was owing to a frightful noise under ground resembling the rumbling of distant thunder. All this passed in less than a minute. I now began to be alarmed, as it occurred to me, that the noise might possibly be the presage of an approaching earthquake.

I threw down my pen, and started upon my feet, remaining for a moment in suspense, whether I should stay in the apartment, or run into the street; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being stunned with a most horrid crash, as though every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell in; and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not immediately share the same fate, yet every thing was thrown out of its place, and it was with difficulty I kept my feet. I expected nothing less than to be crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the most frightful manner, and opening in several places; large stones fell down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters started at the same time from the wall. The sky in a moment became so gloomy, that I could distinguish no particular object. It was an Egyptian darkness, such as might be felt; owing to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime, raised from so violent a concussion, and from the overthrow of so many buildings, and, as some reported, from sulphurous exhalations. However, it is certain that I found myself almost choaked for nearly ten minutes.

As soon as the gloom began to disperse, and the violence of the shock to abate, the first object I perceived in my room was a woman sitting on the floor, with an infant in her arms, covered with dust, pale and trembling. I asked her how she came there; but her consternation was so great, that she could give me no account. She asked me, in the utmost agony, if I did not think the world was at an end; at the same time she complained of being choaked, and begged I would procure her a little drink. I told her she must not think of quenching her thirst, but of saving her life, as the house was just falling on our heads, and a second shock would certainly bury us.

I hurried down stairs, the woman with me holding by my arm, and made directly to that end of the street which opens to the river Tagus: but finding the passage entirely blocked up by the fallen houses, I turned back; having helped the woman over a vast heap of ruins, with no small hazard to my own life. Just as we were going into the street, there was one part which I could not climb over without the assistance of my hands as well as my feet. I therefore desired her to let go her hold, which she did, remaining two or three feet behind me;

and at this moment there fell a vast stone from a tottering wall, and crushed both her and the child in pieces.

I had now a long narrow street to pass, in which the houses on each side were four or five stories high, all very old, and the greater part already thrown down, or continually falling, and threatening the passengers with death at every step, numbers of whom lay killed before me, or what was more deplorable, so wounded and bruised, that they could not move so as to escape the destruction which impended over them.

As self-preservation, however, is the first law of nature, I proceeded on as fast as I could; and having got clear of the narrow street, I found myself in safety in the large open space before St. Paul's church, which had been thrown down a few minutes before, and had buried a great part of a numerous congregation! Here I stood some time, considering what I should do; but not thinking myself safe, I climbed over the ruins of the west end of the church, to get to the river-side, that I might be removed as far as possible from the tottering houses, in the dreaded event of a second shock.

This, with some difficulty, I accomplished; and by the river-side I found a prodigious concourse of both sexes, and of all ranks and conditions. All these, whom their mutual dangers had here assembled as to a place of safety, were on their knees at prayers, with the terrors of death in their countenances, every one striking his breast, and crying out incessantly to Heaven for mercy and protection.

In the midst of our devotions, the second great shock came with little less violence than the first, and it completed the ruin of those buildings which had already been much shattered. The consternation now became so universal, that shrieks and cries could be distinctly heard from a considerable distance: at the same time we heard the fall of the parish-church, whereby many were killed on the spot. The force of this shock was so great, that I could scarcely support myself on my knees; and it was attended with some circumstances still more dreadful than the former. On a sudden I heard a general cry, "The sea is coming in; we shall all be lost." Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river Tagus, which in that place is near four miles broad, I perceived it heaving and swelling in a most unaccountable manner, for no wind was stirring. In an instant there appeared, at a small distance, a large body of water, rising like a mountain. It approached foaming and roaring, and rushed toward the shore with such rapidity, that we all ran for our lives, as fast as possible. Many were actually swept away: for my own part, I had a narrow escape, and should certainly have been lost had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned again to its channel, which it did almost at the same instant, with equal rapidity.

As there now appeared at least as much danger from the sea as the land, I scarcely knew whither to retire for safety: I therefore took a sudden resolution to return back to the area of St. Paul's. Here I stood some time, and observed the ships tumbling and tossing about, as in a violent storm. Some had broken their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus, others were whirled round with incredible swiftness, several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this without any wind. It was at this time, that the new quay, built of rough marble, was entirely swallowed up, with all the people on it, who had fled there for safety, and had reason to consider themselves out of danger. At the same time, a great number of boats and small vessels, which were anchored near it, all full

of people, (who had retired to them for the same purpose) were all swallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and never more appeared.

I did not see this last dreadful incident with my own eyes, as it occurred a quarter of a mile from the spot where I was; but I had the account from several masters of ships, who were anchored near the quay, and who saw the whole catastrophe. One of them informed me, that during the second shock, he perceived the whole city moving backwards and forwards, like the sea when the wind first begins to rise; and that the agitation of the earth was so great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, which seemed to swim on the surface of the water. That immediately on this extraordinary concussion, the river rose at once near twenty feet, and in a moment subsided; at which instant he saw the quay, with the immense concourse of people upon it, sink down; and at the same time, the boats and vessels that were near it were also drawn into the cavity, which instantly closed, inasmuch as no sign of a wreck was ever afterwards seen. I went myself in a few days, but could not even find the ruins of a place where I had taken so many agreeable walks: I found it all deep water, and in some parts so deep as scarcely to be fathomed.

I had not been long in the area of St. Paul's church-yard, when I felt the third shock; which though less violent than the former, the sea rushed in again, but retired in like manner. I took notice that the waters retired so impetuously, as to leave some vessels quite dry, which rode in seven-fathom water.

Perhaps you may think the subject concluded: but, alas! the horrors of this day are sufficient to fill a volume. As soon as it grew dark in the evening, another scene presented itself little less shocking than those already described. The whole city appeared in a blaze, so bright that I could see to read. It was without exaggeration on fire in a hundred different places at once, and it continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or without the least attempt being made to stop its progress, such were the distress and consternation of the survivors.

I could never learn that this terrible fire was owing to any subterraneous eruption. The first of November being All Saints' day, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps; which setting fire to the curtains and timber work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the neighbouring houses. The fire, in consequence, destroyed the whole city, at least every thing that was grand or valuable.

The number of persons that perished, including those who were burnt; or were afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed on the lowest calculation, to have amounted to more than sixty thousand! This extensive and opulent city was nothing but a vast heap of ruins; the rich and poor were all upon a level, and some thousands of families who but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, were scattered in the fields, wanting every convenience, and finding none able to relieve them.

Artichokes Propagated.

ARTICHOKES were all destroyed in England in the hard frost in 1739, except one plant, which had been accidentally covered with some dung. From that one plant, which Mr. Miller, the author of the Gardening Dictionary, was so lucky as to meet with, all the Artichokes were propagated which are now in England.

The Elder Brother.

CENTRICK. in London noise, and London follies,
Proud Covent-Garden blooms, in smoky glory;
For chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages, and comedians, fam'd in story!

On this gay spot, (upon a sober plan)
Dwelt a right regular, and staid young man;
Much did he early hours and quiet love;
And was entitled Mr. Isaac Shove.

An orphan he;—yet rich in expectations,
(Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant)
From that prodigious *bore* of all relations,
A fusty, canting, stiff-rump'd Maiden Aunt:
The wealthy Miss Lucretia Cloghorty—
Who had brought Isaac up, and *own'd* to forty.

Shove on this maiden's will relied securely;
Who vow'd she ne'er would wed, to mar his riches;
Full often would she say of men, demurely,
'I can't abide the filthy things in breeches!'

He had apartments up two pair of stairs;
On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow;—
The landlord was a torturer of hairs,
And made a grand display of wigs, below;
From the beau's brutus, to the parson's grizzle:—
Over the door-way was his name;—'twas Twizzle.

Now you must know,
This Doctor Crow
Was not of Law, nor Music, nor Divinity;
He was not *obstetrick;*—but the fact is
He didn't in Lucina's *turnpike* practise;
He took *bye-roads*, reducing ladies shapes,
Who had secur'd themselves from leading apes,
But kept the reputation of Virginity.

Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,
Enclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde Park corner;
Fir trees, and yews, were planted round it thick;—
No situation was forlorner!
Yet, notwithstanding folks might scout it,
It suited squalmish spinsters, who fell sick,
And didn't wish the world to know about it.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
Pro tempore—full tender of her fame!
Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town—
"Business, forsooth! to Yorkshire call'd her down,
'Too weighty to be settled by Attorney!'
And, in a month, or six weeks' time, came back!
When every body cried "Good Jack!
"How monstrous *thin* you've grown, upon your journey."

The doctor knowing that a puff of scandal
Would blow his private trade to tatters,
Dreaded to give the smallest handle
To those who dabble in their neighbours' matters;
Therefore, he wisely held it good
To hide his practice from the neighbourhood—
And not appear there, as a resident;
But merely one, who casually went
To see the lodgers in the large brick house;
To lounge, and chat, not minding time a souse;—
Like one to whom all business was quite foreign;
And, thus he visited his female sick;
Who lay as thick,
Within his tenement of brick,
As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent-Garden all the while,
And if they sent in haste for his assistance,
He soon was with 'em—'twas no mighty distance—
From the town's end it was but a bare mile.

Now Isaac Shove
Living above
This Doctor Crow,
And knowing barber Twizzle lived below,
Thought it might be as well,
Hearing so many knocks, single and double,
To buy at his own cost, a street-door bell,
And save confusion in the house, and trouble;

Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
To ring for him at once;—and not to knock for Crow,
Nor Twizzle.

Besides he now began to feel,
The want of it was rather *ungenteel;*
For he had often thought it a disgrace,
To hear, while sitting in his room above,
Twizzle's shrill maid, on the first landing-place,
Screaming, "a man below vants Mister Shove!"
The bell was bought; the wire was made to steal
Round the dark staircase, like a tortur'd eel,
Twisting, and twining;
The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post graced,
And, just beneath, a brazen plate was placed,
Lacquer'd and shining;—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
And furthermore, which you might read right well,
Was——"Please to ring the bell."

At half-past ten, precisely to a second—
Shove, every night, his supper ended;
And sipp'd his glass of negus, till he reckon'd,
By his stop-watch, exactly, one more quarter;
Then, as exactly he untied one garter;—
A token 'twas that he for bed intended:
Yet having still a quarter good before him.
He leisurely undress'd before the fire,—
Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
To be as naked as his mother bore him;

Eating his shirt, and night-cap on his head;
Then, as the watchman bawl'd eleven,
He had one foot in bed,
More certainly than cuckolds go to Heaven.

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity!

But there are swilling Wights, in London town,
Term'd—Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—*alias* Swine,
Who pour, in midnight revels bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus out-run,
Dosing with head-aches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing, too largely, of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tosspot hight,
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night,

And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct,—'twas serpentine.
He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming thro' a cork;
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a fork.
At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate:

When reading 'Please to ring the bell,'
And being civil, beyond measure,
'Ring it!'—Says Toby—'very well;
'I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure.'

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes; no one came;
He waited full two minutes more;—and then,—
Says Toby, 'if he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
'I'll pull it for the gentleman again.'

But the first peal 'woke Isaac, in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's *antipodes*, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length he, wisely, to himself did say,—
Calming his fears,—
'Tush!—'tis some fool has rung, and run away;'
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He groped down stairs, and open'd the street door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac ey'd Toby fearfully askant,—
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall;
Then put this question,—'Pray, sir, what d'ye want?'
Says Toby,—'I want nothing, sir, at all.'

'Want nothing!—Sir, you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
'As if you'd jerk it off the wire!'
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,—
'I pull'd it, sir, at your desire.'

'At mine!'—'Yes, yours—I hope I've done it well;
'High time for bed, sir; I was hast'ning to it;
'But if you write up *please to ring the bell*,
'Common politeness makes me stop and do it.'

Isaac now waxing wroth apace,
Slamm'd the street door in Toby's face
With all his might;
And Toby, as he shut it, swore
He was a dirty son of something more
Than delicacy suffers me to write:

And, lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,
So long and loud, it might have rais'd the dead;
Twizzle declares his house sustain'd a shock
Enough to shake his lodgers out of bed.

Toby, his rage thus vented in the rap,
Went serpentining home to take his nap.

'Tis now high time to let you know
That the obstetrick Doctor Crow
Awoke in the beginning of this matter,
By Toby's *tintinabulary* clatter:

And knowing that the bell belong'd to Shove,
He listen'd in his bed, but did not move;
He only did apostrophize—
Sending to hell
Shove and his bell,
That wouldn't let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thundering *knock*,—says he,
'That's certainly a messenger for *me*;
'Somebody ill in the Brick House, no doubt;'
Then mutter'd, hurrying on his dressing gown,
'I wish my ladies, out of town,
'Chose more convenient times for crying out!'

Crow, in the dark, now reach'd the stair-case head;
Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.

A combination of ideas flocking,
Upon the pericranium of Crow,
Occasion'd by the hasty knocking,
Succeeded by a foot he heard below!

He did, as many folks are apt to do,
Who argue in the dark, and in confusion;
That is, from the hypothesis, he drew
A false conclusion;
Concluding Shove to be the person sent
With an express, from the brick tenement;
Whom barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
Had civilly let in, and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had long time kept
His character for patience, very laudibly,
He couldn't help, at every step he stepp'd,
Grunting and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly.

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
Not only were considerably hurt,
But his corporeal, also—
Having no other clothing than a shirt;
A dress beyond all doubt most light and airy,
It being then a frost in January.

When Shove was deep down stairs, the doctor heard,
(Being much nearer the stair top)
Just here and there a random word,
Of the soliloquies that Shove let drop;—
But shortly, by progression,
To contact nearer,
The doctor, consequently, heard him clearer,
And then the fag-end of this sentence caught:

Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd:—
'D—m Twizzle's house! and d—m the bell!
'And d—m the fool who rang it!—Well,
'From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd.'

'What? quickly be deliver'd!' echoes Crow;
'Who is it?—Come, be sharp—reply, reply;
'Who wants to be delivered? let me know.'
Recovering his surprise, Shove answer'd,
'I;'

'*You* be *deliver'd!*' says the doctor,—
''Sblood!'
Hearing a man's gruff voice—'You lout! you lob!'
'You be deliver'd! Come, that's very good!'
Says Shove, 'I will, so help me Bob!'

'Fellow,' cried Crow, 'You're drunk with filthy beer!
'A drunkard, fellow, is a brute's next neighbour;—
'But Miss Cloghorty's time was very near,
'And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour.'

'Zounds!' bellows Shove, with rage and wonder wild,
'Why then, my *maiden* aunt is *big with child!*'

Here was, at once, a sad discovery made!
Lucretia's frolic now, was past a joke;
Shove trembled for his fortune, Crow his trade;
Both, both saw ruin, by one fatal stroke!

But, with his aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
She hush'd the matter up, by speaking thus,

'Sweet Isaac!' said Lucretia, 'spare my fame!
'Tho', for my babe, I feel as should a mother,
'Your fortune will continue much the same,
'For,—keep the secret,—you're his *elder brother*.'

Atheism.

ATHEISM was first taught in France by Lucilio Vanini, a Neapolitan gentleman, who was convicted and condemned to suffer death. When he was brought out to the place of execution, he was pressed to ask pardon of God, of the king, and of justice. He answered, he did not believe there was a God; as for the king, he had never offended him; and with respect to justice, it may go to the devil. His tongue was first cut out, and then his body burnt to ashes, April 9th, 1629.

Hurd on Religions.

Henry III.

THE most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favorites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies.

From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises; and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacrifice the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favorites, his attachment to strangers, the variableness of his conduct, his hasty resentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his minsters, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation in which his revenue had been left by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipations of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least disgusted, his people.

Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the Great Charter, and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. He died November 16, 1272, aged sixty-four; having reigned fifty-six years.

The Dying Lawyer.

OLD Quillet, his race upon earth almost run
Thus sagely advised his too diffident son;
"Like a true limb of law, would you live at your ease,
Ne'er boggle on any side, lad, to take fees;
Keep clear of a noose, though you merit to swing,
And be sure to sell Justice for what it will bring!"—
"*Sell* justice!" retorted his wond'ring heir,
"A thing of such value—so precious—so rare;
The cement of society, honour's best band,
Sell justice!"—Aye, *sell* it, and that out of hand.
You extravagant rascal! if 'tis as you say,
A thing of such price, would you give it away?"

Anecdote of a Pope.

ALEXANDER VII. ordered that his coffin should be made, and put under his bed, that the continual thoughts of death might put him in mind of leading a holy life. Some English gentlemen at Rome one day mixed with those who went to pay their respects to him on their knees. The Pope asked if they were Protestants, which they owned; whereupon his Holiness said with a smiling countenance—Get up then, I will not suffer you to commit that which in your opinion is an act of idolatry. I shall not give you my blessing, since you do not believe me to be what I am; but I will pray to God, that he will please to render you capable to receive it.

Brookes's Dictionary.

Epigram.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

The Life of Joseph Addison.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the eldest son of Launcelot Addison, D. D. and Dean of Litchfield, was born at Milston, near Amesbury, in the county of Wilts, of which place his father was rector, on the first of May, 1672. He was first sent to Amesbury school, afterwards removed to that of Salisbury, and from thence to the Charterhouse, London, where he continued, till he was transplanted to Queen's college, Oxford. After he had been there two years, the accidental sight of a paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr. Lancaster, then Dean of that house, occasioned his being elected into Magdalen college, where he took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. He employed his first years in the study of the ancient Greek and Roman writers: which had an admirable effect, in giving that noble and correct turn to his genius, for which he is so eminently distinguished. He gave very early proofs of his excellent talent in poetry, by a short copy of verses, addressed in June, 1693, to Mr. Dryden, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the Fourth Georgic of Virgil, of which, the story of Aristæus excepted, Mr. Dryden makes very honorable mention. He wrote likewise the "Essay upon the Georgics," prefixed to Mr. Dryden's translation. There are likewise some other pieces of his, written in his youth, particularly, "A Song for St. Celia's Day at Oxford;" "A Translation of the Story of Archemindes and Polypheme, out of the third Æneid, in Milton's Style;" and "An Account of the greatest English Poets" in the close whereof, he insinuates a design he then had of entering into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. Nor was he less eminent for the beauty of his Latin poems, which were printed in the "Musæ Anglicanæ," and highly applauded by Monsieur Boileau. In the year 1695, he wrote a "Poem to King William" upon one of his Majesty's campaigns, addressed to Sir John Sommers, lord keeper of the great seal, to whom he had been recommended in the strongest terms by Dr. Hough, then bishop of Oxford, and president of Magdalen college. Mr. Addison was in his twenty-eighth year, when his inclination to see France and Italy was encouraged by the lord keeper, who obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the crown, to support him in his travels In the year 1701, he wrote a "Letter from Italy to the Right Honorable the Lord Halifax," which has been justly esteemed one of the most exquisite of his poetical performances. The account of his "Travels" which was published in 1705, soon obtained general approbation, though at first it was but indifferently received by the bulk of readers. The materials for the "Dialogues on Medals" were collected in the native country of those coins; and the book itself was begun at Vienna, in the year 1702. The same year, designing to return to England, he received advice from his friends, that he was appointed to attend the army under prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as secretary from king William. But the news of that king's death, which he heard at Geneva, put an end to that affair: and as his hopes of advancement were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of queen Anne's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home. He remained without employment till the year 1704, when the duke of Marlborough's success furnished him with a subject worthy of the genius, that appears in his "Campaign." The lord treasurer Godolphin, who was an ex-

cellent judge of poetry, had a sight of it, when only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the Angel; and approved the poem, by conferring on the author, a few days after, the place of commissioner of appeals. The year following, Mr. Addison attended Lord Halifax to Hanover; and in 1706, was made secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, secretary of state; in which he acquitted himself so well, that he was continued in the same post under the earl of Sunderland, who was made secretary of state in December of the same year. In 1709, the earl of Wharton being made lord lieutenant of Ireland, he appointed Mr. Addison secretary for that kingdom, who had likewise the place of keeper of the records in Ireland, with a considerable augmentation of the former salary. He was in that kingdom, when he first discovered his friend Mr. Steele to be the author of the "Tatler," by an observation upon Virgil, which he had communicated to him. His assistance afterwards in the course of that paper, was very considerable; and he had likewise a very large share in the "Spectators" and "Guardians," which were published in 1711, and in the three years succeeding.

The situation of affairs in England, in the year 1713, rendering the doctrine of liberty very seasonable, he endeavoured to awaken the nation to a sense of it, by his excellent tragedy of "Cato," which received universal applause; all parties, however divided and opposite to each other, conspiring to give it the commendations it deserved. It was repeated for a month without any intermission, and was only stopped by the indisposition of one of the principal performers. The author received a message, that the queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her: but, as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged, by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. At the latter end of her Majesty's reign, when he had no expectation of any public employment, he resolved to compile an English Dictionary, which he thought was much wanted: and as he designed the first volume of archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, published by that prelate himself, as the chief standard, he actually marked the phrases after the manner of the "Dictionary della Crusca." But, being soon brought again into business, that noble project was laid aside. For, upon the death of the queen, he was appointed secretary to the lords justices; and, when the earl of Sunderland was constituted lord lieutenant of Ireland in September 1714, he became a second time secretary for the affairs of that kingdom, and was made one of the lords commissioners of trade, a short time after that earl had resigned the post of lord lieutenant. He undertook the "Freeholder," at the time the rebellion in Scotland broke out, and in April, 1717, was advanced to the post of secretary of state; soon after which, he found his health impaired by the return of an asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to resign it. His freedom from this anxiety so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might live many years. But a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsy, deprived the world of this great man, at Holland-House near Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719. He left behind him only one daughter by the countess of Warwick and Holland, to whom he was married in 1716.

His writings, which will be always esteemed as the best standard of our language and taste, render all encomiums upon him unnecessary. His

modesty was so excessive, that it disabled him from appearing to any advantage in the public scenes of business, or in mixed companies: but, among a few select friends, the vivacity and elegance of his conversation were incomparable.

A Disappointment.

A SCOLDING wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presumed her soul was now at rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black;
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door;
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-yard;
When see of narrow streets, what mischief come!
The very dead can't pass in quiet home.
By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
And *madam* from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd: the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender husband took especial care,
To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his *dear* in such another *fright*.

An Epigram.

LUCINDA'S luck did spinsters grudge,
While lovers twain pursued her;
For, while she charm'd an old grave *judge*,
A young gay *sheriff* woo'd her.

The *judge* was rich, the *sheriff* poor,
Papa preferr'd his lordship;
And mammon scorn'd for cupid's lure,
Old *Squaretoes* deem'd a hardship.

But Miss, whom rank nor wealth could move,
To be by dotard bedded;
(For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her love,
The hangman she'd have wedded:)

Said—"Since to *love* and *cherish* too,
Was wedlock's institution;
Judgment may have its weight with *you*,
But *I'm* for *execution*."

Saturday Night.

NOW, wife and children, let's be gay,
My work is done, and here's the pay;
'Twas hard to earn but never mind it,
Hope rear'd the sheaf, and peace shall bind it!

Six days I've toil'd, and now we meet,
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which gain'd by labour, cannot cloy.

Come ye, who form my dear fire-side,
My care, my comfort, and my pride:
Come now, and let us close the night
In harmless sports of fond delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessed peace,
And each domestic joy's increase,
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which Heav'n ordains!

Of rich and poor, the diff'rence what?—
In working, or in working not;
Why, then, on Sunday we're as great
As those who own some vast estate.

For on to-morrow's happy day
We shall work less, perhaps than they;
And, though no dainties it afford,
What's sweet and clean will grace our board.

This known, for every blessing given,
Thankful we'll bow our knees to Heav'n;
In God's own house our voices raise,
With grateful notes of pray'r and praise!

Such duties will not interfere,
Nor cloud my brow with thoughts severe;
But still leave time enough to spend,
To take a walk or see a friend.

Sweet the serenity of heart
That public worship does impart!
And sweet the field, or sweet the road,
To him whose conscience is no load!

Thus shall the days, as God designed,
Improve my health, unbend my mind;
And Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthen'd week,
Through which, with toil, for rest we seek;
And he whose labour well is past,
A joyful sabbath finds at last!

Epitaph.

HERE lyeth Menalcas, as dead as a logge,
Who lived like a devill, and died like a dogge;
Here doth he lye said I? then say I lye,
For from this place he parted by-and-by.
But here he made his descent into hell,
Without either booke, candle, or bell.

Edward I.

THE enterprises finished by Edward I. and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interests of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of the latter enterprise may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those, who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity. But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour and enterprise. He was frugal in all expenses that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercises, and in the main well proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs; he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. He died July 7, 1307, aged sixty-nine, having reigned thirty-five years.

PROVINCIAL THEATRE.

To a play-bill published by a Country Manager, was added the following attractive invi ation.

LET none be afraid from the country to come,
As the *moon* is *engaged* for to *light* them all home;
But should she *herself* that honour decline,
The *stars* have *agreed* with more lustre to shine.
Doors open at six, begin about seven,
At home safe in bed between ten and eleven

Matrimony.

I WILL not have a man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all,
I will not have a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear;
A young man is a constant pest,
An old one would my room infest;
A man of sense they say is proud,
A senseless one is always loud;
A man that's rich I'm sure won't have me,
And one that's poor I fear would starve me;
A sailor always smells of tar,
A rogue, they say, is at the bar;
A sober man I will not take,
A gambler soon my heart would break;
Of all professions, tempers, ages,
Not one my buoyant heart engages;
Yet strange and wretched is my fate,
For still I sigh for the marriage state.

THE IRISH GRACE.

Over a small Piece of boiled Beef, and a few Potatoes of the dwarfish size.

O THOU that blest the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these two poor dishes;
And though the *Murphys* are but *small*,
O make them *large* enough for all;
For if they do our bellies fill,
I'm sure it is a *Miracle*.

The unhappy difference between 'Twas and 'Tis.

WHEN first I wed—what joy! what bliss!
'Twas then a smile, and then a kiss—
'Twas —*omnia vincit* AMOR!
But now—as Peg is fond of brawls,
And children make a thousand squalls,
'Tis—*omnia vincit* CLAMOR.

On a Juggler.

DEATH came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread, why did'st not make it whole again.

History of a modern Love Adventurer, or Memoirs of Mr. Billet.—From the New Lady's Magazine of 1786.

THIS gentleman is now something on the wrong side of forty, and to my certain knowledge has professed this sort of business since the age of seventeen; he is a man of family, and a person of more sense and spirit than the generality of mankind; he sings well, dances finely, plays better than most people on the harpsichord, and has, without exception, the most engaging address in writing, of any man in the universe. With these accomplishments you will allow him much more likely to meet with success in love affairs, than the common herd who attempt it: yet what has been the event of twenty-three years constant service in this station? Why, he has been, in his pursuits, fifty times jilted by the ladies he courted; ninety times dismissed with contempt by their mothers, uncles, and guardians (for it is a settled rule with these adventurers, never to court any woman who has a father living) ten times cudgelled by the men-servants; twice tossed in a blanket by the ladies' maids; once maimed with a random shot of a blunderbuss, from a hole in a wall; and twice run through the body by his rivals. These are the rewards which an unconquerable patience, assiduity, resolution, and courage, have procured this well-accomplished fortune-hunter; and to crown the list of his sufferings with the present period, he is now prisoner in a country round-house, half naked, half starved, and for the present, thoroughly cooled of all love fits.

This unhappy adventurer, being a younger son of a good family, was articled to an eminent attorney in the Temple, in order to qualify him to gain a subsistence, without being a dishonour to his family; when he had passed through that part of his education, he had a sufficient sum settled upon him, to carry him genteely into business; but unhappily, he fell into the company of the wits, and choice spirits at George's coffee-house, where he heard so much of the success of this way of life, that he readily embraced it. His whole stock of money was called in, and the greatest part of it employed in the purchase of three laced suits of clothes, a chariot and four bay horses. Thus equipped, he shone away at Bath, at Epsom, and at Tunbridge, for three years. In this time, his remaining money was all spent; some unlucky accident had always prevented him from marrying any of the ladies, who had given him encouragement; and he was now reduced to sell his chariot and horses for ready money, to support him genteely, while he made his last push, which he determined to do in a more careful manner than before. In this stage of his life, he danced at the masquerades, eclipsed the whole *beau monde* at the opera, and frequented besides, at his leisure hours, the playhouses, and the St. James's coffee-houses: there I became acquainted with him, and soon became of his council and intimate secrecy. While his money lasted, he courted every woman round the whole town, but all in vain; the very means these gentlemen use to gain their ends, generally undo them, and their frequent changing the objects of their addresses, informs the whole female world, that it is something else, and not the woman, that they seek, in their courtship. This last stock was spent as unsuccessfully as the former, and my poor beau reduced to sell his clothes, and finally to retire into the country, to depend on a distant relation: he there employed no less than seventeen years in courting all the women within fifty miles of the place, in vain; and at the end of this period, became possessed of six hundred pounds by

the death of a relation, who pitied his distresses, and thought he had felt enough misfortunes from his former disappointments, to cure him of running into the way of them again; but different people think differently: and my friend no sooner got more money, than he entered on his old pursuits, and about a twelve-month ago, I met him again at the grand resort of the gay world, the Bedford. Since then he has courted every thing that had petticoats and a fortune, in this part of the world: sometimes London, sometimes Tunbridge, sometimes Bath, have again been the scene of his gallantries; and almost every unmarried woman has heard his oaths of love, and of fidelity. Men, who have been faulty in any particular, usually fall into it again on a second opportunity, and that in a worse degree than at first. Extravagance was always my friend's fault, but he now fell into an unbounded prodigality; and notwithstanding he knew that this six hundred was all he had, and all he could ever expect in the world, he got to the end of it in a twelve-month; and is now as poor, as abandoned, and miserable as ever.

Among the numerous objects of his passion and pursuits, had been the beautiful, though prudish and nice, Miss G——. This lady he had met with at Tunbridge, about six months since, and pursued with his usual bad luck. He found she had a considerable, though not a great fortune: but he met with more insults and indifference from her, than he had ever experienced from the richest prizes he had aimed at; and had abandoned the chace, quite hopeless, after about six weeks pursuit, though he acknowledged he knew not why, but he found he loved her, better than any one he had ever addressed beside.

After experiencing the same unhappy fate from twenty others since her cruelty, he was one Saturday afternoon sitting in a very disconsolate way, in the next bench to me, in a dirty coat and unpowdered periwig, when a porter was introduced to him by honest Stokes, and delivered the following letter:

"SIR,

"I am now sensible of my folly in affecting an indifference to you, when my own heart told me I wronged both myself and one that more than deserved me; I have not had a peaceful moment since; you haunt my thoughts by day, my sleep by night. But why must I see the idea continually, the reality never. Come to me immediately, dearest Billet, and if you can forgive my injuries, make your own conditions.

"H——T G——."

The sensible change in my friend's countenance, on reading this letter, gave me occasion to inquire into the contents of it, and in confidence he put the letter into my hand, instead of making any other answer.

The lady lived about eighteen miles from London, and he took a resolution of immediately setting forward to see her. He conjured me to be the companion of his journey; and as I had known much of his ill fortune, now to be an eye-witness of his good. I readily consented, and we went to my friend's lodgings in Hart-street, where he made no other preparation for the journey than the changing his coat, and equipping himself in a suit of black, the only genteel thing he had left. He was no sooner dressed than we set out. All that afternoon it rained most bitterly; but that was no discouragement to us, we flattered ourselves that it would clear up; and, not to conceal from you my own slender circumstances, any more than my friend's eagerness, I am to tell you that we proposed no other way of travelling than on foot. We set out in a hard shower of rain, to walk eighteen miles, at five o'clock in a wet

afternoon, at that short-day season; day-light was nothing to us; who would not walk in the dark and the wet, on such an occasion?

My friend's unhappy fortune still pursued him; and, in short, it never ceased raining that evening. We were hardly got beyond Tyburn, when we met with a parcel of people, who gave us a miserable warning of what was to be our own fate, if we would have attended to it; they were all wet to the skin, in running a wild goose chace after a couple of footpads, who had robbed a farmer in that neighbourhood about an hour before. It was not long before we were as wet as they; but little did it come into our thoughts, that we were upon as fruitless an expedition. In short, the rain increasing rather than abating, we found ourselves so thoroughly soused by the time we arrived at Kensington gravel-pits, that we were forced, on the sudden falling of a storm, more heavy than before, to drop our resolution of going through thick and thin, and stand to rest, and shelter ourselves under an old tree. Repose gave us time for thought, and we now began to find night approaching, and our journey's end nearly as far off as at first. With so miserable a way of arriving at it on foot, up to the ancles in dirt, and wet to the skin, we even despaired of compassing our design of being at the place in time. While we were in this desponding state, to our infinite delight, we heard the rattling of wheels coming towards us, and on the nearer approach of the machine, discovered it to be a sort of convenience called a Chaise Marine, belonging to a lady, whose name beginning with an "", had induced the country round, who were well acquainted with her disposition, to call her the Duchess of Hell. This was a convenience she had in constant use, for bringing provisions for the family from London, and was (to describe it in a few words) a hearse without the plumes.

Necessity taught us to think this wretched machine a comfortable vehicle, and we prudently considered that instead of standing there, wet to the skin, we might be at once well sheltered from the weather in this, and be carried all the while straight forward on our journey, without tiring our legs. We called to the driver, offered him sixpence to carry us as far as he was going, which was seven miles farther; and on his opening a small door, behind the machine, we were let into the company of the duchess's Sunday dinner, which we found out in the dark, to be a pheasant, two chickens, a neck of beef, and two legs of mutton, whose smell declared them very tender.

The fellow no sooner had put us in, but he let down the door, pegged it fast on the outside, and drove on his horses at a terrible rate. It is not easy to describe our wretched situation; stewed up in the dark, amidst a thousand filthy smells, in a place where we had neither room to lie at length, nor width enough to be crooked in: we cried out, but in vain; the noise of the wheels drowned our bawling; and thus were we carried for an hour and half, jolted against the top and the bottom, and first against one side, then against the other, of this wooden case. At length we found our machine stop on a sudden, and after a confused buz, that we could not understand, we were let out of our pen, and received amidst a circle of about forty country fellows, with pitchforks, spits, and what other weapons they could pick up, who all cried out at once, to lead us to the justice, who would send us to Newgate.

In short, the driver of this machine, seeing two people of our deplorable figure skulking under a hedge, in such a terrible evening, had concluded that we were the footpads who had com-

mitted the robbery, and that we dared not attempt to go into any house, because we knew the whole country was up against us. Full of this opinion, he had very readily admitted us into his cart, and then drove us away like another Jehu, till he brought us into the yard of the principal farmer of the place, and there let us out, after summoning together all the males of the parish. It was in vain for us to plead our innocence; we were hurried away to a drunken justice, who was going to commit us without examination, had not I prevailed with a compassionate hump-backed daughter of his worship's, to get him to have us searched; when, upon finding no weapons, nor any money about us, and meeting with some letters in my pocket, which declared who I was, he prudently dismissed us, with great cautions not to commit any thing of the like for the future, for we had a narrow escape this time.

Our limbs and bodies were now all over bruises, from the jolting of our wretched travelling machine, and our weariness, pain, and disappointment, prevailed with us not to think of travelling any farther in the dark: but we, by joint consent, went to a hedge alehouse in the neighbourhood, where we got to bed immediately, and our landlord, according to the custom with foot travellers, making us pay for our ale and bread and cheese, before we went to bed, we had nothing to prevent us in the morning from continuing our journey early; which my companion's warm expectations of the happy event of so miserable a journey, urged him to promote an hour before day-light.

The affair of the justice had happened to us not far from Southwell, where finding, on inquiry, that a farrier was the only doctor of the place, and that he had lately sent the lady of the manor to the devil, for burning her cap, and a little of her cheek against the candle; we chose to bear some hurts we had on our knees and elbows, rather than disturb his reverence before his usual time of rising. We were now within eight miles of our journey's end, and footing it hastily away, were got beyond Hayes before day-light. As the day began to break upon us, my companion began to stare upon me strangely, and soon told me, with a smile, that I made much such a merry figure as the miller's wife must have done, according to the old ballad, when her husband daubed her over with wet glue, and then rolled her in the feathers, and sold her to the devil, for a strange creature that he had never seen in his life; for that he believed I had stripped our infernal duchess's pheasant and chickens of all their feathers. It is true, I had my share of the cleanliness of our new-fashioned coach; but my companion was in so superiorly ridiculous a case, that as the light grew upon us, and I was able to distinguish his figure, I forgot the drollery of my own. He had got into this precious machine in a black suit, wet through, and consequently every thing that it touched stuck to it; and in the course of the journey, the hearty jolts of the coach had made it touch every part of the inside of it, so that it was covered with stains of blood, scraps of raw meat, and the loose feathers of all the poultry, that had been carried down there since the last cleaning, which by the smell, seemed to have been at least a quarter of a year; and to add to the misfortune, one sleeve of the coat was torn almost off.

I would have assisted in picking my companion, but he refused, telling me it was now but two miles to Hillington, where he had a relation, at whose house he could have his coat cleaned and mended; we soon reached this place, and knocked with fury at the gate. We got admittance, but alas! the good man was abroad, and his

trusty housekeeper having become a follower of Whitfield, since he had seen her, would do no work on a Sunday, and neither would brush or mend his coat herself, nor suffer him to do it himself in their house. My friend cursed her cant: she offered him a breakfast; but he was in too much hurry to be at his journey's end to accept of it; so we trudged along. I should tell you, that as early as it now was, the oddity of our figure drew no small concourse of people about us, and all the boys, old women, and dogs in the town followed us through this village, with shouts and acclamations.

This was a sort of triumph that did not at all please us, and my companion observing that we had the town of Uxbridge to pass through in this pickle, which was much larger, and where every body would be up before we came, and our finances not suffering us to put up at a house of refreshment; after much deliberation, he recollected a foot-way over the meadows to Denham, within a little way of which place our lady lived. It was with some reluctance that we marched back through a great part of the applauding town of Hillington, to recover the entrance to his pass. We run the gauntlet with great christian patience, and in a quarter of an hour found ourselves in the meadows: but what was our surprise here, to find, instead of a verdant plain, a sea for us to cross. The rains and the stoppage of the adjoining river at a mill below, had floated all the low grounds. My friend was well acquainted with the place, and observing to me that we saw the grass all the way before us, and that it was no where knee deep, proposed to wade through it. I had not followed his fortunes so far, to forsake him here, so we pulled off our shoes and stockings, tucked up the knees of our breeches, and boldly entered the flood. The sun now rose upon us, the water grew warm, and we walked thus two miles in great triumph; only one misfortune happened, occasioned by the precipitancy of my friend's temper, who, willing to cut short the way, had plunged up to the middle into a ditch, that parted two of the meadows. The hopes of his success, however, gave him patience, and we marched on; at length we reached the shore near Denham court, where sitting upon the grass, and at once congratulating, and dressing ourselves, my friend had the misfortune to find, that in his affair of the ditch, he had in the fright dropped one of his stockings from under his arm, where he carried them, in company with his shoes.

This was a sensible affliction; but he, considering what was his pursuit, disdained to turn back, and dressing himself with his shoe and naked leg on that side, told me we should soon reach the Swan in the town of Denham, where he knew the landlord, and should be accommodated with a brush, a needle and thread, and a pair of stockings. I was linked to his fortune, and followed him; but alas! matters turned out very differently from his expectation. We entered the town of Denham by a back way, and arrived at the church-yard just as all the people were going to church; we were soon crowded from behind, as well as before, and could neither advance nor retreat, but were obliged to stand the gaze of a whole parish, and among the rest of them, the generous and kind Miss G—, whom my friend had the mortification to see handed into the church in great triumph, by a spruce young fellow, and attended by half the better dressed people in the town.

This gay company stood like the rest to take their full stare at us, and I could perceive by the confusion in Miss G—, that she knew her lover in his party-coloured coat, and one stocking, though he hid his face behind his

hat as she came up. Happily for me, I had nobody I knew there, and could brazen it out; I held up my head amongst them all, but my friend no more shewed his face. When we had stood this gaze, we burst through the meaner herd, and were making our way to the Swan, whose picture we now saw dancing in the air before us, when our haste was stopped by the very master of the ale-house, whose office being now that of constable in the parish, he was ordered by the magistrate of the town to seize us; our strange appearance on the Lord's day, giving him great reason to suspect we were the people who had committed the robbery mentioned in the beginning of this history, the news of which had the night before reached this place. My friend pleaded his old acquaintance with the constable, but he was now a man in power; and beside, few people know their friends in distress; in short, we were led in triumph to a second justice, where my openness was pleaded much in my favour by the mob, and my poor friend's hiding his face made a very suspicious circumstance against him. We were put upon the former shift of producing our letters, to shew who we were; what I had about me, added to the favourable opinion of the mob, soon procured me my discharge out of custody; but it was in vain that I pleaded for my friend; his hiding his face was a circumstance, which, as he would not tell the true reason of, so he could by no means get over; and producing no letters to his character, he was on the point of being committed, when, with blubbering eyes, and many a sob, he pulled out the letter he had received from Miss G—, as an unquestionable proof of his being a gentleman, and an honest man, though a proof he was very unwilling to give. The word gentleman, added to his figure, occasioned no small merriment to the good people present; and the justice having read the letter, judged the contents of it so very unlike, both to the lady's present circumstances, and his, that he sent it to church to her, and desired the constable to whisper her, to know whether it was her's, and if so, to whom it was written, and when; for billets of this kind have seldom any date. The lady, in presence of God and the priest, denied her hand, and declared she knew no such person as him it was directed to; and on the return of the constable, my unhappy friend was committed to the round-house, for farther examination. I had my liberty, but attended him thither in friendship, where the cold pinching him severely, in his unhappy condition, a charitable old woman, in the neighbourhood, brought him one of her own stockings, which was blue, with a white clock, to keep his naked leg warm; and offered her service to sew on the tattered sleeve of his coat. This she carefully performed with some green worsted; and as old women will tattle all they know, told us, while she was about it, that there was strange news at their town, for fine Miss G— had played sad tricks at Tunbridge; in short, says she, would any heart alive think it, she has come down here six months gone with child by a lord, and has been obliged this morning to marry the footman.

I neither need, nor can describe to you, the rage and despair of my friend at this news. I could not obtain his release all that day, and the next morning left him. I have sent him another coat, and a pair of stockings, from his lodging; and hope to see him in a day or two, fully cured of the trade of fortune-hunting.

G— B—.

Epigram.

JACK hunts in style—the fox, the hare,
The terrors of his prowess feels;
Yet Jack himself but flies from Care,
For why? the *Bailiff's* at his heels!

Edward II. and Edward III.

IT is not easy to imagine a man more innocent and inoffensive than the unhappy Edward II. or a prince less fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people subjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government, which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear; the same indolence and want of penetration, led him to make choice of ministers and favourites who were not always the best qualified for the trust committed to them.

Edward II. was murdered September 21, 1327.

THE English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward III. and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, that occurs in the annals of their nation. The ascendant which they then began to acquire over France, their rival, and supposed national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government of this prince is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by the prudence and vigour of his administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many ages after.

He died the 21st of June, 1377, aged sixty-five, in the fifty-first year of his reign.

Epitaph in Folkstone Church-Yard.

AN house he hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant never shall pay for reparation;
Nor will his landlord ever raise his rent,
Nor ever turn him out of doors for non-payment.
From heavy taxes too this cell is free:
To such an house, who would not tenant be?

Treatise on Drunkenness.

DRUNKENNESS
EXPELS reason, drowns the memory, distempers the body, defaces beauty, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, and incurable wounds, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggars' companion a wife's woe, and children's sorrow; the picture of a beast and self murderer, who drinks to others good health, and robs himself of
HIS OWN.

LINES

Copied from a Board over the Door of JOHN GROVE, *of White Waltham, Berks.*

JOHN GROVE, Grocer and Dealer in Coffee and Tea,
Sells the finest of Congous, and best of Bohea,
A Dealer in Coppice, a Meas'rer of Land,
Sells the finest of Snuff, and the finest White Sand.
A Singer of Psalms, and a Scriv'ner of Money,
Collects the Land-tax, and sells fine Virgin's Honey,
A Ragman, a Carrier, a Baker of Bread,
And a Clerk to the Living, as well as the Dead;
Vestry Clerk, petty Constable; sells scissars and Knives,
Best Virginia, and Buckles; collects the Small Tithes;
Is a Treas'rer to Clubs, and a Maker of Wills;
He surveys Men's Estates, and vends Anderson's Pills.
Woollen-draper and Hosier; sells all sorts of Shoes;
With the best Earthen Ware; also takes in the News.
Deals in Hurdles and Eggs; sells the best of Small Beer,
The finest Sea Coals, and's elected O'erseer,
Deputy Surveyor; sells fine Writing Paper,
Has a Vote for the County—and Linen-draper,
A Dealer in Cheese, and the best Hampshire Bacon.
Plays the Fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.

On Captain Stone.

AS the Earth the Earth do cover,
So under this Stone lies another.

Phenomena of Winter in the Polar Regions.

WINTER, in our temperate regions, exhibits very few phenomena in comparison with what is visible in the arctic circle. The poet Thomson, therefore, has judiciously enriched his noble conclusion of *the Seasons* with all the circumstances of picturesque beauty, or terrific grandeur, that could be borrowed from scenes far remote from us. The famished troops of wolves pouring from the Alps; the mountains of snow rolling down the precipices of the same country; the dreary plains over which the Laplander urges his rein-deer; the wonders of the icy sea; and volcanoes flaming through a waste of snow, are objects selected with the greatest propriety from all that nature presents most singular and striking in the various domains of boreal cold and desolation.

As we advance into the arctic regions, we find them distinguished by more beautiful appearances of that phenomenon which we call the *aurora borealis*. In Shetland these northern lights, which the natives call *merry dancers*, a name by which they are known to the common people even in the south of England, are the constant attendants of the clear evenings, and prove a great relief amid the gloom of the long winter nights. They commonly appear at twilight, near the horizon, of a dun colour, approaching to yellow; sometimes continuing in that state for several hours, without any apparent motion; after which they break out into streams of stronger light, spreading into columns, altering into ten thousand different shapes, varying their colours from all the tints of yellow to the most obscure russet, and sometimes becoming on a sudden extinct. We, who see only the extremities of this northern phenomenon, can form but a faint idea of its splendour and its corruscations.

In Siberia there is one species of the *aurora borealis*, which regularly appears between the north-east and east, like a luminous rainbow with numberless colours of light radiating from it. Beneath the arch is a veil of darkness, through which the stars appear with some brilliancy. There is another kind, which begins with certain insulated rays from the north, and others from the north-east: these augment by degrees, till they fill the whole concavity of the sky, and form an assemblage of colours inconceiveably rich and magnificent: but the attendant circumstances strike the beholders with horror; for they crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise even equal to that of artificial fire-works. The idea of an electrical cause is strongly impressed by these circumstances. The natives on this occasion say it is a troop of men in the clouds furiously mad, who are passing by. Every animal is struck with fear. Even the dogs of the hunters are seized with such dread, that they will fall on the ground, and remain immovable till the cause is over.

In Hudson's Bay the firmament in winter has its peculiar beauties. The night is enlivened by the *aurora borealis* spreading its thousand lights and glowing colours over the sky, not to be dimmed even by splendour of the full moon; and the stars are of a fiery redness; while, in the day-time, mock suns are frequently visible, richly tinged with all the hues of the rainbow.

Easy Study.

MY garden neat
Has got a seat
That's hid from ev'ry eye, sir:
There day and night
I read and write,
And *nobody's the wiser.*

On Thomas Lyster, Esq.

FFLESH and Blode as *Yow* are, so was *I*;
Dust and Asses as *I* am, soe shall *Yow* be.

State of Marriage in South Britain.

IF you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault and correcting one another in company, you may be sure they are man and wife. If you see a gentleman and lady in the same coach, in profound silence, the one looking out at one side, the other at the other side, never imagine they mean any harm to one another; they are already honestly married.

If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove or handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her kindly telling her of it, that she might gather it up, depend upon it they are man and wife. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with something sideways, at arm's length, with her head turned another way, speaking to him with a look and accent, different from that she uses to others, it is her husband. If you see a man and woman walking in the fields, in a direct line, twenty yards distance from one another, the man strides over a stile, and goes on *sans ceremonie*, you may swear they are man and wife without fear of perjury.

If you see a lady, whose beauty and carriage attracts the eyes, and engages the respect of all the company, except a certain gentleman, who speaks to her in a rough accent, not at all affected with her charms, you may be sure it is her husband, who married her for love, and now slights her. If you see a gentleman that is courteous, obliging, and good-natured to every body, except a certain female that lives under the same roof with him, to whom he is unreasonably cross and ill-natured, it is his wife. If you see a male and female continually jarring, checking, and thwarting each other, yet under the kindest terms and appellations imaginable, as my dear, &c. they are man and wife.

Let all married pairs learn the following rules:—please and be pleased; bear and forbear; wink and forgive: a short lesson, but if well got, it will increase the number of happy pairs, restore good harmony in families, and man and wife will not be distinguished by characters quite opposite to the end of their state. The tokens of finding out a married couple, as the case stands now, are quite different from what they were in days of yore: Abimeleck found out Isaac and Rebecca to be man and wife by their expressions of fondness to one another.—This would prove a sorry token now-a-days, and expose one that would go upon it to manifold blunders.

The Batchelor's Soliloquy.

TO wed, or not to wed—That is the question
Whether 'tis happier in the mind to stifle
The heats and tumults of outrageous passion,
Or with some prudent fair in solemn contract
Of matrimony join—to have—to hold—
No more—and by that have to say we end
The heart-ach, and a thousand love-sick pangs
Of celibacy—'twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—in nuptial band
To join till death dissolves—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that space what dull remorse may come,
When we have ta'en our solemn leave of liberty,
Must give us pause—There's the respect
That slacks our speed in suing for a change.
Else—who would bear the scorns and sneers which bachelors
When aged feel, the pains and flatt'ring fevers
Which each new face must give to roving fancy,
When he might rid himself at once of all
By a bare Yes. Who would with patience bear
To fret and linger out a single life,
But the dread of something yet untry'd,
Some hazard in a state from whose strict bond
Death only can release, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather chuse those ills we have
Than fly to others which we fancy greater?
Thus last reflection makes us slow and wary
Filling the dubious mind with dreadful thoughts
Of curtain-lectures, jealousies, and cares
Extravagantly great, entail'd on wedlock,
Which to avoid the lover checks his passion,
And, miserable, dies a *bachelor*.

Dramatic Entertainments.

THE scenic virtue forms the rising age,
And truth displays her radiance from the stage.

IN the works of the dramatists, the most interesting emotions are excited; the dangerous passions of hate, envy, avarice, and pride, with all their innumerable train of attendant vices, are detected and exposed. Love, friendship, gratitude, and all those active and generous virtues which warm the heart and exalt the mind, are held up as objects of emulation. A fine drama well acted, may justly be considered as one of the highest of all intellectual gratifications.

Their most celebrated authors were Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. As were Plautus and Terence among the Romans.

The design of dramatic entertainments is to raise men's minds above every thing that is mean or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of their nature; to soften insolence, to sooth affliction, and to subdue their minds to the dispensations of Providence.

The representation of dramatic performances is an effectual method of softening the ferocity, and improving the minds, of the inconsiderate. Numbers of those who have neither abilities nor time for deriving advantage from reading, are powerfully impressed, through the medium of the eyes and ears, with those important truths, which, while they illuminate the understanding, correct the heart.

To rouse the indolent; to wake the brave;
To rescue glory from the dreary grave;
To show the strange vicissitudes of fate;
To trace the actions of the good and great;
And stamp bright virtue's image on the heart
For this was first ordain'd the tragic art!

The modern drama is indebted for its excellence to the genius of William Shakspeare, who was born in the year 1564, and died on his birth-day in 1616.

His writings will remain for ever the grandest monument of a genius which opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of nature, and gave him power, beyond all other writers, to move, astonish, and delight mankind.

The more just and refined the taste of the nation has become, the more he has increased in reputation; he was admired by his own age, and is almost adored by the present.

The End of Writing.

THESE fair sheets of *foolscap* which thus ye are spoiling,
Still cutting, and scribbling, and blotting, and spoiling;
This paper, I say, had a honest beginning,
Being born of good flax, and begotten by spinning;
To the loom in due time, and the rag shop it past,
Into leaves of fine foolscap converted at last.
Now seiz'd by the wits, it incessantly teems,
Or with visions in verse, or political dreams;
Till his Worship, just rous'd from his afternoon's doze.
With a pipe of Virginia regaleth his nose:
Then twisted and twirl'd, and condemned to the taper
In a puff is consum'd this unfortunate paper!
It is thus my good friends, that truth setteth before ye,
Of your boasted employment—the tragical story:
Your choicest productions, what'er be their name,
Wither'd, at the best, in the vapor of *fame:*
That vapor, my friends, do ye think it will stay?
Like his Worship's last whiff, it will vanish away!

Address before a Dinner at Guildhall, on Lord-Mayor's Day.

RAGOUTS, fish, soups, wild ducks, and capons,
This day our festal table grace;
Port, sherry, hock, Champagne, and claret,
Crown the *homogeneous* mass.
With straining throats, capacious stomachs,
Let us gorge in spite of sorrow;
Pain and head-ache, broth and gruel,
We will banish—till to-morrow.

Letter of a travelling Groom, giving an account of Paris and of the French, previous to the French Revolution.

"Dear Jackson,

"HAVING received your's per course, this serves to let you know that I am well and hearty.

"Since you and your sister Bess desire it, I shall now write to you about the description of this here town and country. In my own private opinion, Paris is but a tiresome city to live in, for there is none of the common necessaries of life, as porter or good ale; and as for their beef, they boil it to rags. Wine to be sure is cheaper here, but not so strong and genuine as in London.

"I have been at the French king's palace, which they call Versailles in their language; it is out of town, the same as Kew or Windsor is with our king: I went first and foremost to see the stables, which, to be sure, is very grand, and there they have some very good-looking horses, especially English hunters: it grieved me to see so many of our own best subjects in the service of our lawful enemy, which, to be sure, the French king is.

"We little think how many of our fellow-creatures are seduced from England to distant countries, and exposed to the worst of usage, from both the French and the Spaniards; for none of them know how an English horse ought to be treated.

"When I was at Versailles, I saw the dauphiness, which is all the same as the Prince of Wales's wife with us; she is one of the prettiest women I have seen in France, being very fair and blooming; and more like an Englishwoman than a French.

"She rides like the ladies in England, with both her legs on the same side of the horse; whereas I have seen many women, since I came abroad, ride on horseback like men, which I think a bad contrivance, and I am surprised that their husbands permit it.

"I have seen the French horse-guards, which they call jongdarmes; the men are smart-looking young fellows enough, but the horses are poor, washy things, in comparison of our dragoons.

"The Swiss guards are stout men, clothed in scarlet, the same as our soldiers; but they have moustaches on their lips, like the rat-catcher in St. Giles's

"The French foot-guards are dressed in blue, and all the marching regiments in white, which has a very foolish appearance for soldiers; and as for blue regimentals, it is only fit for the blue horse, or the artillery.

"I believe the French army would have no great chance with our troops, in a fair battle, upon plain ground. It is lucky for the Mounseers, that there is no road between Dover and Calais; but as it is, I wonder the king does not send some regiments by sea to take Paris, which would make no great resistance; for there is no walls round the city.

"I have sent unto you, by the bearer, a pappy mashee tobacco-box, and a dozen pair of gloves, for your sister, who will also deliver to you this letter, which I have taken three days in writing, to oblige you and your sister; and I durst not write by the post, for if the French found this letter, they would take me up as a spy, and shut me up in the Bastile, during my life; and in England, I am told, all foreign letters are opened by the ministry, in which case, this might bring you into trouble, because of the box and gloves, which being counterband, against the act of Parliament, the king would be enraged if he knew of such a thing, which stands to reason, all smuggled goods being so much money out of his pocket.—All from, dear Ben, with my kind love to your sister,

"T. H."

Ill-Fated Murderer.

A NATIVE of Berlin, had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow, who assumed the character of a fortune teller; and having disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied, that this man should die on a scaffold. This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination.—At length, the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands, had he not been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide: he resolved therefore to commit murder, that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this, he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin, but dying in innocence would go immediately to heaven. He actually murdered an infant of his master's. Such was the strange account, given by this infatuated creature on his trial: and thus the random prophecy proved the cause of its own completion.

In Caversham Church-Yard.

THE Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.

Bath Festivities.

TWO musical parties to Bladud belong,
To delight the old rooms and the upper;
One gives to the ladies a supper, no song,
The other, a song and no supper.

The Inn.

ALL the comforts of life in a tavern are known,
'Tis his home who possesses not one of his own;
And to him that has rather too much of that one,
'Tis the house of a friend where he's welcome to run:
The instant you enter my door, you're my Lord,
With whose taste and whose pleasure I'm proud to accord;
And the louder you call, and the longer you stay,
The more I am happy to serve and obey.

To the house of a friend if you're pleas'd to retire,
You must all things admit, you must all things admire;
You must pay with observance the price of your treat,
You must eat what is prais'd, and must praise what you eat:

But here you may come, and no tax we require,
You may loudly condemn what you greatly admire;
You may growl at our wishes and pains to excel,
And may snarl at the rascals who please you so well.

At your wish we attend, and confess that your speech
On the nation's affairs, might the minister teach;
His views you may blame, and his measures oppose,
There's no tavern-treason,—you're under the rose:
Should rebellions arise in your own little state,
With me you may safely their consequence wait;
To recruit your lost spirits 'tis prudent to come,
And to fly to a friend when the d——'s at home.

That I've faults is confess'd, but it won't be denied
'Tis my interest the faults of my neighbours to hide;
If I've sometimes lent scandal occasion to prate,
I've often conceal'd what she'd love to relate;
If to Justice's bar some have wander'd from mine,
'Twas because the dull rogues wouldn't stay by their wine;
And for brawls at my house, well the poet explains,
That men drink *shallow draughts* and so madden their brains.

David ap Blunder's Narrative.

I WAS born in the fairy land of simplicity and ignorance, at the foot of one of the Welch mountains; but though remote from the crowded circles of social existence, the genius with which nature had endowed my soul, was too powerful to remain long inactive or unnoticed. It burst forth, not as usual in our days, into poetical sparks, but into unfounded suppositions and novel systems, the sophistical brilliancy of which caused them to wear in my eyes the appearance of truths. I did the world, which my imagination alone had then explored, the injustice to think it honest! Not satisfied with forming such a wild and erroneous supposition, (as I had sucked up no small portion of obstinacy with my mother's milk) I boldly undertook to defend my opinion, even against the learned parson of our village, who frequently visited at my father's farm. He loved all his parishioners so tenderly, that he was incessantly exhorting them from the pulpit, to check any wish Satan may awaken in their minds, to leave their native sequestered vales, and seek vicious cities and a corrupted world. He frequently repaired to their cottages, and was so bent upon increasing their happiness, that he willingly sacrificed a portion of his dignity as a minister of the church, to their amusement. Every Sunday evening, as he put on his gown to preach, he always concealed his fiddle and fiddle-stick under it: and no sooner were the prayers and sermon over, than he hastened to an adjoining lawn, and unrobing himself, took his station on the top of an ale barrel, at the foot of a large tree, and began to display his musical talents, in a manner that set all the barefooted lasses and youths dancing; (a practice not uncommon in Wales some years ago) The conduct of this worthy minister afforded me such fair ground for suppositions, that I could not resist the overpowering bias of my disposition; and what proved rather unfortunate for me, I was unable to keep my own remarks secret. Conscious that every parishioner was obliged to pay him tithes, I fancied he advised them so strongly not to settle in towns, which he represented as the seat of all vices, merely in order that his income might suffer no diminution. His frequent visits were paid, I thought, rather to the poultry and pigs, whose increase he watched, than to the villagers themselves. As to his wishing to amuse the youth of the hamlet, and teach them to take innocent and useful exercise, the plentiful draughts of ale with which he was supplied, and the collection always made in his favour, caused me to believe that he was not so disinterested as he always studied to appear. These observations I communicated to my companions, who soon spread them through the village, and it was soon resolved to try their truth, by allowing the parson, the following Sunday, to play on his fiddle, without any refreshment whatever.—He bore his disappointment with great patience during the whole evening; but early the next day, he inquired so diligently after the author of the plot, that I was discovered. Recollecting that, a few days before, I had puzzled him, to the great astonishment of my father, and a few neighbours, by refuting some of his arguments against cities, which I tried to vindicate from his imputations, in order to secure the absence of a rebellious parishioner: he represented to my father, that the only means of altering my dangerous opinion was to send me either to London, Edinburgh, Liverpool, or any of the commercial towns in the north. His advice was followed; I had an uncle, who fifteen years before had left our country for London, and from whom we had heard but once during the whole of this long

period. I now was ordered to seek him in the metropolis of England, and in order to fit me for the journey, my father bought me a pair of shoes and stockings, the first I ever wore, gave me four guineas in gold, the first I ever saw, and bade me walk my way to my uncle, who would no doubt find some employment for a lusty young fellow, as I then was.

To how many new and brilliant suppositions did not my new situation give birth! My shoes and stockings, I fancied, were luxuries which none but fiddling ministers, country squires, or rich farmers, ought to wear. My four guineas, I thought, must equal the wealth of our prince, an imaginary being too, I supposed, (but I was not the only one) for I had never heard of his having been seen by any of my countrymen residing in Wales. Yet in the midst of these pleasing ideas, a supposition of another kind suddenly started up, and nearly put every other consideration to flight. If my uncle were dead, I mentally exclaimed, who would receive me in that immense metropolis, the fame of which has even reached the foot of Snowdon? Who would polish the native rudeness of my appearance, my language, and my manners, in order that I may hope one day to attain the same perfection as her citizens? However, I comforted myself with the thought, that the title of a stranger, like a golden key, would open every heart, and raise me up a friend in every man I should meet.

Swelled with expectation, I set out on my journey, and was not a little surprised, when on reaching a richer part of Wales, I perceived that my shoes and stockings, which I considered as *luxuries*, were here looked upon as *necessaries*, without which, not even the poorest beggar durst show himself. My pride was a little humbled at finding myself scarcely on a level with people over whom I expected to tower. "But I have got four guineas in gold too," I exclaimed pulling them out of my pocket, and contemplating them shining in the sun, "and why should not each of these, in time, produce four or five others, in the same manner, but with still more rapidity than the human species?" Not being able to answer my own interrogation satisfactorily, I admired them a second time, and resolved to keep them untouched till, some how or other, I was not able to explain, they should have produced the effect I have already mentioned; supposing that hospitality would spread its stores, unasked for and gratuitously, on my journey through England and through life. This supposition was the more reasonable, as in my native village, every cottage door would have been opened to welcome a stranger in; and the habit of greeting with smiles every houseless wanderer, had led me into the error of expecting the same treatment. Finding myself tired, I approached a large house, on either side of the door of which tables and benches were placed in a neat order. "Oh! blessed country, (thought I) whose inhabitants are not satisfied with granting rest or food to the weary traveller when it is required: they do not wait till a modest knock bids them open their doors, they unfold them all day long, that the step of want should not be checked a single moment. They spread tables, they fix benches before their houses, and even choose the most frequented roads, in order that their good intentions, their generous liberality should meet with more opportunities of exerting themselves for the public good. They even plant signs to inform the needy that here every assistance will be afforded them." By the time I had concluded these reflections, I had reached the house in question, and sitting on one of the empty benches, read in every face around me joy and gratitude, and silently admired the abundant fare with which

my predecessors were supplied. On a sudden, a man whom I took for the master of the house, quickly ran towards me, and asked me what I should like to have, simply refreshment, or a dinner. I started up, and bowed as courteously as his civility deserved; he bowed in his turn, still lower than I had done, and told me they had got excellent roast beef, porter, or ale, or wine if I should prefer it. With ale alone I was acquainted, I therefore thanked him for his kindness, and told him the roast beef, porter and wine would be highly welcome. He bowed again, and without waiting for a return from me, sprang into the house, and returned with a clean cloth, with which he covered the table, and a knife and fork, which he laid before me. In a short time he brought a piece of roasted beef, large enough to silence every appetite, by its bulk alone, a bottle containing a red liquor, and a shining pot filled with porter. The latter I tasted first, but not liking it much, I tried the wine, which pleased me more. I then began my repast, and I knew not why my spirits rose so high, but I almost fancied myself a king. As every good heart wishes to share his pleasures and prosperity with his friends, I took out my guineas, kissed them with rapture, and in order that neither them nor I should forget this happy day, made a notch on each of them with my knife, and then laid one of them at each corner of my table, that we might not lose sight of each other during the whole of the repast. The man who had already displayed so much civility towards me, now complimented me on possessing so many useful friends, and asked me whether I should wish to spend the night in the house, as he could accommodate me with a bed. This new mark of kindness raised my friendship and gratitude to such a pitch, that I pressed him to sit down by my side, and partake of my repast. He willingly accepted my invitation, and we continued feasting and drinking, till I lost the recollection of the present, and even of my guineas, in the deepest sleep I ever enjoyed.

When I awoke, it was morning. I looked around me, and found myself in a comfortable bed, and in a room which, in my estimation, could belong to no one less than a prince. I soon got up, and descending the stairs, met my friendly companion of the preceding night. He advised me to stay to breakfast. To this I had no objection; and when it was over, prepared to set off, when he presented me with a long paper filled with black characters which it was impossible for me to read. I therefore asked him to do it for me; and judge of my astonishment when I heard that it contained an account of my expenses, which amounted, he told me, to twenty shillings; and he hoped I would not forget the waiter, so as to make up the whole of the guinea. Astonishment nearly suffocated me; I felt myself growing pale with apprehension, and when my voice returned, could only ask, "What is your house then?"—"It is a public house," was the answer. "If so, you have of course no right to make me pay for any thing, since it is for the use of the public." Loud bursts of laughter followed my reply, and two or three other men arriving at the same moment, he gave them an account of what he called my mistake. They laughed immoderately with him, whilst I remained grasping my pocket, and not knowing what to say. At last they attempted to make the case clear, and my former companion informing them that I was rich in guineas, they finished by persuading me that I could not do otherwise than pay one of them as the price of my entertainment. With a heavy heart, and scarcely able to check the tears that started in my eyes, I put my hand in the one pocket, then in the

other, in the former again, then in the latter, and oh! woeful to tell, my guineas were there no longer! Should you wish to know the sequel of my story and eventful life, you will be so good as to wait a few days longer, as this letter is so long, that my memory is out of breath, and my paper and ink exhausted.

DAVID AP BLUNDER.

A good Excuse.

I HEARD a judge his tipstaff call,
And say, "Sir, I desire;
You go forthwith and search the hall,
And send me in the *crier*."

"And search, my lord, in vain I may,"
The tipstaff gravely said;
"The crier cannot *cry* to-day,
Because *his wife is dead*."

Experiment.

AN Irish student at Oxford having a horse, and finding his keep very expensive, thought he might easily by degrees bring him to live without hay or oats, and so abstracted daily something from his food, till at last the horse died; a friend asked him how his horse came to die?—"Why, I thought to have made him *live on nothing*; and just as I brought him to it, he *died*."

The Termagant.

TOM disputing one day with his termagant wife,
Said, "Doll, you're the torment and plague of my life,
"Not a day can elapse, but, with arguments new,
"Some brawl, or contention's occasion'd by you;
"Indeed, in your face is most fully display'd,
"The wicked, ill-temper'd, extravagant jade."
"With faults so apparent," in fury, Doll cry'd,
"I'm *surpris'd* you should ever have made me your *bride*."
"Indeed," reply'd Tom, "what you say's very true,
"It is what has *surprised* many more besides *you!*"

How to multiply Flies.

THE child of an Irish grocer, in St. Giles's, very nearly escaped death, from a poisonous mixture used as fly-water, which was incautiously laid upon a shelf behind the counter, where the poor child got at it, and had taken a considerable quantity with a tea-spoon before the danger of it was discovered. The father upbraided his wife with the folly of leaving the mixture in the child's way, or attempting to kill the flies "at all, at all," adding, "Sure you know, that killing flies only increases them? for every one you kill, fifty more come to his funeral, and will stay with you as long as they can find any sugar in the shop."

A good Match.

A NATIVE, just arrived from India's land,
Wish'd to appear gay, buckish, fine, and grand;
Flesh-colour'd stockings he found all the fashion,
So that, as other puppies, he might dash on,
He straight repairing to a hosier's shop,
Flesh-colour'd stockings call'd for, like a fop.
The hosier, fonder of his joke than trade,
Of *black* silk hose a parcel quick display'd.
"How!" said the Indian, "flesh-colour'd I sought,"
And was to a prodigious passion wrought.
The hosier held a pair politely to his hand,
Saying, "A better *match* you'll find not in the Strand."

AN INSCRIPTION ON INSCRIPTIONS;

The following Lines were written on seeing a farrago of Rhymes that had been scribbled with a Diamond on the Window of an Inn.

YE who on windows thus prolong your shames,
And to such arrant nonsense sign your names;
The diamond quit, with me the pencil take,
So shall your shame but short duration make;
For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,
With red right-hand, and with a dish-clout wet,
Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell,
Who 'twas that *wrote so ill—and lov'd so well.*

Richard II.

ALL the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires, that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But, after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education.

He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expenses, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favorites and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent economy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government.

Richard II. was starved, or murdered in prison, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399, in the 34th year of his age, and the 23rd of his reign.

An Advertisement of a Breeches-Maker.

NUNN, breeches-maker, in Wigmore-street, between Cavendish and Portman-squares, begs leave to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and others, that by many years practice, close attention, and study, he has discovered a scientific plan, by geometry, never before known, which many of the trade (as well as gentleman who have had proof of its utility) allow to excel (for ease and neatness in fitting) all they ever made trial of; for other performances, guided by idea only, though improved by practice, can never amount to science.

Gentlemen's orders I obey
Most expeditiously;
In making breeches, which display
Its great utility.

Amusing Question.

SEVERAL authors give an account of Joseph of Arimathea coming into Britain, and planting the gospel at Glastonbury; and that Mary Magdalen, Lazarus, and Martha, came over with him. Also that Simon Zelotes suffered martyrdom here, and St. Peter and St. Paul came and preached the gospel here also. As it appears something strange for people of so great age as these must be (especially the women) to take so long a journey: *Query.*—Whether those holy persons ever were in Britain; and if not, who was the first that planted Christianity in this island.

The Pleasures of Bath.

TO drink without thirst, and to ask your physician,
A thousand odd questions to mend your condition;
To raise up your spirits against wind and tide,
With a hundred sick people just close by your side;
To sit down to dinner with persons who grumble,
At every new dish, which they hardly can mumble;
And, when this delightful repast is gone by,
For something to do next you yawn and you sigh.
'Tis too hot to walk out, and you doze in your seat,
Till the cool of the evening succeeds to the heat;
A nap then comes on, and you lose then the pow'r,
To enjoy the delight of the cool balmy hour;
For joy on the next day your fancy you cast,
When it comes, you mis-spend it as bad as the last.

An Epigram.

JOHN courted Jenny, but for why,
None e'er pretended to discover;
'Tis true she has one rolling eye!
Enough to fascinate a lover.
What though her form displease the sight,
Her wit is more than common;
What tho' she is a very fright,
She's what John wants—a woman.

Epitaph in a Village in Suffolk.

LIFE is only pain below,
When Christ appears, then—up we go.

"One kind Kiss before we part."

A YOUNG lady having purchased an assortment of music at a warehouse, situate in the western part of the Metropolis, on returning to her carriage, recollected a piece which she had neglected to buy.—"Sir," said she, on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I had forgotten, and which I must now request you to give me."—"And what is that? replied the young music-seller. "It is, sir—"One kind Kiss before we part." —The gay youth, vaulting instantaneously over the table, saluted the fair stranger!

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE:

An Epigram.

AS blooming Harriot mov'd along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation!
What form! what *naïveté!* what grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not Harriot's,
Twas bought at Reynold's, Moores, or Marriott's,
And tho' you vow her face untainted,
I swear, by G—, your beauty's painted."
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger, sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor e'en th' impious oath conceal'd.
Confus'd—her cheek bore witness true,—
By turns the roses came and flew.
"Your bet," she said "is rudely odd—
But I am painted, sir—by God."

ON TWO POETS,

Buried in the same Grave.

BENEATH one tomb here sleep two faithful friends,
Constant thro' life, united in their ends;
Their studies, their amusements were the same,
Alike their genius, and alike their fame;
By fortune favour'd, or by want oppress'd,
Still they in common ev'ry thing possess'd;
One heart, one mind, one purse, tho' small their riches,
One room, one bed, one hat, one pair of breeches.

Anecdote of Mr. Fox.

THE immortal Fox, when a youth, meeting a blind woman on Easter Monday, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the hand, and said, "Come along with me, Dame, I am a going to Moorfields, where this holiday time, you may chance to meet with good custom." Thank you kindly, sir, replied she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle aisle. "Now," said he, "you are in Moorfields;" which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! here they are, all hot!"

Anecdote of Dean Swift.

SWIFT, in his lunacy, had some lucid intervals, at which time all his physicians took him out for the air. When they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building, and asked what it was designed for, to which Doctor Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city." "Oh!" said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, let me take an item of that; that is worth remarking; *my tablets,* as Hamlet says, *my tablets;* memory, put down that;" on which he wrote the following lines, which were the last he ever wrote:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense;
"Here Irish wit is seen;
"When nothing's left that's worth defence,
"We build a magazine."

and then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and finishing it with these words: "After the steed is stolen, shut the stable door." After which he never said a sensible word; so that these lines may be said to be the last speech and dying words of his wit.

Epitaph at St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

HERE lies the body of DANIEL SAUL,
Spitalfields WEAVER, and that's all.

English.

NOTHING contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life; that is, that they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily, than of any other country. Besides *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissention, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

Epigram.

DICK, after drunk, when crop-sick gravely swore,
That whilst he breath'd, he never would drink more;
Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjur'd thinks
Himself, but swears he breathes not whilst he drinks.

Lombard-Street.

A CITIZEN of London, who in an unlucky whim had retired into the country, soon after expressed his regret in the following terms:

—They talk of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labour of the city for such woeful pleasures. O Lombard-street! Lombard-street! In an evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes, and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of London? What landscape more flowery than those in the print-shops. And what water was made by man equal to the Thames? If here I venture to walk but a short way beyond my own fields, I may be wet through by a sudden shower, and exposed to the wind of every quarter before I get under shelter; but in walking through the streets of London, if it rains, a man can shelter himself under the piazzas; if the wind is in his face while he walks along one street, he may turn into another; if he is hungry, he can be refreshed at the pastry shops; if tired, he can call a hackney coach; and he is sure of meeting with entertainment every evening at the club.

In Guildford Church-Yard.

READER, pass on, ne'er waste your time,
On bad biography and bitter rhyme,
For what I am this cumb'rous clay insures,
And what I *was*, is no affair of your's.

ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

On William Braithwaite, Whitesmith,

MY *sledge and hammers* lie reclin'd,
My *bellows*, too, have lost their wind,
My *fire's extinct*, my *forge decay'd*,
And in the dust my *vice is lay'd*.
My *coal is spent, my fuel's gone*,
My *nails are drove, my work is done*,
My *fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest*,
My *soul smoke-like's ascending* to be blest.

Spanish Grandees.

THEY seem to be a race apart in that kingdom; they engross the highest offices, and are employed in attendance on the king's person, though very seldom in the affairs of government. It is said, that their education and talents are generally of a nature to prevent this being a loss to the public. Their persons, as well as their minds, are thought more diminutive than the usual human size in their own country. Those who assert this, impute it to their intermarrying constantly with each other, and to some other physical causes. The Spanish nobility seldom eat at each other's houses, though they reside the whole year at Madrid; hardly any of them live at their seats in the provinces, or even go at all to the country, except those whose offices oblige them to accompany the royal family, when they visit the different country places, at stated periods of the year. Considering the natural beauty and fertility of many provinces of Spain, it seems surprising, that they, in general, should prefer a town to a country life.

Few of the nobility of Spain display any taste for the pursuits of literature. What is also singular, that notwithstanding princes of the house of Bourbon have so long sat on the throne of Spain, yet the nobility of this country are less acquainted with the French language, than the nobles of any other European nation; they differ from the great of other nations, likewise, in being as superstitious as the vulgar.

The style of living of the grandees of Spain, is not calculated to excite envy in the breasts of those who have a taste for the real enjoyments of life; it is expensive without being elegant: and their expense consists chiefly in an useless number of carriages, mules, and domestics.

There is as little appearance of jealousy in Madrid, as in any town of Europe. It were to be wished that the tranquillity which the nobles enjoy on that head, was derived from the consciousness of the chastity of their wives: but the very reverse of this is true, if we can rely on the account of those who have long resided in that city.

This alteration in the manners of the nobles seems to have had one good effect; namely, that there is hardly any such thing as assassination on account of jealousy.

Marriage for God's sake.

"DID you marry your wife for her fortune?" said ironically a gentleman to the husband of a rich lady, with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face.

"Certainly not," answered he.

"Was it for the sake of her beauty?"

"No; I cannot say it was," replied the husband.

"Did you marry her for the sake of her temper?"

"Not in the least."

"In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?"

"I married her for God's sake," answered the husband with resignation.

On a Barrister, who died Insolvent.

WITHOUT effects died *Nolo Pros:*
How happens this? cries one, and pauses,
His palm no fees were known to cross:
***Effects* can only spring from *causes*.**

Kindness.

A SERVANT after having fired a pistol at some robbers, who had introduced themselves in the house of his master, said, "And so please your honour, whether the villains have got any *gold*, I cannot tell, but I am certain they have carried off a little *lead* with them; and I heartily wish it were twice as much for their sakes."

Sir William Staines, Alderman of the Ward of Cripplegate.

SIR WILLIAM was one among the numerous instances which the city of London affords, of persons who have raised themselves from the very lowest condition, to the highest civic honours. He was born in 1734, in Southwark, where his father was a stone-mason, in a small way of business. When very young, he left his parents, probably with a view to better his fortune; and, entering on board of ship, made a voyage to Portugal. On his return, the vessel was taken, and young Staines, with the rest of the crew, became the inmates of a French prison. In this situation he remained six months, when he was exchanged, and came home in a cartel; but so altered, so emaciated, and so disguised in tatters, that his own mother could only be persuaded of his identity by some particular mark upon his person, which she insisted on seeing before she could be convinced. It was probably on his way to London that, being either at Staines or Egham, the cravings of hunger induced him to enter a chandler's shop, and to call for rather more bread and small beer than the exhausted state of his finances could afford to pay for. The simplicity of his apology and appearance was such, that his creditor soon forgot the first emotions of disappointment, and dismissed him with a hearty welcome. This act of forbearance was not forgotten; when he arrived at prosperity, he sought out the donor of this trifling benefaction in the decline of her days, and rewarded her with an annuity for life. On his return from France, young Staines served his time to a stone-mason in Cannon-street, and afterwards worked as journeyman for Mr. Pinder, the city-mason, who had married his sister.—Having married, he took a chandler's shop and coal shed in Philip-lane, London-wall; and on the conclusion of his day's labour abroad, he used to carry out coals to his customers, who little imagined that the man who was performing such laborious drudgery was destined to become their lord mayor. In process of time Mr. Staines was able to undertake small concerns in the way of his profession on his own account: and about the year 1760, the steeple of Bow church happening to want repair, he conceived that he should be able to execute the job. Being encouraged by a friend, who offered to be bound for the fulfilment of the contract, to apply for it, his proposals were preferred; and the manner in which he performed this business laid, in his own opinion, the foundation of his future fortune: for which reason, when he became lord mayor, that church was represented in painting in the back-ground of one of the pannels of the state-coach. About this time the Scotch pavement being introduced, Mr. Staines was engaged in paving several streets, and afterwards had the good fortune to be appointed mason to the city of London. His wealth and consequence now continued to increase, till, in 1797, he was chosen sheriff, received the honor of knighthood, and in 1801 became lord mayor. Both these offices he filled with becoming dignity, and the general approbation of his fellow-citizens. For many years before his elevation to these honours, Sir William had a mason's yard and house at Millbank, Westminster; but his usual residence was in Barbican, where he built a house contiguous to the chapel of the Rev. Mr. Towers. Benevolence seemed to be one of the ruling principles of Sir William's mind. About the year 1786 he began to put in execution the design of erecting some alms-houses. These, nine in number, he built on both sides of Jacob's Well Passage, near his own residence, but not in the ancient man-

ner, which the facetious Tom Brown has styled *charity pigeon holes.* The alms-houses of Sir William Staines, the tenants of which are either his own aged workmen, or reduced tradesmen, cannot be distinguished by their exterior appearance from other dwelling-houses. No ostentatious inscription in the front proclaims the poverty of the inhabitants, or the generosity of the founder. Another trait of that delicacy with which he distributed his benefactions will not appear superfluous. He was in the habit of giving soup, &c. in winter to the poor of his neighbourhood, several years before that practice became common; but he made it a rule not to compel those who received it to fetch it from his house and thus proclaim their poverty; to prevent which he sent his servants with his alms to the habitations of those who received them. After the victory obtained by Lord Nelson at Copenhagen, which occurred during Sir William's mayoralty, he signified to the citizens, with characteristic humanity, that it was his particular desire that such persons as intended to expend money in illuminations, would more judiciously add it to the subscription then opened for the benefit of the widows and children of those who had fallen in that bloody engagement. This suggestion, though it excited some symptoms of displeasure in the mob, was highly approved of by all the sober part of the citizens and it is scarcely necessary to add, that on this, as on all other occasions, he did not fail to give weight to his precepts by his example. Soon after his mayoralty, Sir William retired to his country residence at Clapham, where he passed his concluding years in the enjoyment of that tranquil delight and self-satisfaction, arising from the consciousness of a useful and well-spent life. He died at the age of seventy-three.

The remains of this worthy man were, on Saturday, the 17th of September, 1807, removed from his house at Clapham, and deposited in his family-vault, in Cripplegate churchyard. The procession set out from Clapham about twelve o'clock, proceeded over London Bridge, stopped for a short time at the Mansion-house, and arrived at the church at two. There were ten mourning-coaches, in one of which were the civic sword and mace, accompanied by the proper officers; in the next were the lord-mayor and recorder of London. In the others were two aldermen, several common-councilmen, and many of the friends of the deceased. The mourning-coaches were followed by the private carriages of the deceased, the lord-mayor, &c. At the end of Aldersgate-street the procession was met by the beadles and charity-children of Cripplegate parish, who accompanied the body to the church.

Epigram.

TREASON does never prosper—What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

Unexpected Recommendation.

ONE day when lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the counsellor, turning upon him with a frowning brow, "don't you see I am busy, and can't listen to you?—what duke or lord recommended you?" The poor curate lifted up his eyes, and with dejection said, "he had no lord to recommend him but the Lord of Hosts." "The Lord of Hosts" replied the chancellor, "the Lord of Hosts!—I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from him before: so do you hear, young man, you shall have the living."

Henry IV. and Henry V.

THE great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost many years before the end of his reign; and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect, in cold blood, on the crimes which led him to the throne, and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, the exclusion of the true heir, the murder of his sovereign and near relation; these were such enormities as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign to the English nation.

Henry IV. died in 1413, aged 43.

HENRY V. possessed many eminent virtues. His abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldness of his enterprises was no less remarkable than his personal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by address and clemency.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His stature was somewhat above the middle size; his countenance beautiful; his limbs genteel and slender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exercises. He died the 31st of August, 1422, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and in the tenth of his reign.

A Last Request.

AN Irish physician, when on his death-bed, was visited by a neighbour, who, with kind and friendly solicitude, asked him if there was any thing he wished to be done after his death, in which he could oblige him --adding, "Indeed, indeed doctor, I will pay a sacred attention to your request."—Why then (replied the other) let me entreat you to be particularly kind to your three youngest children, *for they are all mine.*"

A Lesson.

A FRIEND of dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never yet received the most trifling mark of the dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried very rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot." "Heyday! young man," said the dean, rising from his easy chair; "is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners; sit down in my chair, we will change situations, and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the dean, going to the door, came up to the table, with a respectful pace, and making a low bow, said, "Sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes your reverence is well, and begs your acceptance of a turbot."—"Does he?" replied the boy; "here, John, (ringing) take this honest lad down to the kitchen, and give him as much as he can eat and drink; then send him up to me, and I will give him half a crown."

Town and Country.

IN London I never know what to be at,
Enraptur'd with this, and transported with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord bless us, sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning till night;
Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is seen,
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our mornings, a round of good-humour'd delight,
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.

In the country how pleasant our visits to make,
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in our heads but a ditch or a bog

In London, if folks ill together be put,
A bore may be roasted, a quiz may be cut;
In the country, your friends would feel angry and sore,
Call an old maid a quiz, or a parson a bore.

In the country, you're nail'd like a pale in your park,
To some stick of a neighbour cramm'd into the ark;
Or if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death, ere the doctor can reach you from town.

I've heard that how love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet;
I know nothing of that, for alas! I'm a swain,
Who require (and I own it) more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves,—Oh! a fine grove of chimneys for me.

In the evening you're screw'd to your chairs fist to fist,
All stupidly yawning at sixpenny whist,
And though win or lose, it's as true as it's strange,
You've nothing to pay—the good folks have no change.

But for singing snd piping, your time to engage,
You have cock and hen bulfinches coop'd in a cage;
And what music in nature can make you so feel,
As a pig in a gate stuck, or knife-grinder's wheel?

I grant, if in fishing you take much delight,
In a punt you may shiver from morning till night,
And though blest with the patience that Job had of old,
The devil a thing will you *catch* but a *cold*.

Yet it's charming to hear, just from boarding-school come,
A hoyden tune up an old family strum;
She'll play "God save the King," with an excellent tone,
With the sweet variation of "Old Bobbing Joan."

But what though your appetite's in a weak state?
A pound at a time they will put on your plate;
It's true, as to *health* you've no cause to complain,
For they'll drink it, God bless 'em again and again.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country not I,
If I must have a villa, in London to dwell,
Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

Mere Wantonness.

A GENTLEMAN meeting a very young and beautiful girl in the Pump-Room at Bath, asked her why she drank the waters? "From mere wantonness," Sir, replied she. "And pray Madam," said he gravely, "have they cured you?"

Epitaph in Cirencester Church-Yard.

OUR bodies are like SHOES, which off we cast;
Physic their COBBLER is, and death their LAST.

The Widow's Exchange.

A YOUNG lady having lately buried her husband, whom she called *Old Simon*, ordered a carver to make her a statue of wood as near his figure as possible, which was laid by her side every night in remembrance of him. In the mean time a young gentleman, that had a great passion for her, by the intercession of some guineas prevailed with her maid to lay him one night in the place of *Old Simon* The widow went to bed, and after her usual manner, cast her arms over her dear husband's statue; and finding it warm, she crept closer and closer to it, till at length they came very close together, by which she perceived it was not her wooden bedfellow. In the morning the maid called at her chamber door, as she used to do, Madam, what will you please to have for dinner? she replied, roast the turkey that was brought in yesterday, boil a leg of mutton and cauliflowers, and get a good dish of fruit. Madam, says the maid, we have not wood enough to dress so much meat. If not, replied she, you may burn *Old Simon*.

Pardon asked for Abuse.

WHEREAS I, BENJAMIN BIRCH,
Of Baston Town (and near the Church,)
At Stamford Market, o'er the bowl,
Got drunk, and 'bus'd my neighbour Cole;
For which he hath, to my vexation,
By *law* compell'd this declaration—
That I, without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as base as treason,
And therefore do his pardon ask,—
A most unpleasant, painful task;
But as I own I was to blame,
Why, dang it, then I'll sign my name.

BENJAMIN BIRCH.

An ungallant Wish.

DIOGENES the philosopher perceiving one day some women hanged on a olive tree, *would to God,* cried he, *all other trees bore the like fruit.*

Lines sent to a young Gentleman, with a Bunch of Flowers.

"COME tell me! whether you admire,
"These charming flow'rs so gay;
"And which of them you'd most desire,
"The *Rose,* or *Tulips,* pray?"
"Your *Roses,* Ma'am," the beau replied,
"Are charming to my eyes;
"But then"—(poor Amorosa sigh'd!)
"Your *Two Lips* most I prize!"

Thales the Milesian,

WAS one of the wise men of *Greece,* being asked what was the *oldest thing?* he answered, *God,* because he has ever been: what was the *handsomest thing?* he said, *the world,* because it is the work of God: what the *largest thing? space;* because it comprehends every thing besides: what the *most lasting? hope;* because when all other things fail, that still remains: what the *best thing? virtue;* for without it, nothing that is good can be said or done: what the *quickest? a man's thoughts;* because in one moment they run over all the universe: what the *strongest? necessity;* because it surmounts all other accidents: what the *easiest?* to give *counsel:* what the *hardest?* to know *one's-self:* what the *wisest thing? time;* because it brings all things to pass.

A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating her Design of never marrying; under which, a Gentleman wrote the following Lines:

THE Lady who this Resolution took,
Wrote it on Glass, because it should be broke.

A good-enough sort of Man,

IS of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly, through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend or foe in the world: but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow or satisfaction at the event.

Anecdote of Shuter.

SHUTER being engaged for a few nights, in a principal city in the north of England, it happened that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself,) was stopped on the other side of Finchley Common by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep; but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to "deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man,"—"Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "Lord, sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour." Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey.

Epitaph on a Cricketer.

I *bowl'd*, I *struck*, I *caught*, I *stopt*,
Sure life's a game of cricket,
I *block'd* with care, with caution popp'd,
Yet death has hit my wicket.

Ecclesiastic Squabble.

A VICAR and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words "I am the resurrection," when the vicar arrived almost out of breath; and, snatching the book out of the curate's hand, with great scorn, cried, "*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection," and then went on.

The Wager lost.

A BAKER was boasting that he seldom or ever bought any meat for his family on a Sunday, as he generally could take sufficient from his neighbours' joints that came to be baked, without their missing it; and declared, that he could take off a rib of beef without being discovered. Mr. Wick, who stood by, betted him one shilling's worth of punch that he could not. The wager being accepted, the tallow-chandler agreed to send him a joint the next day to be baked, and accordingly sent two ribs of beef, weighing ten pounds. The baker, without any hesitation, took one rib, and sent the other home. The tallow-chandler, as soon as he had dined, ran to the baker, saying, "You have lost, for I sent two ribs of beef, and you returned but one." The baker replied, "Well, I confess I have lost," and readily paid the shilling; which he could well afford to do, as he had five pounds of meat and a share of the punch for his shilling.

The Jewess and her Son.

POOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit:
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!
The mother was distracted, raving, wild,
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd, and kiss'd her child—
Afflicted every heart with grief around:
Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat pass'd,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound;
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
She thus the play-house Manager address'd,
"Sher, I'm the Moter of the poor Chevv Lad,
"Dat meet mish fartin here so bad;
"Sher I muss haf de shillin back, you know,
"Ass Moses haf not see de show."

Duels, and Method of Prevention.

IT seems surprising to many people that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom, has been illustrated a thousand ways, without effect.

"You have injured me, sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death."

Or,—"You have given me the lie, sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing. But its not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth:

"Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will shew that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace: and I will give this proof at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult, appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstance which give rise to every duel, with power to punish him who from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power, to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would surely render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

Epitaph at Gunwallow, near Helstone.

SHALL	WE	ALL	DIE
WE	SHALL	DIE	ALL
ALL	DIE	SHALL	WE
DIE	ALL	WE	SHALL

Chance Amateur.

A GENTLEMAN who had no taste for the fine arts, was asked by a limner in distress, whom he accidentally met, to allow him to paint his portrait, or that of any of his friends for a moderate sum. The gentleman took the painter home in his carriage, saying, that, "as for his own face it was not worth painting, but he should like to have the portrait of a worthy friend of his, who he feared was in a declining way."—That friend was an old Welch pony, who had carried him up and down the mountains of Wales for above a dozen years; and who, he asserted, had done him more essential services than any friend he had. The portrait of the horse was painted accordingly: it was thought so like, that the artist received double the sum bargained for. The amateur hung it up in his parlour, and never looked at it after the death of the original, without a sigh, and a short panegyric on his excellent qualities.

No Admission.

THE late Sir Thomas Robinson, whose company might generally have been dispensed with, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, where he was considered as a disagreeable visitor, and not choosing to take the hint of "My master and mistress are out," &c. would often get admission by the following pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see made his appearance. "O! not at home!—well, I'll just step in and chat with the children," or—"I'll have a talk with the parrot," or—"I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the staircase." One morning, however, the servant was prepared, and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door at the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed, said, in a louder tone than ordinary, "Oh, sir! my master and mistress are both out—the children are all asleep—the parrot is dead—and the clock stands."

On a Clergyman.

LONDON bred me Westminster fed me
Cambridge sped me My sister wed me
Study taught me Living sought me
Learning bought me Kendall caught me
Labour pressed me Sickness distressed me
Death oppress'd me, The grave possess'd me
God first gave me Christ did save me
Earth did crave me & Heaven would have me.

Anecdote.

A CHYMIST dedicated a book to Leo the tenth, wherein he boasted that he had found out the art of making gold. He pleased himself with the hope of receiving a magnificent present in return: but the Pope sent him a large empty purse, and bid the bearer tell him, that as he had learnt the art of making gold, he wanted nothing but a place wherein to deposit his treasure.

A persuasive Sermon.

WHEN the duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, went over as lord lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven by stress of weather into the Isle of Man, where his Grace was hospitally entertained by the curate of the place, named Joseph. The pleasantness of his landlord, induced the duke to inquire into his circumstances, and finding that they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the viceroyship. Joseph waited many months in hopes of hearing from his patron, but being disappointed, he resolved to go over to Dublin, to remind him of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he waited upon Dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the cathedral the next Sunday. The dean, delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The lord lieutenant with his court were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit. None of them had any recollection of Joseph, till after naming his text, which was in Genesis, *c.* xl. *v.* 23, "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him." He made so pointed an allusion to the duke, and his entertainment in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognised, and when the sermon was done, he was invited to the castle, and a good living provided for him.

Variety of Pies.

SWIFT in travelling called at an hospitable house. The lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, with great eagerness and flippancy asks him what he will have for dinner? "Will you have an apple-pie, sir? will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? will you have a cherry-pie, sir? will you have a currant-pie, sir? will you have a plum-pie, sir? will you have a pigeon-pie, sir?"—"Any pie, madam, but a *mag-pie!*"

From the English Censor.

MY last paper terminated with a very appropriate panegyric on the modern mania of walking and running, together with a feasible hint respecting hopping, stepping, jumping, &c. which I sincerely trust will be attended to with all that due regard to which a subject so truly serious is entitled. Now having commenced with offering the meed of praise on those pursuits which must tend to render my fellow citizens more athletic, I cannot do better in the present instance, than offer a few remarks on the scientific art of pugilism, an art, which has to boast its origin with the Greeks and Romans; an art which *levels* all mental acquirements, and renders well stored noddles of no utility whatsoever; a science in short, that would affright my lord chancellor and the bench of bishops, were they to come in contact with its *knock me down eloquence*. And by the bye, having touched upon the terrors which would be its attendant in the upper house; that circumstance brings to my mind the speech of one of our senators in the Commons, who very wisely opposed a stupid bill then pending in parliament, for that most venerable *sport denominated bull-baiting*, in support of which amusement, after descanting at large on the British character, he very sagely observed, "that if such *national delights* as *bull-baiting, boxing, &c.* were done away with, farewell at once to the *bull-dog* spirit of we Englishmen; it is true Mr. Sheridan, with his usual degree of ill-natured sarcasm, retorted, by stating, that he believed his honourable friend *must* be correct, as the *bull-fights* in *Spain* had conduced to render the people of that country so *much our* superiors by sea; yet notwithstanding this invidious shaft, I am sure, Mr. Censor, that you will cordially agree with me in opinion, that these games are most requisite to the support of British valour, which would receive a death blow, if abolished in this country. But now to the main point of my paper, which was intended to support the adherents of such men as *the Game Cock, the Game Chicken, Belcher, Mendoza, &c.* heroes that well deserve the unanimous plaudits of their fellow-citizens, and whose names and renowned actions should grace a pillar of brass, true emblem of their own impenetrable skulls. With what emotions of real delight do we not see accounts in the papers of stubborn pugilistic contests, where a fellow, for instance, after having an eye scooped out, a nose driven in, and being regaled with such an entertainment as the swallowing of seven of his own grinders, will nevertheless most manfully support the drubbing, and, by very fortunately giving his adversary a direct blow on the temple, send him to sup with his worthy progenitors, and thus terminate the affair; his own corporeal losses, as above mentioned, being no more than glorious insignias of his victory. These are your fellows truly deserving the support of our nobility and gentry, and thanks to the House of Lords, since it most assuredly does produce such men as Earl B——, Lord C ——, &c. who would rather mortgage the last acre of land in support of a *Gully*, than give a guinea to rescue such a whining fellow as Billy Shakspeare, or Johnny Dryden, from the jaws of famine. In short, Mr. Censor, I am for your cart-horse breed among men; for instance, such noble fellows as will consume seven pounds of solids at a sitting, with five quarts of porter, by way of cleansing all avenues to the stomach; don't talk to me of your *Chesterfield* men, that have fists no bigger than walnuts, and legs no thicker than tobacco pipes; nothing delights me so much as to be welcomed by the grasp of a hand

as big as a shoulder of mutton, with sinews and joints proportionably strong,—a hearty squeeze from which brings tears into your eyes, by making you imagine that every bone in your hand has undergone the operation of pressing in a mill, and reduced your hand to a mere mummy. I was some time since in the West of England, when it was my great good luck to be present at a Cornish hugging match; and such a scene it was, I do assure you, as will never escape my recollection. You must know, I had very frequently heard of the *hug* practised by the *gentlemen* of that county; but as to *hugging*, in the common acceptation of the word, why the embracings of a bear would be but child's play to the friendly pressures bestowed by Cornish men upon one another; added to which they take especial good care to be neatly fitted with a pair of shoes, whose soles are at least two inches thick, and crammed full with hob nails; with which delicate appendages to the feet, they, with all the grace and agility of a *Parisot*, bestow upon each other's shins, the tokens of their brotherly love, until they become a sanguinary mass of jellied flesh, from below the knee down to the instep; these friendly greetings, however, are the mere attendants on *hugging*, whose grand art consists in squeezing the breath out of a fellow's body, and then dashing him with all the violence possible, either on his sconce or the projecting elbow, in order that the same, by coming thus forcibly in contact with the ground, may produce the happy effect of breaking the arm in two places.

But this is not all, there is an exercise yet far more graceful, and that is the noble play of *wrestling*, from which, independant of putting ancles and knees out of joint, the shoulders are frequently dislocated, and the ribs broken, which might almost lead me to think that there is some deficiency in the formation of the human structure; as from such games as these it should seem that men ought to have been constructed with limbs out of joint, broken bones, &c. and indeed if we come to judge the matter seriously, where could be the grand difference, if his majesty had not a single *whole man* in his dominions; it is only custom, that teaches us the difference of an upright and crooked man, and if valour could be instilled into all Englishmen by this mode, I must certainly think that the king would be a gainer by the novel system; as for my own part, you may perceive, Sir, that I love writing for the benefit of my fellow-citizens, and therefore should not exactly wish any thing serious to occur to my right hand; but as to the left, or my right or left leg, I care no more for them, than I do for my maid's besom, and shall very willingly enlist myself one of the votaries; if this address should be seconded by any respectable number of scientific *slaughter* men. Yet, independent of corporeal strength, which may be thus benefited, it is truly inconceivable what an effect these exercises produce on the mental economy; all those snivelling womanish ideas, called *fine* feelings, such as benevolence, respect for old age, tenderness towards the brute creation, with a string of such ridiculous absurdities, are all totally expelled by your lovers of boxing, wrestling, and bull and cock fighting; as it is their glory to render the heart as callous as the head, to every thing unconnected with their own enjoyments. But to the proof, Mr. Censor: Who would not glory in the feelings of the once famous *Mr. Ardescif*, of *cock-fighting* memory; who, having betted upon his favourite bird to a very large amount, the animal unfortunately lost the battle, when its owner, as a very *just punishment*, took it home, and literally

roasted it alive. Or, what say you, Sir, to a Chelsea butcher, whose dog having, at a bull-baiting pinned the animal by the nose, the fellow, in order to prove his bull-dog staunch to the back bone, went up with his knife and severed the animal's four legs at their respective joints, which operation the creature sustained without once loosening its hold on the bull: to these, Sir, as being a constant saunterer, and observer of men and manners, I could add more proofs of a similar nature, which have come under my cognizance; but as I suppose the two foregoing *facts* are in themselves sufficient to make every sensible reader coincide with me in opinion, as to the real necessity of these invigorating pursuits being followed up with the utmost avidity, I shall for the present take my leave, under the firm conviction that nothing can so much tend to bring us back to the *barbarous state of our ancestors*, as the full toleration and strict adherence to all the *sports* above mentioned; and in the hope that there will not be, ere long, one individual who has not to boast of at least three *broken bones* in his skin.

SATIRICUS.

Epigram.

AS Tom was one day in deep chat with a friend,
He gravely advised him his morals to mend
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many,
"They're mistaken," said Tom, "*For I never had any.*"

On Going to Church,

SOME go to Church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk.
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation.
Some go there to meet a lover;
Some the pulse there oft discover.
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there the time to spend.
Some go to learn the Parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame.
Many go there to dose and nod;
But few go there to worship God.

Appropriate Sermon.

FOUR gentlemen and an old minister riding along the road met three highwaymen, who dismounted and plundered them; the old minister begged very hard to have a little money, as he was going to pay a bill in London, so they being generous fellows gave him all his money back again, on condition that he preached a sermon to them; so taking them a little off the high-road, he complied, saying:

GENTLEMEN,

YOU are the most like the old apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you. They had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own, neither as I presume have you. They were despised of all but those of their own profession, and so I believe are you. They were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and I dare say so are you. They were often hurried into gaols and prisons, were persecuted by the people, and endured great hardships, all of which sufferings I presume have been undergone by you. Their professions brought them to untimely deaths, and if you continue in your course, so will your's bring you. But in this point, beloved, you differ widely; for the apostles ascended from the tree to heaven, where I am afraid you will never come: but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, your's will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners.

The Way of the World.

DETERMINED before-hand we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from our's on any pretence,
We pity his want both of judgment and sense;
But if he falls into, and flatters our plan,
Why really we think him a sensible man.

On the Collar of the Prince's Dog.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

WHO has e'er been in London, that over-grown place,
Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best left alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious, and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen, only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He entered his rooms; and to bed he re-treated,
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same;—and the next; and the next,
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week; till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown hung about him;"
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,
"I've lost many pounds,—make me well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise,—"a slow fever," he said,
Prescribed sudorificks,—and going to bed;
"Sudorificks in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs,"
"I've enough of them there without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the Doctor,—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed;
So calling his host,—he said,—Sir, do you know,
"I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?"

"Look'e, Landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in;*
"But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold,
"I've been so d—m'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold"

Quoth the Landlord, till now, I ne'er had a dispute,
I've let lodgings ten years, I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately over my Oven.

"The Oven!" says Will—says the host, why this passion?
"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion;
Why so crusty, good Sir?" "Zounds!" cries Will in a taking.
"Who would not be crusty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms, cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year,"
"Friend, we can't well agree"—"yet no quarrel"—Will said,
"For one man may die where another makes bread"

A Wager Decided.

SUCH little chance I'd always found,
Of gaining Betsey for my wife,
That I had wager'd Dick a Pound,
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to Heav'n! my anxious care
Is all remov'd,—the knot is ty'd—
And Betsey, fairest of the fair,
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honor bound,
Well pleas'd, I'll hold myself in debt;
Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found,
I *lose* my Wager—*win* my Bet!

The Amusements of Young Men.

GAMING, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Chattering nonsense all day long,
Humming half an opera song;
Choosing baubles, rings, and jewels,
Writing verses, fighting duels;
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation;
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces;
And, tho' no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

From a Young Gentleman in Town, to his Friend in the Country.

DEAR TOM,

YOU know I promised you a line as soon as possible; and now I am as good as my word. I got to town only last night, and had a very hearty welcome from my uncle; he's a fine old Grecian, Tom, but how I shall get a fortnight over him, the Lord knows.

We got up this morning, and breakfasted very comfortably. About twelve o'clock, "Jack," says he, "I'll take a walk with you, to look about us a little:" on which he took up his stick, and I took down my hat. As we passed by a broker's shop not far from the Strand, we saw the man admiring a large old-fashioned elbow chair he had vampt up, and set out for sale. My uncle unguardedly says to him, "That's a mighty clumsy chair friend." The fellow eyeing him from head to foot, retorts, "Not so clumsy as your nose." Unluckily for my uncle, there was not a part about him would so ill bear touching as his nose, it being inflamed and swelled with three or four large carbuncles, so that it looked like a dog star on a very dark evening; you may think, therefore, this speech hit him too hard. "You rascal," says he, "what business have you with my nose?" "And what business have you," answers the fellow, "with my chair?" "Sirrah," says my uncle, "your chair is set for sale, and every man has liberty to give his opinion as he pleases." "And God Almighty," says the fellow, "set such a queer nose upon your face for every body to laugh at if they please." At that my uncle's patience could hold no longer; but, spitting in his hand, and grasping his oaken towel, had certainly split the fellow's skull, had I not caught hold of his arm, and by main force dragged him away; however, he kept looking back, walking sideways like a crab, and muttering to himself, "A rascal! a villain! a dog!" when unluckily a boy coming from the baker's with a dinner for a family, as hungry no doubt as himself, was in full run to get his teeth set to work as fast as possible; but, oh lamentable! turning short a corner, he came so plump against my uncle, whose eyes were still fixed on the fellow, instead of minding his own way, that his coat was saluted with a piece of smoking hot beef, and his waistcoat and breeches received all the fat and gravy and part of the pudding. This unexpected blow coming before his blood had the least time to cool, raised such a storm in his pericranium, that had Hogarth been so lucky as to have seen the figure, it must have been an estate to him.—You would have sworn he was not only going to engage with all the world, but even with the devil himself; he seemed as tall as the house he stood by; his cheeks were puffed up to an amazing size, and his eyes flashed fire from every corner, which increased every time he cast them on his gravyfied waistcoat and pudding breeches, for his breeches had the largest share of the pudding by far; in short, he cut so dreadful a figure, that, instead of making a ring round him, as is usual when any thing extraordinary is to be seen in the streets, the foot passengers very quietly crossed over the way; but then indeed they could not help taking a peep both at him and the other actors in this farce; for, besides my uncle in this attitude I have described, there was myself cutting no very contemptible figure, staring at him; there was the poor boy, with his fingers locked in his hair, scratching for intelligence whether he should cry, or take to his heels and run away; there was the piece of beef tumbled upon a tinman's shop door; there was the remainder of the pudding, that did not chuse to stay upon my uncle's breeches, lying scattered along with

the pieces of the broken platter, upon twenty different parts of the pavement; there was a dog turning round and roaring, because he had burnt his teeth by striking them rashly into the hot beef.

I am yours, &c. J. F.

Raising the Devil.

A MOUNTEBANK once, as 'tis said, at a fair,
To make the wise gentry who crowded it stare,
Protested, in spite of the church's decree,
That whoever chose it, the devil should see.
So uncommon a sight, who would ever forego?
The devil seem'd in them, they all scrambled so,
When with mouth very wide, an old purse very long
Was held out by this sorcerer, and shook to the throng.
Good people! he cried, pray your eyes now unfold,
And say, if within any thing you behold
When one, who stood nearest, replied with some gall,
What is there to see, where there's nothing at all?
Then, ah! *'tis the devil*, the wag said, I swear,
To open one's purse, and to see nothing there.

Anecdote.

A FOOLISH idle fellow at Florence, hearing that a physician had obtained great credit and wealth by the sale of some pills, undertook to make pills himself, and to sell them. He administered the same pills to all persons whatever; and as by chance they sometimes succeeded, his name became famous. A countryman called on him, and desired to know if his pills would enable him to find an ass he had lately lost. The quack bade him swallow six pills. In his way home, the operation of the pills obliged him to retire into a wood, where he found his ass. The clown spread a report that he knew a doctor who sold pills that would recover strayed cattle.

Peeping Tom of Coventry.

ABOUT the year 1057, the city of Coventry groaned under very heavy taxes and duties, which they paid, Leofrick, Duke of Mercia. Lady Godiva, his wife, taking pity on them, and seeing to what poverty they were reduced by these burdensome taxations, desired her husband to remit them, which he would by no means consent to, the Coventry taxes being one of the best branches of his revenue; but the countess still pressing him, he thought to silence her at once, by assuring her he never would do it unless she would undertake to ride naked from one end of the town to the other, well knowing the strict virtue of his wife, believed her modesty would never permit her to think of such a thing; but she having a fine head of hair, combed it round her, that only a small part of her was left naked. She commanded that the windows and doors of every house should be shut whilst she was riding through the town, and that nobody should presume to look out under pain of death. A poor taylor, who would be peeping, was struck blind; in commemoration of which, his figure there, called the peeper, is put in the same window to this day, and the Lady Godiva is once a year carried in procession through every street in Coventry.

Epigram.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Bon-Mot of Quin.

IN a summer, when the month of July was extremely wet and cold, some person asked Quin whether he ever remembered such a summer. "Yes," replied the wag, very seriously, "last winter."

French and English Theatrical Audience.

CONSIDERING the natural gaiety and volatility of the French nation, one may be surprised at their fondness for tragedy, especially as their tragedies are barren of incident, full of long dialogues, and declamatory speeches; and modelled according to the strictest code of critical legislation.

The most sprightly and fashionable people of both sexes, flock to these entertainments, in preference to all others, and listen with unrelaxed gravity and attention. One would imagine that such a serious, correct, and uniform amusement, would be more congenial with the phlegm and saturnine dispositions of the English, than with the gay, volatile temper of the French.

An English audience love show, bustle, and incident in their tragedies; and have a mortal aversion to long dialogues and speeches, however fine the sentiments, and however beautiful the language may be.

In this, it would seem, that the two nations have changed characters. Perhaps it would be difficult to account for it in a satisfactory manner. I shall not attempt it. A Frenchman would cut the matter short, by saying that the Paris audience has a more correct and just taste than that of London; that the one could be amused and delighted with poetry and sentiment, while the other could not be kept awake without bustle, guard, procession, trumpets, fighting, and murder. [*Mooriana.*

A Touchstone for the Times.

MIDAS (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touched, at once transform'd to gold;
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

Absolution and extreme Unction.

A NEGRO slave, having allowed symptoms of compassion, perhaps of indignation, to escape from him, on hearing one of his brother-slaves ordered to be punished unjustly, his tyrannical master, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment, at legal intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed.

An Irish soldier, who had been long acquainted with the negro, and had a particular esteem for him, as soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last, that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him, was to carry a priest, to give him absolution and extreme unction.

Soldier. I should be very sorry, father, if this poor fellow missed going to heaven; for by J—s, I do not believe there is a worthier soul there, be the other whom he pleases.

Priest. He is a black.

Soldier. His soul is whiter than a skinned potatoe.

Priest. Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith.

Soldier. He is a man who was always ready to do as he would be done by.

Priest. That is something; but not the most essential. Are you certain that he is a Christian?

Soldier. I'll be hanged if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire; and I'll give you a proof that will rejoice your soul to hear.—A soldier of our regiment, was seized with the cramp in his leg, when he was bathing; so he hollowed for assistance, and then went plump to the

bottom, like a stone. Those who were near him, Christians and all, swam away as fast as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But that honest negro, pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and without more ado, or so much as saying by your leave, seized him by the hair of his head, and hauled him ashore, where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry, at this blessed moment. Now my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and what is more, like a brave Irishman too.

Priest. Has he been properly instructed in all the doctrines of the catholic church?

Soldier. That he has: for I was after instructing him myself yesterday; and as you had told me very often, that believing was the great point, I pressed that home. "By J—s," says I, "it does not signify making wry faces, but you must believe my dear honey, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose;" and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased.

This satisfied the father. They arrived at the dying man's cabin. Now, my dear fellow, said the soldier, I have brought you a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to shew your soul the road to heaven; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a long journey.

The priest then began to perform his office.—Hanno heard him silently.

Soldier. You see, my good father, he believes in all you say. You may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in Paradise.

Priest. You are fully convinced, friend, that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the holy catholic church that ——

Soldier. God love your soul, my dear father, give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards: for upon my conscience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.

The priest, who was a good-natured man, did as the soldier requested.

Soldier. Now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil defiance, for you are as sure of heaven, as your master is of hell; where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.

"I hope he will not suffer so long," said the negro in a faint voice; and speaking for the first time, since the arrival of the priest

"Have a care of what you say, friend," said the priest, in a severe tone of voice; "you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments.—If your master goes once there, he must remain there for ever."

"Then, I'll be bound for him," said the soldier, "he is sure enough of going there."

"But I hope in God, he will not remain for ever," said the negro, and expired.

"That was not spoken like a true believer," said the priest; "if I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution."

"It is lucky, then," said the soldier, "that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven, before you knew any thing of the matter."

As the soldier returned home, from the negro's cabin, he met his master, who knowing where he had been, said to him, "how is the scoundrel?"

"The scoundrel is in better health than all who knew him could wish," replied the soldier.

"Why they told me he was dying!"

"He is already dead, and on his way to heaven" said the soldier; "but as for the scoundrel who murdered him he'll be d—d before he gets there."

The diverting History of John Gilpin.

A LUDICROUS POEM.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen,
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been;
These twice ten tedious years, yet we,
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair;
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three;
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride,
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire,
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend the calendrer,
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said,
And, for that wine is dear;
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,
O'erjoy'd was he to find;
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd;
To drive up to the door, lest all,
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog,
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were ever folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin;
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers,
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise;
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found;
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be,
Equipp'd from top to toe;
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again,
Upon his nimble steed;
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road,
Beneath his well-shod feet;
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright:
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort,
Had handled been before;
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dream'd, when he sat out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern,
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done;
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he,
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view;
How in a trice the turnpike men,
Their gates wide open flew.

And now as he went bowing down,
His reeking head full low;
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd:
For all might see the bottle-neck,
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols did he play;
And till he came unto the Wash,
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about,
On both sides of the way;
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife,
From balcony espied;
Her tender husband, wond'ring much,
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd,
Said Gilpin—so am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit,
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house,
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to,
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will;
Till at his friend's the calendrer's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calendrer, amaz'd to see,
His neighbour in such trim;
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him.

What news! what news! your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the calendrer,
In merry guise he spoke.

I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode;
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The calendrer, right glad to find,
His friend in merry pin;
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus shew'd his ready wit;
My head is twice as big as your's,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may,
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare;
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass,
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he,
Had heard a lion roar:
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away,
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw,
Her husband posting down;
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown.

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell;
This shall be your's when you bring back,
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet,
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done;
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away,
Went post-boy at his heels;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss,
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly;
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

Stop thief! stop thief! —a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way,
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again,
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Scarce Articles in a Republic.

GEORGE the First of England, having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journeys, determined to avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine summer's day; and while the servants were changing the horses, and stowing his baggage in the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs; which having eaten, he inquired what he had to pay for them. "Two hundred florins," was the reply; "How!" cried the astonished monarch, "why so? eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys."—"No," replied the landlord, "but kings are."

Death and Character of Henry VI.

HENRY the Sixth was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alleged that he was assassinated by the duke of Gloucester; while some moderns affirm that he died of grief and vexation. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible to affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune; so that we should not expect him to have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. The suddenness of his death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, it being immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive; and the suspicion of his dying a violent death is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous and unrelenting.

Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who without any other princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty and revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College at Cambridge.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures; and next day sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred; but it was afterward removed, by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

A Comical Incident.

AT the time of the dreadful plague in London, in 1665, in the midst of the calamitous scene which was then exhibited, an incident happened of the comic kind. A bag-piper, who happened to be excessively overcome with liquor, fell down in the street, and there lay asleep. In this condition, he was found early the next morning; and being supposed to be a person who had died of the plague, was accordingly taken up, and thrown into a cart, and carried away amongst some dead bodies. At last the honest piper awaked out of his sleep; and it being about day-break, and he being musically disposed, not knowing his situation, began very briskly to play up a tune; which so surprised the fellows that drove the cart, who could see nothing distinctly, that they betook themselves to their heels in a great fright, and swore they had taken up the devil in the disguise of a dead man.

Droll Mistake.

A COUNTRYMAN being in London, a friend of his there undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable, and deserved observation. One day he told him that he would shew him Bedlam: it was accordingly agreed upon; but instead of that, he carried him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him that it was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then that the house was breaking up; and the door being presently opened, the countryman, to his great amazement, saw several of the members hasting towards it.—Upon this he immediately took to his heels, and ran as it were for his life; when being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast, "Oh!" cries he, "for the Lord's sake don't stop me; yonder's Bedlam open, and all the madmen are loose and coming out."

A Fact.

A LONDON rider, at Exeter, left his dog in the stable, by his horse; the yard-dog took offence at him, and beat him; upon which the former dog set out for London, and brought down another dog of his acquaintance to revenge his cause.

Dumb Motions.

IN Italy, a lover, at a ball, places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "You are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies "I consent." But if she turns her hand, it is to order him to be off. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only *indifference.* To place yourself near her, is *interest*; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, and to make her shine by your anxiety, is *love.*

The Ministerial Ten Commandments.

Thou shalt not read!

Thou shalt not know what o'clock it is!

Thou shalt not put powder upon thy pate!

Thou shalt not look through thy window upon the sun!

Thou shalt not ride to take the air!

Thou shalt not yoke Dobbin to thy plough!

Thou shalt not cherish thy faithful dog!

Thou shalt not associate with thy neighbours!

Thou shalt not murmur!

Thou *shalt* put a *red coat* upon thy back, to defend and enforce these, and many others, my *just* commandments.

To these we may add an *eleventh*:—Thou shalt worship no other Minister but me—for I am a *jealous* Minister, and visit the *sins* of the *fathers* upon the *children*, even unto the *fiftieth* generation.

A laudable Instance of Avarice.

A FRENCH priest, whose name was Gadinch, went for a long time by the name of Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by the skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheimes, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, received him with contempt wherever he went. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life—his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long experienced the wants of the poor in the city; particularly, in having no water, but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Morning Chronicle, 9th Jan. 1788.

Crooked Horns.

MRS. MARY DAVIES, when 20 years of age, had an excrescence grow upon her head, resembling a wen, which continued thirty years, and then grew into two horns. Her print is to be seen in Dr. Leigh's Natural History of Lancashire, &c. The inscription signifies that her portrait was taken in 1668, in the 72d year of her age; that the excrescence continued thirty years before it grew into horns; that after four years she cast them, then grew two more, and in about four years she cast them also. The horns which were upon her head in 1668, were of four years growth, and were then loose.

Brookes's Dictionary.

Root and Branch.

SARAH, duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family-meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth; and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more all the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

Powerful Preacher.

A CERTAIN reverend drone in the country preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

On seeing a Miser at a Concert.

MUSIC has charms to sooth the savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' opprest;
But Vauxhall concert's more attractive pow'r,
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore;
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse.

A Casuistical Division.

THREE gentlemen being to sup at a tavern, one of them wished for partridges: a brace was brought, and he who had ordered them was requested to divide them; which he accordingly did, by taking one to his own plate, and leaving the other for his friends. "Stop," cried one of them, "this is an unequal division."—"Not so," replied he, "there is one for *you two*, and one for *me too*."

Account of an extraordinary large Elephant brought from Persia.

OF all the brute creation, there are few of which we hear more extraordinary things than of the elephant; many of which seem to argue this animal to be, as the poet expresses it, a half-reasoning one: some of these may possibly be false; but there is one concerning an old elephant, brought from Persia to Naples, which, as it is related by such a person as the Abbe Nollet, may perhaps be thought worthy of the attention of the curious reader.

This monstrous creature was sent from Persia, as a present to the Grand Signior, and by him presented to the king of the Two Sicilies; it arrived at Naples in October, 1740, and died in the beginning of the year 1755 After describing his shape and size, he says the skin, after being taken off, weighed 1192 pounds, or seventy-four stone and a half, avoirdupoise weight. He usually went to sleep on his side at sun-set; and, after sleeping three or four hours, awaked to feed: after having fed enough, he went directly to sleep again, and generally continued to sleep till sun-rise. He ate up every day one hundred and ten pounds of the dry straw of millet, eleven pounds and a half of new bread, and fourteen ounces of sugar mixed with as many of butter, which was inclosed in two loaves, of one pound each, and which they put whole into his mouth; but during the first twenty-one days of April, instead of the dry straw, they gave him daily four or five hundred pounds of green barley. For some time after his arrival at Naples, they made him drink every day about two quarts of brandy, for assisting digestion, and probably to atone for the difference between the climate of Naples and that of his native country; but instead of the brandy, they afterwards substituted two bolusses, the size of a nutmeg each, composed of thirty-three different sorts of drugs, of such a hot nature, that one of the bolusses would have killed a man of the strongest constitution; yet this creature could not bear to be deprived of them, without becoming very uneasy, and losing its rest.

As to his usual drink, it was otherwise nothing but common water, of which he drank four hundred quarts per day in winter, and in summer he went as far as nine hundred, which he drank at three different hours, and each time at five, six, ten, or a dozen different draughts, by pumping or sucking up the water with his trunk, carrying it to his mouth, and swallowing it at two or three gulps.

This elephant appeared to be susceptible of every passion: it shewed gratitude and affection to those who had the care of it, seemed as if it hugged them with its trunk, and was so docile as to obey them with the greatest readiness. They observed that he had a fondness for a sheep, fell pretty often into a fit of melancholy, and had an extreme dread of pain, which made him take every imaginable precaution against being hurt.

In the spring of every year he began to rut, or became proud, when it was more difficult to govern him, and he even neglected his food. He was subject to cholics and distempers in his legs, which his keeper understood, and cured them in the same way as they do other animals, but with great difficulty, for he was far from being a submissive patient, as they could not make him take any thing he did not incline to.

What was very singular in an animal of such a prodigious size and strength, whatever state and condition he was in, he was never heard to utter any sort of sound or bellowing, only a sort of blowing; yet this he modulated in such a manner, that his keepers could judge what he meant to express.

Account of the Hottentots, and the Dutch at the Cape of Good-Hope.

THE Hottentots are the native inhabitants of the country around the Cape; they are free; they are not robbers; they do not sell their children, nor do they attempt to enslave each other. Among them adultery is punished with death; the culprit is stoned. Some of them let themselves as houshold servants, for a piastre a year, and serve the inhabitants with so much affection, as to hazard their lives for them. They are constantly armed with a demi-lance or dart.

The government at the Cape seems to make a point of protecting the Hottentots. When they lodge a complaint against an European, they are favourably heard: it being presumed, that the party known to have the fewest desires and fewest wants, is the most likely to be in the right.

I have seen many of them come into the town, driving waggons drawn by eight pair of oxen. They have whips of a great length, which they use with both hands. The driver, from his seat, flogs with equal address the fore or wheel horses.

The Hottentots are a pastoral people; they are all upon a footing; but in each village they choose from among themselves, two men, to whom they give the title of captain or corporal; these manage their commercial business with the company. They sell their flocks very cheap; so cheap even as three or four sheep for a roll of tobacco. Although they have such numbers of cattle, they generally wait till they die by accident, or of old age, before they eat them.

Those whom I saw, had a sheep skin over their shoulders; a cap and belt of the same stuff. They shewed me how they lay to rest, which was naked, at their length upon the ground, and their cloak served to cover them. They are not so black as the negroes; like them, however, they have a flat nose, wide mouth, and thick lips. Their hair is shorter and more curly, like wool. I have observed something very particular in their speech—every word is preceded by a clack of the tongue, which, without doubt, occasioned the name of Choccoquas to be given them; which name they have, in some old maps by Monsieur de L' Isle. One would really think they continually repeated Choccoq.

Besides their slaves, and the Hottentots, the Dutch retain indented servants. They are Europeans, to whom the Company advance money, and whom the inhabitants take home with them, having first paid the government their disbursements.

They are chiefly employed to superintend household matters. They are diligent enough at first, but good living makes them idle.

The people at the Cape do not game nor do they visit much. The women look after their servants and houses, the furniture of which is always in the nicest order. The husband conducts the business abroad. In the evening the family assemble, they walk, and take the air as soon as the breeze is at an end. The same business and the same pleasures, are repeated daily.

The utmost harmony prevails among relations. My hostess' brother was a peasant of the Cape, who came seventy leagues from hence. This man hardly ever spoke, and was continually seated, smoking his pipe. He had a little boy with him ten years old, who constantly attended him. The father put his hand to his cheek, and caressed him without opening his lips; the child, silent as his father, pressed his great hands in his own, looking up to him with eyes expressive of the most filial tenderness. This little boy wore the country habit—he had a cousin in the house of his own age, who was very genteely dressed; these

children used to walk out together with the greatest intimacy. The little citizen did not look with contempt on the peasant—he was his cousin.

It was this magistrate's delight when he came home from business, to see himself among his children. They jumped round his neck; the little ones embraced his knees; they appealed to him in their disputes—whilst the eldest daughter, excusing some—approving others—and smiling upon all, redoubled the joy of the truly parental heart of her father.

London Magazine, Nov. 1775.

Scarce Articles.

SINCERITY—in patriotism.
Honour—among Attornies.
Friendship—without interest.
Love—without deceit.
Charity—without ostentation.
Honesty—in Parish Officers.
Fair play—among Gamblers.
Beauty—without pride.
An Advocate—without a fee.
A Parson—practising what he professes.
A Fashionable Man—without foppery.
A Fashionable Woman—without paint.
A sanctified look—without hypocrisy.
A Prude—without incontinence.
A Blustering Man—without cowardice.
A Subaltern Officer—with money.
Opposition—without sinister views.
Administration—inattentive to private interests.

A Promising Youth.

CONCERNING the late earl of ——— who when young was remarkable for cajoling his creditors with a future pay-day, it was observed by one of his friends, that it was a pity that fortune should neglect so *promising* a young gentleman.

Heroic Painter

VERNET, the famous painter, was so attached to his profession, that he used to make voyages in bad weather on purpose to see the sky and ocean in picturesque perturbation. One day the storm was so violent that the ship's crew were in great consternation. Vernet desired a sailor to bind him to the mast. When every one was crying and praying, Vernet, with his eyes now upon the lightning, and now upon the mountainous waves, continued to exclaim, "How fine this is!"

The Miser's Feast.

HIS chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out, Fire.

Appropriate Recommendation.

IN a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article:—"Memoirs of Charles the First, with *a head capitally executed.*"

Dean Swift's Curate.

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast that few were minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run:
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit,
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

Trial of Wit.

A PERSON abusing another in the presence of Churchill, said, he was so insufferably dull, that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "*did you ever try him?*"

A Play Bill.

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By his Majesty's Company of Comedians.

(The last night, because the company go to-morrow to Waterford.)

On Saturday, May 14th, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metrapolish, for the benefit of *Mr. Kearns*,

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan. Hayes of Limerick, and insarted in Shakspeare's Works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character) who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time

Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favorite airs in character; particularly "The Lass of Richmond-hill," and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Reverend Mr. Dibdin's Oddities.

The parts of the king and queen, by directions of the Rev. father O' Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added, an Interlude, in which will be introduced several slight of hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor Hunt.

The whole to end with the Farce of

MAHOMET THE IMPOSTOR.

Mahomet by Mr. Kearns.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle-street.

*** The value of the ticket, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c. as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public.

☞ No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

Female Benevolence.

THAT intelligent and unfortunate traveller, Ledyard, pays a very sincere and animated tribute of gratitude to the female sex, even in the most barbarous and uncivilized countries, for their benevolent and hospitable attention to the forlorn stranger. Mr. Park, who has been in a similar situation with Ledyard, mentions the following anecdote, in the short account of his travels:

Mr. Park, one evening, in travelling along the banks of the Niger, was overtaken with a storm of thunder and rain, which drove him to a tree for shelter. As night approached, a poor Negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, observed that he was wet, weary, and dejected, and, taking up his saddle and bridle, told him to follow her. She led him to her cottage, where she regaled him with an excellent supper of fish, and corn for his horse; after which she spread a mat on the floor for his night's repose. Having done these kind offices, she called in the female part of the family, who spun cotton for the greater part of the night, and relieved their labour by songs. One of them, which was sung in a sweet plaintive air, must have been composed extempore, as the literal translation of the words is as follows:

"The winds roared and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." Chorus: "Let us pity the white man; he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn."

Will of Miss Gibson, a Maiden Lady of Hampstead.

THIS lady's will is of the most singular nature:—Two female relatives, full of grief, and next of kin, attended the funeral ceremony, not without hopes that the will would dispel grief, and render their future life joyful; yet, sad to tell, the expected legacy terminated in—one solitary shilling each! To her servants, man and wife, her bounty has been munificent:—to the woman she bequeaths ten thousand pounds, but deprives the husband of reaping any benefit from it:—to their son she has left one thousand pounds, with the principal of his mother's legacy, after her death: to the husband, who acted in the double capacity of coachman and footman, one thousand pounds, with the furniture, &c. on condition only, that, with her two favorite coach horses, he drives her remains to the place of interment; then with the greatest care and tenderness, bring them back again to Hampstead; but, after this journey, and allowing them a day of rest, his whole legacy to become null and void, if he does not see them both shot the next day, and buried in a hole made on purpose. This last part of the will was punctually executed, adjoining Miss Gibson's late residence at Hampstead.

Singular Manner of Marrying in China.

A MAN cannot live unmarried to the age of twenty in China, without becoming the object of ridicule: but then the consent of the parties is never asked. Their parents or guardians enter into a contract when the boy and girl are infants; and when they arrive at years of maturity, the young gentleman sends the lady a present suitable to her quality; a splendid cavalcade is made; the bride is conveyed to the house of her spouse, who never sees her till she enters his doors; then he unlocks the chair that brings her; and if he does not like her, he is at liberty to return her to her friends that moment, provided he is willing to lose the presents that have been made her, with which he may be said to have purchased his wife; for he never receives any fortune with her. The lady, however, has not the like option:—if her husband will keep her, she is not allowed to retreat, how much soever he proves to be her aversion, and though he may have several other wives and concubines.

When the man has once received his wife, he cannot turn her off, unless it be for adultery, or some notorious crime: but in these cases he may sell her, and purchase another with the money. As to the common people, they seem to be so much ashamed of living single, after the age at which the custom of their country allows them to marry; or they have such a strong propensity towards matrimony, that they will sometimes consent to become slaves, on condition they may have a slave in the family for a wife, when they are not in circumstances to purchase one.

Election Anecdote.

A GENTLEMAN who canvassed for a surgeoncy at the Bristol infirmary, waited upon a grocer who happened to be a subscriber, and, making his bow, as is usual on these occasions, said, "Sir, I have taken the liberty of troubling you, to request that you would———" at which moment perceiving, by the stern brow of the grocer, that he was about to receive a plump refusal, with great promptitude the applicant changed his tone, and instead of soliciting his vote, ended his sentence with "*weigh me a pennyworth of plums!*" and laid the money on the counter.

Tom Long, Smith, the Doctor.

HODGE, a poor honest country lout,
Not over-stock'd with learning,
Chanc'd on a summer's eve to meet
The Vicar home returning:

"Ah! Master Hodge," the Vicar said,
"What still as wise as ever!
"The people in the village say
"That you are wond'rous clever."

"Why, Master Parson, as to that,
"I beg you'll right conceive me,
"I donna brag—but still I know
"A thing or two, believe me."

"I'll try your skill," the Vicar said,
"For learning what digestion,
"Which soon you'll prove it right or wrong,
"By solving me a question.

"Noah of old three babies had,
"Or grown up children rather;
"Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,
"Now who was Japhet's father?"

"Ad zooks!" cry'd Hodge, and scratch'd his head,
"That does my wits belabour;
"But homeward howsome'er I'll run,
"And ax old Giles, my neighbour."

To Giles he went and put the case,
With circumspect intention:
"Thou fool!" cry'd Giles, "I'll make it clear
"To thy dull comprehension.

"Three children has Tom Long the smith,
"Or cattle doctor rather;
"Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are call'd,
"Now who is Harry's father?"

"Ad rat it," honest Hodge replies,
"Right well I know your lingo—
"Who's Harry's father?—stop—here goes,
"Why Tom Long, smith, by jingo!"—

Away he ran to meet the priest
With all his might and main,
Who, with good humour, instant put
The question once again:

"Noah of old three babies had,
"Or grown-up children rather;
"Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,
"Now who was Japhet's father?"—

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cries,
"I'll answer like a proctor,—
"Who Japhet's father?—now I know—
"Why Tom Long, smith, the doctor!"

On a great House adorned with Statues,

THE walls are thick, the servants thin;
The god's without, the devil within.

A crowded House.

A MIGHTY jumble stuck together,
Thick as peas in summer weather;
Formed in motley groupes they sit,
In boxes, gallery, and pit.

Ladies fine enough to tempt ye,
Dashing wigs, and heads quite empty.
Runners, bailiffs, all in trade;
Bond-street beaux of both afraid.

Hangmen, publicans, and footmen,
Rogues, who nightly rob and shoot men;
Noble, single, all conditions,
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians.

Scots beneath a thread-bare cover;
Aldermen who live in clover—
Females red, fair, brown, and black,
With naked arms, and shortened back.

Handsome, ugly, noisy, still—
Some that won't—and more that will.
Many a bargain, if you strike it—
A London audience—"how d'ye like it!"

Sportsman's Distress.

I'VE lost my friend, my dog and wife,
Sav'd only horse and purse;
Yet when I think on human life,
Thank heaven 'tis no worse.
My friend was sickly, poor, and old,
Was peevish, blind, and crippled;
My wife was ugly, and a scold,
And I rather think she tippled.
My dog was faithful, fond, and true,
In sporting gave me pleasure;
I shou'dn't care for t'other two,
If I had sav'd this treasure.

Symptoms of an Epicure.

QUIN was so great an epicure, that he made frequent journies to Bath, purposely to eat John Dorey. He arrived one night at eleven, went to bed without supper, and ordered his servant to get a good dish of John Dorey, and call him at nine in the morning. At nine next morning the servant knocked at his door.—"Who's there?" says Quin. "It's me, Sir!" "Well, what d'ye say?" "There will be no John Dorey up to day."—"The devil there won't—then call me at nine to-morrow morning."

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

A BRACE of sinners, for no *good*,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine;
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel;*
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes,
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its pow'rs exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat.*

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes to go and pray;
But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been *shot.*

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live *for ever.*

In coming back however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue, about half way;
Hobbling with outstretched bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber?"—
"Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke:*
"My feet, once hard as any rock,
"Are now as soft as *blubber.*"

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
"As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
"No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
"For damme if I ha'nt lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain,
"How 'tis that you are not in pain;
"What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes,
"Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,
"Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
"Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
"Merry, as if that nought had happened, burn ye?"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must *know*,
"That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
"To walk a little more at ease,
"I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

Date of the Term Guinea, and why so called.

IN King Charles the Second's time, when Sir Robert Holmes, of the Isle of Wight, brought gold dust from the coast of Guinea, a guinea first received its name from that country.

Cain's Banishment.

CAIN in disgrace with Heav'n, retired to Nod,
A place no doubt as far removed from God
As Cain could wish—which makes some think he went
As far as Scotland e'er he pitch'd his tent,
And there a city built of ancient fame,
Which he from Eden, Edinburgh did name.

A new mode of settling a Shot.

FOUR genteely-dressed sharpers went to a reputable inn near Kennington, where they ordered an excellent dinner, and were very liberal in calling for wine. They at last rung for the bill; the waiter came up with it, when they rose one after another, each his hand in his pocket, quarrelling with each other who should treat, each swearing he would pay for the rest; at last one proposed to toss up for it, which the remainder refused. It was then proposed to hood-wink the waiter, and the company to dance around him without shoes, and the first who was caught should pay, to which the waiter consented. The dance lasted for a little time, till the waiter, not hearing the feet of his good friends, pulled down the handkerchief, and began *to open his eyes*, their persons, like their purses, being *invisible.*

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckoned,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport;
He soon perceived his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale;
"My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
"You snore so loud, you'll wake the king."

Curious Hoax. 1810.

THE neighbourhood of Bedford-street, Covent Garden, was the scene of much confusion. Some wag had taken the trouble of going to different tradespeople, and ordered various articles of furniture, and of other descriptions, to be sent to the house of Mr. Griffith, an apothecary in that street. At an early hour in the morning, carpets, boxes of candles, articles of household furniture, &c. were sent. The family being out of town, and no person but the maid servant at home, she of course refused to receive them; the consequence was, that the porters were obliged to take up their loads and walk home again, amidst the jeers of an immense concourse of people, assembled to witness this curious hoax. Fresh arrivals in the course of the day induced the crowd still to remain; among these arrivals were a patent mangle, an enormous large rocking-horse, three waggon loads of coal, &c. At length, to complete the joke, at the dining hour arrived *eight post chaises*, from different parts of the country, with some of the most intimate friends of Mr. Griffith, all anxious, having received cards of invitation for that purpose, to taste his poultry and game, but the populace made *game* of them, and disappointment being the order of the day, the horses' heads were turned and the guests departed, amidst the loud cheers of the spectators. The arrivals of goods continued till a late hour in the evening.

The Coronation Oath

THE archbishop or bishop shall say,

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same?"

The king and queen shall say,

"I solemnly promise so to do."

Archbishop or Bishop. "Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

King and Queen. "I will"

Archbishop or Bishop. "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them, or any of them?"

King and Queen. "All this I promise to do."

After this, the king and queen, laying his and her hand upon the Holy Gospels, shall say,

"The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God."

Curious Wager.

A WAGER was contended for in Chapel-field, Norwich. Two men undertook to eat two dumplings, with their hands tied behind them, before a third could run round the field. The dumpling-eaters (of the true Norfolk breed no doubt) compassed their engagement before the runner could the field: but it being proved that one, having done first, assisted the other, the wager was not determined, on the objection that each man was to eat his own dumpling.

Anecdote.

WHEN Garrick was last at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French theatre. Our Roscius, being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered, that he would do as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick; he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Drugger, palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville! He whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and would have drove off without him, had not Preville called out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room!

Curious Circumstance.

A JEW delivered to the guard of a western stage, as the coach was passing out of Exeter, a turkey, addressed to a friend; the guard, availing himself of its not being booked, by the way of *sheuting Moshes* tore off the direction, and offered it to sale at Salisbury: the person, however, who made the purchase, on examining the turkey, found an Hebrew letter, with three gold rings and some jewels in the body of it: the letter was sent to a Jew in the town to translate, when it appeared that the Israelite had hit upon this as the safest mode to convey the inclosed valuables to his friend, which were thus only preserved by the integrity of the person who bought the turkey. He immediately sent it to its original place of destination, according to the superscription of the Hebrew letter.

Epigram.

O LET me die in peace! Eumenes cried,
To a hard creditor at his bed-side,
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you sha'nt die till I am paid.

The Empty Gun.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me, Dick smartly cries,
"Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend replies.

Philosophic Pun.

DOCTOR Hough, some time since bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a very large company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to show him a curious weather-glass which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it in; but in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it to pieces. The company were all a little deranged at the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear sir," said the bishop smiling, "I think it is rather a lucky omen: we have hitherto had a dry season and I hope we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so *low*."

Humourous Anecdote.

DR. MONSEY was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bug-bear that drove him to risk his money on troublesome securities, and ultimately produced heavy losses. He used to speak feelingly of a Welch parson and a London attorney.

The doctor was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes; bureaus and strong boxes, he was conscious had often failed in security. Previous to a journey to Norfolk, to visit his brother and friends, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to a considerable amount in that unusual situation, in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman (as he always called his housekeeper) preparing to treat a friend or two with a cup of tea; and by way of shewing respect to her guests, the parlour (or master's sitting room) fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had not long been lighted, when her master arrived at the critical moment.

When the doctor entered the room the company had scarcely began tea; he ran across the room like a mad man, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me for ever: you have burned all my bank-notes!"—First went the contents of the slop-bason, then the tea-pot, then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who in the utmost consternation, got out of the way as speedy as possible.

His housekeeper, afterwards Mrs Marriot, cried out, "For God's sake sir, forbear; you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons." "D—n the irons, you, your company and all! (replied the doctor) you have ruined and undone me for ever; you have burned my bank-notes."

"Lord, sir, (said the half-drowned woman) who'd think of putting bank-notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" "And (resumed he) who'd think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for these several months?"

He then pulled out all the coals and cinders, and at one corner he found the remains of his bank-notes, for being twice folded, one quarter of them so doubled, wrapped in brown paper, was entire, so as to be legible.

Next day Dr. Monsey went to lord Godolphin's, told his lordship the story, producing the remains of the notes, and with such energetic gestures in acting the part of finding them, as greatly diverted the noble lord. He told the doctor, however, that he would go with him to the bank the next day, and get the cash for him through his influence, and would be collateral security for the doctor's integrity and honesty as to their value.

Lord Godolphin having occasion to see the King that day on business, told his Majesty the story of Monsey and his bank-notes. Being well acquainted with the doctor's strange character, the King resolved to go to lord Godolphin's next morning, and conceal himself in a closet. When Monsey came, it was agreed, that lord Godolphin should ask him to repeat the story, which, upon his arrival, lord Godolphin effected with much difficulty. His Majesty was so highly diverted, that, in attempting to stifle the mirth it excited, and to withdraw unperceived, he stumbled, and the closet-door opened.

The doctor was much chagrined with lord Godolphin for running the laugh on him, and just broke out "G—d"——when his Majesty appeared, and on seeing him, the doctor

continued: "bless your Majesty! this may be a joke with you and his lordship, but with me a loss of near four hundred pounds."

"No, no, (replied lord Godolphin) for I am ready to go with you immediately, and get your notes renewed, or the money for them."

Lord Godolphin ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attend.

The doctor being obliged to go to the Horse Guards, on business, took water at Whitehall for the Bank. In going down the river, his curiosity excited him to pull out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe; when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river.

"Put back, you sons of b——! put back—(says the doctor) my bank notes are overboard!"

He was instantly obeyed, and when they reached them, he took his hat and dipped it in the water, inclosing the notes and a hat-full of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. He was landed at the Three Cranes, walked straight to the Bank, and was shewn into the room where lord Godolphin had just before arrived, and had given notice of Dr. Monsey's coming ——"What have you under your arm?" says lord Godolphin: "the damned notes," replied the doctor, throwing his hat with the contents on the table, among all their books and papers; and with such a force, as to scatter the water in the faces of all who were standing near it. "There (said the doctor) take the remainder of your d——d notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

The Doctor and his Patient.

SLEPT you well? 'Very well.' My draught did good,
"It did no harm, for yonder it hath stood."

Traveller's Anecdotes.

TO prove the garrulity of some travellers, we state the following fact: A young man, some time back, arrived at an inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length, he rang the bell, and, upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order nearly as follows: "Waiter!" the waiter replied, "Sir." "I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house. I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir."—"In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax; and let me know what time the post goes out. Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed. Order the chamber-maid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets *is* well aired, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned, and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning. Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in; I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town."—The waiter answered, "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and, amongst the rest, he wanted him; and that was all he could recollect.

Humorous Anecdote of Dr. W——, of Camden Town, near London.

THIS Rev. Clergyman, so well known for his researches into the original Greek texts of the Evangelists, and not more distinguished for his extensive learning, than for his propensity to those amusements which characterized Parson Adams, recently related the following anecdote of himself to a select circle of his friends The conversation happened to turn on the folly of some men's wives; upon which, said the doctor, I will give you an instance of the folly of mine, and, I am persuaded, you must acknowledge it exceeds every thing you ever heard of. He thus proceeded:—"You must know that some time ago the Bishop of London was contemplating a translation of the four Gospels, and it occurred to his lordship that he might probably derive some advantage by consulting me upon the subject. I need not tell how much attached I am to my pipe, nor what irresistible charms I find in a game at skittles.

"Now I happened to be enjoying both my favourite amusements at the Wheat Sheaf, when his lordship ordered his carriage, and repairing to my house, inquired whether I was at home? Mrs. W——, instead of absolutely denying me, as a sensible woman ought to have done, immediately said I was at the Wheat Sheaf. The Bishop naturally thought the Wheat Sheaf might be some corn chandler's, where I was disposing of my tithe corn, or the produce of my glebe land. He said to the coachman, 'John, do you know where the Wheat Sheaf is?' 'O yes, my lord,' replied John.—'Well, drive there.' John obeyed, and in a few minutes the carriage stopped at the ale-house, where I was in the height of my glory. The Bishop stared at the appearance of the place, as well he might. However he alighted, and asked the landlord whether one Dr. W—— was there? 'Always at this hour (returned *boniface*), you'll find him in the skittle ground.' 'The skittle ground! (muttered his lordship as he advanced), what can he be doing there?'

"He soon discovered me in the midst of the *profanum vulgus*, who were attending minutely to the circumstances of the gymnastic game. I was the hero of the contest, and was unluckily, at that precise moment, in the very act of endeavouring to tip all nine. I was stooping down with my pipe in my mouth, the skirts of my coat tucked under my left arm, and a bowl in my right hand; my wig a little awry. I was aiming at the middle pin; I exclaimed, '*Well, here goes at the head of the Church!*'—before the bowl had well quitted my grasp, the Bishop tapped me on the shoulder, saying, 'What, Doctor, is it you?' I looked round, and became petrified as if I had seen the Gorgon's head, could not speak for some time, but at last stammered, 'Yes, my lord, it is I.'—'I am surprised to see you in such a place,' added his lordship.—'And I am equally astonished at seeing your lordship: but you must know, my lord, that I am afflicted with a pain in the chest, attended at times with a difficulty of utterance. Your lordship may easily perceive how I am affected at this moment.' 'I do perceive it, indeed,' rejoined the Church dignitary. I continued, 'for this complaint my physicians ordered me to use the exercise in which you see me employed, and they tell me I shall derive great benefit from it.' The Bishop turned upon his heel, and left me with this remark—'Proceed, good doctor, with your game; I wish you all the *benefit* from it your physicians have promised you; but I am afraid it will never be the means of procuring you a *benefice*.'"

A Chinese Anecdote.

THE last Emperor of China was one of the greatest monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the rigour and strictness of his justice; but he was warm in his pursuits of pleasure, and impatient of interruption, when his mind was intent upon it. The viceroy of one of the provinces of that vast empire that lay most remote from the imperial city, had wrongfully confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to the most extreme misery. The poor man found means to travel as far as to the Emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant in prison; but he had the good fortune to escape, and went once more to the capital, where he cast himself at the Emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved, and the reason he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The Emperor, who had been stopped by this complaint, as he was going with much haste to dine in the apartment of a favourite lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion. I can do no more than send my commands; and if he refuses to obey them, put thy foot upon his neck. I implore your Majesty's compassion, replied the merchant, holding fast the Emperor's robe, his power is too mighty for my weakness, and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined. The Emperor had, by this time, recollected himself; and raising the merchant from the ground, said, "You are in the right; to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding; with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you Viceroy in his stead. For since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me.

An Epigram.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not,
But take his word for't; Hal's not worth a groat.

Anecdote of a Counsellor famed for his Eloquence and Covetousness.

A CERTAIN counsellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause he undertook, provided his client could pay well, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader so dexterously managed, that he saved the rogue from the gallows; and the client, to shew his gratitude to his good friend, soon as freed hastened to his house, and presented him with a thousand crowns. The counsellor, in return to so generous a client, solicited the favour of his company to supper; and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony bound and gagged him, re-pocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, in which he found plenty of silver and gold, with which (after wishing him a good night) he marched off in triumph.—If we screen a villain (at the expense of our conscience) from law and justice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.

How difficult to please.

ONCE on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd break:
Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass;
Forth from the throng, the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
"This the respect to reverend age you shew?
"And this the duty you to parents owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
"Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
"Sure, never was brute beast so void of nature!
"Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
"To your own baby can you be unkind?
"Here!—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."

Old Dapple next the clowns' compassion claim'd;
"'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't asham'd.
"Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!
"They might as well have carry'd he at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount and bear the ass—Then what a noise!
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire these words provoke:
"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,
"Vain his attempt, who strives to please them all!"

Epigram.

AS a west-country mayor, with formal address
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess;
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with invet'rate spleen,
"Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgin-queen;
"But your majesty's courage has made it appear,
That, the Don had ta'en the wrong *sow* by the ear."

On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit,
In hieroglyphic dress;
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts;
Place figures in a room at Bath,
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

The Will of John Hedges, Esq. Secretary to his Royal Highness, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

THIS fifth of May,
Being airy and gay,
To hyp not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother;
But because I foresaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for a share,
Which I no wise intended,
Till their manners were mended,
(And God knows there's no sign;)
I do therefore enjoin,
And strictly command,
(Of which witness my hand,)
That nought I have got
Be brought to hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dearest brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother, JOHN HEDGES

French Convention.

A LETTER from the representatives of the people, Bourbotte, Tureau, and Prieur, dated Mans, Dec. 12, was read, containing a dreadful account of the slaughter and defeat of the royalists, with the loss of all their treasure. The letter proceeds:

"Their banners, their crosses, and relics of all sorts, were left on the field of battle. We are going to collect them and send them to you, that the people may be apprized of the means employed to deceive them.

"The citizens of Mans received our soldiers as their deliverers. The cavalry is still in pursuit of the enemy. This action is one of the most decisive for the cause of liberty. We send you a list of the famous relics taken from the rebels. 1. The head of St. Charles Borromu. 2. Blessed stuffs, found in the shrine of St. Denis. 3. Papers to prove that the relics of St. Vincent are genuine. 4. A tooth of the lower jaw of St. Vincent. 5. A bit of the head and the hair of St. Guignblot. 6. A piece of the robe of the Holy Virgin. 7. A piece of the frock of the infant Jesus. 8. The skull of St. Sebastian. 9. The grid-iron of St. Laurence. 10. A piece of the true cross. 11. Two vials of the milk of the most Holy Virgin."

The perusal of this list produced much laughter. Barrere proceeded: "I must add, that at Cholet, a republican of thirteen years of age, who had already fought for liberty, and maintained an aged mother, being surrounded by the rebels, preferred death, to surrendering two horses he had with him." (Loud applauses.)—The Convention decreed a pension to the mother.

On Mr. Churchill's Death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead;
Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
Old Rancour the report hath spread,
But Genius cannot die.

Patronage.

THE late earl of Chesterfield was universally esteemed the Mæcenas of the age in which he lived. Dr. Johnson addressed the plan of his Dictionary of the English Language to him, on that account; his lordship endeavoured to be grateful by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper intitled The World, conducted by Mr. Moore and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to lord Chesterfield, which happened by a mistake of the porter; and just before the work was finished, on Mr. Moore's expressing his surprise that Dr. Johnson did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship, the lexicographer declared he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore should not make him his patron. "Pardon me, sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his lordship for the two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance."—"You quite mistake the thing," returned Johnson, "I confess no obligation. I feel my own dignity, sir; I have made a commodore Anson's voyage round the whole world of the English language; and while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fine sun-shiny day, my lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Mr. Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman; but I cannot help thinking he is a lord among wits, and a wit among lords."

A First Appearance.

THE late duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade-night, he asked Foote, what *new character* he should go in. "*Go sober!*" said Foote.

Novel Term.

A WATCHMAN in beating his round, a few mornings ago, was sadly perplexed to find a proper character for the weather; for he was saluted by hail, rain, and snow, at the same time; he therefore made this sensible proclamation:—"Past four o'clock, *and a queer morning.*"

The Astronomer's Room.

ONE day I call'd, and, PHILO out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When, all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:—
Item, a bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night cap,
A spitting pot to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darned with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were filled with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-fines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
Was full as mad as he who read them;
An almanack of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
One corner held his books and chest.
And round the floor were strew'd the rest;
That all things might be like himself,
He'd neither closet; drawer, or shelf;
Here p-ss pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
Appeared like heterogeneous matter.
In ancient days the walls were white,
But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some square, some oval, and some round;
The antiquarian there may find,
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In short the room, the goods, and author,
Appear'd to be made one for t'other.

Appropriate Answer.

TWO gentlemen having rendered themselves famous, one for his fondness for the fair sex, and the other by his skill as a boxer, asked a Jew, if he knew who they were? "Yes," replied Smouch, "one is an AMOR-ITE, and the other a HIT-TITE."

Irish Giant.

THE remains of the largest person ever known in the kingdom of Ireland, at least since the days of Phil. Macoul, the famous Irish giant, were interred in the church-yard of Roseunallis in the Queen's county. The coffin, with its contents, weighed forty-six stone, which wants but six stone of six hundred. It was borne on a very long bier by thirty strong men, who were relieved at intervals. The name of this extraordinary person is said to have been Roger Byrne, who lived at or near Borros, in Ossory, and is reported to have died of no other disease but a suffocation, occasioned by an extremity of fat, that stopped the play of the lungs, and put a period to his life, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was seven stone heavier than the noted Bright, of Malden, who weighed thirty-eight stone nine pounds, and whose waistcoat inclosed seven large men.

Anecdote.

NOT long since, a gentleman near Birmingham, having occasion to see a friend, called at his house, and was told he was gone out: to save the trouble of calling again, he expressed a wish to see the mistress, but she also was gone out. That no time may be lost, he requested to see the young master, but he likewise was out. Wishing, however, not to go without accomplishing his business, on saying he would then walk in, and sit by the fire till one of them returned, he was told by *Pat*, "Indeed, sir, and you *can't, for that too is gone out!*"

Motto.

A CONSTANT frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "*Widened at the expense of the Corporation of London.*"

Eight useful Directions to Epicures, very proper to be read before going to all Anniversary Dinners.

1. Make it a rule to be early in your attendance; every epicure will allow that it is better to wait a little for dinner, than have the dinner spoiled by waiting for him.

2. Carefully inspect the bill of fare, that you may know what is coming, and be able to place yourself accordingly.

3. Seat yourself directly opposite to your favorite dish; in that case you will be able to help yourself to the nice cuts.

4. Help yourself plentifully at first, as it is a thousand to one whether you have a chance of a second plateful, and there may be some present who understand the *joint* as well as yourself.

5. Watch the eye of him who wishes to *hob* or *nob*, and ask him to drink a glass of wine with you. You *may* get drunk otherways, but not so expeditiously and politely.

6. If you wish to be very witty at the expense of any of the company, attack him after the second bottle; ten to one but he forgets it all before morning, or if not, you can plead that you had too much wine in your head.

7. Always join loudly in the chorus of a song; it opens the pores, and gives a particular relish to the wine.

8. In returning home, particularly if drunk, prefer riding on horseback: you may fall in the other way, but there is more spirit and effort in a fall from a horse; besides, you can always blame the horse who threw you off, although he was sober.

Epitaph.

HERE lies, alas! the more's the pity,
The sad remains of JOHN NEWCITY.

N. B. His name was NEWTOWN, but that would not have been a rhyme.

A Quotation applied to Miss Long, a little Lady.

WHERE any thing abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But when there's *little* of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?

If wives are evils, as 'tis known
And woefully confess'd,
The man who's wise will surely own
A *little* one is best.

The god of love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou too art *little*—fair as light,
And every thing in *short*.

Oh! happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song:
"Man wants but *little* here below,
But wants that little *Long*."

Patriotic Actors.

SOME years ago, one of the male convicts in Botany-Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause at the theatre in Port Jackson. Barrington, the noted pick-pocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two lines:

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We *left* our country, for our *country's good*.

Lines from Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, to Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Cumberland.

DEAR Noll and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
Tho' I here must confess that your meat and your wine,
Are not quite to my taste, tho' they're both very fine;
For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own,
Now there's nothing I hate so as drinking alone;
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars,
But for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors;
Your venison's delicious, tho' too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis;
So soon as you please, you may serve me your dish up,
But instead of your sherry, pray make me a *bishop!*

Curious Conversation.

A CURIOUS conversation lately took place on board a Margate hoy, which being overheard, occasioned no small merriment among the passengers. A gentleman, who was totally unacquainted with the customs in those vessels, remained on deck till all the cabins were doubly occupied, one excepted, in which was a lady.—He addressed himself to her:—"Pray, Madam, be so kind as to make room for me."—"Good God, Sir! you cannot come here; go to the other cabins."—"I have, Madam, and I find they are full."—"Sir, it is impossible to admit you here, for *I am undressed.*"—"Well, Madam, I scorn to take any advantage of you; I will therefore undress too!!"

Paradox.

FOUR people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho' none of them lost to th' amount of a penny.

Answer.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

No Connoisseur.

THE late lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him: "My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?" "Upon my word," replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur in *paintings.*"

Non-Freeman.

A PERSON who resides in Pall-Mall, happening to spend an evening in the city, was asked in his turn for a song; which he declined, alleging that any attempt of his would give no entertainment. "I have heard him sing," says a gentleman, "and he has an excellent voice."—"Whatever be in that," resumed the other, "as I am not a freeman, I have no *voice* in the city."

Epigram.

AT tea with some ladies a Newmarket squire,
Rose to hand round the toast, which long stood at the fire:
The touch burnt his fingers—he stamp'd and he swore,
And quitting his hold, dropp'd the whole on the floor.
The ladies all laugh'd, but young Turf cried elate—
"Well the *Heat* I have gain'd, though it seems lost the *Plate.*"

Subject of Surprise.

MR. (now lord) Erskine, being counsel for the plaintiff in an action for the infringement of a patent for buckles, expatiated with his usual eloquence on the improvement made on this manufacture. "What," said he, taking out his buckle and exhibiting it to the court; "what would my ancestors say, were they to rise out of their graves, and see me with such an ornament as this?"—"They would be surprised, I dare say," observed Mr. Mingay, "to see you with either *shoe or stocking.*"

The Mistake.

A CANNON-BALL, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.
Z—ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said,
His leg was off, and not his head.

The Wise Irishman and his Salad Oil.

PATRICK O'Blunder, a very sensible and cute Irishman, as my reader will find, came over from the county of Kilkenny to England, in order to get some service; and in a few days had the good fortune to be hired to Sir Jeremy Trueland, near Chester, who the next week after set out with his family for London, and when they came to town, the first day dinner was dressed according to Sir Jeremy's order, by a letter to a servant who was left in the house to take care of it; and, among other things, a fine salad was prepared to eat with a piece of roast beef; but when Sir Jeremy went to dress it, as he generally did himself, there happened to be no oil in the house, and the rest of the servants being all busy, he called his new Irish footman to go and fetch him some. "Here," says he, "you must go to some shop and get me a quart of eating oil, any body will tell you where you may have it." So away goes Patrick, and runs full drive into the first shop he could see, which happened to be a baker's: "I want," says he, "a quart of eating-oil for my master." "I do not sell oil," quoth the man. "Arrah," replied Patrick, "but then you can tell me where they do."—"Yes, says the baker, "I can do that," and going to the door, says he, "Here, friend, do you see yonder is a jar." "Well, a jar, and what is a jar?" quoth Patrick. "Why," quoth the baker, "do you see that great brown thing upon a post, that is a jar, and it is an oil shop, there you may have any sort of oil you want." So away goes Patrick, and runs staring into the oil-shop, as he had done before into the baker's; "Arrah, Sir," says he to the oil-man, "are you a jar?"—"A jar," quoth the man, "no, I am no jar, but there is a jar at the door, I suppose that is what you mean, what might you want pray?"—"Why," says Patrick, "I want a quart of eating oil for my master, and I was shent here for it."—"That you may have, Sir," replies the oil-man, "but what have you got to put it in?"—"Arrah, fait, nothing at all," quoth Teague, "but you may put it in a piece of paper."—"Paper!" cries the oil-man in a surprize, "you cannot carry it in paper, why it is a liquid."—"Arrah, well," replies Teague, "and what is that to you what it is, cannot you put it in a piece of paper as I desire you?" "Why," says the man to him again, "I tell you, you cannot carry it in a piece of paper, it will not hold it, (there he shewed some of it to Patrick to convince him) look you here," says he, "you cannot carry this in a paper, I believe; can you, do you think?" 'Fait," says Teague, "dat ish very true, but I can carry it in my hat though:"—"Oh, your hat," says the oilman, "ay, that is true, so you may, if you please."—"Fait and sho I will crush down de crown, and carry it wid my hat."—"Ay, do so," says the man, for he was willing to see the joke; and so down Patrick thrusts the crown of his hat, and into it the man pours the oil; and when this was done, the conveniency he had made would not hold above the half of it. "Well, quoth the oilman, "where will you put the rest?" Here, Patrick, after a little pause, finding his fingers in a cavity in the other side of his hat, turns it upside down in an instant. "O fait," says he, "put it in here; so in the man pours it directly, though ready to burst with laughing; and Patrick put his hat with one corner under his left arm; very well pleased with his contrivance, paid the man for his oil, and away he marches home as fast as he could, with the oil running down from the outside of his hat upon his clothes, to the very shoes of him. Just as he came to the door, his master, being at the parlour window, and seeing what condition he

was in with the oil in his hat, ran to the door in a great passion to meet him, and to prevent his coming into the parlour with it. "You rascal," says he, "how came you in that pickle? What have you in your hat?" "O fait, Sir," says Patrick, "but it is de oil that you sent me for." Teague speaking this so seriously, and so seemingly composed, it made his master ready to burst with laughter, though he was provoked at his ignorance to the greatest degree. "Why, you blockhead," says he, (for he now conceived Teague's contrivance,) "I bid you bring me a quart of oil, I am sure there cannot be a quart in your hat, what have you done with the rest?"—"Arrah, fait, Sir," replies Pat, "but I have got the rest o' the other side now;" so turning his hat upside down again (in the manner he had done before) spilt all the rest upon him; which unexpected turn of ingenuity, procured from his master, not only an immoderate fit of laughing, but also an absolute pardon for spoiling his clothes.*

The happy Life of a Country Parson.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the Bishop's blessing—
A wife that makes conserves; a steed,
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since,
Sermons to Charles the First when Prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next;
Lo! here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

Poor Jack.

TWO fellows meeting, one asked the other, why he looked so bad? I have good reason for it, answered the other, "poor Jack such a one, the greatest croney and best friend I had in the world, was hanged but two days ago." "What had he done?" says the first. "Alas!" replied the other. "he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle on the road, and took it up." "What!" says the other, "hang a man for taking up a bridle! That's hard indeed," "to tell the truth of the matter," says the other, "there was a horse tied to the other end of it."

Description of an Assize-Town.

A POMPOUS sheriff, dress'd exceeding fine
With awkward javel-men, a double line,
Two judges eager for the hour to dine.
A group of counsel, whom one always sees,
With spruce tye-wigs, and bands, sans briefs, sans fees;
Attornies anxious to create dispute,
And ever fishing for a chancery-suit;
Raw country girls, not much averse to please,
Those lucky counsel, who have touched some fees;
Juries, who find for plaintiff, or defendant,
Just as their stomachs feel, to make an end on't.
The town all uproar, riot, noise, and pother,
And drunken witnesses one upon the other.

Old Hock.

THREE young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly *old hock*, one of them who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *hic, hæc, hoc.* However the waiter paid no attention to this command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the *hoc.* "Really, gentleman (said he) I thought you had *declined* it."

Particulars of the Life of Governor Wall, who was executed for the Murder of Benjamin Armstrong.

JOSEPH WALL, was descended from a good family in Ireland, and entered into the army at an early age. Of a severe and rather unaccomodating temper, he was not much liked among the officers. The late Captain Armstrong was his private agent, as well as agent to the African corps of which Mr. Wall was commandant. Mr. Wall was only Lieutenant-Governor of Sene-Gambia, but acted as chief, the first appointment being vacant. It was an office he held but a short time, not more than two years. During which he was accused with the wilful murder of Benjamin Armstrong, by ordering him to receive 800 lashes, on July the 10th, 1782, of which he died in five days after. His emoluments were very considerable, as, besides his military appointments, he was Superintendant of Trade to the colony. His family were originally Roman catholics, but of course he conformed to the Protestant church, or he could not have held his commission. As soon as the account of the murder reached the Board of Admiralty a reward was offered for his apprehension, but having evaded justice in 1784, he lived on the continent, sometimes in France, and sometimes in Italy, but mostly in France, under an assumed name, where he lived respectable, and was admitted into good company. He particularly kept company with the officers of his own country, who served in the French army, and was well known at the Scotch and Irish colleges in Paris, In 1797, he returned to this country, as if by a kind of fatality, without any apparent reason; and applied through the medium of a friend, to obtain a safe retreat, which was procured him at a house in Lambeth Cut, where he remained several months, seldom going out, or that either very late or early. He was frequently advised by the friend who had procured him the lodging, to leave the country again and questioned as to the motive for remaining; he never attempted, however, to give any, but appeared, even at the time when he was so studiously concealing himself, to have a distant intention of making a surrender, in order to take his trial. It is very evident his mind was not at ease, and that he was incapable of taking any firm resolution either one way or another. And even the manner in which he did give himself up, shewed singular want of determination, leaving it to chance whether the minister should send for him or not; for rather than go to deliver himself up, he wrote to say, "he was ready to do so" a less becoming, but not a less dangerous mode of encountering danger. He was allied by marriage to a noble family, and his wife visited him frequently when in his concealment at Lambeth; and since that time he lived in Upper Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, when apprehended. It is most probable, that had he not written to the Secretary of State, the matter had been so long forgotten, that he would never have been any way molested. His trial came on at the Old Bailey, Jan. 28, 1802, about *twenty years* after the commission of the crime. At the commencement of the trial, the prisoner said, he was very hard of hearing, and therefore requested that he might be allowed to sit by his Counsel; the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Chief Justice in the commission, with whom appeared Mr. Justice Rooke, and Mr. Justice Lawrence, said to the prisoner, "that is perfectly impossible; there is a regular place appointed by the law for persons in your situation; we can make no distinction of the sort you desire: that would be invidious." It was proved by the witnesses that Arm-

strong was far from being undutiful in his behaviour, he was, however, tied to the gun-carriage; and black men, brought there for the purpose, not the drummers, who in the ordinary course of things would have had to flog this man, supposing him to have deserved flogging; but black men were ordered to inflict on Armstrong the punishment ordered. Each took his turn, and gave this unhappy sufferer 25 lashes, until he had received the number of 800; and the instrument with which the punishment was inflicted, was not a cat-o'-nine-tails, which is the usual instrument, but a piece of rope of a greater thickness, and which was much more severe than the cat-o'-nine-tails. The rope was exhibited in evidence. While this punishment was inflicting, the prisoner urged the black men to be severe: he said, among other things, "cut him to the heart and to the liver." Armstrong, the subject of this punishment, applied to him for mercy, but the observation of the defendant on this occasion, was, "that the sick season was coming on, which, together with the punishment, would do for him." After receiving a great number of lashes, that is 800, this poor creature was conducted to the hospital. He was in a situation in which it was probable his death might be the consequence; he declared in his dying moments, he was punished without any trial, and without ever being so much as asked, whether he had any thing to say in his defence. The prisoner in his defence urged, that the deceased was guilty of mutiny—that the punishment was not so severe as reported, but, that the deceased was suffered to drink strong spirits when in the hospital. Several witnesses were called on the part of the prisoner, particularly Mrs. Lacy, widow of the captain who succeeded Mr. Wall, and Mary Falkner, who not only agreed with him in the outrageous conduct of the men, and the violent language they used, but both positively swore that Lewis, the first witness against the prisoner, was not the orderly serjeant on that day; John Falkner, Peter Williams, and some others who were present, were also examined, and whose testimonies went in full corroboration of the account given by the prisoner, and so far went to his justification; but which, in most material points, was in direct contradiction to the evidence which had been given by the witnesses of the Crown. The jury after being out of court some time, pronounced a verdict of 'guilty.' The Recorder then proceeded to pass sentence of death upon him: that he be executed the following morning, and that his body be afterwards delivered to be anatomized according to the statute. Mr. Wall seemed sensibly affected by the sentence, but said nothing more than requesting the court would allow him a little time to prepare himself for death. On the 21st of January, a respite was sent from Lord Pelham's office, deferring his execution until the 25th. On the 24th, he was further respited till the 28th. During the time of his confinement, previous to trial, he occupied the apartment which formerly was the residence of Mr. Ridgway, the bookseller. His wife lived with him for the last fortnight; although he was allowed two hours a day, from twelve to two, to walk in the yard, he did not once embrace, this indulgence; and during his whole confinement, never went out of his room, except into the lobby to consult his Counsel. He lived well, and was at times very facetious, easy in his manners, and pleasant in his conversation; but during the night he frequently sat up in his bed and sang psalms, overheard by his fellow-prisoner. He had not many visiters, his only attendant was a prisoner, who was appointed for that purpose by this turnkey

After trial he did not return to his old apartment, but was conducted to a cell; he was so far favoured as not to have irons put on, but a person was employed as a guard to watch him during the night to prevent his doing violence to himself. His bed was brought to him in the cell, on which he threw himself in an agony of mind, saying, it was his intention not to rise until they called him on the fatal morning. The Sheriffs were particularly pointed and precise in their orders, with respect to confining him to the usual diet of bread and water preparatory to the awful event. This order was scrupulously fulfilled. The prisoner, during a part of the night, slept, owing to fatigue and perturbation of mind. The next morning his wife applied, but was refused admittance, without an order from one of the Sheriffs. She applied to Mr. Sheriff Cox, who attended her to the prison. From the time of the first respite, until twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, he did not cease to entertain hopes of his safety. The interest made to save him was very great. The whole of Wednesday occupied the great law officers; the judges met at the Chancellor's in the afternoon. The conference lasted upwards of three hours. About a little after four o'clock, Thursday the 28th, the scaffold began to be erected by torch-light, and was completed soon after seven, except the black hanging, which is not permitted to be displayed, nor the prison-bell to toll, for the departure of any one convicted of murder. The prisoner had an affecting interview with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Wall, the night before, from whom he was painfully separated about eleven o'clock. This disconsolate and affectionate lady, unremitting in her solicitude, caused the colonel to write a note to Mr. Kirby, the gaoler, about nine o'clock, requesting she might be permitted to remain in the cell until eleven; thus cordially manifesting her fond but delusive hopes to the very latest moment. Mr. Kirby, with a feeling of humanity highly creditable to his character, readily complied with the request. But, greatly unfortunate lady! she had not any acquisition of reasonable hope at the hour of her departure. Eleven o'clock came and she saw the end of all her earthly joys! numberless tender embraces now took place: the loving wife reluctantly departed, overwhelmed with grief, and bathed with tears, while the unfortunate husband declared that he could now, with christian fortitude, submit to his unhappy fate.—During the greater part of the night he slept but little. About four o'clock in the morning, his sleep was however observed to have become sound, and according to the best recollection of his attendant, he continued in his sleep rather more than an hour; so that he could not have heard the fatal machine in its passage to the debtors' door. His voice preserved its usual strength and tone to the end; and though very particular in his questions respecting the machinery in every part, yet he spoke of his approaching execution and death with perfect calmness. At half after six in the morning, his prison attendant going to his cell, was asked by him, "whether the noise he heard was not that of erecting his scaffold?" He was humanely replied to in the negative. The ordinary, Dr. Ford, soon after entered, when the prisoner devoutly joined him for some time in prayer. They then passed on to an anti-room, when the governor asked, "whether it was a fine morning?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "the time hangs heavily, I am anxious for the close of the scene." One of the officers then proceeded to bind his arms with a cord, when he extended them out firmly; but recollecting himself, he said, "I beg your

pardon a moment:" and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out two white handkerchiefs, one of which he bound over his temples, so as nearly to conceal his eyes, over which he placed a white cap, and then put on a round hat; the other handkerchief he kept between his hands. He then observed, "the cords cut me: but its no matter." On which Dr. Ford desired them to be loosened, for which the prisoner bowed, and thanked him. As the clock struck eight, the door was thrown open, at which Sheriff Cox and his officers appeared. The Governor approaching him, said, "I attend you, sir;" and the procession to the scaffold, over the debtors' door immediately succeeded. He had no sooner ascended it, accompanied by the ordinary, than three successive shouts from an innumerable populace, the brutal effusion of one common sentiment, evidently deprived him of the small portion of fortitude which he had summoned up. He bowed his head under the extreme pressure of ignominy, when the hangman put the halter over it, but took it off again to replace it; this done the Governor stooped forward, and spoke to the Ordinary, who, no doubt at his request, pulled the cap over the lower part of the face, when in an instant, without waiting for any signal, the platform dropped, and he was launched into eternity!—From the knot of the rope turning round to the back of the neck, and his legs not being pulled, as at his particular request, he was suspended in convulsive agony for more than a quarter of an hour. After hanging a full hour, his body was cut down, put into a cart, and immediately conveyed to a building in Cow-cross-street, to be dissected. He was dressed in a mixed coloured loose coat, with a black collar, swansdown waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and white silk stockings. He appeared a miserable and emaciated object, never having quitted the bed of his cell from the day of condemnation till the morning of his execution. His remains were interred in the Churchyard of St. Pancras.

Edward IV. and V. and Richard III.

EDWARD IV. was a prince more splendid and showy than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them, after they took place, by his vigour and enterprise.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Edward IV. his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown or exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father and usurpation of his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

THE historians who favour Richard III. for even *he* has met with partisans among the later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes, but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown. But this is a poor apology, when it is confessed that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes, which appeared necessary for this purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people for the danger of the precedent, and for the contageous example of vice and murder exalted upon the throne.

The bald-pated Welchman, and the Fly.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher,
Than that of any other squire;
Hasty and hot, whose peevish honour,
Revenged each slight was put upon hur;
Upon a mountain's top one day,
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet;
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise:
By which, folks of mat urer ages,
Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies' pages;
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown;
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now,
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air;
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense,
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great;
This insect now, whose active spite,
Teased him with never-ceasing bite;
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart;
In vain with open hands he tries,
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
For now at last, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown:
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore;
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage,
The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace,
From insect of so mean a race;
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow:
The nimble fly escap'd by flight,
And skipp'd from this unequal fight;
Th' impending stroke with all its weight,
Fell on his own beloved pate;
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

LET senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool below their grave debate
Who by the unequal strife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy,
The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a fly;
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost
Let cranes and pigmies in mock war engage,
A prey beneath the gen'rous eagles rage.
True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

The Elector Honored.

AN Englishman travelling through Germany, who, having presented himself at the gate of a certain city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "I am," said he, "an *Elector of Middlesex.*" The Germans, who hold the dignity of *Elector* as next in rank to that of *King*, and knew little or nothing of the English titles and ranks, immediately opened their gates, and the *guard* turned out, and did him *military honours!*

The Actors.

A SHABBY fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street,
(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags.;
The fellow hugg'd with a kind embrace—
"Good sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" replied the man of rags:
"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I'm sure."—
"When?" with an oath, cry'd Garrick, "for by G—
I never saw that face of your's before!
What characters, I pray,
Did you and I together play?"
"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I mock—
When you play'd Hamlet, sir,—I play'd the cock."

On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

THE miser fasts because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare,
The glutton fasts to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

Anecdote of Dean Swift.

AS Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might see the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan, that he should go thither disguised as a blind fiddler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, when the blind fiddler was received with shouts of joy. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour entertaining to the two guests. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about on different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly told them in what manner he ha been present at the wedding, and wa let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

Epigram.

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priestcraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceived,
What stories and nonsense for faith they believed!
But we their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect;
From believing too much, the right faith we let fall,
So now we believe, i' faith! nothing at all.

Anecdote of a Country Curate.

A CLERGYMAN being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of *All-Fours* unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist, he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out.—Now, for fear any tricks should be played with his cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve.—He had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did; When turning to the parents of the child said, "are you not ashamed to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments."

Murder.—Hammersmith Ghost.

FRANCIS Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Thomas Milwood, at Hammersmith, to which indictment he pleaded "Not guilty."

The first witness called on the part of the prosecution, was John Locke, Esq. who said he lived at Hammersmith, and was a wine-merchant. At half past ten o'clock, he was called out, and met the prisoner, who informed him, he had shot a man, whom he believed to be the pretended ghost of Hammersmith. There had been a rumour of such a ghost for several weeks before. The watchman was, at that time in company with the prisoner. The deceased had no appearance whatever of life. He appeared as if he had been shot.—The prisoner seemed much agitated, and said it was a very dark night, he did not know that the deceased was the man he fired at. He said he had spoken to him twice before he fired, and received no answer.

The witness was cross-examined by Mr. Const. He said that five weeks previously, the neighbourhood of Hammersmith was disturbed with reports of a ghost, and several parties of young men used to go out at night in search of the phantom; but could never find him. The dress of the deceased, who was by trade a bricklayer corresponded very much with the reported appearance of the ghost.—He had a white jacket and trowsers on; and the phantom was said to have been dressed in white, and sometimes with a calf-skin over him. The witness had known the prisoner very well: he was an officer in the excise. At the time in question, he wished very much to surrender himself: but the witness advised him to go home to his lodgings. The prisoner was a man of mild and humane disposition: generally esteemed by every one in the place.

William Girdler, the watchman, at Hammersmith, said, he was with Mr. Locke, on the night in question, and saw the deceased quite dead, with a shot wound in his jaw. The witness was at the White-Hart, at Hammersmith, when the prisoner came to him, and said he had hurt a man, and, he was afraid very badly; and desired the witness to go with him, which he did. They took the deceased to a public-house.

The witness was cross-examined by Mr. Gurney. He said he had often heard of the rumour of a ghost having haunted the neighbourhood, and had seen it himself, the very Thursday before this affair happened. It appeared as if it was covered with a large sheet, or a table-cloth; it was near Beaver-lane, opposite the four mile stone, where he saw it. The witness pursued the figure, but it ran away from him, and at the same time threw the sheet off its head. For near two months before this, the neighbourhood was disturbed by the rumour of this ghost; and these rumours occasioned great trouble and mischief in the place. The prisoner, he said, bore a very good character.

Ann Milwood was next examined; she was a decent looking young girl, dressed in mourning.

She said she was sister to the deceased; that about ten or eleven o'clock on the night in question, her brother came into the house where he lived, and was talking about going to fetch home his wife, who had been some distance off.--He seemed to hesitate about going: and the witness desired him to go for his wife. He accordingly set out; and in a few minutes after he was gone the witness heard a voice exclaim, "D—n you who or what are you?" and at the same instant she heard a gun go off. She opened the door and called after her brother, but received no answer. She then told the people in the house,

that she feared her brother was killed, and begged they would assist her in going to search after him; but they took no notice of her, and would not believe her suspicions. She then said she would go out by herself, if it cost her her life. She went out accordingly, and met Mr. Locke, together with the watchman, and found that her brother had been shot. She did not know that any animosity had ever existed between the deceased and prisoner.

Mr. Flower, a surgeon residing at Hammersmith, said, he examined the body, when he observed a gun-shot wound on the lower jaw; a small shot of the size No. 4, had entered the vertebra of the neck, and injured the spinal marrow; it was a mortal wound: the face was black, which was caused by powder from the gun: he had no doubt of the wound being the cause of his death.

The prisoner, when asked what he had to say in his defence, at first told the court he would leave his defence to his counsel; but being informed by the judge that his counsel could not speak for him, he said that at the time he fired the shot, he was so agitated that he did not know what he did. He had called out twice to the figure that appeared to be coming towards him, before he fired, and he would then solemnly declare before God, that he was wholly innocent of having an intention to take away the life of the deceased, or any other person whatever.

Phebe Pulbrook was then called on the part of the defence.—She recollected on the Saturday night before he was shot, his having being taken for the ghost. He said that two ladies and a gentleman were frightened at him as he was coming along the terrace. They cried out, "There is the ghost!" and being vexed with them and using a *bad word*, replied that he was no more a ghost than they were, and asked them if they wanted a *punch* on the head. The witness, on hearing the deceased relate this story, and understanding the circumstance was owing to his white dress, advised him, when he went out at night, to put a great coat on, for fear he might meet with some misfortune.

Mr. Stowe, a gentleman living at Hammersmith, said the prisoner had the character of being a good and humane man; and five or six other respectable persons gave him a similar character for humanity and good temper.

The Lord Chief Baron began his charge to the jury, by observing, that in point of law, character could avail nothing, where such facts as they had just heard stated, were brought forward. He thought it his bounden duty to lay it down to the jury that nothing had been stated on the part of the defence, which could take it out of the legal definition of murder. He thought it necessary to state to the jury, that although malice was necessary to constitute the crime of murder, yet it was not necessary, according to law, to prove that the person charged with murder had known the deceased, or had entertained any personal malice against him. The general disposition of a man might have had in his mind to kill another was malice in point of law. If a man intending mischief, should fire a gun into that hall where the court was then sitting, and kill any body, at random, that was murder; the man did the act with a general malicious intention; or, if a man intending to kill one person, missed him, and killed another, that was murder. On the same principle, the killing of a person designedly, without any authority, but from a supposition that the person ought to

be killed, was murder; unless the killing was occasioned by accident, or took place in consequence of some strong provocation, it could not come under any other denomination except that of murder. No man, from a supposition that another had acted wrong, could take the authority to punish into his own hands. If a man went out to shoot robbers on the highway, and should take it into his head, that somebody walking along was a robber, and with that idea kill him; such killing, whether the man was a robber or not was murder. In the present case, it appeared that some malicious and wicked person, taking advantage of that credulity which belonged to a great portion of mankind, had gone about at night, and spread terror and unhappiness throughout a whole neighbourhood. Under such circumstances, no man had a right to call that act a capital offence, and to suppose he could be justified in putting to death the person who did that mischief, however criminal such person might be. Even if the very person appearing in this manner as a ghost had been killed, such killing was murder, But here a man thought he had a right to go and kill any person he saw in a light coloured coat. This was actually the case with the prisoner at the bar. He went out with a loaded gun, intending to kill contrary to law, and killed a man who was perfectly innocent. "Gentlemen," continued his lordship, "I should be betraying my duty as a judge, and acting contrary to the opinion of my brother judges near me, if I did not tell you that this act of the prisoner's, provided you believe the facts given in evidence, *amounts to nothing less than murder.*" In this case there was no accident; there was no sudden or violent provocation; nor was there any attempt made on the part of the prisoner to apprehend the supposed ghost. But he went and thought himself entitled to kill that person, and with a degree of rashness which the law would never allow, he killed another person. It was his duty again to state, that this offence was murder.

The Jury returned for better than an hour, and returned with a verdict —*Guilty of Manslaughter.* The Lord Chief Baron declared it as their opinion, that such a verdict could not be received. For if the Jury believed the facts, they must find the prisoner guilty of murder, or they must aquit him. There was no one circumstance belonging to the case which could bring the offence under the denomination of manslaughter. The jury then consulted for about a minute in the box, and pronounced a verdict—GUILTY OF MURDER.

The Lord Chief Baron said, he should report the case immediately.

The recorder then sentenced the prisoner to be executed on the Monday following; and his body to be dissected.

This was a most affecting trial. The prisoner, a young man, 29 years of age was dressed in black, made a very genteel appearance, and conducted himself with the greatest propriety. During the time he remained at the bar, his countenance did not appear to express much agitation until the jury left the box. Upon the return of the jury, he appeared still more agitated; and particularly so when he was pronounced *guilty* of the murder. While the awful sentence was passing upon him by the recorder, he supported himself with difficulty, and was led out of the dock by Mr. Kirby's assistant, overwhelmed with the horrors of his situation. Mr. Dignum, of Drury-lane theatre, sat by him, and was extremely affected; he wept, clasped his hands together, and suffered the greatest agitation. Several of his relations were also present, and apparently in great distress. The session house was crowded in every

part by nine o'clock, and the yard was filled with an anxious multitude, all making inquiry, and interested in the fate of the prisoner. Upon the whole, there never was witnessed a greater degree of curiosity than was excited by this trial.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found,
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years,
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive;
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day;
Death call'd aside the jocund groom,
With him into another room;
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
'With you? the hapless husband cried;
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
'Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
'My thoughts on other matters go,
'This is my wedding night you know.'
What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So death the poor delinquent spar'd
And left to live a little longer,
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, farewell; no more
'Shall death disturb your mirthful hour;
'And farther, to avoid all blame,
'Of cruelty upon my name;
'To give you time for preparation,
'And fit you for your future station;
'Three several warnings you shall have,
'Before your'e summon'd to the grave;
'Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
'And grant a kind reprieve;
'In hopes you'll have no more to say,
'But, when I call again this way,
'Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befel.
How long he lived, how wise, how well;
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell;
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace;
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate;
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate,
Once more before him stood;
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'So soon returned! old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it' death replies;
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
'Since I was here before,
''Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
'And you are now fourscore.'
'So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd
'To spare the aged would be kind,
'However, see your search be legal,
'And your authority—is't regal?
'Else you are come on a fool's errand,
'With but a secretary's warrant.
'Besides, you promised me Three Warnings
'Which I've look'd for nights and mornings
'But for that loss of time and ease,
'I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries death, that, at the best,
'I seldom am a welcome guest;
'But don't be captious, friend at least,
'I little thought you'd still be able,
'To stump about your farm and stable;
'Your years have run to a great length,
'I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!'
'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
'I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' death replies,
'However, you still keep your eyes;
'And sure to see one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
'But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking story, faith;
'Yet there's some comfort still,' says death;
'Each strives your sadness to amuse,
'I warrant you hear all the news;'
'There's none,' cries he, and if there were,
'I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay then!' the spectre stern rejoined,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
'If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
'Youv'e had your three sufficient warnings
'So come along, no more we'll part,,
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

Epitaph on Dr. Fuller.

HERE lies *Fuller's* earth.

A curious Cause of War.

IN 1006, some Modenese soldiers ran away with a bucket from a well belonging to the state of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling; but it produced a quarrel, which terminated in a long and bloody war. Henry, king of Sardinia, son of the Emperor Henry II. assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was taken prisoner. His father the emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain—after twenty-two years imprisonment, and his father being dead, he pined away and died. His monument is still extant in the church of the Dominicans.---This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage.

On a Gamester.

HERE lies the body of *All-Fours*,
Who lost his money, and pawn'd his cloaths;
If that you want to know his name,
'Tis *Highest, Lowest, Jack*, and *Game*.

Cockney Pun.

TWO cockney *gemmen* walking the other day in the *City-Road*, observed on a window "*lodgings to let;*" when one of them said, "*I ave* a good mind to *take 'em.*" "*What!*" says the other, "are you tired of your present lodgings?" "no; but I thinks *as how* that change of *hair* is *'olesome.*"—"I suppose," replied the second, "that *is* the reason *vy* so many people *vear vigs.*

Epitaph at Walton, Surry.

ON DANIEL WEST, BARGEMAN.

HERE lies bargeman *West*,
Who was none of the best;
In his youth he was wild,
And when old was a child!
Being dead at the last,
Desir'd old *Charon* to give him a cast.

Anecdote of Mr. Bensley the Tragedian.

MR. BENSLEY, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old mess-mate; but his Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a player; he therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him, "how could he disgrace the corps by turning a play-actor?" Mr. Bensley replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light; that on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people." "And what, maun," said the other, "do you get by this business of your's!" --"I now," answered Mr. B. "get about a thousand a year." "A thousand a year!" exclaimed Saunders, astonished; "*have you ony vacancies in your corps.*"

A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor; upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath, till his Palace was re-built.

AN oaken, broken elbow chair,
A candle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead,
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint,
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key,
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe,
A pair of bellows without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your lordship for a shift,
Why not, as well as Dr. Swift?

The Cards spiritualized.

ONE Richard Middleton, a soldier, attending divine service, with the rest of the regiment, at a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like his brother soldiers, to find the parson's text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, both by the clergyman and the serjeant of the company to which he belonged. The latter in particular commanded him to put up the cards, and on his refusal, conducted him after church before the mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent behaviour during divine service. Well, soldier, (said the mayor) what excuse have you for this strange scandalous behaviour? If you can make an apology, or assign any reason for it, it is well. If you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished for it. Since your honour is so good (replied Richard) as to let me speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of sixpence per day; which your honour will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries that he consequently may want, without a bible, prayer-book, or any other good book. On saying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows:

When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God;—and when I look upon a two or three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son; and the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—A four, calls to remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.—A five, the five wise virgins, who were ordered to trim their lamps; there were ten, indeed, but five, your worship may remember, were wise, and five were foolish.—A six, that in six days God created heaven and earth.—A seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all he had made.—An eight, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the deluge; *viz.* Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives.—A nine, of the nine lepers, cleansed by our Saviour; there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks.—And a ten, of the ten commandments.

Richard then took the knave, placed it beside him; and passed on to the queen, on which he observed as follows: This queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; as her companion the king does of the great King of heaven, and of king George the second.

Well, returned the mayor, you have given me a very good description of all the cards except the knave.

If your honour will not be angry with me, returned Richard, I can give you the same satisfaction on that as any in the pack? No, said the mayor. Well, returned the soldier, the greatest knave I know, is the sergeant that brought me before you. I don't know, replied the mayor, whether he be the greatest knave or no, but I am sure he is the greatest fool.

The soldier then continued as follows: When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are 365; so many days are there in a year.—When I count how many cards are in a pack, I find there are fifty-two; so many weeks are there in a year.—When I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack I find there are thirteen; so many months are there in a year.—So that this pack of cards is both bible, almanack, and prayer-book, to me.

The mayor called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well; gave him a piece of money, and said, he was the cleverest fellow he ever heard in his life.

The Priest and Ostler.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps t'was Lent,
An honest ostler to confession went.
And there of sins a long extended score,
Of various shape and size, he mumbled o'er;
Till having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
(For any moderate conscience quite enough)
He ceas'd. "What more?" the reverend father cried—
"No more"—th' unburthen'd penitent replied.
"But," said the artful priest, "yet unreveal'd,
"There lurks one darling vice within your thought conceal'd.
"Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
"Ne'er grease the horses' teeth to spoil their eating?"
"Never," "cried Crop." So then to close each strain,
He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.
Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,
Crop, at confessional, again was kneeling,
When lo! at every step his conscience easing
Out popp'd a groan, and horses teeth and greasing;
"Sancti Maria!" cry'd the astonish'd priest,
"How much your sins have with your days increas'd.
"When last I saw you, you deny'd all this,"
"True," said the ostler, very true it is,
"And also true, that, till that blessed time,
"I never, father, heard of such a crime."

Woman of Fashion's Journal.

DREAMED of the captain—certainly a fine man—counted my card money—lost considerably—never play again with the dowager—breakfasted at two, my new maid too handsome—remember to part with her—sent cards of compliments to the two Miss Crotchets and Lady Dunder—my lap-dog Sophy unwell—apprehensive the poor animal is crossed in love—a sad thing I know by experience—The man from Vickery's called with my new wig—very becoming, but somehow it has not the elegant air of that purchased by Miss Twigg, in St. James's-street—could not dress myself to my satisfaction—Jenny abominably awkward, shall certainly part with her—my head continually running on the Captain—buy no more *rouge* in the city, might as well use brick-dust—never can settle these feathers to my liking—"Can I e'er cease to love thee? ah! no, my love, no!"—a charming air that—remember to get my piano-forte in order against the next evening concert—read two chapters in the new novel of *Innocent Adultery*, and part of the *Monk*—Mr. Lewis is a delightful writer, so chaste and so moral—remember to inquire for the *Tales of Wonder*—lounged at the musical library—bespoke new dress—ate some ice in Bond-street—don't like lady Mazey's new chariot—dined at lady Rackett's—the captain there—more than usually agreeable—went to the opera—the captain of the party—house prodigiously crowded—my *ci-de-vant* husband in the opposite box with a lady—rather mal-a-propos; but no matter, *telle chose sont*—looked into lady Squander's rout—positively a mob—very right in engaging Townsend—remember to bespeak him for my next concert—sat down to cards—in great luck—won a cool hundred of my lord Lackwit, and fifty of the baron—returned home at five in the morning—indulged in half an hour's reflection—resolved on reformation, and to erase my name from the fashionable institution.

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

HIC JACET, JACOBUS STRAW,
Who forty years followed the law;
When he died,
The devil cried,
JAMES, give us your paw.

Curious Mistake.

A CURIOUS mistake occurred at Mr. K.'s levee some time since in Covent-Garden. A gentleman was shewn into his presence, whose object was to treat about an engagement for his daughter; but as about this hour a horse-dealer had been appointed to call, the Manager, whose head run very much at present upon his stud, mistook one for the other, and began by asking the father of *Melpomene*—"How old is she?"—"Sixteen last May, sir."—"O she's *aged* then, and won't do for the *hard* work: pray is she quiet?"—"Perfectly, I never knew a gentler creature."—"Has she been long in town?"——"I only brought her up a week ago from East Grinstead."—"Well, if your terms are moderate, I dare say we shall not differ."—"Sir, that I leave entirely to yourself: she is below, shall I bring her up to you?"—"Bring her up! Oh no, give her to my groom, he'll put her into a stall, till I come down to look at her."—"Into a stall, sir!" "Yes, sir, into a stall to be sure."—"Sir, do you mean to affront me?"—"Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons, you come you say, from the Cumberland Mews?"—"No, I came from East Grinstead."—"With a mare?"—"No, with my daughter."—"Got by Scryscraper out of Andromache?" "No, she is the first born of my own and my ever-lamented wife, Mary Muggins."

Wager.

A CURIOUS wager was decided lately at Buxton causeway. A person undertook, for something considerable to draw a weight of seven pounds to him, which was fastened to the end of a rope a mile in length. This, which was looked on as a singular feat of strength, was performed with seeming ease by the undertaker, and much money depended on the event of it.

A remarkable instance of ingenious Contrivance in an insane Patient.

A GENTLEMAN some time since who being denied the use of pen, ink and paper, had recourse to the following means for the accomplishment of his wish of sending a letter to the editor of a certain provincial paper, offering himself a candidate for a seat in Parliament; he tore out a blank leaf from a large bible, made a pen with a straw by means of a bit of glass, ink from a solution of soot in cherry juice, and wafer from chewed bread, which last being nearly managed received an accurate impression of the family arms from his seal. The letter thus prepared he got conveyed to the neighbouring post-office by means of an orange-girl to whom he presented it with a shilling, inclosed in a cover on which was written "to be put into the post-office immediately," and this he effected while his servant was buying fruit at his elbow.

The Faithful Dog.

AT the seat of the late Earl of Litchfield, three miles from Blenheim, there is a portrait in the dining-room of Sir Henry Lee, by Johnston, with the mastiff-dog who saved his life. It seems a servant had formed the design of assassinating his master, and robbing the house, but the night he had fixed on, the dog, which had never been much noticed by Sir Henry, for the first time, followed him up stairs, got under the bed, and could not be got from thence by either master or man. In the dead of the night, the servant entered the room to execute his horrid design, but was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed all his intentions. There are ten quaint lines in one corner of the picture, which conclude thus:

But in my dog, whereof I made no store:
I find more love, than those I trusted more.

Henry VII.

THE reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had long been harrassed; he maintained peace and order in the state; he depressed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with continual suspicions of his servants and ministers, he discovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by maxims of policy.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents, except where some great point of interest was to be gained; and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and and was more expert at providing a remedy for his mistakes than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remains an instance, almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons avarice is commonly nothing but a species of ambition, and his chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attend on riches. He died April the 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years.

The Man Milliner.

WHOE'ER his head by any chance should pop,
Within the precincts of a modish shop;
In whose gay windows every thing appears
Of decking finery that a woman wears;
Find an *automaton* in shape of man,
Present a necklace, or display a fan!
Powder'd and perfum'd, see the creature stalk,
Smirk like a lady, delicately talk;
Choose out a head-dress, praise lac'd shifts to sin in,
Or descant on the prettiest baby-linen;
Commend the muslin drawers, or advise,
The pillowy shape to swell the female size.
Rise, women, rise! unto yourselves be just,
And tread such *he-shs* beings into dust;
While these consume what ought to be your bread,
What lovely thousands must on shame be fed;
Base slave, be gone! no woman's birthright spoil,
Resume your manhood by some manly toil;
Nor meanly rifle those whom nature gave,
Man's heart to succour and his strength to save.

Anecdote.

IT came to the knowledge of the King of Prussia that a corporal of his regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear of consequence. Frederic wishing to be convinced of the matter, accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Ah corporal!" said he, "you must be a prudent fellow, to have saved a watch out of your pay." "I flatter myself that I am brave, Sire!" replied the man, "the watch is of little consequence." The king, taking out a watch set with diamonds, said—"My watch points at five--how much is your's?" Shame and confusion at first appeared in the corporal's face: At length he pulled out his bullet, and answered with a firm voice, "my watch, Sire, neither shews five nor six, but it tells me that I ought to be ready, at every hour, to die for your majesty!" the king replied, "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

The following whimsical Story appears in the Life of Lee Lewis.

LINNET, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but was informed that it was under the controul of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or other amusements. However, notwithstanding this seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success. With this encouragement Linnet boldly pushed to the justice's-house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the swan, and regale themselves; this mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter? Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror. 'Tis proper to explain.

Then thus it was:--the comedy of *the bold stroke for a wife* had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, on this occasion, resolving to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage-waistcoat he had worn in the *colonel,* in one of the pockets of which was a letter supposed to be sent by the *colonel's* friend to *Obadiah Prim,* upon hearing that the real *Simon Pure* was actually come, which if not timely prevented, must ruin the *colonel's* design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

There is a design to rob the house and cut your throat.—The justice rang the bell--a servant appeared--'Where is the man that brought this letter?'--'In the hall, sir,'--'Call him-up directly.' While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old quorum read on--

The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more—(here old Linnet made his appearance) 'Well friend,' says the justice, 'you belong to a *gang,*' 'how many are there of you?'--'We are fourteen in all, sir,'--'fourteen!' and where are you all?'--'at Tool's,* sir--at the swan--'Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the swan, have you? I'll take care of you and your tools presently.'--'many thanks to you sir; squire--told us you would encourage us.'--'Aye, was it he sent you to my house!'--'yes, sir.'--'well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?--we always begin about seven o'clock sir.'--'you do!'--here Thomas, here, seize this daring hardened old villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the swan public-house!'--'I did not think this of you,' (says the servant to Linnet.)--'What, do you know the fellow, sirrah?'--'yes, sir, he is master of the play.'--'A player? and are not you an open and avowed murderer?'--'O lord, sir, what do you mean?'--'look at this letter, you hang-dog!—did you not deliver this to me?'--who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment upon the discovery of his mistake?--'oh, dear sir, I beg your pardon, here's squire————'s letter, I hope this will satisfy you.'--'hold him 'till I see what's here.' On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a more placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with a full permission of his performing--with this piece of wholesome advice--never to forget his part again.

* The then keeper of the Swan.

The Cit's Country Box.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While, wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
'How all the country seems to smile!'
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
'What signifies the loads of wealth,
'Without that richest jewel health?
'Excuse the fondness of a wife,
'Who doats upon your precious life!
'Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
'Is more than human strength can bear:
'One may observe it in your face—
'Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
'And nothing can your health repair,
'But exercise, and country air.
'Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
'About a mile from Cheney-row:
'He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
'But not so warm, my dear, as you:
'And folks are always apt to sneer—
'One would not be out-done, my dear!'
Sir Traffick's name so well applied,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th' approaching summer season
Draws a few hundred from the stocks,
And purchases his Country Box.
Some three or four miles out of town
An hour's ride will bring you down;
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day;
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head!
'Well; to be sure, it must be own'd,
'It is a charming spot of ground:
'So sweet a distance for a ride,
'And all about so countryfied;
'Twould come but to a trifling price
'To make it quite a paradise!
'I cannot bear those nasty rails,
'Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
'Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
'We build a railing all Chinese;
'Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;
'One hardly any object sees—
'I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
'Objects continually passing by,
'Were something to amuse the eye;
'But to be pent within the walls,
'One might as well be at St. Paul's.
'Our house beholders would adore,
'Was there a level lawn before,
'Nothing its views to incommode,
'But quite laid open to the road;
'While ev'ry traveller, in amaze,
'Should on our little mansion gaze:
'And pointing to the choice retreat,
'Cry, "That Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Tho', like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names—
As genius, fancy, judgment, gout,
Whim, Caprice, *Je ne scai quoi*, *Virtu*,
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.
Now bricklayers, carpenters and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew trees wood,
The traveller with amazements sees
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aside
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs:
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking fly, ha-ha;
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome,
Here squabby cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own'd that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council men, by dozens,
Flock every sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

Love in a Fish-Pond.

A VERY ludicrous occurrence took place in the neighbourhood of Blackheath :--Twoyoung ladies, the daughters of very wealthy gentlemen have been accustomed for several months past, to take their evening's walk together on the side of the heath, and of late have been frequently accosted by two London sparks, who have purposely crossed them in their *promenade*, and endeavoured by the aid of a very *fashionable exterior*, and many obliging civilities to recommend themselves to their notice. Encouraged by a polite reception, they were induced, about a week since, to make an open declaration of their affection, and to entreat they may be permitted to break the affair to the ladies' friends. Already tired of their insipid persecution, and with a view to punish their vanity, the ladies seemingly assented to the proposal, and one evening last week was appointed for the wished-for interview. As it would be near eight o'clock before the parties could arrive from town, that time was fixed; the ladies were to meet them at the end of the pleasure-ground, the night being moon-light, and were to introduce them to their parents. The *counting-house fops*, were transported with their good fortune, and having dressed themselves for the occasion, repaired to the appointed spot, precisely to the moment fixed upon, remembering that he who can break his promise to his mistress, even in the sixtieth part of a minute, may have love playing in his imagination, but it can never have entered his heart. After waiting a short time, a servant in livery came running to them, and having inquired their names, told them that his young mistress was fearful of the damps, but was waiting at some distance with her female friend, adding, that if the gentlemen would suffer themselves to be *blinded*, he would conduct them to the ladies' presence.--*blinded!*" exclaimed the *fops*, "where the devil's the necessity of that?" "Such are my orders," replied the servant, "and if you are, not willing to conform to them, I shall take my leave." "Well well," rejoined the former, "only bring us in safety to the ladies, and their orders, extraordinary as they seem, shall be complied with." The fops then tied their handkerchiefs over their eyes, and proceeded into the *pleasure-grounds* with the servant, but had not gone far, before they suddenly stepped up to their middle in a *fish-pond*. At the same instant a loud laugh was heard, and before they could extricate themselves, and pull the bandage from their eyes, their faithless guide had decamped, and no traces of his flight could be perceived. Their love was by this time sufficiently *cooled* and they began to see the trick that had been played them, so that having bitterly inveighed against the whole sex, and vowed revenge against the author, of their mischance, they repaired to a public-house in the neighbourhood of Lewisham, where they obtained a change of cloathing, and endeavoured to console each other for the loss of wealth and beauty they had hoped to possess. This circumstance has occasioned a great deal of mirth among the friends of the parties, and the young *fortune-hunters* have confined themselves to their counting-houses in the borough ever since.

Epigram.

HIS last great debt is paid--poor Tom's no more,
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

A Margate Toast.

WE have often heard of a toast given at the mansion-house, last war, "a *speedy* peace and *soon*." We are now told of a popular toast at Margate, "Success to the British arms *all over the world*, and *every where else*."

Cooke and Incledon.

IT is related of Cooke, that spending an evening at a tavern, and being rather, *how come you so*, but quite full of mirth, Mr Incledon came in with an intention of sleeping there, when our hero called upon him to sing "the *Storm!*" but who refused, it being very late, and retired to bed; where he had not been long, before Cooke enquired of the master and waiters if they knew that man who sat down in the box with him? they answered, "Mr. Incledon."—"It is no such thing, its some vile impostor. He has stole my watch and notes; and I insist on some officers being called in, that we may search him," cries Cooke. In vain all expostulated; and at length the guardians of the night were called in, when they ascended up to Incledon's chamber, with Cooke at their head. Charley was now roused out of his first sleep, and briefly enquired what they wanted? Cooke persisting that was the man who had got the *notes*; observing at the same time, "if its Incledon, he can sing the *Storm*: let me hear this man sing that song, and I'll be convinced of my error." Charley now perceived the drift of the joke, without further preface, addressing himself to Cooke, struck up—"Cease *rude* Boreas," &c.

An Epigram.

POOR Peter was harrass'd by fever and gout,
Attended with terrible pain;
Full long had he wish'd and expected relief,
But his hopes prov'd delusive and vain;

His friends came to see him, they pitied his case,
And advis'd him to send, with all speed,
For the Doctor to come, whose assistance they thought,
Might afford him some help in his need.

By no means, says Peter, it must not be so,
For I am resolv'd, whilst I have breath;
(Tho' pains and diseases may torture my frame,)
Still to wait for a natural death.

An Irish Question.

AN Irish sailor on board one of the king's ships at Portsmouth, who was a servant to one of the lieutenants, a countryman of his, carrying his master's tea-kettle very carelessly in his hand to get it filled with water, let it fall overboard, and it immediately sunk. Dreading the consequences, after scratching his head for a few seconds of time, he went to the lieutenant, and pulling off his dutch-cap, addressed him thus: 'Arrah, sir, I'd be after asking you a question, if you plase.' 'What is it? replied the other. 'Pray now, if a man knows where a thing is, can he say that he's lost it?' 'No, Murphy,' said the lieutenant. "Then by J——s, sir, your tea-kettle's at the bottom of the sea."

A sublime Sonnet.

I'VE heard the tempest howl and roar,
The thunder roll its peels on high;
I've heard the waves dash on the shore,
The angry lion's horrid cry;
I've heard the patriot's awful voice,
Strong as a boundless river's course:
I've heard the battle's furious din,
The warrior, in his boiling ire,
His eyes emitting lambent fire.
His prayer to angry heaven preferr'd!
I've heard where other folks have been.—
God bless me! what a deal I've heard!

Newspaper Readers.

SHENSTONE, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes:—The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal son to death; the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school misses to every thing relating to Gretna-green!

Medical Notice.

A COUNTRY apothecary has written over his door,
'All sorts of drugs and *dying* stuffs sold here.'

The bashful Bridegroom.

SOME time since a wedding was to have taken place between a young couple belonging to the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tidvil, South-Wales, and considerable preparations were made to regale the company assembled on the occasion. At the appointed hour the intended bride made her appearance, arrayed in her best apparel, and her friends were waiting to accompany her to the altar; but, alas! the bridegroom was not to be found. After a considerable time had been spent in search, *the happy man* was discovered hid in a rick, and on being roused from his cover, he slunk home and retired to bed, complaining of *indisposition*, and that his sister had taken away his cloaths. On the following morning, however, the *timid youth* was sufficiently recovered to resume his daily labour; on his appearance at which he was cheered by the loud huzzas of a numerous concourse of young women, who had assembled to chastise the culprit for his faithless conduct. After dragging him from the work-shop, and giving him a complete coat of tar, they thickly studded him with feathers, mounted him on a flank, and carried him to the church-door. Vain were the poor delinquent's supplications for mercy; his female tormenters would hear nothing. After he had been exposed sufficiently, the men who had assisted in the ceremony were about to withdraw, but the *feathered-deceiver*, fearing to be left alone amidst a troop of furious amazons, brided his male persecutors with half-a-guinea's worth of ale to escort him in safety out of the reach of further vengeance. This is said to be the third young woman he has thus deceived.

Hard Running.

JOHN ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanc'd all, and ran away.

Giving up the Ghost.

A COUNTRY company were exhibiting *Hamlet*, when a person was allotted to perform the *Ghost*, who, though destitute of stage requisites, possessed great humour. After his first scene with Hamlet was terminated, the cry was so violent against him from all parts of the house, that he turned to the audience, and made the following laconic address: 'Why, ladies and gentlemen, what can you expect, for, from my *own account*, I am a *damned ghost*, and suffer *penal fires*.' The outrage still continuing, he made his second appeal. 'Ladies and gentlemen since it is your pleasure that I should not *exist*, I must of necessity *give up the Ghost!*'

Good Excuse.

A YOUTHFUL parson one day preach'd,
Against the drunken, lewd, and idle;
His flock he earnestly beseech'd,
On their desires to put a bridle.

The service o'er, his text forgot,
The parson revel'd with the squire;
Bumpers went round, Oh! woeful blot,
His rev'rence tumbled in the mire.

"Where's now your bridle?" quoth his host
He hiccup'd out, "What do you think
I've thrown't away! No, tis not lost;
I only took it off to drink."

Fox and the Blind Woman.

THE immortal Fox, when a youth, meeting a blind woman on Easter Monday, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the hand, and said, 'Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where this holiday time, you may chance to meet with good custom.' Thank you kindly, sir, replied she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle aisle. 'Now,' said he, 'you are in Moorfields:' which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! here they are, all hot!'

Spanish Depravity.

THE following narrative, extracted from the travels of a German through Spain, in the years 1797 and 1798, we hope, for the honour of human nature, is over-coloured, after the peculiar natural taste of the writer:--

It is true, that women in Spain were formerly in a state of the most abject slavery, insomuch that since the general civilization of Europe, Spanish jealousy has become proverbial; but in progress of time the manners of Spain, running from one extreme to the other, are almost become more free than in any other country. Women pay and receive visits, from their tertullas at will, go to public fetes without consulting their husbands, spend the income of their dowries as they please, and demand besides a certain proportion of pin-money, which is stipulated in their marriage-articles. In a word, they not only know how to assert their rights, but enforce their pretensions with the utmost rigour. They also combine together with a kind of *esprit de corps*, by means of which the slightest infringement of common usage is resented as an attack or injury done to the whole sex.

"These ill-assorted marriages sometimes produce the most horrid acts of revenge. I will relate one of the most recent examples, which took place during my residence in Madrid.

Donna Antonia, a charming woman, about 29 years of age at most, was married to a merchant, a man of mild temper, but capricious and of weak constitution. This lady had always lived a very retired life, 'till a young man from Valencia, who came to study the law at Madrid, was recommended to her husband, and thus had access to her. Donna Antonia was pleased with his person, which procured him her favour, and all the privileges attached to it. The husband, however, perceived the intimacy and by means of the offers and honourable means he employed, succeeded in dismissing the young man, without affording Donna Antonia an opportunity of opposing the measure.

The letters, however, of Donna Antonia pursued her lover wherever he went, and love and revenge rendered them so eloquent, that the young man some months after broke his word and returned secretly to Madrid. He then renewed his interview with her at a private house, and his passion daily increased. At length the time arrived, that Antonia ventured to communicate to him a plan she had long since formed of assassinating her husband, and offered him on that condition her hand and fortune. Don Juan shuddered with horror at the proposal, begged her to abandon the idea, shewing her the dreadful consequences of so black an action, which he absolutely refused to perpetrate. Hereupon at first she treated him with the profoundest contempt, and then gave herself up to all the extremes that could be suggested by despair. She employed alternately menaces, prayers, and imprecations, then recurred to all the artifices that revenge or love could contrive, till at length Don Juan consented, and the death of the husband was resolved. They were engaged in contriving the means of affecting this, when the following circumstance occurred to hasten its execution.

Donna Antonia had presented one of her watches to Don Juan, but her husband missing it, soon accused the cook of having stolen it, and under that pretext discharged her. The husband, however, meeting the woman, upbraided her with her conduct; but she justified herself by revealing to him the whole secret. He therefore brought her home, concealed her in an alcove, called his wife, and made the pretended theft the topic of conversation. The remainder of this interview may easily be imagined. And

nothing but the death of her husband could save her. The grief of the husband for the infidelity of his wife, brought on a fever, and he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. It was therefore determined to send all the servants out on the following sunday, and leave the patient alone. The opening the door of the balcony was the signal agreed on, and thus the plot was executed The lover entered the apartment with a poignard in his hand, fell upon the sick man, gave him several stabs in the belly, and made his escape. But the unfortunate husband calling for help, a young girl who was with her aunt Donna Antonia, heard him. The noise of Don Juan in escaping also attracted her attention, as she ran to the apartment of her uncle, whom she found weltering in his blood, and immediately called her aunt. It may be easily conceived that the latter did not fail to cry out for help too, and to feign the deepest despair. Meanwhile the young man had gained the gate of Toledo, and was going to quit Madrid, when he recollected he had no money; he therefore, turned back, and went to his apartment to get some, but strongly impressed with the embarrassment, in which he imagined the object of love to be, he went to a woman of his acquaintance, and there waited to receive some tidings of her.

Two days passed on, the report of this assassination spread over Madrid, and in the interval the person who was in the secret of their connection, revealed it to her confessor, who advised her to go and inform the alcade-mayor. The suspicion was confirmed by an intercepted letter, and the culprits were arrested. Don Juan immediately confessed, and Donna Antonia, who had at first denied her crime, was convicted—The prosecution continued four months, after which they were condemned, and sentenced to suffer death. All the interest and the most considerable offers were made in vain. At first Donna Antonia flew in a rage, when she was informed her lover had confessed, and loaded him with reproaches and with abuse; but in her last moments her love seemed to be renewed with increased ardour, and when her sentence was read to her, she asked, "And will Don Juan suffer the same fate?" which being answered in the affirmative, she replied, "I am much more grieved, gentlemen, for him than myself," and immediately fainted.

The day of execution at length arrived, for which a scaffold had been erected in the Plaza Mayor. The two culprits having received the sacrament in the chapel of the Dominicans, were conducted to execution by the confraternity del Refugio. They were both dressed in black, and Donna Antonia wept. She would have embraced her lover, for the last time, but he turned his head, 'till the confessor at length reconciled them. She had begged as a favour to be strangled first, but the sentence was, that both should be executed at the same moment. They were each on a separate seat. Don Juan fainted at the moment when the cord was put round him; but Donna Antonia sat with great decency, casting her eyes upon her lover. They were dispatched in about a minute.

It must here be remarked, that in Spain there is a difference between strangling *(dar garotes)* and hanging *(aborcar)* in the former of which a wheel is used, which turns a cord across a beam before which the criminal sits.

According to custom, the bodies remain exposed in the same state until sun-set. Twelve candles of yellow wax burned near them on black stands and some of the executioner's attendants kept guard. The whole square swarmed with people from four in the morning, and continued so throughout the day. The observations and judgments of the spectators all bore the stamp of the national character.

The faces of the deceased being black, in consequence of the reflux of blood during the suffocation; the people of course attributed this to the violence the devil had done to their souls. They compared the two countenances. The men made excuses for Don Juan, and the women took up the defence of Donna Antonia. The majority pitied their unhappy fate. This probably it was, that induced a curate some days after to say in his sermon, 'that he knew for certain, that Madrid contained thousands of women, one half of whom had been guilty of similar crimes, and the other meditated the perpetration of them. I am willing to hope, that the pious pastor in his zeal somewhat exaggerated; yet it is certain that the Spanish women are too often led by the manners of the country to rid themselves of their husbands by poison, or any other method."

EPITAPH ON THOMAS KEMP.

Hanged for Sheep-stealing.

HERE lies the body of THOMAS KEMP,
Who liv'd by *wool*, but dy'd by *hemp;*
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton;
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hanged for a sheep-biter.

Court Jesters.

WHY pray of late do Europe's kings,
No jester to their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit;
But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their faces,
Yet all mankind, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jesters places.

Epitaph on Captain Jones.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

The present Age.

NO more, my friends, of vain applause,
Or complimental rhymes;
Come, Muse! let's call another cause,
And sing about the *times*.

For, of all ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
For, ministers are *honest grown*,
And all the women modest.

No *courtiers* now are fond of fees,
Or *bishops* of their dues;
Few people at the court one sees,
At church, what crowded pews!

No *ministers* their friends deceive,
With promises of favour;
And what they make them once believe,
They faithfully endeavour.

Our *nobles*,—heaven defend us all,
I'll nothing say about 'em;
For they are *great*, and I'm but *small*,
So, Muse, jog on without 'em.

Our *merchants* what a virtuous race,
Despising earthly treasures;
Fond of true honour's glorious chase,
And quite averse to pleasures.

What *tradesman* now forsakes his shop,
For politics or news?
Or from the court expects a sop,
Through interested views.

No soaking sot his spouse neglects,
For mugs of mantling nappy;
Nor madly squanders his effects,
To make himself quite happy.

No *banker*, slave to Mammon's will,
Now seeks the venal tribe;
With high-raised hopes, applies the till,
To frail electors bribe.

Or, if there are,—no men are found,
Long held the people's friend;
Who, mark'd for doctrines pure and sound,
Such measures to defend.

See spies, informers, jugglers, liars,
Despis'd and out of fashion:
And statesmen, now grown self-deniers,
Fly all unlawful passion.

Happy the nation thus endow'd,
So void of want and crimes;
All zealous for the public good,
Oh! these are glorious times!

"Your character." with wondrous stare,
Says Tom, "is mighty high, sir;
"But pray forgive me, if I swear,
I think 'tis all a lie, sir,—"

"Ha! think you so, my honest clown,
Then take another sight on't!
Just turn the picture upside down,
I fear you'll see the right on't."

Geographical and humourous Description of the Isle of Matrimony.

IN brazen yokes oft Venus binds
Ill-coupled forms and jarring minds;
And, gayly cruel, joys to see
The restless lovers disagree.

THE Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frozen zones, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very various and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening.

During the spring, this island experiences the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned, and there perhaps is no island rising above the surface of the ocean, in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of *prudence*, sometimes remove the evils occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season; for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their tender vines, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blights from the eastern regions of *luxury*.

The winters of this isle are horrible indeed; for howling and freezing winds from the dreary regions of the north confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season the men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious, and scold immoderately. Voltaire says, "There is one thing peculiar to this island—that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it."

Whoever takes up his abode on this island must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them; in which case it has frequently been observed, that the surviving party has instantly quitted the island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and their partner. but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find, that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants *a curtain lecture* destroys all their felicity.

Among the politer part of the inhabitants, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company, and nothing is more common for one to connive at the other's dealing in *contraband* goods, though the laws are very severe against it. Indeed in this respect, they are such notorious smugglers, that no man with certainty can say, that his *most delicate* is not used by others.

The arms of this island, by which it is distinguished from all others, are, a plain ring, *or*, on a field *sable*; the supporters. Bacchus and Morpheus; and the crest, a death's head on an hour glass.

The usual diversion of these people is cards, with which both partners frequently try who shall first ruin the other; but matrimonial partners are never suffered to play in the same company, unless their behaviour announces them utter strangers to each other.

People in general, on their first settlement in this island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is here called *the honeymoon;* but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the island find what appeared to them at first as a most resplendent luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour

of the imagination. In short, this island, which so many represent as the region of delight, as the garden of pleasure, and as the centre of all human happiness, is frequently the abode of vexation, the den of discontent, and to numbers of its inhabitants the vale of misery!

Scotch Weather.

SCOTLAND! thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife;
So termagant awhile e'er thunder tries,
And, when she can no longer scold, she cries.

Anecdote.

SOME of the crew of one of the ships lately off Yarmouth, had occasion to go ashore at that place, and being flush of prize-money betook themselves to the play-house and other places of amusement. Among the number was an ambitious boatswain, who, after equipping himself in a splendid suit, richly bedizened with gold, and only a few dozen of years behind the fashion, strutted in the full puff powder of lace and ruffles, into one of the boxes, and resolved for one night to be a gentleman. While the surrounding company knew not how to interpret the incongruity of our hero's apparel, with his hard and weather-beaten countenance, one of his brother tars spying from the gallery a countenance which he thought familiar to him, said to a messmate beside him, 'Jack, I'll be hanged if that there be not our boatswain in the side-box, dressed like a ship's commander.' 'Pshaw, (said the other) our boatswain among the gentlefolks! it cannot be.' 'I'll hail him though,' said the first, and hollowed out to the astonishment of the house, 'boatswain, o'hoy'.--The unfortunate boatswain started in surprise from his seat in the box, and hollowed in return 'o'hoy,' to the immediate detection of his rank and the merriment of the bye-standers.

Anecdote.

TWO young men, who from motives of economy, partook of the same bed, at a *coffin-maker's* at the west end of the town, where they lodged, returned home a few nights since to repose, after sacrificing with a degree of uncommon devotion at the shrine of the jolly god. The must gigantic of the youths took possession of the bed, which was but of small dimensions, at the best, and fell into a profound sleep. The other, devout even in his cups, having offered up his customary prayers, found himself so chilled, and the bed so completely occupied by his narcotic companion, that he, at first, did not know what to do;—but as "necessity is the mother of invention," he staggered into an adjoining apartment, and brought into his own a coffin made for a corpse in an adjacent street; into this he tumbled, wrapped in a black cloak, and half covered with the lid. Soon he was in a death-like sleep; but in the morning, when his companion was awake, and saw the coffin and its contents, he trembled with fright, leaped from the bed, and ran down stairs. The undertaker's men were just come at the moment for the coffin. In his fright, he told them it was up stairs *with the corpse.* They accordingly went up, covered it over, and carried it away, with its sleepy contents When deposited at the house of the real deceased, whose friends were assembled to take a last parting look, how much were they terrified to see the young man, who was aroused from his slumbers, awake and sitting erect, unconscious where he was, or how he came there. The women screamed, the men were petrified, the affrighted youth himself was aghast himself with fear; but, on his recollection returning, he took to his heels with his *sombre robes,* and ran to his lodgings, where his terrified companion has never since been seen.

Modern Heroism.

MUCH has been said of the heroism of the Greeks and Romans. Perhaps the following trait of *Jules Polignac* (the younger brother) will bear comparison with the noblest record of ancient virtue. When found guilty, he, before sentence, addressed his judges as follows:--"Should my brother Armand be found guilty, and I be declared innocent, I supplicate most earnestly to be permitted to take his place, and to die for him. He has a wife, I am unmarried; and, in the present situation of my king, my country, and my family, I have no ties that attach me to life; which, besides, I have not enjoyed long enough to regret much its loss. An unfortunate but loyal exile from my youth, I have tasted but little of existence but its wretchedness, which now is become almost insupportable; I see no other happiness or glory upon this side the grave than to be allowed to ascend the same scaffold where the most virtuous of men and of kings, Louis XVI. has bled. My sentiments are besides unalterable, neither to be shaken by terror, nor to be changed by clemency. No Polignac was ever a traitor, either to his God or to his king; and I shall certainly not be the first who dishonours my name.--Whether I am to die in an hour, or to live for a century, my constant prayer and wish shall be that providence may restore to my country its lawful sovereign." During his speech, of which this is only a short sketch, several ladies in the galleries with their tears evinced the interest he inspired. Even the *gen'd arms* were moved at seeing his firmness, and hearing his frankness.

Epitaph on rich Hewet.

HERE lyes rich HEWET, a gentleman of note,
For why he gave three owles in his coat;
Ye see he is buried in the church of ST. PAUL
He was wise, because rich, and now you know all.

An original Epitaph.

HERE lies, fast asleep, awake me who can,
That medley of passion and follies, *a man*;
Who sometimes lov'd licence, and sometimes restraint,
Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;
From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack;
'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherons still;
From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek ease,
The remedy oft prov'd another disease;
What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
Andthe pleasure to-day brought reflection, to-morrow;
When each action was o'er, and its errors were seen,
Then I view'd with surprize the strange thing I had been;
My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and pain,
The body diseas'd paid the debt back again;
Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd,
Till they wrangled and jangled and parted at last;
Thus tir'd and weary, I have finish'd my course,
Am glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

The obstinate Juryman.

A JURYMAN not so pliant as many others, but thinking for himself, and determined, where he felt himself right, was repeatedly singular in his opinion, and brought over the other eleven. Meeting one day in a private company with the recorder, the latter asked him how he came to be so fastidious? 'Sir, (said he) no man is more open than I am to conviction; but I have not met with the same pliancy in others; for it has generally been my lot to be on a jury with *eleven obstinate men.*'

A Notice.

IN a late notice to the members of a volunteer corps, it was stated that *field days* were continued in the *armoury house* every *evening*.

An Apothecary and an Upholder.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable property, with his three handsome daughters, having removed with his family from Bishopsgate-Street to Berners-Street, sent one of his servants to an upholsterer in his neighbourhood to come to his house the next morning at nine o'clock, intending to give him some directions relative to curtains, chair covers, &c. It happened the preceding night that one of the gentleman's daughters was taken suddenly ill, and as she grew worse every hour, and the family apothecary lived in Finsbury square, a servant was at eight o'clock in the morning despatched to desire the attendance of any apothecary he could find. He returned in a short time and told them he had met one in Rastbourn-place, who would wait upon them as soon as possible. The servant was despatched into the city for a female relation, and had scarce left the house before a rap at the door announced a visitor. The two sisters both running to the bed-room window at the same time, and seeing a good looking man, to whose person they were strangers, concluded it was their new apothecary, and sent down their own maid to let him in, and show him up stairs. The girl eagerly run to the door, and received him with, a "*Sir, I am very glad you are come, my lady has waited for you, please to walk up stairs.* The upholsterer, for such was the new visitor, imagined there was some extraordinary emergency, and was ushered up one pair of stairs, and expected to have been introduced to the drawing-room, but instead, was shewn up another pair, and ushered into a bed-room where two very beautiful females were ready to receive him, and a third in bed. The curtains were drawn, and every appearance of privacy. This surprised him, and his surprise was farther increased, by one of them telling him she was glad he was come, desiring him to set down by the bed side, beginning with, "*You cannot imagine, Sir, what a terrible night my sister has had, no rest, pains in her head, violent perspirations, and every bad symptom.*"—"*I am extremely sorry for it madam.*"—"*Appears to have every symptom of a fever.*"—"*Bad account indeed, Madam.*"—"*And in twenty four hours has only had——*"—"*Dear me, that's very bad indeed-*" (stammering as if the devil had been in him) "*Be so good, Sir, as to look at her tongue; put your arm out of the bed, my dear.*" Which the young lady complying with, the upholsterer got an opportunity of putting in a word, and said, "For all these circumstances, *he thought, he conceived, he apprehended, that they had better send for an apothecary:*"—"For an apothecary!—for an apothecary!—for an apothecary!" screamed all three together, "why are not you an apothecary!" Down dropped the sick young lady, and covered herself with the bed cloaths, and out ran the other two, frightened out of their wits. "*Was there ever such a mistake, such a blunder, pray, Sir, who are you, whence come you? who sent for you!*" By this time the whole house was in one general confusion from top to bottom, when the matriculated apothecary, rapping at the street door, and the upholsterer being introduced to the master of the house, developed the whole mystery.

Grace after Dinner, at a Miser's.

THANKS for this miracle; it is no less,
Than finding manna in the wilderness;
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

The Brewer's Coachman.

HONEST William, an easy and good natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow;
Body-coachman was he to an eminent brewer,—
No better e'er sat in a box to be sure;
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses,
Took that care of their babes, that he took of his horses;
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er;
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water;
"Now, William," says he, you see the plain case,
Had you drank as he does, you'd kept a good place;
"Drink water!" quoth William, "had all men done so,
You'd ne'er a wanted a coachman, I trow,
Tis soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

Anecdote of Foote.

AN eccentric barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the king's-bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared 'shave for a penny,' with the usual invitation to customers; and over his door was scrawled this poetry:--

Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite.

Foote, who loved any thing eccentric saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, 'is Jemmy Wright at home?' The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied, 'No sir he has just *popt* out.' Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

Joseph II.

IN one of those excursions which this emperor frequently took *incog.* he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accomodated with a good room; he was told a German bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimneys unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the bishop and his suite having bespoke all the poultry. The emperor requested that the bishop might be asked, if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the emperor supped with one of the bishop's almoners, who was not admitted to his master's table. He asked the almoner what he was going to do at Rome. My lord he replied is going to solicit a benefice of 50,000 livres, before the emperor is informed of its being vacant. They changed the conversation. The emperor wrote a letter to the chancellor of Rome, and another to his ambassador. He made the almoner promise to deliver both letters, agreeably to their address, on his arrival at Rome. He kept his promise. The chancellor presented the patent for the benefice to the astonished almoner.

Epigram.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Disposal of a Joke.

MR. CURRAN observing, one day in court, a louse crawling on a brother barrister's forehead, told him of it. "You joke," said the other, "If you have many such *jokes* in your head, replied Curran, "the sooner you *crack* them the better."

The Devil outwitted.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent;
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against ev'ry merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that ev'ry day
Run riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thump'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain;
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this, and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply,
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees.
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When chrysostom and Austin fail.

Bad Times.

AN old woman, entering a chandler's shop, modestly asked for a *three-farthing* candle. The shop-man replied, that on account of the war, there were none under a *penny*, and it was all owing to the *French*. "Odds curse 'em!" exclaimed the old woman, "what do they fight by *candle-light?*"

On John Trott, a Bailiff.

HERE lies *John Trott*, by trade a bum;
When he dy'd, the devil cry'd,
Come, *John*, come.

Anecdote of Kotezbue.

THE celebrated Kotezbue is under a contract to supply three theatres, that of Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburgh, with two dramatic pieces each in the season. Upon being asked, how he could undertake so much, he replied, "Nothing, my good friend, is more easy; I have one plot for all, and three standing characters, which I vary in their dialogue and action, according to the different taste of my audiences.---I have a *lover*, for instance---mark now how I use him at one theatre, and how I treat him at another. At Petersburgh, he smokes; at Berlin, he wenches; at Vienna, he games. If drawn as a villain in Russia, he may commit murder on the stage; but, at Berlin and Vienna, he must not draw his sword before the curtain. Again, as I go North, my heroine must be *virtuous*, and within a few degrees of the pole, she must be a very *saint*. Thus, before a Prussian audience, she preaches; at Petersburg she is a *prude;* at Vienna she is a *jilt;* and at Paris, a *prostitute*.

Barrington.

SOME years ago, one of the male convicts in Botany Bay, wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause at the theatre in Port Jackson. Barrington, the noted pick-pocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two lines:

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We *left* our country, for our *country's good*.

The Miser.

A FRIEND visiting a miser in the country, remonstrated with him on the meanness of his dress. "O! (said he) it is of no consequence, every body knows me here." Coming to London soon after, in the same garb, his friend again remonstrated. He answered, "Nobody knows me here."

The Old Cheese.

YOUNG Slouch, the farmer, had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied,
The wit which nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afear'd.
This made censorious persons of the town,
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break
With—"'Tis not so; pray give me leave to "speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool;
Told him he must exert himself and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, "That the next Tuesday noon "would shew
"Whether he were the lord at home or no;
"When their good company he would en- "treat
"To well-brew'd ale, and clean if homely "meat"
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose;
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.
"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that "you may see
'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came
Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
'Ho, Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not, "thou appear?
"Are these thy manners when Aunt Snap is "here?"
"I pardon ask," says Sue, "I'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And making the main ingredient of his treat
His saying—"There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not "enough,
"The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
"The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to "oil;
"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to "spoil.
"'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sate
"Down to a pudding without plums or fat.
"What teeth or stomach's strong enough to "feed
"Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
"Why must old pigeons, and they stale be "drest,
"When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
"This beer is sour; 'tis musty, thick and "stale,
"And worse than any thing except the ale.
Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid
Then cheese was brought, says Slouch—"This e'en shall roll;
"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
"This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
"And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
"Pray let me rise, says Sue, "my dear; I'll "find
A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."
Then in an entry standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt—
"I'll try, my joy," she cried, "if I can "please
"My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the the twang—"Is't the old "cheese, my dear!
"No need, no need of cheese," cries Slouch "I swear,
"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord "Mayor!"

Do justice to the Toast.

LADY HAMILTON having at her table given Mr. Goldsmid as a toast, and a gentleman only half filling his glass, she cried, "Come, come, you must not *sham Abraham*."

A great Calf.

A YOUNG clergyman boasting of his having been educated at two universities, an aged divine observed, 'you remind me of an instance of a calf that sucked two cows." "And what was the consequence? asked the junior. "Why sir, replied the old gentleman, (very gravely) the consequence was, that he was *a very great calf*.

King Henry VIII. and his Six Wives.

HENRY VIII. second son of Henry VII. by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the IV. and heiress to the house of York, was born at Greenwich, on the 22d, or according to some writers, the 28th of June, 1491. He was educated with great care, being designed by his father for the archbishopric of Canterbury, during the life of his elder brother Arthur, and instructed not only in the more necessary parts of learning, but even those of ornament; for besides his skill in the latin language, and the philosophy and divinity of that age, he was so great a master of music, that he composed two masses, which were often performed in his chapel. Upon the death of Prince Arthur, at Ludlow-Castle, on the 2d of April, 1502, he became heir-apparent to the crown, and soon after was created Prince of Wales. In the year 1503, on the 23d of June, an agreement was made between the king his father, and Ferdinand king of Arragon, that he should marry Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand, and widow of his brother Arthur, on condition that the pope's dispensation could be obtained; which being granted by Pope Julius II. on the 26th of December the same year, they were solemnly affianced; but the prince, on the very day he was fourteen years of age, by command of his father, made in the presence of certain witnesses, a protestation, in form, against the consent which he had given.

His father dying on the 22d of April 1509, Henry ascended the throne, and began his reign with confirming the general pardon granted by the late king just before his death. But he soon after published a proclamation, inviting such of his subjects as had been wronged to complain, at the same time promising them satisfaction. In consequence of which many petitions being exhibited against Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, Esq; who had been employed in the last reign to extort vast sums of money from the people, by the rigorous execution of penal statutes, they were imprisoned in the tower; attained in the parliament, which met on the 1st. of January, 1510, and on the 17th of August following, beheaded. The king was at first in doubt, whether he should consummate his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, for reasons both of conscience and policy; but almost the whole council declaring for it, he determined upon the marriage, which was solemnized in June 1509, as their coronation was on the 24th of that month. In the beginning of his reign he left the administration of his affairs wholly to his council and ministers, resigning himself to the pursuit of his pleasures, in various kinds of which, as tournaments, balls, entertainments, and concerts of music, he spent eighteen hundred thousand pounds, which had been amassed by the economy or rather avarice of his father.

The contests between Fox, bishop of Winchester, Henry VII.'s old minister, and Thomas Howard, earl of Surry, afterwards duke of Norfolk, lord treasurer, occasioned the former, in order to supplant his rival, to introduce to court Thomas Wolsey, who soon gained such an ascendant over the young king, as to continue for near twenty years his first minister and favourite, and absolutely to govern his counsels, especially with respect to foreign affairs, according to his own private views and passions, without any attention to the true interests of his master, or of his country.

Henry might, in the opinion of an excellent political writer, have been applied to, as the mediator, or arbitrator, of the christian world; and have found his account in all their wars

and negotiations, without being a party in them. But he did the contrary. A rose blessed by the pope: an emperor serving in his army, and taking his pay; a whimsical project of conquests, never designed to be made, and impossible to be kept, were sufficient to draw him into the most extravagant engagements, which were numberless, frequently inconsistent, and so very rash and unadvised, that whilst his aim, or his pretence, was to keep a balance between the great powers of Europe, he more than once assisted the strongest to oppress the weakest. Sir Walter Raleigh has made some severe remarks upon his conduct in his wars against France; and, in the preface to his incomparable history, affirms, that all his vain enterprizes abroad consumed more treasure, than all our victorious kings did in their several conquests.

The most memorable facts of this reign, which afford ample scope for the industry both of the civil and ecclesiastical historian, are his renouncing the supremacy of the see of Rome, in 1531, on account of the difficulties he met with from it in the divorce of his first Queen Catherine, after he had shewn himself a champion for the doctrines of that church in his book against Luther, published in 1521, the merit of which procured him from Pope Leo X. the title of *defender of the faith:* his declaring himself the head of the church; the suppression of the monasteries, and religious houses, by which he acquired immense riches, which he distributed among his nobility and courtiers; reserving only a small part for the endowment of six new bishoprics, Westminster, Chester, Gloucester, Peterborough, Oxford, and Bristol; the progress which he made in the reformation of religion, under the influence of Archbishop Cranmer, though he was sometimes prevailed upon by Gardiner and other zealots for the old religion, to treat the friends of the reformation with all the severities of the most determined persecution; till at last that learned and able, but ambitious prelate losing all credit with his master, who ordered his name to be struck out of his last will, the king was thought to have intended to carry the reformation farther than he had done, if death had not prevented him, which happened on the night between the 28th and 29th of January, 1546-7, in the 56th year of his age; and he was interred at Windsor.

Sir Walter Raleigh sums up his character in a few words of peculiar poignancy, declaring that if all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost to the world, they might again be painted to the life out of the history of this king. But to soften the deformity of this portrait, let us view him in the more advantageous light, in which he is drawn by Lord Herbert, who observes, that his bitterest censurers agree, that he had many perfections, both of nature and education, and a deep judgment in all affairs, to which he applied himself; that he was liberal and indulgent to his family and court, and even to strangers; that he made choice of able and good men for the church, and of wise and grave counsellors for the state and, above all, was a prince of great courage: in short, that, with all his faults, he was courted by the chief potentates of christendom, and highly reverenced by his subjects in general.

Catherine of Arragon, the First Wife of King Henry VIII.

CATHERINE of Arragon, the first wife of King Henry VIII. fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain, was born on the 16th of December, 1485. Her marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King Henry VII. was solemnized at St. Paul's, in London,

on the 14th of November, 1501, the prince being then almost fifteen years of age, and she almost sixteen. The portion given with her was two hundred thousand ducats, the greatest that had been given for many ages with any princess; and her jointure was the third part of the principality of Wales, of the dukedom of Cornwall, and of the earldom of Chester; and, in case she came to be queen of England, her jointure was left indefinite, but determined to be as great as ever any former queen had. The prince and princess lived together as man and wife till the second of April following; and not only had their bed solemnly blest, when they were put into it, on the night of their marriage, but also were seen publicly in bed for several days after, and went down to live at Ludlow-Castle in Wales, where they still bedded together. But the prince, though a strong and healthful youth, when he married her, died soon after, on the second of April, 1502; his death being thought, by some, to have been hastened by his too early marriage. The Spanish ambassador had, by his master's order, taken proofs of the consummation of the marriage, and sent them into Spain: and the young prince himself had likewise, by many expressions, given his servants cause to believe that his marriage was consummated the first night, which, in a youth so vigorous and healthful, was not at all judged improbable. And it was so constantly believed, that, when he died, his younger brother, Henry Duke of York, was not called Prince of Wales for some considerable time; nor was he created prince till it was evident, that his brother's wife was not with child by him. These things were afterwards looked upon as a full demonstration, that the princess was not a virgin after Prince Arthur's death. But the reasons of state still subsisting for keeping up the alliance with Spain against France, and King Henry VII. having no inclination to let so great a revenue, as she had in jointure, be carried out of the kingdom, it was proposed, that she should marry the younger brother Henry, now Prince of Wales. But this was opposed by Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, who thought it neither honourable nor pleasing to God; while Fox, bishop of Winchester, was very zealous for it; and the pope's dispensation was esteemed sufficient to remove all objection, and to obviate the murmurs of the people, who would otherwise dislike a disputable marriage, since it might occasion new wars about the right of the crown. A dispensation was accordingly obtained on the 26th of December, 1503, taking notice, that, in the petition lately presented to the pope by Prince Henry and the Princess Catharine, it had been declared, that her former marriage with Prince Arthur, had *perhaps*, been consummated. Upon this bill, they were married, the Prince of Wales being yet under age. But Archbishop Warham had so possessed the king with an aversion to this marriage, that on the day the prince was of age, June 17, 1505, he, by his father's command, in the presence of many of the nobility and others, made a protestation in the hands of Fox, bishop of Winchester, before a public notary and read it himself, by which he declared, that whereas he, being under age, was married to the Princess Catharine; yet, now coming to be of age, he did not confirm that marriage, but retracted and annulled it, and would not proceed in it, but intended, in full form of law, to void it and break it off; which he declared he did freely, and of his own accord. Thus it stood during his father's life, who seems to have repented of its being made; for he charged his son to break the contract, from a full persuasion of its being unlawful, and, be-

cause affection takes rise from conversation, would not suffer him to visit the princess, or hold any correspondence with her.

Henry VII. being dead, one of the first points that came under consultation, was, that the young king must either break his marriage totally, or conclude it. Arguments were brought on both sides of the question; but those for it prevailed most with the king; so that, in the beginning of June, 1509, about six weeks after he came to the crown, he was married again publicly, and both he and the queen were crowned on the 24th of that month. She had by him three children, two sons, who died soon after their birth, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards queen of England, born the 19th of February, 1515-16; besides which she had several miscarriages; and at last, left off childbearing, and contracted some diseases, which rendered her person less acceptable to the king, who, in 1527, began to avow his scruples of the marriage with her, on account of her having been his brother's widow, and to consider the untimely death of his two sons as a curse from God upon that marriage; the lawfulness of which appears likewise to have been questioned by foreigners. For the Emperor Charles V. who was affianced to the Princess Mary, refused to marry her upon the council of Spain's doubting her legitimacy; and after that, when a marriage was in treaty between that princess and Francis I. of France, or his second son, the duke of Orleans, the bishop of Tarbe, the French ambassador, made the same objection, maintaining that she could not be deemed born in wedlock, notwithstanding Pope Julius II.'s dispensation. It has been alleged indeed, that the king's scruples did not disturb him till he fell in love with Anne Boleyn, one of the queen's maids of honour; and that his doubts, concerning the validity of his marriage, sprung from this new passion. But though there was no great distance of time between his resolution to obtain a divorce, and the beginning of his love for Anne Boleyn; yet it might possibly be going too far to look upon it as a certain fact, that he undertook the prosecution of her divorce, in order to marry that lady. Being determined upon a divorce, he applied himself to Pope Clement VII. to obtain it; but the pope being unwilling to disoblige Charles V. by granting it, to the prejudice of the queen, who was that emperor's aunt, affected to use many delays, though he was prevailed upon to send Cardinal Campegio to England, to join with Cardinal Wolsey, as his vicegerents for determining that affair. The king and queen accordingly appeared before these two legates on the 21st of June, 1529, when the queen, kneeling down before the king, made a very pathetic speech, declaring, "That she was a poor woman, and a "stranger in his dominions, where she "could neither expect good council, "nor impartial judges: That she had "been long his wife, and desired to "know wherein she had offended him: "That she had been married to him "twenty years and more, had borne "him several children, and had ever "studied to please him; and protested "that he had found her a true maid; "for which she appealed to his own con-"science. If she had done any thing "amiss, she was willing to be put "away with shame. Their parents "were esteemed very wise princes, and "no doubt, had good counsellers and "learned men about them, when the "match was agreed. She would not "therefore submit to that court; nor "durst her lawyers, who were his sub-"jects, and assigned by him, speak "freely for her." After this she withdrew, and would never more appear, nor suffer any person to defend her cause. The king, finding the difficulty

of procuring a divorce from the see of Rome, resolved, by the advice of Cranmer, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to consult all the universities and most learned divines and civilians in Europe, concerning the validity of Pope Julius's dispensation; most of whom determining against it, and that his marriage was unlawful, he married Anne Boleyn, and Bishop Cranmer pronounced the sentence of divorce on the 23rd of May, 1533, declaring the king's marriage with Catherine null, and contrary to the law of God. That queen continued still inflexible, affirming that she would be the king's wife, till the pope had nulled the marriage, and refused to be served by any, who would not treat her as queen. She had the jointure that was assigned her as princess dowager. She died at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, on the 8th of January, 1535-6, in the 51st year of her age; and, before she expired, wrote a tender letter to the king, advising him to look to the health of his soul, and forgiving him all the troubles he had afflicted her with.

She was a devout and pious princess. and led a severe and mortified life. In her greatness she used to work much with her own hands, and keep her women well employed about her, as appeared when the two legates came to speak to her; for she came out to them with a skain of silk about her neck, and told them, she had been within at work with her maids. But she was most passionately devoted to the interests of the court of Rome, they being so interwoven with her own. Her body was interred in the church of Peterborough.

Anne Boleyn, the Second Wife of King Henry VIII.

ANNE Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII. king of England, and memorable for being the cause of the reformation in this country, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, and born in the year 1507. She was carried into France at seven years of age by Henry VIII's sister, who was wife of Lewis XII: nor did she return into England, when that queen retired thither after the death of her husband; but staid in the service of Queen Claudia, the wife of Francis I. and after the death of that princess, went to the duchess of Alenson. The year of her return is not well known: some will have it to be in the year 1527, others in the year 1525. Thus, much is certain, that she was maid of honor to queen Catharine of Spain, Henry VIII's first wife; and that the king fell extremely in love with her. She behaved herself with so much art and address, that, by refusing to satisfy the king's passion, she brought him to think of marrying her: and the king deceived by her into a persuasion, that he should never enjoy her, unless he made her his wife, was induced to set on foot the affair of his divorce with Catharine, which at last was executed with a great solemnity and form. In the mean time, Henry could not procure a divorce from the Pope; which, we know, made him resolve at length to disown his authority, and to fling off his yoke. Nevertheless he married Anne Boleyn privately upon the 14th of November, 1532, without waiting any longer for a sentence from Rome against his marriage with Catharine of Spain; and, as soon as he perceived that his new wife was with child, he made his marriage public. He caused Anne Boleyn to be declared queen of England on Easter-eve, 1533, and to be crowned the 1st of June following. She was brought to bed, on the 7th of September, of a daughter, who was afterwards Queen Elizabeth; and continued to be much beloved by the king, till the charms of Jane Seymour had fired that prince's heart in the year

1536. Then his love for his wife was changed into violent hatred: he believed her to be unchaste, and caused her to be imprisoned and tried. "She "was indicted for high treason, for "that she had procured her brother "and four others to lie with her, which "they had done often; that she had "said to them, that the king never "had her heart, and had said to every "one of them by themselves, that she "loved him better than any person "whatsoever, which was to the slan-"der of the issue, that was begotten "between the king and her. And this "was treason according to the statute "made in the 26th year of this reign; "so that the law, which was made for "her and the issue of her marriage, "is now made use of to destroy her." She was condemned to be either burnt or beheaded; and she underwent the latter, on the 19th of May, 1536. The right reverend author of the *History of the Reformation;* relates some very remarkable things of her behaviour during the time of her imprisonment, and a little before her execution. When she was imprisoned, she is said to have acted very different parts; sometimes seeming devout and shedding abundance of tears, and then all of a sudden breaking out into a loud laughter. A few hours before her death, she said, that the executioner was very handy; and besides, that she had a very small neck: at the same time feeling it with her hands, and laughing heartily. However it is agreed that she died with great resolution, taking care to spread her gown about her feet, that she might fall with decency; as the poets have related of Polyxeno, and the historians of Julius Cæsar. Roman catholic writers have taken all occasions to rail at this unhappy woman, as well through vexation of the schism which she occasioned, as for the sake of defaming and dishonouring Queen Elizabeth by this means; and they have triumphed vehemently, that in the long reign of that queen, no endeavours were used to justify her mother. But either queen Elizabeth or her ministers, are greatly to be admired for prudence in this respect; since it it certain, that Anne Boleyn's justification could never have been carried on, without discovering many things, which must have been prejudicial to the queen, and have weakened her right, instead of establishing it. For though the lies and slanders of the papists are in no wise to be regarded, yet many things might have been said to her disadvantage, without transgressing the laws of true history, as, that she was a woman gay even to immodesty, indiscrete in the liberties she took, and of an irregular and licentious behaviour.

Jane Seymour, the Third Wife of King Henry VIII.

JANE Seymour was descended of a very ancient family, whose ancestors came over to England with William the conqueror, or soon after; and their name was, at first, written St. Maur. The earliest residence of this family, of which we find any account, was at Woundy and Penhow, near Caldecot, in Monmouthshire; but upon the marriage of Roger de St. Maur, Knt. with Cecilia, one of the daughters and heirs of John Beauchamp, Baron of Hache, in the reign of King Edward III. this family removed into Somersetshire. The father of Queen Jane was Sir John Seymour, of Wolf-hall, in Wiltshire, constable of Bristol castle, and groom of the chamber to King Henry VIII. whom he served in his wars in France and Flanders. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, of Nettlested, in the county of Suffolk, by whom he had six sons and four daughters. Jane, afterwards queen, was his eldest daughter, and being maid of

honour to Queen Anne Boleyn, the king, who was of a very amorous disposition, fell violently in love with her in the year 1536. She was then in all the charms of youth and beauty, and her humour was tempered between the severe gravity of Queen Catharine, and the gay pleasantness of Queen Anne. This new passion of the king was not improbably the cause of the extreme jealousy, which he soon after conceived of his queen; whose enemies finding that she held no longer in his heart that place which she had formerly enjoyed, instead of fearing to accuse her unfaithfulness to the king, they believed they should please him, who began to be himself unfaithful. The queen therefore being condemned for adultery, and executed on the 19th of May, 1536; the king so little regarded the public opinion, or his own reputation, that the day following, or, as others say, three days after, he solemnized his marriage with Jane Seymour; wherein he expressed a passion, which served greatly to justify the deceased queen, or else, perhaps, he thought it not fit to mourn long, or much, for one, whom the law had declared criminal. The new queen, at the ceremony of the marriage, made a most beautiful appearance; Sir John Russell, afterwards Earl of Bedford, who was present at it, observed, that the richer she was in clothes, the fairer she appeared; whereas the richer the former queen (whether Catharine or Anne, is not expressed) was apparelled, the worse she looked. The parliament meeting on the 8th of June following, an act was passed to settle the crown, after the king's death, upon the issue of Queen Jane, whether male or female, or of any other queen whom he might afterwards marry. But since it was not fit to declare to whom the succession of the crown belonged, after the king's death, lest the person, so designed, might be thereby enabled to raise troubles and commotions; the parliament, considering the king's wise and excellent government, and confiding in the love and affection which he bore to his subjects, gave him full power to declare the succession to the crown, either by his letters patent under the great seal, or by his last will, signed with his hand; and promised all faithful obedience to the persons named by him. And if any, so designed to succeed in default of others, should endeavour to usurp on those before them, or to exclude them, they were declared traitors, and were to forfeit all the right they might hereafter claim to the crown. And if any should maintain the lawfulness of the former marriages with Queen Catharine and Queen Anne, or that the issue of them was legitimate, or refused to swear to the king's issue by Queen Jane, they were also declared traitors. This act shews how absolutely this king reigned in England, though the validity of it was much questioned, and it was afterwards altered in the 35th year of his reign, and repealed in the first of queen Mary.

On the 12th of October 1537, Queen Jane was delivered at Hampton Court, of a prince, who was baptized by the name of Edward, (the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury being godfathers) and was afterwards king under the title of Edward VI. But the joy for his birth was abated by the death of the queen, who died on the 14th of that month, according to Hall, Stow, Speed and Lord Herbert; on the 15th according to Hennings; or on the 24th, as appears from a journal written by Cecil. Some writers have reported, that the queen not being able to be delivered of the prince, the king ordered her belly to be opened, saying, that he could find another wife but was not sure to find another son. But this account is without foundation for the prince was born in the ordinary way; and the queen was as well,

the day after, as any woman in her condition could be; of which there are many proofs, the council writing letters over all England, giving notice of her safe delivery, and of her good health: but two or three days after she was seized with a distemper, ordinary to women in her condition, of which she died, and was interred at Windsor. The king greatly lamented her death, having always found her discreet, humble and loyal; and his grief for her is supposed to have been the reason, why he continued two years a widower; though others thought, that he had not so much tenderness in his nature, as to be much or long troubled for any thing; and therefore ascribed the delay of his marrying to some reasons of state.

Anne of Cleves, the Fourth Wife of King Henry VIII.

ANNE of Cleves, the fourth wife of King Henry VIII. was the daughter of John, duke of Cleves, in Germany. Lord Cromwell projected this match for the king. He observed, that his royal master was much swayed by his queens, as long as his passion for them continued. He thought, therefore, the most effectual expedient for himself and his friends was to negotiate an alliance with some of the princes of Germany. The Emperor had proposed Christiana, duchess of Milan, to his majesty; and the king of France had offered him the choice of any French lady. But both these overtures failing, he determined upon Lady Anne of Cleves. The treaty of marriage had been began with her father; but some difficulties intervening it broke off. Upon his death, it was revived with Duke William her brother. The lady's picture, drawn by Hans Holbein, was sent over to England. But this famous painter had bestowed the common compliment of his art somewhat too liberally on a lady, who was in a way to be a queen. The duke of Saxony indeed, who had married her elder sister, discouraged the match, because the king was so backward in the reformation; but Lord Cromwell pursued it with a fatal assiduity. It was said by those, who had seen the lady, that she had considerable charms in her person; but she could speak no language except Dutch, which the king understood not; nor was she bred to music, which he admired; and was extremely defective in those graces of behaviour and conversation, which were most adapted to engage his inclination.

However the match was at length concluded, and, in the end of December, 1539, she was brought over to England, William Fitz-Williams, earl of Southampton, being sent with a fleet of fifty sail to attend her. The king, impatient to see her, went incognito to Rochester; but the sight of her damped all his ardour. There appeared such an unpoliteness in her person and manner, that he swore, "They had brought over a Flanders "mare to him;" and immediately conceived an incurable aversion to her. He resolved to break off the match, if possible; but his affairs then requiring the friendship of the German princes, he did not think it advisable to put any affront upon the dukes of Cleves and Saxony. The emperor had at this time made an easy journey through France; where he had a magnificent interview with Francis I. by whom, as the king was informed, at the pope's instigation, a project was forming against him. Francis was also contriving how to take Calais from him; and it was easy for him to have engaged the king of Scotland against him, and the people in the north were thought to retain their former disposition to rebel; so that a war made on the king in such circumstances, would probably find him at a great disadvantage. This

caused him to be more tender of offending the Germans; but hearing that there had been a contract between Francis, son of the duke of Lorrain, and his intended bride, he resolved to try if that would furnish him with a fair excuse to break off the match. The clearing of this business was committed to Lord Cromwell, who told the king, that an instrument for releasing the covenants of marriage between Lady Anne and the duke of Lorrain's son was brought over. But whether Cromwell was guilty of an omission, or deceived by the duke of Cleves's agent, is uncertain; for the German ambassador could produce no such instrument. However, to give the king what satisfaction was in their power, Olesleger, one of them, offered to remain a prisoner till the revocation of the contract should be sent over. This failure in what was expected made the king complain of ill usuage; but the matter was referred to the council-table, where Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and Tonstall, bishop of Durham, delivered their opinion, that if nothing but a contract had passed, the renunciation above-mentioned would vacate the articles, and restore the parties to their former liberty, the contract being only an agreement between the fathers, when their children were under age. As to the manner of this revocation, each of the parties were to declare their release before persons of quality and public notaries; and their protesting the articles void in this solemn manner would be a sufficient discharge in law. The duke of Cleves's commissioners engaged, that a form of this kind in writing, procured from their master and the duke of Lorrain's son, should be put into the king's hand; and the same declaration was made by the lady at his majesty's instance.

The affair being thus far advanced, the king told Cromwell, there was now no remedy nor evasion; therefore he must of necessity put his neck in the yoke. Accordingly on the 6th of January, 1539-40, he married the lady with the usual solemnity at Greenwich, but expressed his dislike of her so manifestly, that all about him took notice of it. The next day he told Cromwell, that he had not consummated the marriage, and believed he never should. He suspected she was no virgin, and intimated, that she had such ungrateful smells about her, as increased his aversion to an insuperable degree. This was a shocking stroke to Cromwell, who well knew how delicate the king was in these matters; and that so great a misfortune must fall heavy upon himself, who was the chief promoter of it. He knew his enemies would draw great advantages from it, and understood the king's temper too well, to think his power would last long, if he could not induce him to like the queen better. But this was not to be done; for though the king lived five months with her in that state, and very often lay in the same bed with her, yet his aversion rather increased than abated. She seemed not much concerned at it; and as their conversation was not very great, so she was of heavy composition, and not much displeased to be delivered from a marriage, in which she had so little satisfaction, yet one circumstance shews that she did not want capacity; for she learned the English language very soon, and before her marriage was annulled, spoke it very readily. At last the king was resolved to part with her; for which purpose, when the instrument was brought over, to shew that the contract between her and the prince of Lorrain was made void, his majesty's council took some advantage, because it was not declared, whether the contract was in the words of the present or the future tense, and determined to make use of this defect upon a proper

occasion. On the 24th of June, 1540, the king sent the queen to Richmond, pretending, that the country air would agree better with her; and on the 6th of July, the House of Lords resolved upon an address to him, that he would suffer his marriage to be tried. Upon which, the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and others, were sent down to desire the concurrence of the commons, who ordered twenty of their number to go along with the peers in one body to the king. The matter being concerted before, he granted their request, and they appointed a committee for examination of witnesses. The substance of the whole evidence amounted to these particulars; that the matter of the pre-contract between the queen and the prince of Lorrain was not fully cleared; that the king had married her against his will, without any inward consent; and that he never had consummated the marriage, so that they saw he could have no issue by the queen. Upon these grounds the whole convocation with one consent annulled the marriage, and declared both parties free; which was the grossest compliance that the king had from his clergy in his whole reign. For as they knew, that there was nothing material in the pre-contract, so by vacating the marriage, because the consent was not internal and free, they made a most pernicious precedent for breaking all public treaties. But in reality the king was determined to be freed from the queen, and the clergy resolved not to incur his displeasure; and they rather sought out reasons to give colour to their sentence, than passed it on the force of these reasons. The judgment of the convocation with the ground of it, being reported to the parliament on the 10th of July, both houses remained satisfied. The day following, some lords were sent to the queen at Richmond, to inform her, that the king would, by letters patent, declare her his "adopted sister," and settle three thousand pounds a year upon her, if she would consent to it; which she cheerfully embraced. And it being left to her choice, either to live in England, or return to her brother, she preferred the former, and was likewise prevailed upon to write to him, that all this was done with her free will; that his majesty had used her like a father; and that he, and the other allies in Germany should not take the matter amiss, or lessen their friendship to the king She continued in England till her death, which happened July the 26th, 1557, at her house in Chelsea, and was interred on the 3d of August, with great solemnity, on the south side of the choir in Westminster abbey.

Catharine Howard, the Fifth Wife of King Henry VIII.

CATHARINE Howard, the fifth wife of King Henry VIII. was daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, (third son of Thomas, duke of Norfolk) by Joyce, daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper, of Holingbourne in Kent, Knight. Her mother dying whilst she was young, she was educated under the care of her grandmother, the duchess dowager of Norfolk; and when she grew up, the charms of her person soon captivated the affections of the king, who, upon his divorce from Anne of Cleves, married this lady; and on the 8th of August, 1540, shewed her publicly as queen. But this marriage proved of the utmost prejudice to the cause of the reformation, which had before begun to spread itself in the kingdom; for the queen being absolutely guided by the counsels of the duke of Norfolk, her uncle, and Gardner, bishop of Winchester, used all the power she had over the king, to support the enemies of the protestant party. In the summer of the year 1541, she at-

tended his majesty to York, to meet his nephew, the king of Scotland, who had promised to give him an interview in that city, but was diverted from that resolution by his clergy, and a message from the court of France, during which progress she gained so intire an ascendant over the king's heart, that at his return to London, on all-saint's day, when he received the sacrament, he gave public thanks to God for the happiness which he enjoyed by her means; and desired his confessor, the bishop of Lincoln, to join with him in the like thanksgiving.

But this proved a very short-lived satisfaction; for the next day, Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, came to him with a melancholy representation of the queen's lewd life, as it had been brought to him by one John Lasells, who, while the king was in his progress, had told him from his sister, an old servant belonging to the duchess dowager of Norfolk, and concerned in the queen's education, that the queen had been often criminal with Francis Dierham and Mannock, two of that duchess's domestics. By the advice of the lord-chancellor, and other privy counsellors, the archbishop set down the particulars in a paper, which he delivered to the king, as not well knowing how to open a matter of so delicate a nature in discourse. When the king read it, he was much confounded; for he loved the queen so tenderly, that he at first looked upon it as mere forgery; so that if full evidence had been wanting, it had certainly turned to the archbishop's ruin. However, his majesty imparted the matter to some other counsellors, and with the utmost secrecy sent to examine Lassels and his sister; who confirming the account, he ordered Dierham and Mannock to be arrested upon some other pretences. They being examined, not only confessed what was laid to their charge, but revealed some other circumstances, that shewed the queen had laid aside all sense of modesty, as well as fear of a discovery, three several women having been witnesses to her vicious practices. This report struck the king into a most profound pensiveness, and caused him to lament his misfortune with a flood of tears. The archbishop and some other counsellors were sent to examine the queen, who at first denied every thing; but finding the affair was already known, she confessed all, and set her hand to it. It appeared likewise, that she had intended to continue in that scandalous course of life; for she had brought Dierham into her service, so she had retained one of the women, who had formerly been privy to their familiarities, to attend upon her in her bed-chamber; and, while the king was at Lincoln, one Culpepper was, by Lady Rochford's means, brought to her at eleven at night, and stayed with her until four the next morning, and at his departure received from her a gold chain. Culpepper being examined, confessed the crime, for which he, with Dierham, suffered death on the 10th of December.

This unfortunate affair occasioned a new parliament to be summoned on the 16th of January, 1541-2, in which the archbishop, the duke of Suffolk, the earl of Southampton, and the bishop of Winchester, were appointed to examine the queen, which they did on the 28th of that month. Their report is recorded only in general that she confessed; but no particulars are mentioned. Upon this the parliament passed an act in the form of a petition, in which, after desiring the king not to be grieved at this misfortune, they requested, that the queen and her accomplices, with her procuress Lady Rochford, might be attainted of high treason; and that all those, who knew of the queen's vicious course before her marriage, and had concealed it, as the duchess dowager of Norfolk, her grand-

mother, the countess of Bridgwater, Lord William Howard her uncle, and his lady, with the four other men and five women, who were already attainted by the course of common law, (except the duchess of Norfolk and the countess of Bridgewater,) might be attainted of misprison of treason. It was enacted also, that whoever knew any thing of the incontinence of the queen for the time being, should reveal it with all possible speed, under the pains of treason; and that if the king, or his successors, should incline to marry any woman, whom they took to be a virgin; if she, not being so, did not declare the same to the king, it should be high treason; and all who knew it, and did not reveal it, were guilty of misprison of treason; and if the queen or the prince's wife, should procure any person, by messages or words, to have criminal conversation with her; or any other, by messages or words, should solicit them; they, their counsellors, and abettors, were to be adjudged guilty of high treason.

This remarkable act being passed, the queen and Lady Rochford were beheaded on Tower-hill on the 12th of February, about seventeen months after she had been married to the king. The queen confessed the miscarriages of her former life before marriage, which had brought her to this fatal end; but protested to Dr. White, afterwards bishop of Winchester, that she took God and his angels to be her witness, upon the salvation of her soul, that she was guiltless of the charge of defiling her sovereign's bed. Yet the unbounded looseness of her former course of living inclined the world to believe the most scandalous things that could be reported. But all observed the judgment of heaven upon Lady Rochford, who had been the principal instrument in the death of Queen Anne Boleyn, her sister-in-law, and that of her own husband; and her appearing now so enormously profligate, tended much to raise their reputations again, in whose fall her malice and artifices had so great a share. It was thought, however, extremely cruel to shew such extraordinary severity against the queen's kindred, for not discovering her former ill life, since the making such a discovery would have been a very hard instance of duty. The duchess dowager of Norfolk being her grandmother, had educated her from a child; and it was said, that for her to have acquainted the king with her grandmother's lewd behaviour, when he intended to marry her, as it was an unheard-of thing, so the not doing it could not have drawn so high a punishment from any but a prince of the king's temper. However, he pardoned her, and most of the rest, though some continued in prison after others were discharged. The other proviso, which obliged a young lady to discover her own frailties, if his majesty should please to make love to her, seemed likewise a grievous piece of tyranny; since if a king, especially one of so imperious a disposition as Henry VIII. should design such an honour to any of his subjects, who had failed in their former life, they must either disgrace themselves by publishing so odious a secret, or run the hazard of being afterwards attainted of high treason. Upon this, some persons, who were inclined to rally the sex, took occasion to say, "that after such a regulation, no one, reputed a virgin, could be induced to marry the king;" and therefore it was not so much choice as necessity, that caused him to marry a widow two years after. But this part of the act was afterwards repealed in the first parliament of King Edward VI.

Catharine, Parr, Sixth and Last Wife, of King Henry VIII.

CATHARINE Parr, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, and wife of

the late Nevil Lord Latimer; she received according to the custom of that age, a learned education, and was considered as a woman of discretion and virtue. King Henry VIII. once more changed his condition by marrying her, in two years after the death of the last queen; she had already passed the meridian of life, and managed this capricious tyrant's temper with prudence and success. She was a friend of the reformation, on which account, Bishop Gardner and others, zealous of the Romish church, endeavoured to effect her ruin, but by her prudence, preserved the king's favour to his death. In 1547, Catharine married Sir Thomas Seymour, lord admiral of England, who treated her so ill, that she died the year following, 1548; she wrote a number of prayers, meditations, and other religious pieces.

Epigram.

YOUR comedy I have read my friend,
And like the *half* you pilfer'd best;
But sure, the drama you might mend,
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

Bruna and Lemona.

LEMONA was daughter of Hudda the brave,
Whose throne was exalted on high;
His gold and his silver fill'd many a cave,
His nobles were haughty, but each as a slave
Obey'd the least dart of his eye.

Lemona was tall, and Lemona was fair,
Her ringlets fell over her shoulder,
Like the silver-wing'd dove was the smooth of her hair,
Her ancles were taper, her elbows were bare;
O! it made the heart beat to behold her.

Lemona had huntsmen and hounds in her train.
And of silver-shod horses a score;
Her palfrey was grey, and of silk was his rein.
He champ'd his gold bit, as he pranc'd on the plain,
And seem'd proud of the burden he bore.

Lemona was happy: for Bruno, the son
Of a rich and a mighty great earl,
Had sigh'd, and had knelt, and her heart he had won,
As she sat on her seat by the rivers that run
Through bridges of mother of pearl.

Quick throbbings, quick throbbings swell'd thick in her breast;
She gave a consent with a falter;
The priests were assembled in surplices dress'd,
Young Bruno most cheerly the damsel caress'd,
As they walk'd up the aisle to the altar.

The palace was crowded the chandeliers shone,
The ivory tables were spread;
The bride and the bridegroom were placed on a throne,
Which entirely was form'd of a large onyx-stone,
With a canopy over their head.

Now the laugh shakes the hall, and the ruddy wine flows;
Who, who is not merry and gay?
Lemona is happy, for little she knows
Of the monster so grim that lay hush'd in repose,
Expecting his evening prey!

While the music play'd sweet, and with trippings so light,
Bruno danced through the maze of the ball,
Lemona retired, and her damsels in white
Led her up to her chamber, then wished her 'good night,'
And went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood now extended his paws,
And from under the bed did he creep;
With blood-clots besmear'd he now stretch'd out his claws,
With blood-clots besmear'd he now open'd his jaws,
To feed on the virgin asleep.

He siezed on a vein, and he gave such a bite,
And he gave with his fangs such a tug,
She scream'd—Bruno ran up the stairs in a fright—
The guests follow'd after—when brought to the light,
Lord ha' mercy! they cried what a BUG!!!

Epitaph on a Bailiff.

CLOSE caged here a bailiff lies,
Without bail, without mainprise:
An active member of the law
He was, for oft he made a claw.
As others take, he never took
Men's hands, for he their shoulders shook.
'Gainst him at last fate issued out
His writ;—Death was to execute:
He came, and on the shoulder clapp'd him:
"My prisoner, friend!"—and here entrapp'd him.

The Irish Watchman; or, a Rhyme without a Bull.

DURING the time of Dean Swift, a watchman of the district in Dublin where the dean resided, was very fond on particular occasions, of expressing himself in *rhyme*. The dean had frequently heard him, and noticed that a certain characteristic of the country strongly marked all his efforts at wit. However, willing to encourage a brother poet, he one day sent for him, and told this eccentric watchman, if he would in the course of that night, (which happened on the 5th of November) make a suitable rhyme without a bull, he (the dean) would make him a present of half-a-crown in the morning. This proposition was gladly accepted, and the enraptured bard anxiously waited the approach of night that he might convince Dr. Jonathan he was not so much of an Irishman as he had taken him to be. Whether he had not exactly polished his production to his mind sooner or not, is uncertain; but it is was two in the morning before he attempted publicly to poetize, when he loudly vociferated the following lines, which the listening dean could not have heard but with strong emotions of laughter:

" *To-night's* the *day*, I speak it with great
" sorrow,
" That we were all to be blown up *to-*
" *morrow;*
" So pray take care of fire and candle-light:
" Past two in the *morning*,—and I wish
" you all a good *night!*"

Unconscious of his blunders, it is said that this learned Pat. waited on the dean in the morning, claimed the reward of his poetical labour, and, more for its novelty than otherwise, had his claim allowed.

Epigram.

PAINTERS at a certain subject stick,
They know not how to form *old nick;*
With cloven feet they often draw him,
And sometimes horn him, tail him, claw him
Pshaw nonsense all; if 'tis n't uncivil,
Draw *Delia* frowning—that's the devil.

Outwitted Magistrate.

A PLEASANT young fellow, about half seas over, passing through the Strand at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began, with all the insolence of office, to file a string of interrogatories, in the hopes of being handsomely paid for his labor; 'What is your name, sir?"—" Five shillings."—" Where do you live?"—" Out of the king's dominions."—" Where have you been?"—" Where you would wish to have been."—" Where are you going?"—" Where you dare not go for your ears." The officious guardian of the night thought these answers sufficient to warrant him to take the young man to the watch house. The next morning, on being brought before the magistrate, he told his worship " that as to the first question, his name was Thomas Crown; with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; with respect to the third, he had been drinking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last," said he, " I was going to bed to my wife." The justice repremanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr. Crown a very good morning.

Epitaph on a Barber's Boy.

HERE lies in blooming youth, a barber's
boy,
His master's grief now dead, alive his joy;
His razor scarcely touch'd the tender skin,
So sweetly soft he shav'd the bearded chin;
O gentle earth! lie lightly on his grave,
Thou canst not lie so light as he could shave.

Bidding more.

A CELEBRATED actor lately one evening went into an auction-room, while the knight of the hammer, with the cry of " a-going, a-going; who bids more?" made the streets echo. The wag, pushing through the crowd, gravely said, " I will bid more."—" How much, Sir?"—" Why, I'll *bid* you *good-night!*" and walked off.

Misconception.

ERE night her sable curtain spread,
Ere Phœbus had retir'd to bed,
In Thetis' lap;
Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en,
Their early nap.

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To farmer Fitz Maurice's fold,
Did slily creep;
Where numerous flocks were quiet laid,
In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal,
But, hapless, close behind his heel,
Was ploughman Joe;
Who just arriv'd in time to stop,
The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck and ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice straight,
Be dragg'd per force;
Where prosecutors urge his guilt,
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands,
From th' elbow chair;
Where justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austerre.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
"For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice,
"Thou knew'st full well;
"The sheep within that fold belonged,
"Come, quickly tell.—

"Confess thy crime, 'twill naught avail,
"To say the mark above the tail,
"Thou did'st not heed;
"For G. F. M. in letters large,
"Thou plain might's read."

"'Tis true, I did," the thief replies,
"But man is not at all times wise,
"As I'm a glutton;
"I clearly thought that G. F. M.
"Meant *Good Fat Mutton.*"

A Sea Horse.

THE captain of a West Indiaman wished to buy a horse. After the purchase was made, the captain said, "Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are."—"What do you mean to do with him?" said the other. "Why to take him to sea," answered the captain. "Then I will be candid," replied the dealer: "he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

Knocking out an I.

A CELEBRATED Irish advocate was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his conversation; and hearing a cockney near him say curosity for curiosity, he exclaimed, "How that man *murders* the English language."—"Not so." replied the advocate; "He has only *knocked* an *I* out."

Swift Spirit.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and ran for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice,
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice;
Too *proud* to take counsel, too *wise* to take warning,
That he sent them all three a challenge next morning;
He fought with all three, and thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

A double Bull.

TWO gentlemen passing a black, berry-bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it "was ridiculous to call them *black*-berries when they were *red.*"—"Don't you know," said his friend, "that blackberries are always *red* when they are *green?*"

Old Anagrams.

ARRESTING very well with this agrees,
It is a STINGER worse than wasps or bees;
The very word includes the prisoner's fees,
Arresting briefly claps them up IN GRATES.

To all good verses PRISONS are great foes,
And many poets they keep fast IN PROSE;
Again, this very word portends small hopes
For he that is in prison, is IN ROPES,
Makes woeful purchase of calamities,
And finds it in no profit, or NO PRISE;
Filth, cold, and hunger, dwell within the door,
And thus a prison doth NIP SORE.

A remarkable Suicide which happened at Lyons, 1770.

A YOUNG man, well known in that city, handsome, well made, of an amiable disposition, and very accomplished, fell in love with a young woman, whose parents refused their consent to his proposals of marriage. The lover, in an agonizing fit, broke a blood vessel, the surgeon declared there was no remedy to stop the bleeding; his mistress found the means of getting an interview with her lover, and presented him with a brace of pistols, and two poiguards, that in case the former should fail, the latter might certainly dispatch them; they embraced each other tenderly for the last time; the triggers of both the pistols were fastened to rose-coloured ribbons; the lover took hold of the ribbon of that which was designed to despatch his mistress, she held that designed for her lover; at a signal agreed upon, they both fired at the same time, and both instantly fell down dead.

Westminster Magazine, 1780.

The farther in, the deeper.

ALDERMAN Faulkner in his journal announced the accouchment of "*her* grace the *duke* of Dorset." Next day it was thus corrected: "For *her* grace the *duke* of Dorset, read *his* grace the *duchess* of Dorset."

Gold and Paper.

AT a fashionable whist-party, a lady having won a rubber of twenty guineas, the gentleman who was her opponent pulled out his pocket-book and tendered twenty-one pounds in bank-notes. The fair gamester observed, with a disdainful toss of her head, "In the *great houses* which I frequent, sir we always *use gold*."—"That may be, madam," replied the gentleman, "but in the *little houses* which I frequent, we always *use paper*."

David Bek.

DAVID Bek, a celebrated portrait painter, was born at Delft in Holland. It is said, that when he was upon a journey in Germany, he was seized with a fit of illness, and at length every body about him thinking him dead, they undressed him, and laid him upon some straw in a room where two of his servants were drinking; upon which one of them proposed that, as he had no aversion to wine when living, he would give him some now he was dead, and accordingly held the glass to his lips, when the smell of the wine putting his spirits in motion he sipped some of it; the servant, though greatly amazed, still held the glass to his mouth, and he again sipped, and thus came by degrees to himself.

He lived several years after, and died at the Hague in 1656.

Brooke's Dictionary of the World.

On Wit.

AS in smooth oil the razor best is wet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Theatrical Bon Mot.

SOON after the appearance of Mr. Garrick at the theatre of Drury Lane, when he, by his astonishing powers, drew all the town to that place of entertainment, and Mr. Rich was playing pantomimes at Covent Garden, to empty benches—these two gentlemen met one morning at the Bedford coffee-house. They soon fell into conversation, and Mr. G. asked the Covent Garden manager how much his house would hold when crowded with company. "Why, master," replied Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, "Why, master, I cannot tell; but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give you an account!"

Absence.

SWEET girl! since you left me and went out of town,
I scarce utter a word, and I constantly frown;
As for business, or pleasure, I think them but folly,
And while others are laughing, I'm quite melancholy.

When I wake in the morning, I turn me around,
But, alas! my lov'd Susan is not to be found;
When your pillow unpress'd makes your absence quite certain,
I curse blankets and sheets, and swear at the curtain.

When I leap out of bed, still your image bewitches,
I'm at least twenty minutes in finding my breeches;
And after I'm dress'd a full hour or more,
I find they are button'd the wrong side before.

Ah! Susan, at breakfast, how happy we've been,
O'er the fragrant infusion of eight-shilling green,
While rapture attended on every sip,
And I envied the cup the soft touch of your lip.

But now on my table I carelessly loll,
My appetite's gone—I can scarce eat a roll:
And I cannot help thinking while drinking my tea,
That the white sugar's brown, and the hyson—bohea.

At dinner—whenever your eye glanc'd a wish,
Tow'rds the hot roasted fowl—how I seiz'd on the dish,
Then sent you a wing, and a bit of the breast—
For fancy still whisper'd me what you lik'd best.

But now I'm so stupid, I care not a button,
Who carves out the beef, or who cuts up the mutton—
I spill butter and gravy all over the cloth,
And when porter I drink—rnn my nose in the froth.

The sofa, on which we've so often beguil'd,
The lingering hours, while you listened and smil'd;
Till rapture its tenderest language would speak,
And the tears of delight I have kiss'd from your cheek.

Sweet sofa! farewell, for thy influence is o'er,
The lingering hours now but linger the more;
And with tears of delight my eye never o'erflows,
For I've got a bad cold and they run from my nose.

Then haste back to town, my sweet Susan and prove,
All the whimsical pleasures that wait upon love;
Our days shall be pass'd in frolicksome flirting,
And as for our nights!—but I here drop the curtain.

Epitaph on a Newfoundland Dog.

NEAR this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born in Newfoundland, May 1808,
And died at London, Nov. 18, 1813.

On genuine Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from Golconda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

An Epigram.

WHAT epithets, exclaims a clown,
To womankind belong!
Some are called women of the *town*,
Some ladies of the *ton*.

The diff'rence it is hard to trace,
Though diff'rence still there's some;
The w—— boldly one displays,
The other plays it mum.

CARD-TABLE EPITAPH.

On a Lady ruined by a Frequenter of Clubs.

CLARINDA reigned the queen of *hearts*,
Like sparkling *diamonds* were her eyes;
'Till through the knave of *club's* false arts,
Here bedded by a *spade* she lies.

An Account of the North-American Indians' Barbarity to their Captives.

IT has been long too feelingly known, that instead of observing the generous and hospitable part of the laws of war, and saving the unfortunate who fall into their power, that they generally devote their captives to death, with the most agonizing tortures. No representation can possibly be given, so shocking to humanity, as their unmerciful method of tormenting their devoted prisoner; and as it is so contrary to the standard of the rest of the known world, I shall relate the circumstances, so far as to convey proper information thereof to the reader. When the company return from war, and come in view of their own town, they follow the leader one by one, in a direct line, each a few yards behind the other, to magnify their triumph. If they have not succeeded, or any of their warriors are lost, they return quite silent; but if they are all safe, and have succeeded, they fire off the Indian platoon, by one, two, and three at a time, whooping and insulting their prisoners. They camp near their town all night, in a large square plot of ground, marked for the purpose, with a high war-pole fixed in the middle of it, to which they secure their prisoners. Next day they go to the leader's house in a very solemn procession, but stay without, round his red painted war-pole, until they have determined concerning the fate of their prisoners. If any one of the captives should be fortunate enough to get loose, and run into the house of the archi-magus, or to a town of refuge, he by ancient custom is saved from the fiery torture—these places being a sure asylum to them if they were invaded, and taken, but not to invaders, because they came to shed blood.

The young prisoners are saved, if not devoted while the company were sanctifying themselves for their expedition; but if the latter be the case, they are condemned, and tied to the dreadful stake, one at a time. The victors first strip their miserable captives quite naked, and put on their feet a pair of bear-skin maccasenes, with the black hairy part outside; others fasten with a grape-vine, a burning fire-brand to the pole, a little above the reach of their heads. Then they know their doom—deep black, and burning fire, are fixed seals of their death-warrant. Their punishment is always left to the women; and on account of their false standard of education, they are no way backward in their office, but perform it to the entire satisfaction of the greedy eyes of the spectators. Each of them prepares for the dreadful rejoicing, a long bundle of dry canes, or the heart of fat pitch-pine, and as the victims are led to the stake, the women and their young ones beat them with these in a most barbarous manner. Happy would it be for the miserable creatures, if their sufferings ended here, or a merciful tomohawk finished them at one stroke; but this shameful treatment is a prelude to future sufferings.

The death-signal being given, preparations are made for acting a more tragical part. The victim's arms are fast pinioned, and a strong grape-vine is tied round his neck, to the top of the war-pole, allowing him to track around, about fifteen yards, They fix some tough clay on his head, to secure the scalp from the blazing torches. Unspeakable pleasure now fills the exulting crowd of spectators; the circle fills with the amazon and merciless executioners.—The suffering warrior however is not dismayed; with an insulting manly voice he sings the war-song! and with gallant contempt he tramples the rattling gourd with pebbles in it to pieces, and outbraves even death itself. The women make a furious on-set with their burning

torches; his pain is so excruciating that he rushes out from the pole, with the fury of the most savage beast of prey, and with the vine sweeps down all before him, kicking, biting, and trampling them with the greatest despite. The circle immediately fills again, either with the same, or fresh persons; they attack him on every side—now he runs to the pole for shelter, but the flames pursue him. Then with champing teeth, and sparkling eye-balls, he breaks through their contracted circle afresh, and acts every part, that the highest courage, most raging fury, and blackest despair can prompt him to. But he is sure to be overpowered by numbers, and after some time the fire affects his tender parts.—Then they pour over him a quantity of cold water, and allow him a proper time of respite, until his spirits recover, and he is capable of suffering new tortures. Then the like cruelties are repeated until he falls down, and happily becomes insensible of pain. Now they scalp him, in the manner before described; dismember, and carry off all the exterior branches of the body, *pudendis non exceptis*, in shameful and savage triumph. This is the most favourable treatment their devoted captives receive; it would be too shocking to humanity either to give or peruse every particular of their conduct in such doleful tragedies—nothing can equal these scenes, but those of the unmerciful Romish inquisition.

Not a soul, of whatever age or sex, manifest the least pity during the prisoner's tortures; the women sing with religious joy, all the while they are torturing the devoted victim, and peals of laughter resound through the crowded theatre—especially if he fears to die.—But a warrior puts on a bold austere countenance, and carries it through all his pains. As long as he can, he whoops and outbraves the enemy, describing his own martial deeds, against them, with and those of his own nation, who he threatens will force many of them to eat fire in revenge of his fate, as he himself had often done to some of their relations at their cost.

Though the same things operate alike upon the organs of the human body, and produce an uniformity of sensations, yet weakness, or constancy of mind derived from habit, helps in a great measure, either to heighten, or lessen the sense of pain, By this, the afflicted party has learned to stifle nature, and shewn an outward unconcern, under such slow and acute tortures; and the surprising cruelty of their women, is equally owing to education and custom. Similar instances verify this, as in Lisbon, and other places, where tender-hearted ladies are transformed by their bloody priests, into so many Medeas, through deluded religious principles; and will sit and see with the highest joy the martyrs of God, drawn along in diabolical triumph to the fiery stake, and suffering death with lingering tortures.

From Gordon's Geography.

AT Mentz, in Germany, there is a leaf of parchment on which are fairly written twelve different sorts of hands, with a variety of miniatures and draughts, curiously done with a pen, and that by one Thomas Schnviker, who was born without hands, and performed the same with his feet.

At Leyden, in Holland, is to be seen the effigy of a peasant of Prussia, who swallowed a knife of ten inches long; and is said to have lived eight years after; the same was cut out of his stomach. 2d, An oyster shell, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds. 3d, two human skins, one a man's, the other a woman's, tanned and prepared like leather; with a pair of shoes made of such leather.

Mrs. Didier's Farewell Address, spoken at the Bath Theatre, Feb. 7, 1807.

CAN none remember, nay, I know all must,
When the great Siddons gave her reasons just;
For quitting those whose approbation drew;
Her wond'rous merits first to public view;
Three reasons only could that prop unfix,
Whilst dame Didier, alas! has *sixty-six;*
Look in my face, and there too plain appears,
Th' unerring mark of six and sixty years;
My reasons are not little girls and boys,
Their doating parent's anxious cares and joys;
But twelve long months (of good deeds or of crimes,)
Repeated over six and sixty times!
Though I might boast that many a comic brother,
Has of this theatre long hail'd me—mother!
Nay, whilst we've Garricks, infantile and raw,
I may be term'd this stage's—grand-mamma.

Twice twenty years ago my lot was cast—
Here should my scenes of future life be past;
And 'tis with pride and gratitude I own,
A happier fortune few have ever known.

When first you saw me, by your partial aid,
The romping girls—pert chambermaids, I play'd;
And oft—transform'd by elegant attire—
Begg'd you her court-bred ladyship admire,
Ah! then my vanity would not refuse
The highest efforts of your comic muse—
Your Townlys, Teazles, Rosalinds so gay,
I had presumption, gentle friends, to play;
But ne'er did this ambition reach my heart,
I never squinted through a tragic part.

'Tis "long experience only makes us sage,"
By that we find our level on the stage;
In homely parts, with simple nature's aims,
Ashfield, and other rusticated dames,
Aunt Heidelbergs, and matrons in brocades,
Your Malaprops and antiquated maids,
My forte I struck on—and, with exultation,
Your laugh I construed into approbation.

A few more years should health continue still,
This humble sphere I yet perhaps might fill;
But "blest retirement, friend to life's decline,"
Bids me my labours and their fruits resign;
Content with pittance early toil was made,
The frugal savings of your gen'rous aid.
Deem not my heart insensible or cold,
That I no cambric handkerchief unfold;
With bosom throbbing, & with fault'ring speech,
Your kind indulgence for this step beseech
This face I ne'er the form of woe could teach;
Nor do I think, with arrogance and pride,
That this my place can never be supplied!
I'm pleas'd to leave you thus brim full of glee,
You must be pleas'd, your bounty makes me free,
My worthy managers, whose gentle sway
Made forty winters one bright holiday,
Must too be pleas'd that an old servant goes
From anxious toiling to her eve's repose;
And with her faithful mate, can thus retire,
Where thrift has piled, and leisure trims their fire;
Where life's rude cares no more may intervene,
To mar their studies for another scene.

Anecdote.

ON the first night of the representation of the comedy of *The Suspicious Husband*, Foote sat by a plain, honest, well-meaning citizen, whose imagination was strongly impressed by the incidents of the play. At the dropping of the curtain, the wit complained to his neighbour of the impropriety of suffering *Ranger* to go off as he came on, without being reclaimed. "Could not the author, (said he) thrown this youth, in the course of his nocturnal rambles, into some ridiculous scene of distress, which might have reclaimed him? As he now stands, who knows but the rogue, after all the pleasure he has given us, may spend the night in a round-house?" "By G—d, (says the cit) if it happens in my ward, I'll release him, for I'm sure he is too honest a fellow to run away from his bail."

Claim of Kindred; or, the most made of a pretended Relation.

AS a portly and well-dressed man was some time since walking along the Strand, he suddenly dropped down in an apoplectic fit; and though a physician was passing at the time, and tried every assistance, it was in vain; the body was dead beyond the reach of human skill.—A corpse in the Strand, unowned, soon drew a crowd; among whom came a genteel young

man. He had no sooner made his way through the mob, so as to get a full view of the deceased, than he seemed struck with amazement: he remained fixed; his countenance changed; and the tears began to flow down his cheeks. As soon as he could recover himself, so far as to gain utterance, he exclaimed—"O God, my poor uncle! Is he gone?—Well," said he, with a deep sigh, "so have perished all my hopes! I am happy, however, that I luckily passed at this awful moment, to rescue his remains, and see them decently interred." Accordingly, the *sorrowful* youth called for a coach; and the charitable mob, who pitied the *disconsolate* nephew, assisted to put the corpse into the coach. The *pious* young man then, having carefully drawn up the blinds, to protect his deceased kinsman from the unpleasant gaze of public curiosity, soon stripped the body entirely naked; and desiring to be set down at a celebrated surgeon's, very conscientiously sold his pretended uncle for two guineas!

An Account of a Shark.

A SHARK was taken in the river Thames near Poplar, by some fishermen, in the body of which was found a watch with a chain and seal, and also some pieces of gold lace, which were conjectured to have belonged to some young gentlemen who was swallowed by that voracious fish; the maker's name and number of the watch being Henry Watson, London, No. 1362. It has since appeared, that Mr. Henry Watson, the watch-maker, lives in Shoreditch, who sold the watch, two years ago, to a Mr. Ephraim Thompson, of White-Chapel, as a present to a son on going out on his first voyage (as what is called a guinea-pig) on board the ship Polly, Captain Van, master, bound to coast and bay: about three leagues off Falmouth, by a sudden heel of the ship during the time of a squall, Master Thompson fell over-board, and was seen no more. The news of his being drowned soon after came to the knowledge of his friends, and no more was expected to be heard of him, but from the above circumstance it has proved somewhat similar to the fate of Jonah in the belly of a whale; young Thompson's coffin was a living shark, though he was not so fortunate as Jonah to escape. Mr. Ephraim Thompson has purchased the shark, which he calls his son's executor; and the watch, &c. he considers as his last legacy. The shark measured nine feet long, and four round.

Town and Country Magazine, 1788.

The Newspaper.

AN engine of good and evil,
Of falsehood and truth, in its turn;
Assisted always by the Devil,*
Whose lashes make sinful folk mourn.

A mirror of folly and fashion,
A mart of wit, bon-mot, and joke;
The foe of crim. con.'s guilty passion,
But friendly to Hymen's fair yoke.

The comfort and guide of the trader,
In dealings at home or abroad;
The dread of the boasting invader,
The brand by which tyrants are aw'd.

Right liberty's rock of reliance,
When tempests her residence threats;
The fosterer of arts and of science,
Of every thing gallant, or great.

* News-paper-printers' boys so termed.

Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted Fiddler in Suffolk.

STEPHEN and *Time*,
Are now both even;
Stephen beat *Time*,
Now *Time* beats *Stephen*.

Epitaph on a learned Alderman.

HERE lies William Curtis, late our lord mayor,
Who has left *this here world*, and is gone to *that there*.

Humanity.

DEAN Swift was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman, offering a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surly aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every moment expected the servant with the paper; but to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the sash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal," cried the enraged dean.—The surprised and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know was to pity—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy—and the servant almost instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct:

"The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a fragrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the dean forgave him; and, in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

The Way of the World.

DETERMINED before-hand we gravely pretend,
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from our's on any pretence,
We pity his want both of judgment and sense;
But if he falls into, and flatters our plan,
Why really we think him a sensible man.

On the Death of an Undertaker.

SUBDUED by death, here death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to look for death.

Account of a remarkable old Man.

THERE lived a man, in the year 1581, in the parish of Tregaian, in the county of Anglesea, aged 105, called William David ap Howel ap Jorworth, who married three wives. The first was called Ellen ferch William, of her he begat twenty-two children. The second wife called Catharine ach Richard, of her he begat ten children. The third was called Ellen ferch William, of her he begat four children. Also he had in his life-time two concubines; one called Jonnet ferch William, by her he begat two children; the other Leky Lloyd, by her he begat five children. The number of his children, lawfully begotten was thirty six, and by his concubines seven, in all forty-three. His eldest son, called Griffith ap William, 84 years old, had children, and children's children, to a great number. Also his youngest son was Griffith ap William, two years old, living in the before-mentioned parish of Tregaian; so that there were eighty years between the two brothers; and they were both at their father's funeral. His eldest daughter, called Alice ach William, was twice married, lived seventy-two years, and had many children, and children's children to a very great number. There lived in the said parish of Tregaian, within

his time, about eighty-eight persons descended from the body of the said old man. It is reported that children, and children's children, descended from the body of the said old man, and born in his days, did amount to the number of three hundred persons, and upwards. The said William David ap Howel ap Jorworth was a man of mean stature, of good complexion, seldom vexed with stone or cholic, or any other distemper, of moderate diet, lived by husbandry and tillage, altogether delighting and exercising himself in fishing and fowling. His hearing, eye-sight, and all his senses, continuing perfect to the last.

A Chapter on Logic; or, the Horse Chesnut and the Chesnut Horse.

AN Eton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
One happy christmas, laid upon the shelf,
His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome;
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Arriv'd and pass'd the usual how d'ye do's,
Enquiries of old friends, and college news;
"Well, Tom—the road—what saw you worth discerning?
"Or how goes study?—what is it you're learning?"
'Oh! Logic, Sir, but not the shallow rules,
'Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis Wit's and Wrangler's logic: thus d'ye see,
'I'll prove at once, as plain as A, B, C,
'That an *eel pie's* a *pigeon*.—To deny it,
'Would be to swear black's not black.'
"Come, let's try it."
'An *eel* pie is a pie of *fish*:'—"Agreed."
'*Fish*-pie may be a *jack*-pie.'—"Well, proceed."
'A *jack*-pie is a *john*-pie; and, 'tis done,
'For every *John-Pie* must be a *Pie-John*.
(Pigeon)
"Bravo!" Sir John cries, "*Logic* for ever!
"That beats my grandmother, and she "was clever!
"But hold, my boy, since it would be hard,
"That wit and learning should have no "reward,
"To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll "cross,
"And there I'll give thee"—'What?' "my "*chesnut horse.*"
'A horse,' quoth Tom, 'blood, pedigree, 'and paces!
'Heav'ns what a dash I'll cut at Epsom 'races!'
To bed he went, and wept for downright sorrow,
That night must go before he'd see the morrow;
Dream't of his boots and spurs, and leather breeches;
Hunting of cats, and leaping rails and ditches.
Left his warm rest an hour before the lark,
Dragg'd his old uncle, fasting to the park.
Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd—at loss
To find out something like a chesnut horse;
But no such animal the meadows cropt.
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopt;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and down fell
A fine horse-chesnut, in its prickly shell.
"There, Tom, take that;" 'Well, sir, and 'what beside?'
"Why, since you're booted, *saddle it and* "*ride.*"
'Ride what? a chesnut!' "Aye, come, get "across;
"I'll tell you, Tom, that *chesnut is a horse*—
"And all the horse you'll get; for I can "shew,
"As clear as sun-shine, that 'tis really so,
"Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
"Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
"Or old Mallebranche—blind pilot into "knowledge!
"But by the laws of *wit*, and *Eton college*,
"All axioms but the *Wrangler's* I'll disown
"And stick to one sound argument—*your* "*own*:
"Thus now, you've prov'd it, as I don't "deny,
"That a *pie-John's* the same as a *John-pie*.
"What follows then?—why, as a thing of "course,
"That a *horse chesnut* is a *chesnut horse*."

Epigram. On a bad Servant, but a good Nurse.

SAYS Dick to his friend—I'd turn Mary away,
She hath not a quality worthy her pay:
No says he I will not—I shan't get such another,
For she constantly nurs'd both my father and mother;
That's my view to discharge her—would you keep your breath,
As she nurs'd both your father and mother to death.

On a Lady who squinted.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of an hundred eyes;
Sure greater praise to her is due,
Who looks an hundred ways with two!

Different Modes of Punishments in foreign Countries.

IN China, persons guilty of murder are beheaded, except where a person kills his adversary in a duel, in which case he is strangled. Decapitation by the laws of China, is considered the most dishonourable mode of execution.

This sort of punishment being deemed in the highest degree ignominious, is only inflicted for crimes which are regarded by the Chinese government, as the most prejudicial to society, such as conspiracy, assassination, committing any offence against the person of the emperor, or attempting the life of any of the imperial family: revolting insurrection, striking a parent, or any other unnatural crime. The malefactor who is condemned to be beheaded, is made to kneel npon the ground, the band of infamy is taken from his back, and the executioner, by a single blow of a two-handed sword, strikes off his head with great dexterity. These headsmen, and, indeed, the generality of inferior officers of justice in China, are selected from the soldiery, according to the customs of the primitive barbarians; neither is this employment considered more ignominious than the post of principal officer of executive justice in other countries. Decapitation is held by the Chinese as the most disgraceful kind of death; because the head, which is the principal part of a man, is separated from the body, and that body is not consigned to the grave as entire as he received it from his parents. If a great mandarin be convicted of any atrocious offence, he is executed in this manner like the meanest person. After the head is severed it is frequently suspended from a tree, by the side of a public road; the body is thrown into a ditch, the law having deemed it unworthy the respect of regular funeral rites.

When a sentence is submitted to the emperor for his approbation, if the crime be of the first degree of atrocity, he orders the malefactor to be executed without delay: when it is only of an ordinary nature, he directs that the criminal shall be imprisoned till the autumn, and then executed: a particular day in that season being allotted for such ceremonies.

The emperor of China seldom orders a subject to be executed until he has consulted with his first law officers, whether he can avoid it without infringing on the constitution of his realm. He fasts for a certain period previous to signing an order for an execution; and his imperial majesty esteems those years of his reign the most illustrious, and most fortunate, in which he has had the least occasion to let fall, upon his subjects, the rigorous sword of justice.

The usual capital punishments in China are strangling and beheading. The former is more common, and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes, which however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity.—For instance, all acts of homicide, whether intentional or accidental; every species of fraud, committed upon government; the seduction of a woman, whether married or single; giving abusive language to a parent; plundering or defacing a burying place; robbing with destructive weapons; and for wearing pearls.*

* This extraordinary law against wearing pearls, must have been formed for the sake of preventing robberies.

Criminals are sometimes strangled with a bow-string, but on general occasions, a cord is made use of, which fastens the person to a cross, and one turn being taken round his neck, it is drawn tight by an athletic executioner.

Men of distinction are usually strangled, as the more honourable death; and where the emperor is inclined to show an extraordinary mark of attention towards a mandarin condemned to die, he sends him a silken cord, with permission to be his own executioner.

In Turkey and other countries the head is struck off with a sabre.

In England, decapitation is reckoned the most honourable punishment,* and thus our great personages formerly suffered. For high treason the head is severed from the body, but the offender is previously hung, though not, according to sentence, till he is quite dead; hanging in England being deemed the most ignominious punishment. Decapitation is here performed with the hatchet; the head being placed on a block of wood, with the neck bare. In France it is a common punishment, and is indeed most expeditiously performed.

In France the guillotine was originally called the Maiden, of the use and form of which Mr. Pennant gives the following account:—

It seems to have been confined to the limits of the forest of Hardwick, or the eighteen towns and hamlets within its precincts. The time when this custom took place is unknown; whether Earl Warren, lord of this forest, might have established it among the sanguinary laws then in use against the invaders of the hunting rights, or whether it might not take place after the woollen manufactures at Halifax began to gain strength, is uncertain. The last is very probable; for the wild country around the town was inhabited by a lawless set, whose depredations on the cloth tenters might soon stifle the efforts of infant industry. For the protection of trade, and for the greater terror of offenders by speedy execution, this custom seems to have been established, so as at last to receive the force of law, which was, 'That if a felon be taken within the liberty of the forest of Hardwick, with goods stolen out, or within the said precincts, either hand-habend, backberand, or confessioned, to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, he shall, after three market days within the town of Halifax, next after such his apprehension, and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut from his body.

The offender had always a fair trial; for as soon as he was taken, he was brought to the lord's bailiff at Halifax: he was then exposed on the three markets (which here were held thrice in a week) placed in a stocks, with the goods stolen on his back, or if the theft was of the cattle kind, they were placed by him, and this was done both to strike terror into others, and to produce new information against him. The bailiff then summoned four freeholders of each town within the forest, to form a jury. The felon and prosecutors were brought face to face: the goods, the cow or horse, or whatever was stolen, produced. If he was found guilty, he was remanded to prison, had a week allowed for preparation, and then was conveyed to this spot, where his head was struck off by this machine. I should have premised, that if the criminal, either after apprehension, or in the way to execution, could escape out of the limits of the forest (part being close to the town) the bailiff had no farther power over him; but if he should be caught within the precincts at any time after, he was immediately executed on his former sentence.

This privilege was very freely used during the reign of Elizabeth: the records before that time were lost. Twenty-five suffered in her reign, and at least twelve from 1623 to 1650; after which I believe, the privilege was no more exerted.

This machine of death is now destroyed; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the parliament-house at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who

* Lord Ferrers petitioned that the punishment of hanging should be changed to decapitation; but it was deemed proper that he should suffer like other murderers.

took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. It is in form of a painter's easel, and about ten feet high: at four feet from the bottom is a cross bar on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in these is placed a sharp axe with a vast weight of lead supported at the very summit with a peg; to that peg is fastened a cord which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method. I must add, that if the sufferer is condemned for stealing a horse or a cow, the string is tied to the beast, which, on being whipped, pulls out the peg, and becomes the executioner.

Epitaph in Withington Church Yard, Gloucestershire.

HERE lies the body of Ann Walker, who departed this life, Sept. 5, 1798, aged 31 years.

SHE was a woman of good sense,
And endued with great patience;
A modest, kind, and loving wife,
And very frugal all her life;
She was a meek and gentle talker
To me her husband, William Walker.

Irish Drummer.

A DRUMMER of the 104th regiment executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow as customary, cried out, "strike high, strike high:" the drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended—"The "devil burn you," quoth he, there is no pleasing you, strike where one will."

The Traveller's Room.

HERE—boots and bags and boxes lie,
With hats and coats but seldom dry;
There—spurs and whips of lengthen'd thong
To urge the lagging steed along.
Around—the breakfast fragments spread,
Scraps of ham and toasted bread;
Knives and forks and spoons a plenty,
With sugar basin nearly empty;
And tea-pot to the edges fill'd
With India's leaf, not half distill'd;
And eggs by stop watch nicely boil'd,
And table-cloth a little soil'd:
Whilst one for "Waiter," loudly bawls,
Another "Boots" and "Ostler" calls;
A third the "Chamber-maid" must see,
Who with a smile receives her fee:
And when the toilsome day is o'er,
And round the board they meet once more,
There noise and strife, and stern debate,
Too oft the evening scene complete;
Yet still a traveller's life may give
A lesson how aright to live,
If with him at earliest morn,
Regardless of the threat'ning storm,
We urge our way on life's dull road
Nor faint beneath its weary load!

Anecdote.

A SAILOR on board a ship of war frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely punished; and at the same time forbid the purser and all other persons giving him any liquor: shortly after this, the fellow appeared very drunk; how he got the liquor no one could guess; the captain resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, and promised to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquor. after some hesitation, he hiccupped out, why, and please your honour, I tapped the governor; by which he meant he had stolen some of the arrack in which the body of an East-India governor was bringing home in that ship for interment in England.

Epitaph on a good Wife.

SHE was .....
But words are wanted to say what:
Think what a wife should be,
.....And she was that.

Account of the Origin of Wakes and Fairs.

BEFORE a building could be used for divine offices, it was required to be consecrated by the bishop, formally sequestered from all secular applications, and dedicated to the purposes of public devotion. And every church at its consecration received the name of some particular personage, who was celebrated in the written annals or the traditionary history of christianity, and whose name had been admitted into that great roll of ecclesiastical fame, the calendar of the church. This custom was practised among the Roman-Britons; and they had the church of St. Martin at Canterbury, and that of St. Michael in Manchester. It was also continued among the Saxons, and the Saxon churches in York, London, and Manchester were distinguished by the names of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Mary. And in the council which was held at Cealchythe in 816, the name of the denominating saint was expressly required to be inscribed on the altars, and also on the walls of the church, or a tablet within it.

The feast of this saint became of course the festival of the church. And the connection betwixt the church and saint being enhanced by the fancifulness of superstition, and the former supposed to be under the patronage of the latter, the parishioners would naturally consider the day of their spiritual guardian with particular respect, and celebrate it with peculiar festivity. This conduct would as naturally be encouraged by the civil and ecclesiastical governors, because it substituted innocent and christian festivals in the room of the impious and idolatrous anniversaries of heathenism. The common people, generally in all countries are as much attached to the festivals, as they are devoted to the principles, of any religion, finding their annual feasts return as before, and being now able to join in them without guilt, would be the sooner weaned from their idolatrous attachments. And this would be the natural operation of the affections, equally on the continent and in the island, and equally among the Britons and Saxons. Thus at the first commencement of christianity among the Jutes of Kent, and with a view to promote the conversion of them and the rest, Gregory prudently advised what had been previously done among the Britons, christian festivals to be instituted in the place of the idolatrous, and the suffering-day of the martyr whose relicks were reposited in the church, or the day on which the building was actually dedicated, to be the established feast of the parish. Both were appointed and observed. And they were observed and appointed as distinct festivals. Bishop Kennet indeed, in his sensible account of our wakes, has invariably confounded them, and attributed to the day of dedication what is true only concerning the saint's-day. But they were fully distinguished at first among the Saxons, as appears from the laws of the confessor, where the dies dedicationis or dedicatio is repeatedly discriminated from the propria festivitas sancti, or celebratio sancti. And they remained equally distinct to the reformation, the dedication-day in 1536 being ordered for the future to be kept on the first sunday in October, and the festival of the patron-saint to be celebrated no longer.

But the former could never have been observed by the people with the same regard as the latter. That was merely a feast commemorative of the church's commencement. And this was one previously kept by the nation in general, and the day of their own saint in particular. This therefore, in a high strain of pre-eminence over the other, was actually denominated

the church's holiday or its peculiar festival. And, whilst this remains in many parishes at present, the other is utterly annihilated in all, that the learned and sensible antiquary, whom as been mentioned before, actually knew nothing of its distinct existence, and absolutely confounded it with this.

Thus instituted at first, the day of the tutelar saint was observed, most probably by the Britons, and certainly by the Saxons with great devotion. And the evening before every saint's-day, in the Saxon-Jewish method of reckoning the hours, being an actual part of the day, and therefore like that resigned to the duties of public religion, as they reckoned sunday from the first to commence at the sun-set of saturday; the evening preceding the church's holiday would be observed with all the devotion of the festival. The people actually repaired to the church, and joined in the services of it. And they thus spent the evening of their greater festivities in the monasteries of the north, as early as the conclusion of the seventh century. In that of Rippon, and on the anniversary of Wilfrid particularly, we see the bishops, abbots, and numerous trains of attendants, all convened at the monastery in order to celebrate the day, and all assembled the evening before it at the prayers of the church. And these services were naturally denominated from their late hours pæccan or wakes and vigils or eves. That of the anniversary at Rippon, as early as the commencement of the eighth century, is expressly denominated the Vigil. But that of the church's holiday was named the pæccan or church-wake, the church-vigil or church-eve. And it was this commencement of both with a wake, which has now caused the days to be generally preceded with vigils, and the church-holiday particularly to be denominated the church-wake. So religiously was the eve and festival of the patron-saint observed for many ages by the Saxons: even as late as the reign of Edgar, the former being spent in the church and employed in prayer. And the wake, and all the other holidays in the year, were put upon the same footing with the octaves of Christmas, of Easter, and of Pentecost; and any persons repairing to the celebration of the day, were, as all ordinarily resorting to the church, were under the immediate protection of the king, and consequently free from arrests, in their way to and return from it.

When Gregory recommended the festival of the patron-saint, he also recommended something more adapted to gain a general reception than religious acts and exercises. He advised, that the people should be encouraged on the day of the festival to erect booths of branches about the church, and to feast and be merry in them with innocence. And, as the authority of Gregory would certainly cause the encouragement to be given, so the smallest would be effectual. Nor would such churches only as had previously been heathen temples, but all immediately have the day of their guardian saint observed with this open festivity. As the people had been all idolators, the reason would be equally forcible for one parish as another. And the strong tendency of the common people to every sensitive enjoyment would make the practice universal. In every parish, on the returning anniversary of the saint, little pavilions were constructed of boughs; and the immediate neighbourhood of St. Michael's, and the church-yard of St. Mary's, resounded with the voice of hospitality and the notes of merriment.

But few persons are ever to be intrusted to feast. And fewer are to be allowed to meet in numbers together. There is a contagious viciousness in crowds. Though each individual of them, by himself, would act with a religious propriety; yet altogether

they act with irreligion and folly. The fire imperceptibly runs from breast to breast, each contributes to swell the tide of spirits beyond its proper bounds, and wickedness and absurdity enter at the breach that is made in reason. And this viciousness is always augmented in its force, when the grosser spirits, that are merely the result of feasting, mingle and ferment the tide. The feasting of the saint's-day was soon abused. And it seems to have been greatly so before the reign of Edgar, as the intemperance of the festival was then creeping even into the vigil, and even mixing with the offices of religion. In the very body of the church, when the people were assembled for devotion, they were beginning to mind diversions and introduce drinking. And so gross an abuse of the eve could have stolen in only from the licentiousness of the festival. The growing intemperance would gradually stain the service of the vigil, until the festivity of it was converted, as it now is, into the rigour of a fast. These disorders would be less obnoxious on the day itself, because they did not intrude within the church and profane the prayers. But they were certainly greater, and went on increasing in viciousness and folly, until they too justly scandalized the puritans of the last century, and numbers of the wakes were disused entirely. Our own has been long discontinued. It was not abolished in 1536 by the laws of Henry VIII. which appears to have had little or no influence on the general practice. It was put down by a particular and local order in 1579, and forgotten in the long and rigid reign of puritanism that was then commencing at Manchester. And Henry earl of Derby, Henry, earl of Huntingdon, William, lord-bishop of Chester, and others of high commission under Queen Elizabeth, assembled at Manchester in 1579; issued orders against pipers and minstrels playing, making and frequenting ales, bear-baitings, on the sunday, or any other day of the week in time of divine service or sermons; and prohibited for the future all superfluous and superstitious ringing, common feasts, and wakes. But the wake of the neighbouring parish of Eccles is celebrated among us to the present day. And a considerable number of people resort to it annually from our own and the adjoining parishes.

This custom of celebrity in the neighbourhood of the church, on the days of particular saints, was introduced into England from the continent, and must have been familiar equally to the Britons and Saxons: being observed among the churches of Asia in the sixth century, and by those of West-Europe in the seventh. And equally in Asia and Europe, equally on the continent and in the island, these celebrities were the causes of those commercial marts, which we denominate fairs. The people resorted in crowds to the festival, and a considerable provision would be wanted for their entertainment. The prospect of interest invited the little traders of the country to come and offer their wares, and the convenience of the accommodation promoted a vigorous sale among the people. And other traders were induced by the experience of these, to bring in different articles, and hope for an equal sale. Thus, among the many pavilions for hospitality in the neighbourhood of the church, various booths were erected for the sale of commodities. In large towns surrounded with populous districts, the resort of the people to the wake would be great, and the attendance of traders at the celebrity numerous. And this resort and this attendance constitute a fair. Basil expressly mentions the numerous appearance of traders at these festivals in Asia, and Gregory notes the same custom to be common in Europe. And

as the festival was observed on a feria or holiday, it naturally assumed to itself, and as naturally communicated to the mart, the appellation of feria or fair. The same among the Saxons, the French, the Germans, and the Britons, fæger, foire, feyer, and fair, the word was derived from the same source in all these nations, the one ecclesiastical language of West-Europe at this period. And several of our most ancient fairs appear to have been actually held, and have been actually continued to our time, on the original church-holidays of the places, as that on the festival of St. Peter at St. Peter's Church in Westminster, another on the feast of St. Cuthbert at St. Cuthbert's in Durham, and a third on the holiday of St. Bartholomew at St. Bartholomew's in London.

A Cellar of Wine.

FLY, neighbours, my house is on fire,
Come, quickly and bring me relief;
Or by Bacchus I soon shall expire,
Good neighbours attend to my grief.

It is not that I fear for my wife,
Tho' the charmer is always divine;
The principal care of my life
Is an excellent cellar of wine.

In the flame should my children all die,
'Twere a folly for me to repine;
The number again I'd supply,
But cannot my cellar of wine.

Should my mansion be burnt to the ground
I could build from a better design:
But where, tell me where's to be found,
Such an excellent cellar of wine.

Dogs, horses and all have their charms,
But there's none on the turf equals mine;
Let them die and I'm free from alarms,
So I save but my cellar of wine.

The vintage was mash'd at my birth,
And neighbours I'm twenty and nine;
Such liquor there's not upon earth.
Then help me to get off my wine.

The Contractors. An Epigram.

TO rob the public two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
Who is the greater, if you can, explain,
The rogue in spirit, or the rogue in grain.

Twisting in!!!

We hear that a fellow was lately taken up in the neighbourhood of Bullock Smithy, on a violent Suspicion of having been "*twisted in*," A copy of the following inflammatory Verses was found in the Pocket of this dangerous character.

QUAND un cordier, cordant, vent corder, une corde,
Pour cette corde derder trois condons il accorde;
Mais si un des cordons, de la corde déscorde.
La cordon déscordant fait déscorder la corde.

The above French lines, thus whimsically translated and twisted by John Wallis.

When a twister entwisting, twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth entwist:
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

(And afterwards added four others.)

Entwirling the twine, that untwisted between,
He twirls, with his twister, the two in a twine,
Then, twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine, he had twined in twain.

(And afterwards.)

The twain, that in twining before in the twine
As twines were entwisted, he now doth untwine—
'Twixt the twain, intertwisting a twine more between,
He twisting the twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Authentic Copy of the Will of Mr. Jacket, Thirty Years Clerk to Messrs. Fuller and Vaughan, Bankers, who died suddenly.

I GIVE and bequeath
(When I'm laid underneath)
To my loving sisters most dear,*
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here.

And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal,†
I confirm, sign and seal,
This the true act and deed of Will. Jackett.

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* Elizabeth and Ann.
† In the name of God, &c.

Man of Fashion's Journal.

QUEER dreams—thought Suzette inconstant, and fifty other meagrims, owing to Sir Richard's claret—always drink too much of it. Rose at one--bad head-ache--tried patent coffee—rather better—cast my eye over the newspapers--my friend Sir Richard paragraphed—smiled at the joke—very good point--myself in the next column—not so well pleased--sheer envy.by the gods! general election—mem. canvass as soon as possible—do not like duns. very troublesome—dressed by half past three—clever fellow that Tom; five to one better than my last valet—took an hours ride—a good horse my last purchase; remember to sell him again—nothing like variety—sent Tom home with the horses—called on Suzette—did not seem quite so fond—thought of my dream—fancied I saw a man's hat in the room, very much like Sir Richard's—mere imagination—strolled through St James's street--passed caricature shop—saw myself——knew it directly—very like—laughed it off—Sir Richard there also—very fair that—ate two jellies, and purchased some pines. Met Bob Careless—rather seedy—obliged to speak to him—very old friend—promised to call on him—*remember to forget* the appointment—dined at six with Sir Richard—thought I saw Suzette go out, not certain—said several good things, forgot them all—in high spirits—quizz'd a parson—drank three bottles, and lounged to the theatre—comedy or tragedy, forgot which—saw the last act—Kemble toll-loll—not quite certain whether it was Kemble or not—Mrs. Siddons monstrous fine—got into a hack—set down in St James's street—dipped a little with the boys at hazard—confounded bad luck, lost all my money, and forgot to call on Suzette.

Epigram.

WHEN Lovelace married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
"I choose her," said he, "like old plate,
Not for the *fashion*, but the *weight*."

A Wager decided.

SUCH little chance I'd always found
Of gaining Betsey for my wife,
That I had wager'd Dick a pound
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to heav'n, my anxious care
Is all remov'd—the knot is ty'd—
And Betsey, fairest of the fair,
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,
Well pleas'd, I hold myself in debt;
Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found,
I *lose* my wager—*win* my Bet.

Anecdote.

CHINVANG, the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reign, should be set free. Among the number that came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, was a majestic old man, who falling at the emperor's feet, addressed himself as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned though a stranger to crime, or without ever being confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness near sixty-three years, and am grown familar with distress. I have been wandering through the streets to find some friend that would assist, relieve, or remember me; but my friends, family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten.—Permit me, therefore, O Chinvang, to wear out the remainder of my wretched life in my former prison; the walls of which are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the remainder of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

On finding a Pair of Shoes on a Lady's Bed.

WELL may suspicion shake his head,
Well may Clorinda's spouse be jealous!
When the dear wanton takes to bed,
Her very shoes, because they're *fellows*.

The last Will of Mr. Matthew A ——y of New England.

TO my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

A tub of soap,
A long cart rope,
A frying pan and kettle,
An ashen pail,
A thrashing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine wardens' pears,
A large old dripping platter,
The bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old sauce-pan for butter.

A little mug,
A two quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
A looking glass
To see your face,
You'll find it very handy.
A musket true
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
My calabash,
A leather sash
My powder horn and bullets.
An old sword blade,
A garden spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old ram cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A pot of grease,
A woollen fleece,
In order for your spinning.
A small-tooth-comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid
Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book
By Robin Rooke,
A skain or two of spun-yarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden stuff,
A quantity of borrage,
Some devil's weed,
And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chaffing dish,
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved;
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Marble.

THERE is a stair case at Rome, consisting of one hundred and eighty-three steps, and sufficiently wide to admit a man to ascend out of the solid marble, leaving a small pillar in the middle, round which the stairs wind from the bottom to the top.

(Moor's View of Rome.) Vol. 1.

Epigram.

OF generals don't tell me, of ——, and such boys,
Nor of *Hill*, though I mean not their laurels to taint;
The general I'm sure that will make the most noise,
If the war should go on, will be *General Complaint.*

On the Bishop of Carlisle's Coachman, who died in Bath. Written by a Stable Boy.

HERE lies the bishop's coachman, Ned
Who seldom sober went to bed;
But that means nothing now he's dead.
Alas! poor Ned!

Suffice it, thus much to relate,
He drove to Bath to fly his fate;
But fate determin'd, long before,
That Ned from Bath should come no more,
Alas! poor Ned!

Extraordinary Duel.

THE following letters and account are extracted from a manuscript found in the library of Mr. Goodwin, author of the life of Henry——, at the latter end of whose reign the affair is supposed to have happened:—[The orthography alone has been altered.

His Grace the Duke of B——— to the Lord B——.

[Being the first letter that passed between them.]

"My Lord,

"THE affront which you gave me at the Imperial Minister's ball last night, would argue me a person very unworthy the character I bear, to let it pass unregarded. To prove me that adventurous knight, which your evasive expression would have given the noble lady to understand, may perhaps be the most acceptable means to reconcile your spleen: convince me then that you are more of a gentleman than I have reason to believe, by meeting me near the first tree, behind the Lodge in Hyde-Park, precisely at half-past five to morrow morning; and that there may be no pretensions to delay, I have sent by the bearer of this, two swords, of which I give you the privilege to make a choice, and shall approve of whatever terms of fighting you will be pleased to propose. In the interim I wish your lordship a good rest. B———.

"*Whitehall, 9 o'Clock.*"

Lord B——'s Answer to the above.

"I RECEIVED your Grace's message, and accept the contents. It would give me a sensible concern to be obliged to give up the pretensions which your Grace is doubtful of. It was an oversight, I presume, that your Grace gave me the privilege to choose my sword, except your Grace has been so little used to this sort of ceremony, as to have forgot that it is the challenger's choice. This, however, is but a trifle (if any thing) the terms I leave to our seconds, and will not fail to appear at the time appointed, and in the interim I wish your Grace a very good night. B——.

"*Cavendish-Square, 10 o'Clock.*"

AFTER my lord B. had answered his Grace's letter, he visited several of his friends, and was observed to be remarkably jocose when at Lady Nottingham's; which occasioned a young lady, after his departure, to remark, that she fancied there was something very agreeable to his lordship renewed again, relating to the countess of E—, well knowing his extraordinary passion for that lady. He told the messenger that carried his letter, to bring his Grace's answer to Lieutenant-General D'Lee's, the gentleman whom he had pitched upon for his second, and with whom he lay that night, at his house in St. James's-street, which was done. About four in the morning his lordship waked, and got softly up, without (as he thought) being observed by his bedfellow; and dressing himself, buckled on his sword, and fixing two agate flints in his pistols, then charged them; but recollecting that his Grace's seconds would probably desire to see them loaded, drew them again.

By this time the lieutenant was awake, and observing his lordship to take a book out of his pocket, thought it improper to give him to know he was observed. His lordship kneeled down by a small jasper table in the Lieutenant's bed room, and seemed to pray with great devotion for a quarter of an hour, often repeating, just loud enough to be heard, the errors of his youthful days, and fervently supplicated the Almighty not to impute them; after which he arose, and bid the lieutenant awake, for he would not willingly have his Grace, he said, wait a moment, as the morning was a little rainy, and cold withal. By the time they were accoutred, it wanted

just half an hour of the appointed time. Lieutenant D'Lee desired to view his lordship's sword, and examining the point and handle very cautiously, then returned it, by adding, that he heartily wished it was going to be employed in a cause more serviceable to his country; his lordship answered, it could be of little consequence in that respect, let the event be what it would.

Just as his lordship was opening the door for their departure, the lieutenant general desired to know if there was any thing his lordship thought proper to communicate; to which he replied, it was very fortunate that he had mentioned that, and delivered a letter, directed for the right honourable the countess of E—, desiring that he would give it to her alone, and not upon any consideration trust it to another hand; as for his family affairs, he said they were already settled according to his will. On this they immediately left the apartment, and arrived somewhat before the appointed time, and took several turns from the lodge to the tree. His lordship several times expressed wonder at his grace's delay, though it was not two minutes by lieutenant D'Lee's watch above the limited hour, when he arrived, attended with one second only.

He bid his lordship a good morning, and hoped they had not waited for them long; then pulled out his watch, said he had hit it to a point; adding, at the same time, that he had rather die than break his promise upon such an occasion. His lordship returned the expression with this addition, that though they had waited a little, there was sufficient time left to dispatch the business they were upon. To which his grace replied, the sooner it is dispatched, the more leisure there will be behind. In the interim, the seconds were pairing the swords, and each one loaded his adversary's pistols; then agreed to the following terms: viz. First.—That the distance of firing should not be less, at either time, than seven yards and a half. Secondly.—That if either should be dangerously wounded the first discharge, the duel should cease, if the wounded person would own his life in the hands of his antagonist. Thirdly.—That between the firing and drawing their swords there should be no limited time, but each should endeavour to make the first thrust. Fourthly.—That if either should yield as in the second article, during the engagement with sword, whether by a wound, false step, or any other means, then the engagement should cease.—To which four articles they both consented. His grace stripped off his coat, which was scarlet trimmed with broad gold lace, when my Lord B—s second stepped in to unbutton his waistcoat, on which, with some indignation, his grace replied, do you take me to be a person of so little honour, as to defend myself by such base means, as hiding a shield under my doublet? Lieutenant General D'Lee desired his excuse, adding, he was bound in honour to see justice to the cause he had espoused.

The same ceremony passed upon his lordship, who had already pulled off his coat, which was crimson with broad silver lace; and both the combatants being now ready, my Lord B—, added, "Now if it please your grace, come on," when they instantly both stepped into the circle. His grace fired and missed, but my Lord B—, perhaps from more experience, knew that battles were seldom won by hasty measures, deliberately levelled his, and wounded his antagonist near the throat. They both discharged again, when his lordship received a slight wound in his turn, on which they instantly drew their swords, and impetuously charged each other, rather each of them meditating the death of his adversary, than his own safety. In the first or second thrust

Lord B— entangled the toe of his pump in a tust of grass, and in evading a push from his antagonist, fell on his right side, but supporting himself with the sword hand, by inconceivable dexterity, sprung backwards, and evaded the push apparently aimed at his heart.

A little pause intervening here, his grace's second proposed to his lordship a reconciliation; but the ardent thirst after each other's blood so overpowered the strongest arguments of reason, that they insisted to execute each others will, whatever might be the consequence. Nay, the anger of his grace was raised to such a pitch of revenge, that he in that critical moment swore, if for the future, either of the seconds interposed, he would make his way through his body.—Thus, after finding all remonstrances of saving them without effect, the seconds retired to their limited distance, and perhaps one of the most extraordinary duels ensued, that the records of history can produce, fairly disputed hand to hand. The parrying after this interval brought on a close lock, which Monsieur de Barreux says, nothing but the key of the body can open; in this position they stood for, I dare say, a minute, striving to disengage each other by successive wrenches; in one of which his grace's sword point got entangled in the guard of his lordship's, which, in fact, his lordship overlooked; so that this disadvantage was recovered by his grace, before the consequence, which it might have brought on, was executed. At last, in a very strong wrench on both sides, their swords sprung from their hands; I dare say, his lordship's flew six or seven yards upright.

This accident, however, did not retard the affair a moment, but both seizing their thistles at the same time, the duel was renewed with as much malevolence as ever. By this time his lordship had received a thrust through the inner part of his sword arm, passing right forward to the exterior part of the elbow; his, at the same time, passing a little over that of his antagonist, but alertly drawing back, I think partly before his grace had recovered his push, run him through the body a little above the right pap. His lordship's sword being thus engaged, nothing was left for his defence but a naked left arm, and his grace being in this dangerous situation, yet had fair play at almost any part of his lordship's body; yet he bravely put by several thrusts exactly levelled at his throat, till at last, having two fingers cut off by defending the pushes, and the rest mangled to a terrible degree, his grace lodged his sword exactly one rib below his heart, and in this affecting condition they both stood without being able to make another push, and each of them, by this time was in a manner covered with blood and gore; when both the seconds stepped in, and begged they would consider their situation, and the good of their future state; yet neither would consent to part, until, by the greater loss of blood which his lordship sustained, in being first wounded, he fell down senseless, but in such a position, that he drew his sword out of his grace's body; but recovering himself a little before he was quite down, faultered forward, and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the middle.

His grace observing that he was no longer capable of defence, or sensible of danger, immediately broke his own, and fell on his body with the deepest signs of concern, and both expired before any assistance could be got, though Dr: Fountain had orders from his grace not to be out of the way, in case he should be called upon that morning. Thus fell these two gallant men, whose personal bravery history

can scarcely equal, and whose honour nothing but such a cause could stain.

This anecdote was signed R. Deerhurst, who, it is presumed, was his grace's second.

The Kiss repaid.

AS Roger with his Jug was walking,
Smiling full blith, and gaily talking;
Sir John, an am'rous knight, pass'd by,
And chanc'd on Jug to cast his eye;
And with her native beauty pleas'd,
The rustick husband thus address'd.
" Hail, honest friend! why odds my life!
" You've got a wond'rous pretty wife!
" If you'll permit me one small favour,
" To kiss her once, I mean and leave her,
" When e'er you chance to meet my dame,
" You shall be welcome to the same."
Quoth Roger, " If that's all you crave,
" Your worship freely has my leave."
The knight stepp'd up without delay,
Kiss'd her, and walk'd content away.

Some few days after this, in haste
As o'er the meadows Roger past,
His gentle friend, Sir John he spy'd,
My lady tripping by his side;
He bow'd, and though his mouth did water,
Pass'd on, and mention'd not the matter.
The knight then spying him says, "friend,
" To promises I always stand,
" See here my wife at your command."
The clown approach'd and kiss'd the dame,
Then fir'd with more than usual flame,
He went, and to himself thus said
" Since the good knight so well has paid
" His promise, troth I had much rather,
" He'd gone with Jug a little farther."

The Wish.

WOULD fortune but on me bestow,
('Tis what I've wish'd for long ago)
A living that wou'd make me clear
About two hundred pounds a year;
My parish not to quarrels prone,
Willing to give me what's my own;
A house convenient, but not great;
A garden tho' not grand, yet neat;
A dove-house, fish-pond, and a stable,
And always plenty at my table;
My cellar always stock't with liquor,
To treat a neighbouring squire, or vicar;
In winter store of wood for fire,
A horse to fox-hunt with the 'squire:
These things obtain'd I nought shou'd want,
If Molly my request wou'd grant:
These with her charms in my possessing
Wou'd be on earth the greatest blessing.

Anecdote.

ANNO 1779, one Mr. Constable of Woolwich, passing through the church-yard of that place, at twelve o'clock at night, was surprised to hear a loud noise, like that of several persons singing; at first he thought it proceeded from the church; but on going to the church doors, found them shut fast, and all within silent. The noise continuing, he looked round the church-yard, and observed a light in one of the large family tombs: going up to it, he found some drunken sailors, who had got into a vault, and were regaling themselves with bread, cheese, tobacco, and strong beer. They told him they belonged to the Robuste man of war, and they having resolved to have jolly night on shore, they had kept it up in a neighbouring alehouse, till they were turned out by the landlord, and obliged to take shelter here, to finish the evening. In their jollity, they had opened some of the coffins, and crammed the mouth of one of the bodies full of bread, cheese, and beer. Mr. Constable, with much difficulty, prevailed on them to return to their ship. In their way thither, one of them being much in liquor, fell down and was suffocated in the mud. On which his comrades took him up on their shoulders, bringing him back to sleep in company with the *honest gemmen* with whom he passed the evening.

Requisites in a Law-Suit.

A LADY asked her uncle, a veteran attorney, what were the requisites for going to law; he answered thus. " I'll tell you, Maria;—First, a *good cause*; secondly, a *good purse*; thirdly, a *good attorney*; fourthly, a *good counsel*; fifthly, a *good judge*; sixthly a *good jury*; seventhly, *good luck*."

The Case nearly in Point.

A WHOLESALE trader of the city set up his eldest son in business, at————, on condition of his purchasing all his goods of his father. The father was benefited by it; the son, by his industry, was, after some time, enabled to marry and provide in a decent manner for a family, (a pleasing circumstance to his father) the son, at the same time, adding greatly to his father's success. Can any man in trade picture to himself a more happy situation? No wise man could wish for more. His success might be envied, by his neighbours saying, "this son is the most dutifully-foolish man I ever knew, to continue to buy all his goods of an avaricious father, when we could serve him in most articles on better terms, but he is so infatuated that there is no such thing as moving him, nothing is good but what comes out of his father's warehouse."

At last his wife (a second wife, by whom he had another son) an artful north-country woman, insinuates to her husband, that his son, at——— is in such a flourishing situation, and getting money so fast that he ought to assist his brother; whose extravagance, by-the-bye, had almost ruined the father, and nearly brought himself to a bankruptcy. What does the old dotard do? He is so weak and wicked as to follow her advice, and demand an annuity from the elder for the young spendthrift. The elder refused, saying it was a most unjust and unreasonable demand. In short, the father and son quarrelled; the latter said very respectfully, "Sir, I have hitherto paid you all the respect, duty, and obedience, that a kind father could expect from a grateful child, fully sensible how much he owes a good parent for his care, indulgence, education, and protection, I thank you for the money you lent me to begin business with, the most of which I have already repaid you with interest, and hope soon to discharge the remainder, and to make you some future acknowledgment as I am enabled. The world thinks I have done wonders already; indeed it is astonishing, even to myself, how I have got through so many and great difficulties, but by indefatigable industry I have surmounted most of them. But don't, dear sir, cramp me now and pull me back, when I am just ready to surmount all my difficulties and enlarge my trade for your advantage. Have I not hitherto taken all my goods of you at at your own price, and am willing to continue the same correspondence, though at a great disadvantage, and have I not shewn you, by every act, my duty, respect and affection? But I will not have my money forced from me. Besides, sir, you do not consider your own interest, for by every penny you take out of my pocket, so much is taken out of the circulation in my trade, and consequently preventing by so much the extension of your own trade. My brother shall have every reasonable assistance, when he merits it, but the money I have got by honest industry shall not be spent in common houses, assemblies, masquerades, on his w————s, his bastards, and his flatterers, who are endeavouring by every means to corrupt his morals and destroy his constitution. Indeed, sir, continues the son, this demand is not only cruel, but unjust and wicked, therefore, in brief sir, I will not comply."

The father was enraged, and thenceforward did him every ill office in his power; he arrests him, throws him into gaol, out of which he is soon freed by his friends and neighbours. His step-mother continues implacable. The father follows her advice, and perseveres in his obstinacy. The son continues firm in his resolution. The brother, by his dissolute life, ruins the father and his own constitution. The wife deserts them both in their distress,

returns to her own country, lives there in infamy, and dies despised and unlamented; while the eldest son prospers, has offers of assistance, credit, and correspondence from all parts; is courted by all, esteemed by all, and commands respect from all, bidding fair for being the first trader in Europe; whilst the weak, obstinate, deluded parent is scorned, neglected and despised by those, who a short time before looked up to him with respect, courted his friendship, with assiduity, and his assistance when they wanted it, dragging out a miserable existence without one friend, except an honest Irishman, whom he has often treated very scurvily.

The Yorkshire Jury.

AS the public frequently enjoys a laugh at the expence of an Irish jury, it is but fair to allow a little *retaliation* in the case of a *Yorkshire* jury, who at a late assize brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*, although the person so *slaughtered* was alive; and when recommended to reconsider their virdict, they *mended* it by pronouncing the prisoner *not guilty*.

On an empty Coxcomb.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

On a Lady who had her Portrait painted, and sometimes used to beat her Husband.

COME hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What say you, my love, does it strike you?
I can't say it does just at present my dear;
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.

Epigram.

LET Dick, some summer's day expose,
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders, side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

In the Church yard of Seven Oaks, Kent.

GRIM death took me without any warning,
Was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

Upon a Tombstone in the Neighbourhood of London. By a Lady upon her Husband.

O! CRUEL death! how cou'd you be so unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either;
Which wou'd have been more pleasing to the survivor.

Upon a Sexton at St. Edmonsbury.

I THAT had carried a hundred bodies brave
Was carried by a fever to my grave:
I carried and was carried, so that's even:
May I be porter to the gates of heaven.

Epigram.

CRIES Celia to a rev'rend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?

There are no women, he reply'd:
She quick returns the jest,
Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest.

A Direction of a Letter put into the Post-Office some time ago.

TO William Callaway now at Lyme,
Let this be sent in proper time,
You at the George in Lyme may leave it,
Where he in person may receive it:
To make the case more plain and clear,
Take notice, Lyme's in Dorsetshire.

An Epitaph upon a Letter Founder at Oxford.

UNDER this stone lies honest Syl,
Who dy'd——tho' sore against his will;
Yet in his fame he shall survive,
Learning shall keep his name alive;
For he the parent was of letters,
He *founded*, to *confound* his betters;
Tho' what those letters shou'd contain
He never once disturb'd his brain.
Since, therefore, reader, he is gone,
Pray let him not be trod upon.

Epitaph upon an old covetous Miser.

YOU'D have me say, Here lies T. U.
But I do not believe it:
For after death there's something due,
And he's gone to receive it.

The dangerous Effects of sudden Transport; or, excessive Joy, fatal as excessive Grief.

HARRIET was one of the brightest examples of conjugal affection, and domestic economy, that the island could boast of at least this last century. The beauty of her face, and elegance of her person, though great, were far inferior to the qualifications of her mind; with a soul elevated to an angelic sphere of dignity, she had joined christian humility, and an unreserved affability, not only towards her equals in rank and fortune, but also to her inferiors. To her husband Alcander, she sacrificed all her charms; and every accomplishment she was mistress of, she used to rivet more strongly, the pleasing chains with which her beauty had originally captivated his heart. He was truly sensible of her merit and his own happiness; and valued, as every man of sense will do, a virtuous wife, as the greatest blessing heaven could bestow. He was not like the many stupid wretches, among our modern men of quality and fashion, who are slaves to caprice and the most odious passions.—Miserable beings! who, after the first enjoyment, and sometimes soon as the sacred promise has been made at the altar, break it, and quit the lovely fair one, with more indifference than is found among the brute creation.

No wonder when such husbands stray,
Their wives by example lose their way.

Alcander was a man of generous feelings and virtue; he knew himself blessed; and blessed his amiable Harriet in return, with love for love. He was hardly happy but in her sight, nor she but in his. What do I hear? Some ladies exclaiming, "Oh! the unfashionable fools! *ce n'est pas le bon ton!*" They will soon find their own ways, and the *bon ton* greater folly. Alcander, in process of time, was obliged to go to Petersburgh, to take possession of some considerable effects, which had devolved on him by the demise of a near relation, and could not be done without his personal attendance. This separation was an affecting stroke to his lovely Harriet. She begged to accompany him with all the rhetoric she was mistress of, but in vain. Alcander loved her too dearly, to let her risk the dangers of the sea, and they parted with mutual regret; she consoled herself with the hope of his happy return at the end of four months, and immediately sent for his sister to keep her company, and help her to pass away the tedious hours of her dear husband's absence, with some degree of contentment

Alcander's sister was witty, sprightly, and pretty, and her agreeable conversation greatly contributed to dissipate the gloom which spread too severely over Harriet's faithful breast. Many attempts were made on her virtue and chastity, and to seduce her sister-in-law, by dignified libertines, who basely endeavoured (*secundum usum*) to take advantage of the husband and brother's absence; but their arts and labours were vain; they were answered on both sides with scorn and contempt, and the doors were shut upon them. Thus prudently they guarded themselves, not only from the temptation, but even the appearance of dishonour, and against the slander of evil tongues.

Alcander's voyage succeeded beyond his warmest wishes; he wrote to Harriet every opportunity that offered; and she, at last, received the good news of his having finished his affairs, and embarking at Petersburgh for London.

She daily expected his arrival, with that impatience and transport of heart which so affectionate a wife could feel. One day as she was walking in the garden with Alcander's sister, and another young lady who came on a visit,

a newspaper was brought her, which contained an account of the ship in which her husband had sailed, being lost in a dreadful storm, and all on board perished! Soon as she came to that fatal part, she instantly swooned away, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she was brought to herself Then she burst into the most mournful lamentations; and with heart-breaking sighs and streams of tears, exclaimed, "Is he gone! must I never see him more! Oh! that I had perished with him in the sea! clasped in his faithful arms, I could have died happy and contented!" In vain did her sister (though herself overwhelmed with grief) and the young lady, her friend, endeavoured to assuage her sorrows, by remonstrating to her, that the news might be false, or that it might be another ship of the same name, belonging to another port: "No, no, exclaimed she, I never more shall see the husband of my heart! the defender of my life and honour is no more!" At this instant, Alcander entered, and flew to her arms, crying out, "yes I am here! "my dearest lovely wife, my heart's dearest blessing, here I am!" No sooner did the charming Harriet behold him, than she fell breathless on the ground, and his sister screamed out for joy at the sight of her beloved brother—but all his care was to recover his lovely Harriet from death. The too sudden transition, from grief to joy, had overcome her; his distraction at that sight, hindered him not from administering the most proper remedies for her recovery; but his well-known voice, and the pressure of his lips to hers, were the sovereign balm which once more restored her to life. The scene was then too tender to describe; after mutual endearments and congratulations on all sides were finished, he related his adventures, and informed them, that the ship in which he came from Petersburgh, had met with a violent storm; but being a stout vessel, with skilful sailors, had weathered it out, and came safe into Yarmouth; but that the other ship, mentioned in the newspaper, was one of the same name belonging to Newcastle upon Tyne.

Alcander had brought home, to the value of thirty-thousand pounds—a genteel addition to his fortune, and he and his dear Harriet now live in the utmost felicity, and perfect conjugal affection, amidst the love and esteem of friends, and the smiles of a numerous and charming offspring.

The Match.

A DOATING old fool had a mind for to wed,
And he took a gay wanton young lass to his bed;
She married the man for the sake of the pelf;
In hopes of a spark, and a house to herself.

When darkness was fled he would angle till noon,
But once broke his line and returning too soon,
He surpriz'd the young couple——when madam began,
Why so sullen, my dear?—look up like a man;
The 'squire has brought me the lemons you see,
Do but get me some corks, and the liquor's for thee;
This will warm you within, if it freezes or snows:
And your house is insur'd as the policy shows:
Of a truth you've no need to bemoan your bad luck,
He has sent us besides the best part of a buck.

I am no such wood-cock, the husband replies,
I know that your conduct my fortune supplies;
But yet tho' this bounty my table adorns,
Whilst I eat of the buck, I shall think of the horns.

The Wise Ideot.

A GENTLEMAN had a son who was deemed an ideot. The little fellow, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and dropt his drumstick into the draw-well. He knew that his carelessness would be punished by its not being searched for

and therefore did not mention his loss, but privately took a large silver punch ladle, and dropped it into the same well. Strict enquiry took place; the servants all pleaded ignorance, and looked with suspicion on each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A fellow was dropt down in a bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, "I have found the punch-ladle, so wind me up." "Stop, (roared out the lad) stop, *now your hand's in, you may as well bring up my drum-stick.*"

The Country Sculptor.

A COUNTRY sculptor was ordered to engrave a tomb-stone, in which a disconsolate widower enumerated his wife's virtues, with this motto:

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

But the *artist* finding the line too long thus improved it:

"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

Anecdote.

THE prince of Wales had been repeatedly applied to by Delpini, to speak to the lord chamberlain to grant him a licence for a play, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, always pleading poverty: at last, when he met his royal highness coming out of Carlton-House, he exclaimed, "Ah! mon altesse! mon prince! if you no speak to my lor chamberlain for pauvre Delpini, I must go to your papa's bench."

The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.

A SET of phrases learnt by rote,
A passion for a scarlet coat,
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why:
Never to hold her tongue a minute;
While all she prates has nothing in it.
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit:
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But, half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has ev'ry repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply,
On all occasions, cut and dry.
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon.
For conversation well endu'd;
She call's it witty to be rude;
And placing railery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can, at her morning tea, run o'er
The scandal of the day before.
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chusing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
Can dext'rously her husband teaze,
By taking fits when'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick,
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity.
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so *robustious* like a man.

In party, furious to her power;
A bitter wig, or tory sow'r;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend:
Will prove herself a tory plain
From principles the whigs maintain;
And, to defend the whiggish cause,
Her topics from the tories draws.

O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;*
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-sell a better thing;
So, holla boys; God save the king.

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* A Printer.

Extracts from a curious Manuscript, containing Directions for the Household of King Henry VIII.

HIS highness's baker shall not put allum in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same, and if detected, he shall be put into the stocks.

His highness's attendants are not to steal any locks or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses where he goes to visit.

Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

Dinners to be at ten, and suppers at four.

The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime.

The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person.

There shall be no romping with the maids on the stair case, by which dishes and other things are often broken!!!

Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that the wooden ones, used in the kitchen, be not broken or stolen.

The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen-maid—and he that gets one of them with child, shall pay a fine of two marks to his highness, and have his allowance of beer withheld for a month.

The grooms shall not steal his highness's straw for bed, sufficient being allowed for them.

Coal only to be allowed to the king's, queen's, and Lady Mary's chambers.

The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

Among the fishes for the table is mentioned the porpoise; if too big for a horse load, an extra allowance to purveyor.

Twenty-four loaves a day allowed for his highness's greyhounds.

Ordered—that all noblemen and gentlemen, at the end of the session of parliament, depart to their several counties on pain of the royal displeasure!!!

A Lapland Wedding.

IT is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents or friends consent; therefore, if one bear affection to a young maid, upon breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part in the race, so that it is impossible, except she will of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended: he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the offer of marriage. But if the virgin hath affection for him, though at first running hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and a voluntary halt before she cometh to make an end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills: and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

On John Brown.

HERE lies John Brown, a man of few words,
Who killed himself with eating of curds;
But had he been rul'd by Joan his wife,
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

A Love Letter from an Officer in the Army, to a Widow whom he had never seen.

THOUGH I never, madam, had the happiness to see you—no, not so much as in a picture—and consequently can no more tell what complexion you are of, than one who lives in the remotest part of China, I am nevertheless most passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken such deep root in my heart, that on my conscience! I could die a martyr for you with as much chearfulness as thousands have done for their religion, who were as ignorant of the truth for which they died, as I am of your ladyship.

This declaration, madam, may perhaps surprise you; but you will cease to wonder, when I have acquainted you what it was that not only gave birth to my passion, but has effectually confirmed it. Lately having occasion to ride into Surry about some particular business, I noticed not far from the road, a most magnificent seat. My curiosity was instantaneously raised to know the owner of so beautiful a pile; and being informed that it belongs to your ladyship, I began that very moment to have a strong inclination for you. When, therefore I was farther assured that some two thousand acres of the best ground in England appertained to this noble fabric, together with a fine park, delightful gardens, variety of fish-ponds, and other desirable conveniences, I then fell up to the ears in love, and resolved to enlist myself among the number of your humble servants and sincere admirers.

"The owner of so many fine things," said I to myself, "must needs be the finest woman in the world. What though she be old—her trees are green! What though she may have lost the lilies and the roses in her cheeks—she has enough left in her gardens! What though she should be barren—her fields are sufficient fruitful."

With these thoughts in my head, I alighted from my horse, and at once became so enamoured of your ladyship, that I told my passion to every tree in your park; and, by the bye, they are the tallest, straightest, loveliest, finest-shaped trees, I ever beheld in my life.

I now appeal to your ladyship, whether any lover was ever influenced by more solid motives than your devoted humble servant. Those who are wholly captivated by beauty, will infallibly find their passion decay with the transitory charm which at first attracted their regard; and those who pretend to admire a woman merely for the qualities of her mind, must consider her soul as abstracted from her body: but he who loves not a woman in the flesh, as well as in the spirit, is only fit, in my opinion, to make love to a spectre; whereas my passion, the sincerity of which you cannot possibly doubt, is built on the same foundation with your house, grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your estate.

For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be the handsomest woman in the kingdom; but whether you are so or not, signifies little, while you have fortune enough to fix my affection. I am a soldier by profession; and as I have fought for pay, by heaven's blessing! I mean to love for money.

All your other suitors would speak the same language, if they were equally honest; and should you favour this blunt address, by making choice of me, I can add, for your comfort, that you will be the first woman on record, from the creation to the present hour, who ever loved a man for telling her the truth.

Plumb Pudding.

IN the year 1718, Mr. James Austin, who sold the Persian ink, made an entertainment to treat his customers, at which he produced a huge pudding, which weighed 1050lb. It was from May 12 to 26 boiling, and was brought in ludicrous procession. in which above 40 of his inkmen walked, from Redcross-street, Southwark, to the Restoration, Spring-gardens. He gave with it the best part of an ox, with good store of wine. He afterwards baked a pudding at the bottom of the Thames, in a tin pudding pan, with a coyer, amongst a heap of lime cast in for the purpose: and Oldys was assured by one that eat of it, that it was a good pudding, though somewhat overbaked.

An Impromptu,—occasioned by the Report of Mr. Foote's having lost his leg.

THAT *Leg* may lose a *Foot*—I can conceive;
That *Foot* can lose a *Leg*—I'll ne'er believe.

Opinion of Socrates concerning Marriage and Single State.

THIS great philosopher being asked, whether it was better to marry or to live single? made this reply:

"Whichsoever thou dost, it will repent thee: for, if thou marriest not thou wilt live discontented, die without issue, and a stranger shall possess thy goods.

"If thou dost marry, and thy spouse bring thee dowry, her kinsfolk will bend their brow, and her mother will spurn at thee: if thou waitest only for fair looks, thou wilt find them turned to disdain; if thy wife is honest, thou wilt fear her death; if dishonest, thou wilt be weary of thy life; if she is barren, thou wilt loath her; and if fruitful, thy care will be increased."

Anecdote of a Fat Country Parson.

A CLERGYMAN, who had long dozed over sermons in the pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tythes, to exert himself mightily; his text was, "The patience of Job." Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, probably for the first time, acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practice himself, what he had preached to others. But, added he, let us refresh ourselves with a mug of the best beer; remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent; the obedient wife pleased with his good humour, flew to the cellar, but, alas! the barrel was staved, and quite empty, What should she do? there was no hiding.—My dear, said she, with despair in her eyes. what a said accident has happened! I am sorry, replied the parson, gravely, if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part if it relates to me, I am resolved to bear it with christian patience; but where is the beer all this while? A-lack-a-day, that is the very thing; how it has happened I cannot understand, but it is all running on the ground.--The parson fell into a violent passion. My life, says she, do but reflect upon your sermon, think of the patience of Job.—Job, said he, don't talk to me of Job's patience.—Job never had a barrel of such beer in his life!

In Rippon Church-yard.

Here lies R. C. believe it who can,
An upright, downright honest man.

Porter Wanted, (copied from the Wrapper of one of the Magazines.)

WANTED a stout active man, who fears the Lord, and can carry two-hundred weight.

An Inventory; or, the Poet's Personal Estate.

SUCH care have misers of their stores,
Strong bolts and bars defend their doors,
Shutters and pins secure the sash,
And iron chests their hoarded cash,
Nor with this caution can they sleep,
Oppress'd with fears they waking keep;
Restless they pass the tedious nights,
Afraid of noise, as boys of sprights;
The thoughts of bankrupts, thieves or fires
Corrode their covetous desires.

While I, devoid of care and cumber,
In unlock'd garret trust my lumber,
I never dream of plund'ring robbers,
Of falling stocks, or tricking jobbers.
Fortune does very rarely deign
To visit me in form of coin.
Yet seldom fails to condescend
To let a tester be my friend:
But oh! the joys are almost killing,
If in my purse a splendid shilling,
By chance should make a short abode,
Ne'er Cæsar with more pleasure rode
Triumphant thro' the shouting crowd.
Yet, be it known, I've some estate
That's personal altho' not great:
Of which the following is a detail,
Of every item, and each chattel.

The garret where I lodge and scrawl,
Hath many breaches on the wall;
Which wisely are o'er laid with patches
Of ballads, madrigals and catches,
To grace my room, and hide disaster,
They serve for ornament and plaister.

At the upper end a shelf is plac'd,
With learned classic authors grac'd;
Not as they antiently were sung,
But render'd in the British tongue
By Pope, Trapp, Addison and Young.
Some works of Otway, Rowe, and Prior,
And Dryden, whom I most admire.
There bold Lucretius stands by Creech,
Translated in our modern speech.
A folio book of Shakespear's plays,
Printed in old King Jammey's days;
Whose, cover rustic hands have wore out,
And half its tatter'd pages tore out.
I've store of verse and manuscripts,
And half a ream of printed slips,
Which I in person do retail,
To buy a belly-full of ale.
Bless me! my sad forgetful head
Had almost quite forgot my bed,
Whose antient structure, one would guess,
Had seen the days of good queen Bess;

For covering it has a rug,
At which the rats have many a tug;
The curtains look like old relics
O'th' mantles wore by Northern Picts,
When they from Scottish Highlands came,
To vex this land with sword and flame.

Perhaps you'll wonder very soon
Nothing to hear of dish and spoon,
Of kettles, porridge-pots, or platters,
Believe me, Sirs, I've no such matters;
Your spits and jacks, to me, are jokes,
My chimney very seldom smokes;
I neither roast nor boil my meat,
And very rarely care to eat;
So having the proverb set at nought,
Of being better fed than taught.

And since I know 'tis all in vain,
To whine and whindle, or complain,
I'm patient, chearful, and content,
To bear the ills I can't prevent.

Pleasant Reading.

A YOUNG LADY of Brunswick, an attendant on the late duchess, mortified that, from her neglected education, she was precluded from joining in the literary conversations which were frequently introduced at that court, requested her royal mistress to furnish her with such books, as might enable her to remedy this defect. Her royal highness, smiling, handed her a dictionary; and next day asked her how she liked it. "O! it is delightful! (said the fair student) here are some books which I have seen, where the words are so huddled together, that one does not know what to make of them; but here it is quite a pleasure to see them all drawn up in order, *like so many soldiers on a parade.*

The Learned Mayor.

THE council chamber of a certain corporation having occasion to be beautified, the mayor for the time being, which was soon after the accession of George I. undertook to superintend the workmen employed in that business. As is usual, an inscription was put up, after the whole was completed, mentioning the year, &c. in which the room was ornamented; but the wise mayor, perceiving the words *anno domini*, immediately sent for and abused the painter for committing such a gross blunder, as *anno domini*; why, says he, don't you know that Queen Anne is dead, and therefore it should be *georgio domini.*

A Sketch of the Life of the celebrated William Shakspeare.

WILLIAM Shakspeare, the great poet of nature, and the glory of the British nation, was the son of John Shakespeare, a considerable dealer in wool, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in April 1564. At a proper age he was put to a free school, where he acquired the rudiments of grammar-learning. His father had no design to make a scholar of him; on the contrary, he took him early from school, and employed him in his own business; but he did not long continue in it; for at seventeen years of age he married, and commenced master of a family. In this domestic obscurity he lived some time, 'till falling into bad company, he was prevailed on to steal deer from Sir Thos. Lucy's park, near Stratford; for which being prosecuted by that gentleman, he made him the subject of a ballad, which was so very severe, that it heightened the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to shelter himself in London. On his arrival, being driven to the last necessity, he went to the play-house door, and picked up a little money by taking care of gentlemen's horses who came to the play. At length some of the players accidently discoursing with him, were so pleased with his conversation, that they recommended him to the house, where he was at first admitted in a low station; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent dramatic writer. Having by practice and observation, acquainted himself with the mechanical œconomy of the theatre, his native genius supplied the rest: but the whole view of his first attempts at stage-poetry being to procure a subsistence, he directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed amongst the meaner sort of people, of whom the audience was generally composed; and, therefore, his images of life were drawn from those of that rank. Thus did Shakspeare set out, without the advantage of education, the advice or assistance of the learned, the patronage of the better sort, or any acquaintance among them. But when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and the encouragement of the court had succeeded that of the town, the works of his riper years were manifestly raised above the level of his former productions. Queen Elizabeth, who shewed Shakspeare many marks of her favour, was so pleased with the delightful character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV. that she commanded the author to continue it one play more, and to shew the knight in love; which he executed initimably in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Among his other patrons, the earl of Southampton is particularly honoured by him in the dedication of two poems, Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece. In the beginning of James the First's reign, he was one of the principal managers at the play-house, and continued in it several years afterwards; 'till having acquired such a fortune as satisfied his moderate wishes and views in life, he quitted the stage, and all other business, and passed the remainder of his life, in an honourable ease, at his native town of Stratford, where he lived in a handsome house of his own purchasing, to which he gave the name of New-Place. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, in the 53d year of his age, and was interred in the chancel of the great church at Stratford, where a handsome monument was erected to him. In 1740, another very noble one was raised to his memory, at the public expense, in Westminster-Abbey; an ample

contribution for this purpose, being made upon exhibiting his tragedy of Julius Cæsar, at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, April 28, 1738. His dramatic writings were first published together in folio, 1623, since which they have had many editions, and have been republished by Mr. Rowe, Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Mr. Warburton, and Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.

A Letter wrote by our present Queen to the King of Prussia, when he entered the Territories of her Cousin, the Duke of Mecklenburgh Swerin.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

I AM at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory, since the same success that has covered you with laurels, has overspread my country with desolation.

I know, Sir, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country; to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

It was but a few years since this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity: what an alteration at present from such a charming scene. I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horror to the picture; but sure, even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect before me. The whole country, my dear country! is one frightful waste! presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children: perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds, or loss of limbs, rendered unfit for service, is left at his door, his little children hang round him, ask an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this was nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion: even those who call themselves our friends, even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. To you, even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

I am, Sir, &c.

Spartan Heroines.

THE Spartans, on the night before Pyrrhus was to make his assault, had determined in council to send all their women to Crete. When the women were informed of this, they unanimously opposed the design; and Archidamia, a lady of one of the best families in Sparta, entered the senate, with a drawn sword in her hand, demanding of them, in the name of her country-women, what could make them entertain so mean an opinion of their wives and daughters, as to imagine they were enough in love with life to endure to survive the loss of Sparta. The senate was equally pleased and surprised with this smart harangue. They immediately revoked their order for sending away the women; and then resolved to draw a trench in a line opposite to their enemy's camp,

and to sink waggon-wheels, in order to obstruct the passage of Pyrrhus's elephants. They had no sooner began this work, than all the women and maids came to them in a body, headed by leaders of their own sex. They entreated the young fellows, who were to engage the next day, to go home and repose themselves, that they might be fit for action in the morning; and then joining the elder sort of men, they assisted them in making the trench. They took upon themselves a full third part of it, which they engaged to finish before it was day; and working all night, some with their petticoats tucked up, and others only in their shifts, they performed what they had promised. The trench was finished that night, though Phylareus assures us it was six cubits in breadth, four in depth, and eight hundred feet long. As soon as day appeared, Pyrrhus, with an army of 20,000 foot, 2000 horse, and 24 elephants came on to the attack. Upon this the Spartan women armed the youths with their own hands, committed the trench to their charge, and conjured them to defend it to the last extremety; and represented to them, in the most lively terms, how glorious it must be either to conquer in the view of the whole country, or to fall as became Spartans, and die in the arms of their wives and mothers. The Lacedemonians thus encouraged, defended themselves with a valour and resolution scarce to be conceived. Phyllias and Acrotatus signalized themselves in such a manner, as has justly rendered their names immortal. In a word, the enemy was every were repulsed; the fight only ended with the day. But Pyrrhus, encouraged by a dream, led on his Macedonians next morning to a second assault; he himself in person made his utmost efforts to force a passage through the shields of the Spartans ranged against him; he found this impracticable. At length, followed by a few Macedonians on horseback, he made a shift to pass the Spartan trench, in that part of it, where the waggons had been planted to stop his elephants. He now was in full career towards the city, when his horse, shot with a Cretan arrow, and, flouncing as he died, threw his rider. The Spartans encouraged at the sight of this accident, ran boldly up, and fell upon the king and his party with so much fury, as obliged them to repass the trench. Pyrrhus, amazed at those prodigious proofs of Lacedemonian courage, which he had been an eye-witness of for two days together, sounded a retreat, and drew off his army. The Spartan women never stirred from the field of battle during the engagement. They were constantly at hand to supply the men with arms; to give bread and wine to such as were fainting, and to take care of the wounded. The Grecians in general thought the loss of Sparta at this time inevitable; and Pyrrhus, the greatest general of his age, imagined he was so sure of carrying his point, that he would not suffer his army to give the assault the same evening he arrived, for fear they should take the city by storm, and plunder it in the night. He knew very well there were but few soldiers in it; that even these were unprovided, by reason of his unexpected approach; and lastly, that Arius, their king, was not with them, but gone into Crete. Thus was the city of Sparta preserved, which could never have been done, had not the ladies, as well as the men, been fonder of their country than their lives.

Appropriate Psalms.

A PARISH clerk in a provincial town, when *business is brisk* in the way of burials and christenings, in the plenitude of his heart, gives out the following stave:

"My soul give praise unto the Lord."

but when *trade is dead,* and he has been long without a funeral, he introduces the lamentable strain,

"How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?"

Anecdote of base Ingratitude.

A CAPTAIN of a slave ship from Bristol, who on his arrival on the coast of Africa, in furnishing his cargo of slaves, was struck with the appearance of a beautiful young female slave he had purchased among others, ordered her into the cabin, and she became his mistress, and soon proved in a state of pregnancy. The young African, thinking herself for ever free from slavery, told her keeper all her heart, and made the following discovery to him, viz. "That the first opportunity which offered in the course of the voyage, the slaves had agreed to mutiny, and to murder the captain and his men, and to navigate the ship back to Africa;" she urged the captain to lose no time in taking proper steps to prevent such an horrid intention from being put into practice, which was accordingly done, and the slaves carried safe to the West-Indies. —The captain on his return to Bristol told this story in company, and being asked by a gentleman present, what he did with or for, his faithful deliverer and friendly companion? replied, (with that savage indifference and unnatural cruelty peculiar to the generality of slave traders) "Why I sold her, to be sure, for an extra-price, on our arrival in the West-Indies!!"

Appropriate Mottos for the Carriages of Upstarts.

A TAYLOR; men and measures.

A shoemaker; *sutor ultra crepidam* (the shoemaker beyond his last.)

A card-maker; my cards have turned up trumps.

A chandler; I have not hid my candle under a bushel.

A merchant; I have exchanged for the better.

A gambler; I have got the trick.

A bankrupt; *vix ea nostra voco* (I can scarce call these my own)

A grocer; I have got a plum.

A coal-merchant; I have touched the cole.

A plumber; I have turned my lead into gold.

A coachmaker; the wheel of fortune.

A lawyer; causes produce effects.

An undertaker; *mor est mihi lucrum* (death is to me great gain.)

A distiller; my spirits rise.

An auctioneer; by knocking down, I am up.

A methodist preacher; I have not sought the Lord in vain.

A curate; *curavi pro vita futura* (I have been a curate in prospect of a living.)

A rector; *spero meliora* (I hope for preferment.)

A dean; *nolo episcopari* (I won't be a bishop)

A bishop; *consummatum est* (I have got it.)

The Artful Misers.

TWO old misers, each of them worth a *plum*, had a female relation worth fourscore thousand pounds; she was turned of sixty, and unmarried. Happening to fall in with a barber's apprentice, who was worth nothing, she gave him great encouragement. Upon this, the two brothers contrived a scheme to break off the match. They both of them waited upon her, and the elder of them addressed her in the following manner: "Cousin Lucretia, we are credibly informed that you intend to marry Tom Razor. We are amazed that you can think of degrading yourself by such a match. You may act as you please, but mark the consequence:—My brother and I are both old; we have no thoughts of marrying, and intend to make you our heir; but if you take this rash step, we shall not leave you a single shilling—This speech had the desired effect: she discarded the barber, died soon afterwards, and left her whole fortune between the brothers.

An Account of an Engagement, between a Sailor and a Shark.

SOME sailors having disembarked the last part of their lading, which was coals; those who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves, but had not been long there, before a person on board observed a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and all but one reached the boat; and him the shark overtook almost within reach of the oars, and griping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon as he swallowed the lower part of his body, the remaining part of his body was taken up, and carried on board, where his comrade was. The friendship between him and the deceased, had long been distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of all such endearing offices as implied a union and sympathy of souls. On his seeing the severed trunk of his friend, he was filled with horror and emotion, too great to be expressed by words. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was observed traversing the bloody surface, searching after the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board; he alone was unhappy, at his not being within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself, he plunged into the deep. armed with a sharp pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, but he made furiously towards him; both equally eager, the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving and grasping him with his left hand, somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form above the foaming waves, stained with his own streaming blood. The shark, much weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror, who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his bowels, and united, and buried the severed body of his friend in one grave.

This extraordinary story was related by a gentleman of great credit, who was ready to confirm the truth by oath —This affair happened the latter end of Queen Anne's wars; the ship was the York-merchant, John Beams, commander.

Anecdote of the Temple Clock.

SOME years ago, a new clock was made to be placed in the temple-hall; when finished, the clock-maker was desired to wait on the benchers of the temple, who would think of a suitable motto to be put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old benchers were met at the temple-hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto; one of the benchers, who thought the application ill-aimed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic taking this as an answer to his question, went home and inserted at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business," and placed it on the temple-hall, to the great surprise of the

benchers, who upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than any they could think of, and ever since the temple-clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go about their business.

The Wounded Squire.

A CERTAIN 'squire, no matter who,
'Squire John o' Styles, or Noakes will do,
By some mischance had scratch'd his shin,
Or prick'd his finger with a pin;
We'll say—a particle of steel
Was found adhering to his heel.
Away the bustling servants go
To fetch the famous Dr. Doe;
The doctor comes, with solemn face,
Adapted to the dreadful case;
With nicest touch explores the wound;
Examines if the bones are sound;
Dilates his eyelids—drops his chin—
To shew the great alarm he's in;
Then shakes his head, and seems to say—
"But little hopes,"—you know their way.
The patient now retires to bed,
But first is vomited and bled;
The doctor wishes he may rest,
And kindly bids him hope the best;
Declares, if nothing new comes on—
No hemorrhage, or carious bone,
Bad fever, fungous incarnation,
Or periostal inflammation,
In four-and-twenty days, or less,
A suppuration must take place,
The lacerated muscles heal,
His strength return, and all do well.
Prescribes the purple draught at ten;
The same, with pills, at twelve again;
The purge at three; if that should gripe,
At four, or thereabouts, the pipe;
The cordial drops he'd have him take
At six, or sooner, if awake;
The febriguge 'twixt eight and nine;
He'll feel his pulse at noon, and dine;
The servant must preserve his water;
Sincerely hopes to find him better;
If otherwise, 'tis not too late
To scarify, and salivate;
He thinks there can be no mistake here,
At worst, his son's an undertaker.
Then takes his leave, or makes a bow,
Goes down, and thus holds forth below.
"I own, 'tis hard at first to tell;
But greatly doubt his doing well;
That steel has made most horrid work;
By G-d 'twas longer than a fork;
I'm very loth to give him over,
But apprehend he can't recover;
He seems much worse since first I came;
And wounds are wounds, and will inflame;
Besides—the place looks black, like dirt,
As if the pedal nerves were hurt;
If so, 'tis fifty pounds to five
He never leaves his room alive;
I've known a limb took thus at night,
And mortify before 'twas light;
And should a gangrene seize the part,
The cure will far exceed my art;
Do what I will, 'tis sure to spread,
And soon must reach from heels to head;
Then all must know, as well as I,
The sad event—the 'squire must die.
For tho' sometimes, a wretch that begs
Pursues his trade *sans* arms or legs;
Eats, swears, gets tipsey, crawls about,
And many other things without;
Yet, when the rest is likewise gone,
The mendicant's career is done.
Now, since 'tis plain 'Squire Noakes can,
live,
The best advice my skill can give,
'Tis e'en to knock him on the sconce,
Or fairly cut his throat at once.
For each physician, if he wise is,
Knows each disease must have a crisis;
The sooner we can that obtain,
The sooner patient's out of pain."

A Point for a Poet.

WHEN Pope was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, and with Swift, Arbuthnot, &c. poring over a manuscript of the Greek Aristophanes, they found one sentence which they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire heard their conference, and begged permission to look at the passage, "Oh," says Pope sarcastically, "by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the book, and considering awhile, said there wanted only a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible. "And pray, master," says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being outdone by a red coat) "What is a note of interrogation?"—"A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is *a little crooked thing that asks questions.*"

In Ely Church-Yard.

HERE I lie without the church door,
The church is fill'd, and will hold no more;
Here I lie, though less I pay,
And yet I *lie* as well as they.

An Account of the Escape of King Charles II. from Worcester, after being conquered by Cromwell, who offered a Thousand Pounds for his Head.

THE king, the better to effect his escape, had his hair cut off, and worked some days disguised as a peasant at wood-cutting. He next made an attempt to retire into Wales, under the conduct of one Pendrell, a poor but faithful companion in his distress; but in this attempt he was disappointed, every pass being guarded to prevent his escape. Being obliged to return, he met one Colonel Careless, who, like himself, had escaped the carnage at Worcester, and it was in his company, that he was obliged to climb a spreading oak, among the thick branches of which they passed the day together, while the soldiers of the enemy went underneath in pursuit of him. From thence he passed, with imminent danger, feeling all the vicissitudes of famine, fatigue, and pain, to the house of one Mr. Lane, a worthy subject of his, in Staffordshire; here he deliberated about the means of escaping to France; and they agreed that he should ride before that gentleman's daughter, on a visit to one Mrs. Horton, who lived in the neighbourhood of Bristol. During this journey, he every day met people whose persons he knew; and once passed through a whole regiment of the parliament army. When they arrived at the house of Mrs. Horton, the first person they saw was one of the king's own chaplains, sitting at the door, amusing himself with seeing people play at the bowls. The king, after having taken proper care of his horse in the stable, was shewn into an apartment which Mrs. Lane had provided for him, under pretence of indisposition.—The butler being sent to him with some refreshment, no sooner beheld his countenance, which was now very pale with anxiety and fatigue, than he recollected the visage of his king and master, and falling upon his knees, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, he cried out, "I am glad to see your "majesty." The king enjoined him to secrecy, and the honest servant punctually kept his word. Having staid some days in this place, he repaired to the house of Colonel Wyndham, where he was cordially received, that gentleman's family having ever been noted for loyalty. Pursuing his route to the sea-side, he had once more a very providential escape from the little inn at Charmouth, where he lodged: It happened to be a solemn fast, and a fanatical weaver, who had fought in the parliament army, was preaching against the king in a chapel fronting the house; Charles was actually one of the audience. A farrier of the same principles, who had been examining the horses belonging to the passengers, came to assure the preacher, that he knew by the fashion of the shoes, that one of the strangers' horses came from the north:—The preacher instantly affirmed, that this horse could belong to no other than Charles Stuart, and went immediately with a constable to the house; but the king in the mean time found means to escape. Thus at length, after inexpressible hardships, and having experienced the fidelity of forty different persons of all ranks, who had power to betray him, he embarked at Brighthelmstead, and landed safely in Normandy, after having been concealed no less than two and forty days in England.

The Decision.

A GENTLEWOMAN who had two gallants, growing big with child, the question was put, who should be the father? when one of them, who had a wooden leg, offered to decide it thus; if the child comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it; if not, it shall be your's.

Bon Mot.

BARON B——, a celebrated gambler, well-known by the name of the *left-handed* baron, being detected some years ago at Bath, secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs-room*, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do," says the wit, why it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Epitaph in St. Peter's, Canterbury.

In Memory of
THE SNELLINGS,
Man and Wife

IN this cold bed, here *consummated* are
The *second nuptials* of a happy pair,
Whom envious Death once parted, but in vain,
For now himself had made them one again,
Here wedded in the grave, and, 'tis but just;
That they that were *one flesh*, should be *one dust.*

The Justice puzzled.

SOME time since, two persons in Cumberland, went with an artist, before a justice, at Penrith, with a very grievous complaint against the latter, which was, as they said, for keeping the commandments. This was so uncommon a case, the justice requested an explanation. The two men said, they were churchwardens, and as their church had been lately rebuilt, they wanted the commandments painted anew, and had given them to this man to be done. To induce him to do them well, they had paid half the money agreed for in hand, and the balance was to be paid when he had finished the job; but they had called on him time after time for two or three years past, but for all they could say or do, he would keep the commandments.

A Copy of Verses on Mr. DAY,
Who from his Landlord ran away.

HERE *Day* and *Night* conspir'd a sudden flight,
For *Day*, they say, is run away by *Night.*
Day's past and gone—why, landlord, where's your rent?
Did you not see that *Day* was almost spent?
Day pawn'd and sold, and put off what he might;
Tho' it be ne'er so dark, *Day* will be light.
You had one *Day* a tenant, and wou'd fain
Your eyes could see that *Day* but once again.
No, landlord, no: now you may truly say,
(And to your cost too) you have lost the *Day.*
Day is departed in a mist, I fear,
For *Day* is broke, and yet does not appear
From time to time he promis'd still to pay;
You should have rose before the break of *Day;*
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For *Day* was cunning, and broke over *Night.*
Day, like a candle, is gone out, but where,
None knows, unless to t'other hemisphere.
Then to the tavern let us haste away—
Come cheer up—hang't—'tis but a broken *Day,*
And he that trusted *Day* for any sum,
Will have his money if that *Day* will come.

Epitaph in Foot's-Cray, Kent:

THE 18th August I was at Foot's-Cray,
To see for an epitaph, I can truly say;
But, as I found none, I went merrily on,
And to St. Mary Cray I am certainly gone.

Epitaph on Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

THE Body of
Benjamin Franklin, printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
Stript of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here—food for the worms,
Yet, the work shall not be lost,
For it shall (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and beautiful edition,
Corrected and revised
By the Author.

Epitaph on Mr. Miles.

THIS tombstone is a Milestone — Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's Miles below.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies;
His grave, tho' small, contains a space so wide,
'Thas Miles in length, and Miles in breadth and Miles in room beside.

Description of Mount Vesuvius.

MOUNT Vesuvius is situated at the distance of five Italian miles from the city of Naples, and is justly accounted one of the most dreadful volcanos, or burning mountains, in the world. Its declivity towards the sea is richly clothed with vines and fruit-trees; the circumambient air is clear and salubrious, and the neighbouring plain affords a most delightful prospect: but the ascent to the summit is painfully tedious; and after walking two miles over a kind of burnt earth mixed with calcined stones and cinders, the traveller arrives at a naked plain, from several parts of which issues a sulphurous smoke; and in the centre of it rises another hill, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and of more difficult access than the former.

At the summit of this hill is a vast mouth, or cavity, about four hundred yards in diameter at the top, but shelving down on all sides like a funnel; whence proceed a continual smoke, and sometimes those astonishing eruptions which fill the neighbouring villages with consternation. Each time it darts forth its flames, and pours out its liquid matter, the exterior form of the mountain, as well as its height, receives considerable alterations.

In antient history we find accounts of the devastations occasioned by this volcano; and in latter ages we meet with instances of its raging with extraordinary fury. In the year 1694, there was a violent eruption; during which, ashes and stones were thrown to the distance of nearly thirty miles. A prodigious quantity of melted minerals was likewise thrown out of the mouth, and ran slowly down the sides of the mountain; insomuch that great numbers of men were employed to cut trenches and channels to receive it, and prevent its spreading over the plains below.

In the summer of 1706, there happened another terrible eruption, attended with such a bellowing of the mountain, as far exceeded the report of the largest artillery: and in the year 1717, it was judged that the flames and fiery stones, were shot more than a thousand feet perpendicularly above the summit of the volcano.

In 1779, an eruption happened, which has been particularly described by Sir William Hamilton in the Philosophical Transactions. This gentleman observed, that the lavas of Vesuvius constantly formed regular channels in the mountain. These channels after small eruptions, were generally from two to six feet wide, and about eight in depth; and were often hidden from the sight by a quantity of scoriæ that had formed a kind of crust over them. Sir William walked in some of these subterraneous galleries which appeared extremely curious; some being remarkably smooth and even on the top, sides, and bottom; and others incrusted with a kind of scoriæ, beautifully ramified with salts, in the form of icicles.

In the summer of 1794, another dreadful eruption took place at Vesuvius, which destroyed many of the adjacent villages, and was attended by many surprising phænomena. The eruption was preceded by a powerful shock of an earthquake, which extended over the whole of the Campagna Felice, and was plainly felt at the distance of forty miles.

Although mount Vesuvius often fills the neighbouring country with terror; yet, as few things in nature are so absolutely noxious as not to produce some good, even this raging volcano, by its sulphurous and nitrous manure, and the heat of its subterraneous fires, contributes to the uncommon fertility of the country, and the profusion of fruit, herbage, &c. with which it is every where covered.

Those are observed to be the most fertile spots which abound in sulphur, saltpetre, &c. and if such igneous and inflammable substances were pent up, their fermentation and ebullition would be productive of the most calamitous effects; whereas they find a vent through these volcanos.

Experience shows that earthquakes, after any continued eruptions of Vesuvius, are neither so frequent, nor produce such fatal effects, as at other times. Hence the inhabitants are by no means alarmed at this mountain's vernal eruptions, when they are not violent; and the air is so far from being rendered unwholesome by them, that Barra, a village at the foot of Vesuvius, near the sea, is remarkable for its healthfulness.

The lava, or liquid matter that runs from the mountain, on its cooling, forms solid masses, surpassing in hardness even marble; and tables, chimney-pieces, and even snuff-boxes, are made of it. With this matter the cities of Naples and Rome are paved, as also a great part of the ancient Roman highways.

Curious Correspondence. The following is an exact Copy of a Letter, dated in 1804, *from a poor Woman in Scotland, to the Emperor Alexander.*

"UNTO the Most Excellant Alexander Emprore of that Grat Dominion of Russia, and the Teratorys the Unto Belonging, &c. &. &.

"Your Most Humble Servant Most Humbly beges your Most Gratious Pardon for my Boldness in aprotching your Most Dreed Sovring for your Clemency at this Time.

" My Sovring the Candour of this Freedom is on account of your Sovrings Goodness in the Serving and Inlarging of My Son, whose Name is John Duncan, aged 26 years, who was on a Premce, who was prisoner with Robert Spittle his Master Captaen of the Han, Spittle of Alloa at the time of the British Embaigo in your Sovring's Embargo in Russia, who is the only Seport of me his Mother, and Besaid I have no other freend for my Seport, and on the account of your Gratious Benevallence Be Pleased to axcept of this smal present from your Ever Well wisher whilst I have Breath.

" The small Present is three Pairs of Stockings for Going on when Your Sovring Gos out a Hunting I would a have sent your Sovring silk Stockings if that My Son Could Go in serch for it, but the press being so hot at this Time that he cannot go out for fear of being pressed.

" If your Sovrin will be pleased to axcept of this, and favouer me with an ansuer of this by the Bearer, and lett me know what Famely of Children your Sovring has, I will send Stockings for them for the Winter before Winter Comes on, as also what Sons and what Daughters you may have.

" Most Dreed Sovring I am your Most Obedt. & Humble Servant Till Death,

" Elizeabeth Wilcox."

" St. Neunsons by Sterling,
April 2, 1804.

" Please to Derect to Me to the Care of Robert Raunce in St. Neunson's by Sterling."

The Church and Burying-Ground.

A CHURCH and burying-ground has been lately advertised, where the parties hope for the custom of their friends, who they promise to accommodate with " nice warm vaults, in a very quiet situation, and pleasant country." They also promise an entertainment to the friends of the first *corpse* that shall be interred there. To make the farce complete, the deceased should be conducted also to their new tenements with a *sprightly* band of music!

Description of Bells in England.

THERE are 12 peals of twelve bells in England; 7 in London and 5 in the country.

A peal of 12, at St. Saviour's-church, Southwark, London, tenor is,..	51½cwt.
Ditto 12, Christ-Church, Spital-fields, London, tenor is,.....	44 cwt.
Ditto 12, St. Giles's church, Cripplegate, London, tenor is.....	36 cwt.
Ditto 12, St Michael's church, Cornhill, London, tenor is....	40 cwt.
Ditto 12, at St. Martin's in the Fields London, tenor is	34 cwt.
Ditto 12, at St. Leonard's church, Shoreditch, London, tenor is ..	30 cwt.
Ditto 12, at St. Bride's church, Fleet-street, London, tenor is..	28½cwt.
Ditto 12, at St. Peter Mancroft church, Norwich, tenor is....	41 cwt.
Ditto 12, at St. Martin's church, Birmingham, tenor is	36 cwt.
Ditto 12, at New St. Chad's church, Shrewsbury, tenor is	34 cwt.
Ditto 12, at Great St. Mary's church Cambridge, tenor is.....	30 cwt.
Ditto 12, at St John's church, Cirencester, tenor is.....	28½cwt.

And n GreatBritain and Ireland there are about 50 peals of ten bells, 380 peals of eight, 600 peals of six, 500 peals of five, besides upwards of 720 peals of four, three, and two. The heaviest single bells in England, are at the following cities and towns:

	Ton.	*Cw.*
Oxford, the Mighty Tom, weighing	7	15
Exeter, the Great Tom, ditto	6	0
London, St. Paul's, the Tom Growler	5	0
Lincoln, the Great Tom *(& best bell)*	4	14
Canterbury Cathedral, Clock Bell	3	10
Glocester College, Clock Bell	3	5
Beverley Minster, Clock Bell	2	10
These 7 great bells weigh together	32	14

The following table is the full extent of changes that can be produced on each number of bells, viz.

	Changes.
A peal of two bells produces.....	2
Three bells.....	6
Four bells	24
Five bells	120
Six bells	720
Seven bells.....	5,040
Eight bells.....	40,320
Nine bells	362,880
Ten bells	3,628,800
Eleven bells	39,916,800
Twelve bells	479,001,600

To ring the full compliment of changes on twelve bells, keeping them continually going, will take no less time than forty-four years, at the speed of about twenty-one changes each minute, with a tenor bell 40 cwt.

Remarkable Instance of Industry and Perseverance.

ELIZABETH Bell, who died at Carlisle on Saturday the 8th of October, 1791, in the 91st year of her age, was a servant in the time of the rebellion of 1715, and by great frugality, in the course of a series of years afterwards, had saved a small sum of money, intended, no doubt, for her sustenance, if she reached the period "when service should in her old limbs be lame." But the best intentions are sometimes frustrated by unforeseen events.

It happened that the mistress, with whom she lived the last twenty years of her servitude, fell into want, and died indebted to the subject of this anecdote, for five years' service; for which she had nothing to leave her but three helpless children!—Elizabeth Bell, considering herself as heiress to this property, (in the possession of which she remained undisturbed by any claim from the kindred of her deceased mistress) kept the family together; and, prompted by the strongest incentive, humanity, took upon her the duty of a parent.

With an industry which has never been exceeded, though suffering the infirmities of age, she brought up the three children very decently, and put the two boys to trades. They ill repaid her kindness. For several years past, she had been so ill as not to be able to walk; but, even in that situation, she sat upon the side of the bed, and spun!—Her feeble endeavours, however, proved insufficient for the maintenance of herself and her

adopted charge; the stock collected by youthful labour was, of necessity, broken into; it was, sometime since, exhausted; and for the last six months, she was supported by the parish.

The last of her foster-children is a girl, who remained with her benefactress until death caused the separation, which no extremity of want and wretchedness had been powerful enough to effect. The poor girl is a great object of pity, being much afflicted with fits, which render her incapable of earning a subsistence by labour.

Anecdote of the late Mr. Andrew Millar, Bookseller in London.

THE performance known by the title of Burn's treatise on the office of a justice of peace, was written by a poor clergyman in the north of England. He came to London to sell his manuscript, and inquired of the landlord of the inn where he lodged, if he was acquainted with any bookseller? the master of the house introduced him to a person in the trade, who, after keeping the manuscript for examination eight days, at last offered him twenty pounds for it. After a variety of disappointments of the same kind, the author waited on Mr. Millar, who was by this time rising fast into fame and fortune. He had sufficient strength of mind to see that "honesty is the best policy;" and by treating every writer with justice, and often with generosity, he acquired a most opulent fortune. He had in his employment, gentlemen in every different branch of learning, who were to inform him of the merit of the different books submitted to their inspection. The manuscript in question was transmitted to a Scotch student in the temple, and Burn in the interim received a general invitation to Mr. Millar's table.

In eight or ten days the manuscript was returned to Mr. Millar, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day after dinner, when the glass had begun to circulate, he asked Burn what was the lowest sum that he would take? The poor man replied, that the highest offer which he had received was twenty pounds, a sum too small to defray the expenses of his journey. "Will you accept two hundred guineas?" said Mr. Millar—"Two hundred guineas!" cried the parson, clapping his hands; "I am extremely fortunate."—The book went through many impressions, and Andrew, of his own good will, paid the clergyman an hundred pounds additional for each of them.

As the author loved port, the bookseller farther gave him a letter of credit, for the purchase of a pipe per annum during the rest of his life, in any wine-cellar in London where he thought proper.

"After all this," added Mr. Millar, in telling the story, "I have lived to clear eleven thousand pounds by the bargain."

Anecdote of a Faithful Dog.

AUBRI DE MONDIDIER, hunting in the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. He was always attended by a favourite dog, attached to him in a very singular manner. This dog would not quit his master's grave for several days, until at length compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's at Paris, and by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, then looked back to see if any person followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him. The

singularity of all the actions of the dog; his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been; the sudden disappearance of his master, &c. induced the company to follow the dog, who conducted them to the fatal tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, pointing out as well as he could, the spot they should search. Accordingly, upon digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog met the assassin, the Chevalier Macaire, when, instantly seizing him by the throat, it was with great difficulty that he was compelled to quit his prey. Whenever he saw him afterwards, he pursued and attacked him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the dog, exhibited only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary to those who recollected the dog's fondness for his master; and at the same time, several instances wherein Macaire had manifested his envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier, with other additional circumstances, increased suspicion, which at length was communicated to the royal ear. The king sent for the dog; he appeared extremely gentle, until perceiving Macaire in the midst of twenty nobles, he ran instantly towards him growling, and flew at him as usual.

In those times, when no positive proof of a crime could be procured, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and the accused. This was denominated the judgment of God, from a persuasion that heaven would sooner work a miracle, than suffer innocence to perish with infamy. The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, resolved to refer the decision to the chance of war, and commanded a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an uninclosed place. Macaire's weapon was a large cudgel; the dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, in order to recover breath. The combatants being ready, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side until his strength was exhausted; then, springing forward, he griped Macaire by the throat, and threw him on the ground, where he confessed his crime before the king, and afterwards suffered death for the murder of the dog's master. This circumstance is recorded by the hand of a painter in the castle of Montarsis, and has the confirmation of Scaliger and Father Montfaucon. Oliver de la Marche says, this faithful animal lived in the reign of Louis VIIIth.

Epigram.

SAYS my Lord to Sam Scribble, "All poets are poor,"
"You tell me," quoth Sam, "what I well knew before;
"Yet in all our payments we're honest and "just too:"
"Well you may," quoth my Lord, "because "no one will trust you."

Edward VI.

EDWARD VI. is celebrated by historians for the beauty of his person, the sweetness of his disposition, and the extent of his knowledge. By the time he had attained his sixteenth year, he understood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages; he was versed in the sciences of logic, music, and natural philosophy, and master of all theological disputes; insomuch, that the famous Cardon, on his return from Scotland, visiting the English court, was astonished at the progress he had made in learning; and afterward extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature.

Notwithstanding these encomiums, he seems to have had an ingredient of

bigotry in his disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender consciences, who might have happened to differ with him in religious principles; nor can we reconcile either to his boasted humanity or penetration his consenting to the death of his uncle, who had served him faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted resolution to withstand the importunities of his ministers, and was deficient in that vigour of mind, which often exists independent of learning and culture.

Recipe for a Country Ball.

TAKE two or three carriages stuck in a lane,
Two or three parties drench'd in the rain,
Add smirkers and rompers two or three coveys,
Two or three aldermen's wives and their loveys;
Two or three farmers and auctioneers haughty,
Two or three aunts between fifty and forty;
Two or three misses losing their lockets,
Two or three bucks with their hands in their pockets;
Two or three card-tables, two or three sharpers,
Two or three fiddlers, two or three harpers;
Two or three quarrels, two or three faintings,
In a long naked ball-room, with two or three paintings;
Join two or three bumpkins who never were polish'd,
Two or three fashions long since abolish'd;
Two or three jokes from yesterday's papers,
Two or three curtseys and dancing-school capers;
Two or three hoppings without any fiddle,
Two or three waltzes broke off in the middle;
Plenty of tea sipped between whiles,
Two dozen nods and three dozen smiles;
One pretty girl and one pretty man,
To leaven the lump, you may find if you can.
Stir them about with a great deal of glee,
Till the town-hall clock has struck two or three,
And with two or three candles stuck on the wall,
You can't fail, if you mix these ingredients all,
Of a good wholesome noisy country ball.

Mrs. Siddons's Farewell Address. Spoken at the Bath Theatre.

HAVE I not raised some expectation here?
Wrote by herself!—What! Authoress and play'r?
True, we have heard her, (thus I guess you'd say)
With decency recite another's lay;
But never heard, nor never could we dream,
Herself had sipp'd the Heliconican stream.
Perhaps you farther said, (excuse me, pray,
For thus supposing all that you might say)
What will she treat of in this same address?
Is it to shew her learning? Can you guess?
Here let me answer; No: far different views
Possess'd my soul, and fir'd my virgin muse!
'Twas honest gratitude; at whose request,
Shame be the heart that will not do it's best!
The time draws near, when I must bid adieu
To this delightful spot; nay, e'en to you!
[*To the Audience.*
To you, whose fost'ring kindness rear'd my name,
O'erlook'd my faults, but magnify'd my fame.
How shall I bear the parting? Well I know,
Anticipation, here, is daily woe.
Oh, should kind fortune, where I next am thrown,
Bestow but half the candour you have shewn;
Envy o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
And critic gall be shed—without it's smart:
The numerous doubts and fears I entertain,
Be idle all; as all possess'd in vain!
But to my promise——If I thus am bless'd;
In friendships link'd; beyond my worth caress'd;
Since I'm secure in my employer's aid,
Who meets my wishes ere they scarce are made;
Why do you quit, (you'll say) such certain gain,
To trust caprice, and it's vexations train;
What can you compensate for the risques you run,
And what your reasons? Surely you have none!
To argue here would be your time's abuse—
My word I keep, my reasons I produce:
[*Here her three Children were discovered.*
These are my moles that heave me from your side,
Where I was rooted, where I could have dy'd—
Stand forth, ye elves, and plead your mother's cause;
Ye little magnets, whose strong influence draws

Me from a point where every gentle breeze
Wafted my bark to happiness and ease;
Sends me advent'rous on a larger main,
In hopes that you may profit by my gain!
Have I been hasty? Am I there to blame?
Answer all ye who own a parent's name.
Thus have I tir'd you with an untaught muse,
Who for a favour still most humbly sues,
That you, for classic learning, will receive
My soul's best wishes, which I freely give;
For polish'd periods, round, and touch'd with art,
The fervent offerings of my grateful heart.

Origin of Commerce, and of the use of Money.

THE few wants of men in the first stage of society, are supplied by barter in its rudest form, In barter the rational consideration is, what is wanted by the one, and what can be spared by the other. But savages are not always so clear sighted. A savage who wants a knife will give for it any thing that is less useful to him at the time, without considering his future wants. But mankind improves by degrees, attending to what is wanted on the one side, and to what can be spared on the other.

Barter, in its original form, proved miserably deficient when men and their wants multiplied. That sort of commerce could not be carried on at a distance; and even among neighbours, it does not always happen, that the one can spare what the other wants; it was necessary, therefore, that some commodity should be found in general estimation, that would be gladly accepted in exchange for every other, and which should be neither bulky, expensive in keeping, nor consumable by time. Gold and silver are metals that possess these properties in an eminent degree; and are also divisible into small parts, convenient to be given for goods of small value.

Gold and silver, when first introduced into commerce, were probably bartered like other commodities, by bulk merely; but shortly, instead of being given loosely by bulk, every portion was weighed in scales, but weight was no security against mixing gold and silver with base metals. To prevent that fraud, pieces of gold and silver are impressed with a public stamp, vouching both the purity and the quantity; and such pieces are termed *coin.*

This was an improvement in commerce, and at first probably, deemed complete. It was not foreseen that these metals wear by much handling in the course of circulation, and consequently, that in time the public stamp is reduced to be a voucher of the purity only, not of the quantity. This embarrassment is remedied by the use of paper money; and paper money is attended with another advantage, that of preventing the loss of much gold and silver by wearing.

When gold or silver in bullion is exchanged with other commodities, such commerce passes under the common name of *barter*, or *permutation:* when current coin is exchanged, such commerce is termed *buying* and *selling;* and the money exchanged is termed *the price of the goods.*

The Phœnicians were the earliest people who are recorded to have devoted themselves to commerce. It seems they performed long voyages, and established colonies in remote countries, like the moderns. The Greeks and the Romans were not insensible of the value of commerce, and they pursued it at different periods with eagerness and success.

The Venetians from the year 900 to 1500, enjoyed a monopoly of the produce of the East, and thereby became a wealthy and powerful people. The Genoese proved their rivals; but certain free towns in Germany, called Hans Towns, afterwards disputed with the Italians the palm of commerce.

The Portuguese, on discovering a

new route to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, became for a time a considerable commercial people; but the Dutch drove them from their India possessions, and for a century carried on half the trade of the world.

Finally, the English have taken the lead of all other nations; and by means of their invincible fleets, their free constitution, their domestic agriculture and manufactures, and their valuable colonies in every sea, they have nearly engrossed the commerce of the world to themselves.

Epitaph on Kitty Fisher, who died soon after she was married.

SHE wedded—to live honest; but, when tried,
Th' experiment she lik'd not—and so died.

Anecdote.

THE late Mr. Hall, the ingenious and witty author of the *Crazy Tales*, and other original performances, was, with all his wit and humour, oppressed at times with very unpleasing hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton-castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the *east* wind as synonimous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse, and dissipate the blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reasons could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turret of the castle, turn the weathercock *due west*, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall rose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eye through a bow-window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour, execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, until unfortunately the cord breaking which fastened the weathercock, it returned at once to its easterly position; and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick, which his cousin Shandy had played upon him.

Anecdote.

WHEN George the Second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised; and the duke of N———, in particular, begged his majesty to consider, that the man was actually mad. "If he be mad, so much the better," replied the king, "as in that case, I hope to God he will bite some of my generals."

Epitaph on Jemmy Jewell.

'TIS odd, quite odd, that I should laugh,
When I'm to write an epitaph.
Here lie the bones of a rakish *Timmy*,
Who was a *Jewell* and a *Jemmy*.
He dealt in diamonds, garnets, rings,
And twice ten thousand pretty things;
Now he supplies *Old Nick* with fuel,
And there's an end of *Jemmy Jewell*.

Enigma.

TWO men, with their two wives, and two sons, stand thus related to each other: the men are each other's fathers and sons, their wives fathers and husbands, and their children's fathers and grandfathers; the women are the childrens mothers and sisters; and the boys are uncles to each other, and all without the least incest. Query, how can this be?

Explanation.

THE two men had been widowers, and married each other's daughters.

The cunning Dream.

THREE weary pilgrims travelling together, had missed their road, and entered an exceeding thick wood. Night overtaking them before they were able to find their way out of this labyrinth, they laid themselves down beneath a tree, near a refreshing spring of water; and being thirsty, its cool and clear appearance invited them to drink thereof. After they had quenched their thirst, they perceived that they had only bread enough for one person; and that, were it divided, it would not satisfy them all. One of them perceiving this, said, "Let us sleep a little before we eat, and he that has had the best dream shall have all the bread, and the other two shall remain content with having none." With all my heart, says the other." "I agree to it, says the last, provided all three lie down to sleep together." The two first, who were more fatigued than their partner, fell fast asleep in a short time; and the youngest, whose stomach did not seem to relish a vacuum, says to himself, I should be indeed a gross fool, if I did not take advantage of my companions' sleep; and having taken the bread he eat it, and then with great composure fell fast asleep himself. Midnight had not passed, e're they were all awake, and began to recount the dreams they had had during their sleep. "I thought (says the oldest) that I was in a place upon earth resembling a paradise, which was full of all manner of delights, where every pleasure was to be found, and every sense gratified; where they drink, sing, and dance; where you walk in the most beautiful gardens; and that in these gardens there were flowers that never faded, trees that ever retained a perpetual verdure, and bore excellent fine fruit; parterres, and walks; birds, who, by their melodious warbling, charmed the ear; and that, in short, there was every thing that could be thought of to please mankind."

"As I am naturally of a more wicked turn than you, (says the other) I thought I was gone to hell, where I saw nothing but miserable wretches, who were in excruciating torment and agony. I heard nothing but mournful cries and horrid groans; and, whilst I was seized with fear, at sight of so much woe and misery, I awaked; so that I feel great pleasure and satisfaction in having had a dream, that by having terrified me, has given me occasion to be diverted afterwards by the remembrance of it; which has made so great an impression on me, that it still remains in my mind, and for that very reason it is that I pretend that my dream is without comparison better than yours'."

"I, (says the youngest) stretching his arms, and yawning, have likewise been dreaming, at the same time with you both, that one of you were gone to paradise, and the other to hell: I imagined within myself that neither of you would ever return again, and in mistake have eat the bread, and by that means have gained the wager."

A droll Anecdote.

SIR George ——— dying in London, his corpse was sent to the county of ——— in order to be interred in the family vault. The man who drove the hearse stopped late in the evening at the Crown in * * * *. Some arch wags who were drinking at the inn, observing the ostler to be dead drunk, resolved, by way of frolic, to terrify him when he came to his senses. The scheme was easily put in execution. When all was silent, they conveyed the coffin out of the hearse, and very carefully deposited the ostler in its place. The driver, ignorant of the trick that had been played him, in the morning very

soberly proceeded on his journey. He had not gone far, before he heard a noise resembling groans, which he imagined came from the hearse. Terrified beyond description, he was about to quit his post, and leave the corpse to the care of whoever had more courage than himself: but recollecting the ill consequence attending such an imprudent step, he dismounted, and, with a tremelous voice, addressed the supposed dead man in the following terms: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, "Sir George, what is it disturbs you?" —The ostler, whom sleep and the motion of the hearse had by this time restored to his senses, finding himself in total darkness, was greatly frighted, and, with as much strength of lungs as he could exert, bawled out, "I am not Sir George, but the ostler of the Crown! How I came here, I know not; but for God's sake let me out, or I shall die in good earnest."—The driver, by this time smoked the jest, set the poor fellow at liberty, and, with many imprecations on those who had played him the trick, returned to the inn, in search of the coffin; which he found in a back room, which happened not to have been entered from the time of its being placed there, till the terrified driver returned; who replaced the coffin in the hearse, and made what speed he could with it to its destined repository.

Ready Wit.

SOME company in Ireland disputing relative to the quickness of reply, ascribed to the lower orders of that country, it was resolved to put the matter to the test in the person of a clown who was approaching them.—"Pat," said one of the gentlemen, if the devil was to come and determined to have one of us, which do you think he would take?" "Me, to be sure." "Why so?" "Because he knows he can have your honor at any time."

A surprising Instance of Gratitude and Sagacity in an Elephant.

AN elephant that had been very often fed, and kindly treated by an herb-woman, belonging to the market of Dehli, the capital of Indostan, once passed through the market when it was very outrageous, sparing nothing that came in its way; it accordingly drove on with the utmost fury, throwing down and trampling upon all those it met, until the daughter of an herb-woman, a little child that could scarce crawl along, happened to come in its way. Its rage immediately subsided; it took up the child gently upon its proboscis, and laying it upon a shed hard by, where it might be out of harm's way, proceeded with the same fury as before.

An Account of an uncommon Tempest.

MR. BRYDONE, a late ingenious traveller, says in his account of Malta, that on the 29th of October, in the year 1757, about three quarters of an hour after midnight, there appeared to the south-west of the city, a great black cloud, which as it approached, changed its colour, until at last it became like a flame of fire mixed with black smoke. A dreadful noise was heard on its approach, which alarmed the whole city. It passed over part of the port, and came first upon an English ship, which in an instant was torn to pieces, and nothing left but the hulk: part of the masts, sails, and cordage, were carried along with the cloud to a considerable distance. The small boats that were in its way, were torn to pieces, or sunk; the noise increased, and became more frightful. A sentinel, terrified at its approach, took shelter in his box; both he and it were lifted up, and carried into the sea, where he perished; it then traversed a considerable part of the city, and

laid in ruins almost every thing in its course. Several houses were thrown down, nor was there one steeple left standing in its passage; the bells, with the spires of some, were carried to a considerable distance; the roofs of the houses were demolished and beat down, which, if it had happened in the day-time, must have caused a dreadful slaughter, as the people would all have ran to the churches. It went off at the north-east point of the city, and, demolishing the light-house, is said to have mounted up into the air with a most frightful noise, and passed over the sea to Sicily, where it tore up some trees, and did other damage; but its force had been spent at Malta. The number of killed and wounded, was near 200; and the loss of shipping, houses, and churches, was very considerable.

However the learned may differ in opinions concerning this singular phenomenon, the sentiments of the people are concise and positive; they declare, with one voice, that it was a legion of devils let loose to punish them for their sins. There are a thousand persons in Malta, who will make oath that they saw them within the cloud, all as black as pitch, and breathing out fire and brimstone. They add, that if there had not been a few godly persons amongst them, their whole city would certainly have been involved in one universal destruction.

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world, where duelling is permitted by law: but they have laid it under such restrictions, as greatly reduce its danger. These are curious enough; the duellists are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street in the city; and if they presume to fight any were else, they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, and much more in their favour, they are obliged, under the most severe penalties, to put up their swords, when ordered so to do by a woman, a priest, or a knight.--As their whole establishment is founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they found it inconsistent with these principles to abolish duelling, but they have laid it under restrictions.

An Account of a remarkable Echo in a Church.

A MODERN traveller says, the great church at Agrigentum, in Sicily, is noted for a remarkable echo, something in the same style of the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, though much more difficult to be accounted for. If one person stands at the west-gate, and another places himself on the cornice, at the most distant point of the church, exactly behind the great altar, they can hold a conversation in very low whispers with the utmost distinctness. For many years, this singularity was not generally known; and several of the confessing chairs being placed near the great altar, the wags who were in the secret, used to take their station at the door of the cathedral, and by this means, heard distinctly, every word that passed betwixt the confessor and his penitent; of which they did not fail to make their own use, when occasion offered. The most secret intrigues were discovered; and every woman in the city, changed either her gallant, or her confessor, yet still it was the same. At last, however, the cause was found out; the chairs were removed, and other precautions were taken to prevent the discovery of those sacred mysteries; and a mutual amnesty passed amongst all the offended parties.

An Anecdote of Henry IV. King of France.

THE king went alone, to sup and to sleep at the house of an officer,

for whom he had particular regard; but found only the wife at home, who did not know the king's person, but perceived he was a man of rank, and therefore received him as her husband's friend. The king desired supper, and complained of being very hungry, but perceiving some embarrassment in the lady's countenance, he desired her to be ingenuous, and to tell him the cause. The lady then informed him, that she had searched through the whole village, and nothing fit to be eat was to be had but a turkey, and that the man who had it would not part with it on any terms, unless he was permitted to come and eat of it; to which the king consented, though he was a mechanic, especially as he found he was warmly attached to his interest. While the turkey was roasting, he entertained his majesty with a variety of humorous stories; and when the repast was over, he fell on his knees, and, asking the king's pardon for the liberty he had taken, told him he saw him ride by, and knew his person, and now, would not rise, until he had obtained the honour of being made a gentleman, as his due for the recent honour he had been admitted to. This brought the lady too upon her knees, and all the natural consequences. "But (said the king to the mechanic) if I make you a gentleman, what arms will you bear?" "My turkey, surely, sire."—He was accordingly made noble, and the family to this day bear the turkey for their arms.

A smart Answer of the Earl of Dorset to King Charles II.

THE earl of Dorset coming to court on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, the king (Charles II.) asked him what the bells rang for? which having answered, the king further asked him, how it came to pass, that her holiday was still kept, while those of his father and grandfather, were no more thought of than William the conqueror's? Because, said the frank peer to the frank king, she, being a woman, chose men for her counsellors, and men, when they reign, usually choose women.—What a sarcasm on the lewd king himself! whose father, though otherwise a virtuous prince, was governed by an imperious French woman of a wife; and his grandfather, though he had no mistresses, had little masters who governed him, and whom he chose for no other merit, but being as like women as men could be.

A remarkable Echo.

A MAN remarkable for shooting a long bow, gave the following account of an echo; he said, as he was sailing in a man of war, very near the shore in Devonshire, he heard so fine a concert of music, that he thought Handel and his band were playing concertos on the shore. "For," says he, "'twas a fine summer's eve, the sea as smooth as grass, and not a breath of wind stirring; and the captain being a Devonshire man, thought that some neighbouring gentlemen were making merry there; he ordered out his boat, and took me with him on shore, and when we came up to the music," said he, "What do you think it was?" The company being puzzled to find it out, "he told them it was nothing but a shepherd playing upon a Jew's-harp, and the variety of sounds which they heard, was owing to the echo of the rocks." "Strange echo, indeed," says a gentleman in company "though nothing like one I heard in Devonshire myself; for," says he, "a gentleman of my acquaintance, shewing me his gardens, park, and other curiosities, brought me at last upon a mount, which had a ruin that stood at some small distance; 'that ruin,' says my friend, 'makes the finest echo from this place, which you ever heard,

he bid me hollow and try;' upon which, I, with a loud voice cried, How do you do? And the echo answered, "Very well."

Mount Sion and Mount Ephraim, or which is the best?

A WHIMSICAL incident recently occurred in the old chapel of Tunbridge Wells. The clerk who is proprietor of several houses on Mount Sion, has long been memorable, when any of these are about to become untenanted, to give out a particular Psalm, which, not detracting from its spiritual object above, might serve at the same time to announce, some temporal concerns of his own below. Some time ago, however, he had no sooner given out the first line of his favorite ejaculation, "Mount Sion is a pleasant place!" than a person having a counter interest in the dwelling upon the opposite hill, immediately, and in the same clerical tone of voice, rejoined, "Mount Ephraim is much more so!" which threw poor Amen, into such confusion and the auditory into so an irrisistable fit of laughter, that it was a considerable time before the congregation could be restored to its wonted gravity.

An Instinct of the Tortoise.

IT is very remarkable, that when the waters are dried up by excessive heat, the tortoises, which always seek for moisture, bury themselves under the earth, in proportion as the surface of it becomes dry. To find them it is then sufficient to dig a considerable depth in the spot where they have concealed themselves.—They generally remain as is asleep: and never awake, or make their appearance, until the rainy season has supplied the ponds and small lakes with water, on the borders of which they deposit their eggs, where they continue exposed to the air; they are as large as those of a pigeon: they leave to the heat and the sun the care of hatching them. These eggs have an excellent taste; the white, which never becomes hard by the force of fire, preserves the transparency of a blueish jelly. It is not known whether instinct be common to every species of water tortoises, and whether they all employ the same means.

A Copy of a Lady's Library.

CASSANDRA, a Romance.
Whitfield's Hymns.
A Collection of Trials for Crim Con.
The Whole Duty of Woman.
The Beaux Stratagem.
The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Wesley's Sermons,
Love's Last Shift.
The Harlot's Progress, a Poem.
The Week's Preparation.
The History of Merryland.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
Mrs. Rudd's Trial.
The Modern Atalantis.
The Pious Parishioner.
The Wanton Wife of Bath.
The Death of Abel.
The Art of Preserving Beauty to extreme Old Age.
Rochester's Poems.
The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting.
Callipœdia.
Sherlock on Death.
The History of the Devil
Lord Grey's Love Letters.
The History of Apparitions.
The New Art of Hair-dressing.
The Lives of the Saints.
A Treatise on the Cosmetic Wash.
The Fable of the Bees.
The Art of Love.
The Fall of Man, a Poem.
Mrs. Glasse's Cookery.
Don John; or the Libertine.
The Moravian Hymns.
A Narrative of the Effects of Mrs. Gibson's *blessed* Medicine.

Humourous Instance of Hibernian Effrontery and Presence of Mind.

A CERTAIN *jontleman*, from beyond the liffey, happening, by some means or other, to procure a commission under General Wolfe, had the honour, one day, to receive an invitation from him to supper.—Meeting, in the iterim, by accident, with one of his brother officers, who strongly urged him to go and make one of a party at cards with some other gentleman of the corps, he excused himself, and added, with a *degage*, though self-important air of famaliarity, "I am to sup to night with Wolfe."

The last word was hardly uttered, when up came the general.

"If not from respect to myself, sir," said he to the astonished Hibernian, "yet from respect, at least, to the rank I hold, for the future say *General* Wolfe."—"Your pardon, sir," replied the other, with a countenance seemingly unembarrassed—"We never say *General* Cæsar, *General* Hannibal, therefore I thought it altogether superfluous to say *General* Wolfe."

A whimsical Advertisement.

THOMAS Touchwood, gent. proposes on the last day of this present month, to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to him or his friends, he takes this method of endeavouring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance he hopes will merit the attention and patronage of the public. He will perform with two pistols, the first shot to be directed through his abdomen, to which will be added, another through his brain; the whole to conclude with staggering, convulsions, grinning, &c. in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at eight, and the exhibition to begin precisely at nine. Particular places, for that night only, reserved for the ladies. No money to be returned, nor half price taken.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and impostors. The person who advertises to hang himself the same night, in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, is a taylor, who intends only to give the representation of death, by dancing in a collar; an attempt infinitely inferior to Mr. T.'s original and authentic performance.

Anecdote of Edward the Black Prince.

WHEN Edward the Black Prince was a terror to France, he bestowed five hundred marks per annum on Lord Audely, for his service in the battle of Poictiers or Cressy, which lord immediately gave the royal present among his four 'squires, who fought bravely with him; which being carried to the prince by some court-informers, as a slight of his gift, my lord was sent for, and owned the fact in terms of this purpose: "May it please your highness, these four gentlemen behaved themselves better than myself, and deserved the reward I have given them; and blessed be God, I have estate enough to enjoy all I desire." The prince, touched with his generosity, confirmed his donation, and gave my lord five hundred more for himself.

Epitaph at Thetford, in Norfolk.

MY grandmother was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perish'd with a mortification in his thighs;
My sister dropp'd down dead in the Minories:
But the reason why I'm here interr'd according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If, therefore, good christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any thing strong.

The Country Parson.

HARD by the side of Snowdon's lofty hill,
Inclos'd with thickets and a purling rill,
There liv'd an honest vicar, free from strife,
Tho' clogg'd with that tempest'ous thing,—a wife.
Neat was his house, and humble tho' not mean,
Fine without cost, tho' elegantly clean:
In this parochial state he spent his years,
Nor rais'd by fortune, nor depress'd by cares;
Grave, and close fisted, yet who once did treat
A London rector, at this humble seat;
A priest, well known at court, in daily wait,
On bishops, lords, and ministers of state;
Could flatter, fawn, and cringe,—call this man brother,
Say one thing openly, but mean another.
Both were at Cambridge bred, and both had spent
Seven studious years in friendship and content;
But this by hating Tory and Pretender,
Had gained a living from our faith's defender
On Cambria's hills, and now came down that way,
To see his tenants, and receive his pay:
The rev'rend vicar treats his cringing guest
With all the rarities his house possest.
The beer was tapt, with cyder rough and sweet,
And beef and pork serv'd up, which lords might eat;
Next came the produce of the female goats,
And apples blushing in their ruddy coats.
All these were order'd, that the guest might see
How Wales abounded in variety:
But no such food could gratify his taste,
He loads his trencher with indecent waste;
Sticks his fork lightly in the smoaking meat,
And, loathing, praises what he's forc'd to eat.
Now dinner's o'er, the night with mirth is crown'd
While loyal healths and witty jokes go round;
At last the courtier, mellow grown and free,
Extols this unexpected luxury.
Alas! (cries he) how hard's your present fate!
Small is your fortune, but your soul is great:
Sure this munificent, aspiring mind,
Was ne'er for cliffs, and poverty design'd.
Why should a man of such transcendent worth,
Return unheard of to his native earth:
Let goats frequent the brake and savage den,
You shall see courts, know kings, converse with men:
Disdain old rusty hats, and thread-bare gown,
And learn the niceness of th' engaging town.
First preach at court, then ask some pretty see,
A living, chaplainship, or deanery;
Act against conscience, not afraid to lie,
And cry up Walpole's virtue to the sky,
Then rail at St. John, Pulteney, and the rest,
And always swear the present times are best.
Since life's still fleeting, and no man hath pow'r
To hasten or retard the destin'd hour,
Since great and small must render up their breath,
Nor Cambria's rocks can stand a seige with death,
Haste, haste with me, and thankfully receive,
All the kind gods, and kinder king can give.
But oh! what vicar with Socratic arms,
Cou'd e'er withstand preferment's easy charms?
His thoughts are center'd in some high degree,
His desk's a throne, his vicarage a see.
With these delusions fir'd, he hates delay,
And eagerly pursues the joyful way.
Both bear the inclemencies of wind and wet,
And reach St James's as the sun was set.
His lordship's house appears, the mastiffs roar,
Th' obsequious porter cringes at the door.
Up stairs they go, the courtier leads the way,
Unusual objects claim the vicar's stay.
He views the product of the curious loom,
And eyes both Indies in one splendid room.
Within the lobby of a dome of state,
Both with due patience for their supper wait;
At length repeated dainties grace the board,
Th' untasted offals of the piddling lord:
Ragouts, and ortolans, and costly fish,
Conceal diseases in the shining dish.
Our servile courtier acts the well-known part,
And helps the stranger with the nicest art,
Picks out the morsel that is choice and rare,
And cloys his stomach with luxuriant fare.
The exalted vicar owns his happy station,
Nor silently enjoys his new translation;
When lo! the steward with undaunted face,
Informs the courtier of his sure disgrace;
Cancels the honours which he had enjoyed,
And in one moment all his hopes destroyed
The affrighted vicar in his wretched state,
Condemns his folly, but condemns too late,

Curses the court, and all the servile train,
Whose smile is treach'ry, and whose friendship's bane!
Farewell (he cries) St. James's glitt'ring show,
I'll to my vicarage and my mountains go;
There will I live, in unmolested ease,
On tythe pig, barn-door fowls, and salutary peas.

Humourous Jewish Origin of the Custom of making Fools on the First of April.

THIS is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. And to perpetuate this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch.

Misfortune remarkably attending the Stuart Family.

KING Charles the first was beheaded.—His father James (the sixth of Scotland, and first of England) lived inglorious, the jest of all Europe, and there was too much reason to suppose he died of poison. His mother, Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth's order: Lord Darnley, her husband, and King James's father, was blown up by gunpowder at Edinburgh, Queen Mary's father, James the fifth of Scotland, was said to have died of grief, but there are reasons to suppose he was poisoned; his father, James the third was slain just after a battle against his lords and own son; he was killed in a mill: his father, James the second, was killed by the discharge of a piece of ordnance, which he would fire himself: his father, James the first, was killed by some conspirators in his own chamber, and in his queen's arms.—If we go downward, from King Charles the first, it is much the same: Charles the second lived long in exile, and probably was poisoned at last: James the second, his brother, abdicated and died in France: his son (the pretender) if really such, (though there is great reason to believe he was not his son) lived dependent on other princes, and died an exile.—To all this it may be proper to add, that in all probability Queen Anne, youngest daughter of James the second, was hurried out of her life by a violent tory faction.

In removing part of the Altar of Wolverhampton Church, in the year 1789, *there appeared to be a part of a Monument, with the following Inscription in very legible Characters—the date* 1690.

HERE lies the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able;
But once o'er fed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.

When from his tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners;
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners!

Anecdote of the late Dr. Pitcairn.

WHEN degrees were held in higher estimation, and therefore more coveted, than at present, Dr. Pitcairn, then at Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch University, where he himself had been graduated, and degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a deploma for his valet; which being granted, he sent for another for his *horse;* to which last request the rector Magnificus replied, that with a view to oblige him, they had consulted their records for a precedent, but that they could not find one; though under the name of Pitcairn, it appeared, that the University had *once* conferred an *honarary* degree on an ass.

The Life of Edward Marcus Despard, who was executed at Horsemonger-Lane, for High-Treason, on February 21st, 1803.

EDWARD MARCUS DESPARD was born in 1750 or 1751, and descended from a very ancient and respectable family in the Queen's-county in Ireland. He was the youngest of six brothers, all of whom except the eldest, had served either in the army or navy. In 1766, he entered the army as an ensign in the 5th regiment: in the same regiment he served as a lieutenant, and in the 79th he served successively as lieutenant, quartermaster, captain-lieutenant, and captain.—From his superior officers he received many marks of approbation, particularly from General Calcraft of the 50th, General Meadows, and the duke of Northumberland. He had been for the last 20 years detached from any particular corps, and intrusted with important offices. In 1779 he was appointed chief-engineer to the St. Juan expedition, and conducted himself so as to obtain distinguished attention and praise from Captain Polson, who commanded on that occasion. He also received the thanks of the council and assembly in the island of Jamaica, for the construction of public works there, and was in consequence of these services, appointed by the governor of Jamaica, to be commander-in-chief of the island of Rattan and its dependencies, and of the troops there, and to rank as lieutenant-colonel and field-engineer, and commanded as such on the Spanish main, in Rattan, and on the Musquito-shore and bay of Honduras. After this, at Cape Gracias a Dios he put himself at the head of the inhabitants, who voluntarily solicited him to take the command, and retook from the Spaniards Black-river, the principal settlement of the coast. For this service he received the thanks of the governor, council, and assembly of Jamaica, and of the king himself. In 1783 he was promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1784 he was appointed first commissioner for settling and receiving the territory ceded to Britain by the sixth article of the definitive treaty of peace with Spain in 1783. He as a colonel, so well discharged his duty, that he was appointed superintendant of his majesty's affairs on the coast of Honduras, which office he held much to the advantage of the crown of England, for he obtained from that of Spain some very important privileges. The clashing interests, however, of the inhabitants of the coast, produced much discontent, and the colonel was by a party of them, accused of various misdemeanours to his majesty's ministers. He now came home, and demanded that his conduct should be investigated; but was, after two years constant attendance on all the departments of government, at last told by ministers, that there was no charge against him worthy of investigation; that his majesty had thought proper to abolish the office of superintendant at Honduras, otherwise he should have been reinstated in it. But he was then, and on every occasion, assured that his services should not be forgotten, but in due time meet their reward. He and ten associates being indicted for high treason, February 7, 1803, after the preliminary business of choosing, the jury was settled, the bill of indictment, which consisted of three courts, was then read. The prosecution was opened by the attorney-general, who in a very eloquent and impartial manner, laid before the jury the whole of the charge. "The eleven prisoners, including Despard, formed a society at the Oakly-Arms, in the parish of St. Mary, Lambeth. The most active members, were Francis and Wood, and their drift was to overturn the government. His majesty having intended to meet his par-

liament a week earlier than he actually did (on the 16th of January, instead of the 23rd,) they designed on that day, to carry into effect their plan, by laying restraint upon the king's person, and destroying him. They frequently attempted to seduce soldiers into the association, in which, they sometimes succeeded, and sometimes failed.—Francis administered unlawful oaths to those that yielded, and, among others, to Blades and Windsor, giving them at the same time, two or three copies of the oath, that they might be enabled to make proselytes in their turn. Windsor soon after becoming dissatisfied, gave information of the conspiracy to a Mr. Bonus, and shewed him a copy of the oath. This gentleman advised him to continue a member of the association, that he might learn whether there were any persons of consequence engaged in it. On the Friday before the intended assassination of his majesty, a meeting took place, when Broughton prevailed upon two of the associates to go to the Flying-Horse, Newington, where he would meet with a *nice man*, which *nice man*, as he stiled him, was the prisoner, Despard." The first witness was John Stratford, clerk to the magistrates of Union-hall, who apprehended Colonel Despard at the Oakly-Arms. There were about thirty persons in the room, and they were all, except the colonel, of the lowest class, and very meanly dressed. The printed papers found in the room were then produced and read, consisting of the form of the oath, &c. This witnesses' evidence was corroborated by the depositions of other constables who had accompanied him. Thomas Windsor, the chief witness, declared the manner in which he took the oath, and the plan of the conspiracy. Having mentioned the intended mode of proceeding, he said, the prisoner observed that the attack should be made on the day when his majesty should go to the parliament-house, and that his majesty must be put to death; at the same time the prisoner said, "I have weighed the matter well, and my heart is callous!" After the destruction of the king, the mail coaches were to be stopped, as a signal to the people in the country, that the revolt had taken place in town. The prisoner then desired the witness to meet him the ensuing morning, at half-past eleven o'clock, on Tower-hill, and to bring with him four or five intelligent men, to consider upon the best manner for taking the tower and securing the arms. The witness accordingly met him at the Tyger public-house on Tower-hill, having brought with him two or three soldiers. The prisoner now repeated the declaration, that the king must be put to death—and Wood promised, when the king was going to the house, he would post himself as sentry over the great gun in the park—that he would load it, and fire at his majesty's coach as he passed through the park. The several meetings, consultations, &c. were further proved by William Campbell, Charles Read, Joseph Walker, Thomas Blades, and other witnesses. Mr. Serjeant Best, in behalf of the prisoner, dwelt upon the incredibility of the witnesses. They were characters of no worth—and he urged that the printed papers which were found, were not sufficiently proved to be connected with the prisoner—that the scheme was too romantic ever to be seriously imagined—there were no arms—not a pike, a pistol, or a rusty musket—in fact, the attempts of the heroes of the Oakly-Arms, as set forth, far exceeded all the wild sallies of Don Quixote. Lord Nelson gave a most excellent character of the prisoner. They were on the Spanish main together—they served together, and he declared him to have been a loyal man and a brave officer. On cross examination, his

lordship said he had not seen him since the year 1780. Sir Alured Clarke and Sir Evan Nepean bore testimony of his having been a zealous officer. Mr. Gurney, the other counsel for the prisoner addressed the jury in an able speech; and the solicitor general having replied on the part of the crown, Lord Ellenborough began to sum up nearly as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Jury,

"The prisoner stands charged with high treason, of three sorts, not very different in their nature—1st, for compassing the death of the king—next, for compassing to seize his person—and 3dly, for conspiring to depose him. The first of these is treason, by the statute of Edward III.—the two last by a recent statute of the present reign.—Eight distinct overt acts are stated as evidences of this intention. Gentlemen, the overt acts are the holding conversations for effecting those malignant purposes of the heart. The defendant's counsel say, that the proof consists only of words, and that it cannot be treason. If it consisted only of loose words, the ebullition of an irritated or crazy mind, it would not be treason, because it would be too much to infer, such a purpose as the destruction of the king from words so spoken. But when words are spoken at a public meeting, and addressed to others, exciting and persuading them to that purpose, it never was doubted by any one English lawyer—it never will be doubted but that they amount to treason. Another subject upon which I wish to say a few words is, the nature of evidence by accomplices. That he is a competent witness, upon whose testimony you may found a conclusion, cannot be doubted. If it were not so, it would be a dereliction of duty in the judges sitting here, and those who have formerly sit in courts of justice, not to have repelled such witnesses from the oath, and have told the jury that they were not fit to be credited. But they are always received; and although sullied with the contamination of the crime which they impute to others, they are credible, though their testimony must be received with caution." His lordship here read verbatim the whole of the evidence taken throughout the day. "Now, gentlemen, this is the whole evidence; see how it applies to the charge—first, with respect to an overt act committed within the county; it is proved at the Oakley Arms, and at the Flying Horse—that point of law is therefore satisfied. The only remaining consideration is, whether you will believe the evidence of Blades, Windsor, Emblyn and Francis, or any of them. You have heard the high character given of the prisoner by a man, on whom to pronounce an eulogium were to waste words, but you are to consider whether a change has not taken place since the period he speaks of." The jury, after about half an hour's conversation, returned the verdict, Guilty, but earnestly recommended him to mercy, on account of his former good character, and the services he had rendered his country. The prisoner, during the whole trial, appeared very composed, nor did he exhibit any marks of agitation when the verdict was returned. On the following Wednesday, the trial of the twelve other prisoners took place, when the same circumstances, by chiefly the same witnesses, being repeated, nine were found guilty, three of whom were recommended to mercy. The usual question was then asked each separately, "What he had to say that sentence should not be pronounced?" when Colonel Despard remarked, that he had been tried and convicted on the evidence of such men as ought not to be listened to; he was charged with seducing certain soldiers—nothing could be more false; he declared he never had the smallest conversation with them on the sub-

ject. Lord Ellenborough, in a style of awful solemnity, highly befitting the melancholy, but just occasion, addressed the prisoners nearly to the following purport: — You, Edward Marcus Despard—you, John Wood—you, Thomas Broughton—you, John Francis—you, Thomas Newman—you, Daniel Tindall—you, James Sedgwick Wratten—you, William Lander—you, Anthony Graham—and you, John M'Namara, have been severally indicted for conspiring against his majesty's person, his crown and government, for the purposes of subverting the same, and changing the government of this realm. To this indictment you have pleaded Not Guilty, and put yourselves for trial upon God and your country, which country has found you guilty. After a long, patient, and, I hope, just and impartial trial, you have been all of you severally convicted, by a most respectable jury of your country, upon the several crimes laid to your charge. In the course of evidence upon your trial, such disclosures have been made, as to prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the objects of your atrocious, abominable, and traiterous conspiracy were, to overthrow the government, and to seize upon, and destroy the sacred persons of, our august and reverend sovereign, and the illustrious branches of his royal house, which some of you, by the most solemn bond of your oath of allegiance, were pledged, and all of you, as his majesty's subjects, were indispensably bound, by your duty, to defend; to overthrow that constitution, its established freedom, and boated usages, which have so long maintained among us that just and rational equality of rights, and security of property, which have been for so many ages the envy and admiration of the world; and to erect upon its ruins a wild system of anarchy and bloodshed, having for its object the subversion of all property, and the massacre of its proprietors: the annihilation of all legislative authority and established order—for such must be the import of that promise held out by the leaders of this atrocious conspiracy, of ample provision for the families of "those heroes who should fall in the struggle." The more effectually to ensure success in those evil machinations, and to encourage those who were to be seduced to their support, endeavours have been made by you and your accomplices to seduce from their allegiance to their sovereign, the soldiers of his majesty—endeavours which, though they appear to have been in too many instances successful, yet I hope falsely said to be in that extent stated in evidence. Equally false, I hope has been another assertion, that two-thirds of the inhabitants of this country were ready for a change, and prepared to support and adopt such measures as were likely to be most effectual for obtaining it—a change by which no less was contemplated than the subversion of all the sources of law, order, and public justice, and the substitution of massacre, anarchy, and all their dire effects. It has, however, pleased that Divine Providence, which has mercifully watched over the safety of this nation, to defeat your wicked and abominable purpose, by arresting your projects in their dark and dangerous progress, and thus averting that danger which your machinations had suspended over our heads; and by your timely detection, seizure, and submittal to public justice, to afford time for the many thousands of his majesty's innocent and loyal subjects, the intended victims of your atrocious and sanguinary purpose, to escape that danger which so recently menaced them, and which, I trust, is not yet become too formidable for utter defeat. Happily for the families and the persons of

your wicked and deluded accomplices your detection has in time, I hope, served to avert the calamities in which they would have inevitably involved themselves, as well as their innocent fellow citizens. The vigilance of that government, unceasingly directed to the public security, was not to be eluded by the dark and mysterious secrecy under which you endeavored to mask your wicked designs. Your very endeavors to propagate and promote your projects have been the sources of your defeat; and thus it has happened, that when you imagined your vile purposes to be nearest their completion, they have been fortunately discovered by the very means through which you intended to put them in execution; and thus the intended victims, who were on the eve of being involved in all the horrors of your projects, have fresh cause to acknowledge with gratitude the goodness of that all provident God, who has thus timely, and I hope for ever, put a stop to your diabolical plans. As to you, deluded victims of a desperate and abandoned conspiracy, before I conclude the awful task which remains for me to perform, I wish to say a few words to you on the enormity of those crimes which have brought you to your present melancholy and ignominious situation. And first, you Edward Marcus Despard, in whom the dignified pride of birth, the advantages of a liberal education, and the habits of intercourse in that rank in which your conduct was once so highly honorable and from whom the testimony borne of your former conduct by the honorable companions of your earliest pursuits, adduced in this court as witnesses for your character, should have induced us to expect widely different conduct and principles. How grossly have you misapplied and abused the talents and opportunities, which you enjoyed for honorable distinction in society! and how have you degraded yourself to the association of those unfortunate and wretched companions, by whom you are now surrounded, in whose ignominious fate you so justly share, but who are the unhappy victims of your seductive persuasion and example. I do not wish at this awful moment, to urge any thing to you and the degrading companions by whom you are surrounded, to sharpen the bitterness of your feelings under the ignominy of your fate, but I would most earnestly and sincerely wish to impress your mind, during the short period of your remaining life, with a due sense of your awful situation, and of the criminal conduct which has involved you in your present ignominious fate; I would earnestly entreat you zealously to endeavour to subdue the callous insensibility of heart, of which in an ill-fated moment, you have boasted, and regain that sanative affection of the mind, which may prepare your soul for that salvation, which, by the infinite mercy of God, I beseech of that God you may obtain. And as to you, other unhappy prisoners, the wretched victims of his seduction and example, to what a dreadful and ignominious fate have you brought yourselves, and what sorrow and affliction have been entailed upon your wretched families, by the atrocity of your crimes, and your purport and sanguinary attempts to subvert that happy constitution and government, under the mild protection of which you might still have continued to pursue industrious avocations, and enjoy with comfort the fruits of your honest and peaceful labours; and the unexampled mildness and merciful tendency of whose laws you have this day experienced, in a long, a patient, a fair, and most impartial trial, before that respectable and discerning jury, who have convicted you on the most uncontroverted

evidence of your guilt. May the awful and impressive example of your untimely fate prove a warning to your wicked associates and accomplices in every quarter of this realm, and induce them to abandon those machinations which have brought you to this disgraceful catastrophe; May they learn to avoid your fate by cultivating the blessings of that constitution which you have calumniated and endeavored to subvert; and by pursuing their honest and industrious avocations, and avoiding political cabals and seditious conspiracies, avoid also those dreadful consequences in which they themselves would most probably be among the first victims. The same earnest advice I have just given your unfortunate leader and seducer, I now offer to you, which is to make the best use of the short period of life now remaining, to make your peace with an offended God for your crimes, and seek mercy in another life, which the interest of your fellow-creatures will not suffer to be extended to you here!

The only thing remaining for me, is the painful task of pronouncing against you, and each of you, the awful sentence which the law denounces against your crime, which is, that you and each of you (here his lordship named the prisoners severally) be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck, but not until you are dead, for while you are still living your bodies are to be taken down, your bowels torn out and burnt before your faces; your heads are to be then cut off, and your bodies divided each into four quarters, and your heads and quarters to be then at the king's disposal; and may the Almighty God have mercy on your souls!"

On Saturday afternoon, February 19, 1803, was received the information that the warrant for execution, to take place on the following Monday, was made out. It was sent to the keeper of the New Gaol in the Borough, at six o'clock on Saturday evening, and included the names of Col. Despard, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Arthur Graham, John Macnamara, John Wood, and James Sedgwick Wratten; the three other prisoners, Newman, Tyndal, and Lander, recommended by the jury to mercy have been respited. As soon as the warrant for execution was received, it was communicated to the unhappy persons by the keeper of the prison, with as much humanity as the awful nature of the case required. We believe it was expected by all—by all it was received with resignation and fortitude. Col. Despard observed, upon its being communicated to him, that the time was short; yet he had not had, from the first, any strong expectation that the recommendation of the jury would be effectual. The meditation of Lord Nelson, and a petition to the Crown, were tried, but Col. Despard was convinced, according to report, that they would be unavailing. From the moment of his conviction, he had begun to prepare himself for that last moment that was to close all sublunary scenes upon him for ever! During the whole of the interval between the period of the passing and the executing his sentence, he behaved with composure.—Much of his time was employed in writing, some in reading, and the greater part with his wife, Mrs. Despard. Soon after the warrant was received, all papers, and every thing he possessed, were immediately taken from the colonel. He was strictly searched, to discover whether he had any knife or means of self-destruction concealed about him, and every thing that was thought might enable him to put an end to his existence, was conveyed out of his reach. There is no reason to

suppose he had the slightest design of committing suicide; but these are the usual and necessary precautionary measures. Mrs. Despard was greatly affected when she first heard his fate was sealed, but afterwards recovered her fortitude. Accompanied by another lady, she had a last interview with him on the Sunday preceding his execution, about three o'clock. The lady wept bitterly, but first Mrs. Despard, and then the colonel, reproached her with her weakness. Mr. and Mrs. Despard bore up with great firmness, even in parting; and when she got into a coach, as it drove off she waved her handkerchief out of the window. The other prisoners bore their fate with equal hardihood, but conducted themselves with less solemnity than the colonel.—Their wives, &c. were allowed to take a farewell of them on the same day, and the scene was truly distressing! Five of these men attended on Sunday morning a chapel within the goal, used for its inhabitants only. Macnamara being a Roman Catholic, did not attend; neither did the colonel, who had constantly refused the assistance of a clergyman. At day-light on Sunday morning, the drop, scaffold, and gallows, on which they were to be executed, were erected on the top of the gaol. The erection of the apparatus of death gave full information of the approaching event, and great crowds continued to arrive and retire, viewing the place the whole day. All the Bow-street patrole, and many other peace-officers were on duty all day and night, and the military near London were drawn up close to it. Mrs. Despard, after having taken leave of her husband at three in the afternoon, came again about five o'clock but it was thought adviseable to spare the colonel the pangs of a second parting, and she was therefore not admitted into the prison. She evinced some indignation at the refusal, and expressed a strong opinion with respect to the cause for which her husband was to suffer. After Mrs. D. had left the colonel, at three o'clock, he walked up and down his cell for some time, seemingly more agitated than he had been at the period of taking leave of his wife. Between six and seven in the evening he threw himself on the bed, and fell into a short sleep. At eight o'clock he awoke, and addressed one of the officers of the prison, who was with him, in these words:—"Me—they shall receive no information from me—no, not for all the gifts, the gold, and jewels in the possession of the crown!" He then composed himself, and remained silent. These expressions might induce some to suppose that endeavours had been made to prevail upon him to make disclosures. Whether this was the case or not, we are not able to say. Sir Richard Ford was at the prison on Sunday, and we believe saw the colonel and all the other prisoners—but we have not heard that his visit had for its object to induce them to make any confessions. In the course of the evening, the colonel was visited by his solicitor, who came to ask him where he wished to be buried? He was silent for some minutes—and at length replied, he believed several of his countrymen were buried at Pancras—he therefore desired to be buried there. When Mr. Ives went to communicate the warrant for execution to two of the prisoners, Wood and Graham, they said they wished to have some conversation with him. On Sunday evening he went to them, attended by the clergyman, Mr. Winkworth.—Graham then entered into a long conversation with him, upon the motives of the meeting at the public-house where they were apprehended; but we do not learn that he threw any new light upon the subject, or made any discoveries of importance.—Mac-

namara spent the whole of the night in prayer. The Roman Catholic priest left him at a late hour of the night, and came again early in the morning. Graham, Wratten, and another (Wood we believe) were the greater part of the night engaged in a similar manner. They were dissenters—Broughton and Francis were protestants. Col. Despard slept from three to half-past four; the remainder of the night he passed in walking up and down his cell. The rest of the prisoners slept about two hours. All the arrangements for the execution were settled on Sunday, by Sir Richard Ford, and the sheriffs of Surry, with the government and the magistrates. Sir Richard slept that night at Mr. Smith's, in order to be near the prison. At four o'clock the following morning, Monday, February 21, the drum beat at the horse-guards, as a signal for the cavalry to assemble. We understand that four regiments were on duty. Two troops of horse were stationed at the Obelisk; others patroled the roads from the Obelisk to the Elephant and Castle, and down the Borough road. The military occupied their station as soon as it was day-light. It was not till past five o'clock that persons began to pour in any numbers along the Westminster and city roads to Horsemonger-lane. At half-past six the prison bell rung, the signal for unlocking the cells. Mr. Winkworth, the clergyman, and Mr. Griffith, the Roman Catholic priest (the same gentleman who attended Quigley when he was executed) came to the prison and were immediately admitted to the prisoners. At seven o'clock five of them, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, and Wratten, went into the chapel. They attended to the prayers with great earnestness, but at the same time without seeming to lose that firmness they had displayed since their trial. Before they received the sacrament, four of them confessed they had done wrong, but not to the extent charged against them by the evidence. The fifth, Graham, said he was innocent of the charges brought against him, but had attended two meetings, the second at the instigation of Francis. It was Emblyn, he added, who called on him to go to the meeting, by Francis's desire. For some time the clergyman refused to administer the sacrament to Francis, because he persisted in declaring he had been guilty of no crime. The clergyman said to him, "You admit you attended meetings?" He replied, "Yes." "You knew they were for the purpose of overturning the constitution and government of the country. I by no means wish you to enter into particulars. I only wish you to acknowledge generally." Francis then smiled (it seemed to be the natural character of his countenance) and answered, I admit I have done wrong in attending those meetings." The clergyman then asked each of them "how they found themselves?" Francis, Wood, Broughton, and Wratten said, "they were never happier in their lives." Graham remained silent. The sacrament was then administered to them. The service in the chapel lasted three quarters of an hour. Before it was all over, Col. Despard and Macnamara were brought down from their cells; their irons were knocked off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. Despard walked up and down before the chapel door, but did not enter the chapel. Macnamara walked about in earnest conversation with the Roman Catholic priest, and with a book in his hand. Whilst Despard was at the chapel door, the sheriff (Pepper) addressed himself very humanely to him, and asked him if he could render him any service. The colonel thanked him, and replied that he could not. The sheriff added something in a low tone of voice, it is supposed related to Mrs. Despard. Whilst the clergyman was

gone out of the chapel to prepare for the sacrament, the five prisoners in the chapel rose, on hearing the colonel's irons being knocked off. The executioner then tied their arms and hands in the same manner as he had before bound the colonel and Macnamara. Notice was then given to the sheriff that they were ready. The colonel, who stood the first, retired behind, and motioned to Francis (who was making way for him) to go before him. It is the body of a small cart, on which two trusses of clean straw are laid: it was drawn by two horses. The procession moved in the following order:

The sheriff of Surrey,
The clergyman in his gown,
Mr. Ives, the keeper, with a white wand,
High constable,
Other constables,
The executioner with a drawn sword.

Macnamara and Graham were first put into the hurdle, and drawn to the lodge, were the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the stair-case that leads up to the scaffold. The hurdle then returned, and brought

Broughton and Wratten,
then
Wood and Francis.
Last of all, Col. Despard was put in it alone.

Macnamara seemed intent upon the book in his hand. Graham remained silent. Broughton jumped into the hurdle, smiled, and looked up to the scaffold. Wood and Francis both smiled, and they all surveyed the awful scene with much composure. Despard shook hands with a gentleman, as he got into the hurdle, and looked up to the scaffold with a smile. As soon as they had all been conveyed in the hurdle to the stair-case that leads to the scaffold, they were escorted up one by one—the sheriff, Sir R. Ford, the clergyman, Mr. Winkworth, and the Roman Catholic clergyman, Mr. Griffith, preceding them. Seven coffins, or shells, which had been previously placed in a room under the scaffold, were brought up and placed on the platform, on which the drop was erected. A bag of saw-dust, to catch the blood when the heads were severed from their bodies, was placed beside them.—The block was near the scaffold. There were about 100 spectators on the platform. The greatest order and silence were observed. As soon as the prisoners were placed on the hurdle, St. George's bell tolled for some time. It was about half-past eight when the prisoners were brought up to the scaffold one by one. As soon as the cord was fastened round the neck of one, the second was brought up, and so on till the cords were fastened round the necks of all the seven. Macnamara was first brought up; he still held a book in his hand; and when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed, with the greatest devotion, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me! Oh, Lord, look down with pity upon me!" Graham came second; he looked pale and ghastly, but spoke not. Wrattan was the third: he ascended the scaffold with much firmness. Broughton, the fourth, smiled as he ran up the scaffold stairs, but as soon as the rope was fastened round his neck he turned pale, and smiled no more. He joined in prayer with much earnestness. Wood was the fifth—Francis the sixth. Francis ascended the scaffold with a composure, which he preserved to the last. Wood and Broughton were equally composed. Of all of them, Francis was the best looking—tall, handsome and well made. He and Wood were dressed in soldier's uniform; the rest were in coloured clothes. Colonel Despard was brought up the last, dressed in boots, a dark brown great

coat, his hair unpowdered; he ascended the scaffold with great firmness, and his countenance underwent not the slightest change, while the awful ceremony of fastening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head, was performing; he looked at the multitude assembled, with perfect calmness. The clergyman, who ascended the scaffold after the prisoners were tied up, spoke to him a few words as he passed. The colonel bowed, and thanked him. The ceremony of fastening the prisoners being finished, the colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, and made the following speech to the multitude:—

"FELLOW CITIZENS,"

"I COME here as you see, after having served my country—faithfully, honourably, and usefully served it, for thirty years and upwards, to suffer death upon a scaffold, for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me: But though his majesty's ministers know as well as I do, that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man, because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and justice. (There was a considerable huzza from part of the populace the nearest to him, but who, from the height of the scaffold from the ground, could not, for a certainty, distinctly hear what was said. The colonel proceeded) because he has been a friend to the poor and distressed. But, citizens, I hope and trust, notwithstanding my fate, and the fate of those, who no doubt will soon follow me, that the principles of freedom, of humanity, and of justice, will finally triumph over falsehood, tyranny, and delusion, and every principle hostile to the interests of the human race. And now having said this, I have a little more to add. (The colonel's voice seemed to falter a little here—he paused a moment, as if he had meant to say something more, but had forgotten it. He then concluded in the following manner:) I have little more to add, except to wish you all health, happiness, and freedom, which I have endeavoured, as far as was in my power, to procure for you, and for mankind in general."

The colonel spoke in a firm and audible tone of voice; he left off sooner than was expected. There was no public expression, either of approbation or disapprobation given when he had concluded his address. As soon as the colonel had ceased speaking, the clergyman prayed with five of the prisoners. Macnamara prayed earnestly with the clergyman of his own persuasion. Despard surveyed the populace, and made a short answer, which was not distinctly heard, to some few words addressed to him by Francis, who was next him. The clergyman now shook hands with each of them. Colonel Despard bowed, and seemed to thank him as he shook hands with him. The executioners pulled the caps over the faces of the unhappy persons, and descended the scaffold. Most of them exclaimed, "Lord Jesus receive our souls!" The last and most dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed The most awful silence prevailed, and the thousands present, all with one accord, stood uncovered. At seven minutes before nine o'clock, the signal was given, the platform dropped, and they were all launched into eternity!! The colonel had not one struggle; twice he opened and clenched his hands together convulsively--he stirred no more. Macnamara, Graham, Wood, and Wratten, were motionless after a few struggles. Broughton and Francis struggled violently for some moments after all the rest were without motion. The executioner pulled their legs, to put an end to their pain more speedily. After hanging about

half an hour until they were quite dead, they were cut down. Colonel Despard was first cut down, his body placed upon saw-dust, and his head upon a block: after his coat had been taken off, his head was severed from his body, by persons engaged on purpose to perform that ceremony. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor, Edward Marcus Despard." The same ceremony was performed on the parapet at the left hand. There was some hooting and hissing when the colonel's head was exhibited. His remains were now put into the shell that had been prepared for them. The other prisoners were then cut down, their heads severed from their bodies, and exhibited to the populace, with the same exclamation of, "This is the head of another traitor." The bodies were then put into their different shells, and delivered to their friends for interment. The populace were struck with the appearance of Macnamara, who, on ascending the scaffold, bowed. Many of them were acquainted with him. They pitied the situation of his wife, to whom he had been married but a short time. It was at first thought he was Colonel Despard. The crowd at the entrance of horse-monger-lane was immense; as the time of execution drew near, the people from all parts came with such force as to bear down all opposition. Those who had been in dry situations, were pushed into the middle of the road, where they stood almost up to the knees in mud. Several lost their shoes by the continual pushing and jostling. Many fainted, both men and women; of the latter, however their were but few. While the heads were exhibiting, the populace took off their hats. The execution was over by ten o'clock, and the populace soon after dispersed quietly. There was not the least tendency to riot or disturbance. The precautions, however taken by government, were certainly proper. A sky-rocket was sent to the keeper of the prison, to be let off, as a signal to the military, in case of any disturbance. The body of Colonel Despard having lain at mount-row, opposite the asylum, was taken away on the first of March, by his friends, with a hearse and three mourning coaches, and interred near the north-door of St. Paul's cathedral, St. Paul's church-yard. The crowd was great: but when the grave was covered in, the people immediately and quietly dispersed. The city-marshal was present, lest there should be any disturbance on the occasion.

Epitaph on Mr. Thomas All.

READER beneath this marble lies
All that was noble, good and wise;
All that once was form'd on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that liv'd above the ground,
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies *All*;
Then smile at death, enjoy your mirth,
Since he has took his *All* from earth.

The enormous Nose.

A GENTLEMAN who possessed a much larger quantity of nose than nature usually bestows upon an individual, contrived to make it more enormous by his invincible attachment to the bottle, which also beset it with emeralds and rubies. To add to his misfortunes, this honest toper's face was somewhat disfigured by not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black, and the other of a reddish hue. A person happening once to observe, that his eyes were not *fellows*, congratulated him on that circumstance. The rosey-gilled old tipler demanded the reason; "Because," replied the jocular genius, "if your eyes had been *matches*, your nose would certainly have set them in a flame, and a dreadful conflagration might have been apprehended."

Paper. A Poem by Dr. Franklin.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care;
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind;
When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption) I—
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance and use.
Men are as various: and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man.*

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-place:
He's the *gilt-paper,* which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in th'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper* of inferior worth;
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper;* such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking-paper,* past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought;
He foams with censure: with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are your poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
She's fair *white-paper,* an unsullied sheet:
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains
May write his *name,* and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
The genuine *royal-paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

A curious Advertisement.

I GEORGE Ridler, near Stroud, in the County of Gloster, Broadweaver at the desier of peeple hereabot do give Nautis That I have Inockilated these too seazons past betweene 2 and 300 for the Smale Pox and but too or three of them have died—A Many peepel be a feard of the thing but evaith it is No More than than Scrattin a bit of a haul in their Yarm A pushin in a peece of Skraped rag dipt in Sum of the Pocky Matter of Child under the distemper—That Every Body in the Nashion may be sarved I Will God Willin Undertake to Inockillat them with the pervizer they will take too Purges before hand and loose a little blud away, for half a Crown a head; And I will be bound too say Noo body goes beyond me.

N.B. Poor Volk at a Shillin a head but all must pay for the purge.

Properties of a Gardener.

QUESTION.—Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?

Ans.—Because no man has more business upon earth, and always chooses good grounds forwhat he does. He commands his thyme, he is master of his mint, and fingers penny-royal. He raiseth his salary every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not produce a plum. He meets with more boughs than a minister of state. He makes more beds than the French king, and has in them more

painted ladies: and more genuine roses and lillies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes raking his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do; but he makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. He can boast more rapes than any other rake in the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of lad's-love and heart's-ease, and never wishes for weeds. Distempers fatal to others never hurt him. He walks the better for the gravel, and thrives most in a consumption. He can boast of more bleeding hearts than your ladyship, and more laurels (if possible) than Frederick III. King of Prussia; but his greatest pride, and the world's envy is, he can have yew when he pleases.

Pathetic Narration.

SOME time ago, two poor industrious shoemakers and a woman (the wife of a shoemaker) went from Elgin to Granten-market, Scotland, a distance of 33 miles, with a few shoes in wallets on their backs. Having sold their goods, on their return by the Mannoch road, they were overtaken in that long, dreary and desolate hill, far from any human habitation, by a terrible snow storm. Exhausted by the depth of snow on the road and the fury of the elements, no pitying eye or helping hand near them, they seemed to have crowded together in a hollow place on the road side, and sat down, benumbed with cold, for rest or shelter: here they had been overpowered by sleep, and death came to close the trouble scene! A countryman passing along the same road the next morning, struck with horror on observing a hand and foot pointing through a wreath of snow, ran back a mile and a half to the nearest house and brought assistance, to dig the three unfortunates from their dreadful grave. Information being sent to Elgin (six miles off,) a party of men with a hearse went to bring home their bodies to their sorrowing relations. Thus, three poor families were at once thrown on the compassion and bounty of the public; and it is with much pleasure we record the liberality of the inhabitants of Elgin, who contributed 100 guineas towards their support.

Anecdote.

THE writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes:—"After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet; my pleasure at this cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me, I was in a civilized country.

An extraordinary Being.

IN 1599, the Marshal de Beaumonier was hunting one day in the forest of Maine, when his servants brought to him a man of an extraordinary appearance, whom they had taken asleep in a thicket: on his forehead grew two horns exactly resembling those of a ram; his head was bald, and his beard red and woolly, as satyrs are represented. The circumstance was so singular, that they instantly quitted the chace, and conducted the man to Paris; where, after gratifying the court, he was given to a showman or keeper of wild beasts. His vexation at being exposed to public view in the neighbouring fairs and markets was so extreme, that he lived only three months, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Come. The turn of his epitaph has little to recommend it, but probably at that time it did not want admirers.

Near this foot-worn path is laid,
A cuckold strange whom nature made;
Horns he wore, yet had no wife;
Pray for his bliss in future life.

Chimnies.

IN 1200, they were scarcely known in England, one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor ditto, one in the great hall of a castle, or lord's house—but in other houses they had nothing but what was called *Rere Dosse*, where their food was dressed, where they dined, and the smoke found its way out as it could. In King Henry the VIII.'s time the university at Oxford had no fire allowed, for it is mentioned, that after the stewards had supped, which took place at eight o'clock, they went again to their studies till nine, and then in the winter, they having no fire, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour, to get heat in their feet before they went to bed.

Singular Entertainment given to the French King Charles XI. after Hunting.

CHARLES XI. attended by his court, had been hunting in the neighbourhood of Carcassone. After the stag had been taken, a gentleman of the neighbourhood invited the king to a dinner which he had provided for him. At the conclusion of the banquet, the ceiling of the hall suddenly opened, a thick cloud descended and burst over their heads like a storm of thunder; pouring forth a shower of sugar plumbs instead of hail, and was succeeded by a gentle rain of rose water.

Wise and remarkable Sayings of eminent Men.

AGESILAUS, king of Sparta, being asked what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered, 'Those things which they ought to practice when they come to be men.' A wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated the same sentiment; 'Train up a child,' said Solomon, 'in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate: an estate indeed which will produce nothing with cultivation, but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than use.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, he replied, 'Never to be believed when he speaks the truth.'

Sully, the great statesmen and minister to Henry IV. king of France, always retained at his table, in his most prosperous days, the same frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life. He was frequently reproached by the courtiers for this simplicity; but he used to reply to them, in the words of an ancient philosopher: 'If the guests be men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they be not, I can very well dispense with their company.'

Titus, the Roman emperor, recollecting at supper, that he had not done any act of public utility during the day, said to those who were with him, 'My friends, I have lost a day.'

Antoninus Pius, the Roman emperor, was an amiable man and good prince. When some of his courtiers attempted to influence him with a passion for military glory, he answered, that he more desired the preservation of one subject than the destruction of a thousand enemies.

Men are too often ingenious in making themselves miserable, by aggravating to their own fancy, all the evils which they endure. They compare themselves with none but those whom they imagine to be more happy; and complain that upon them alone has fallen the whole load of human sorrows. 'I will restore thy daughter again to life,' said an eastern sage to a

prince who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child, provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb the names of three persons who have never mourned' The prince made inquiry after such persons; but found the inquiry vain, and was silent.

Queen Mary.

MARY possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding.

And amid that complication of vices, which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life; except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she never intended to perform. But in these cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement.

She appears also, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Mary died November the 17th, 1558, in the forty-third year of her age, and sixth of her reign.

Anecdote of Nathaniel Monks.

NATHANIEL Monks, the famous cock-fighter, being on a Sunday at Dean church, near Bolton, Lancashire, and falling asleep in the middle of the sermon, the beadle tapped him on the shoulder, when Monks, who was then in a dream, rose up, and exclaimed, "*Black Cock for ever,*" which so disconcerted the clergyman, and excited the laughter of the congregation, that it was some time before the former could proceed in his discourse, or the latter become silent to hear him.

Singular Instance of the Sagacity and Sensibility of a Bear.

LEOPOLD, duke of Lorrain, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following example:

During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting upon the danger which he ran, in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by squeezing him to his breast until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart and ramble about the city.—The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For the following days he had no other retreat; but what added much to his joy, was to perceive that the bear had reserved part of his food for him. Several days passed in this manner, without the servants perceiving any thing of the circumstance.

One day, when one of them came to bring his master his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awakening the

child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear in the least moved with the food which was set before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest shewed any inclination to sleep.

At break of day the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged for pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought him the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who conducted him to the prince. Having heard the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, the prince ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who without doubt, would have soon made his fortune, had he not died a short time after.

Sedan Chairs.

SIR S. Duncombe, predecessor to Duncombe Lord Faversham, and gentlemen pensioner to King James and Charles I. was the person who introduced sedan chairs into this country, anno 1634, when he procured a patent, which vested in him and his heirs, the sole right of carrying persons up and down in them for a certain sum.—Sir Saunders was a great traveller, and had seen these chairs at Sedan, where they were first invented. It is remarkable that Capt. Bayley introduced the use of hackney coaches the same year; a tolerable long ride might then be had in either of those vehicles for 4d. "But, alas!" says the writer of the above article "the introduction of these machines spoiled the constitutions of our women, they became nervous and lazy, and no longer brought forth robust children."

Anecdote of a Quaker.

"ONCE," said a quaker, in a dispute concerning the propriety of titles, "I had the honour to be in company with *an excellence* and *an highness*; his *excellence* was the most *ignorant* and *brutal* of his species, and his *highness* measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes.

Anecdote.

MR. WHITBREAD, jun. is wittily called the *froth* of the lower assembly. The same was observed by the late duke of Bedford, of Mr. Whitbread's father, when he put up for the town of Bedford. "Pray sir," demanded the aristocratic peer, "what are you?"—"A brewer, my lord," answered the candidate.—"A brewer; why then we shall certainly have some *froth* in the house."—"True, please your grace, but remember the *froth* is always *uppermost*."

Anecdote of Van Trump.

DURING the heat of a naval engagement, between the English and Dutch fleets, Trump being excessively thirsty, called for a bowl of wine, which his servant had no sooner delivered to him, but a cannon ball took his hand off, when retiring from his master. The brave admiral, touched with a noble compassion, spilt the wine on the deck, saying, "It is not fit I should quench my thirst with the blood of a faithful servant." And as soon as he had spoke these words, a bullet took from him the power of ever drinking again.

Memoirs of the Life of Mr. John Dryden.

JOHN Dryden, son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, in Northamptonshire, third son of Erasmus Dryden, of Canons-Ashby, in the same county, baronet, was born at Oldwincle, near Oundle, in that county, August 9, 1631, and educated in grammar learning, at Westminster school, under Dr. Richard Busby, being one of the king's scholars upon the royal foundation. In 1650, he was elected a scholar of Trinity-college in the university of Cambridge; and in 1668, upon the death of Sir William D'Avenant, was made poet laureat.

In 1669, his comedy intitled the *Wild Gallant*, was acted at the theatre-royal, after which he wrote many dramatic performances, too many for us to give a list of, and which Mr. Gerard Langbaine has for the most part treated with great severity, and represented our poet as a plagiary; upon which account Mr. Langbaine has been censured by the anonymous writer of the lives and characters of the English dramatic poets; though the latter owns that Mr. Dryden has borrowed from the French, at the same time that he seems to contemn them; unless it may be pretended that he used them, as Virgil did Ennius of old, to extract gold out of their dung. For I never found him continues that writer, in any theft indeed, but what he gave a new lustre to, when taken even from the best of the ancients.

In November 1679, an essay on satire being spread about the city in manuscript, in which many gross reflections were made upon the duchess of Portsmouth, and John Wilmot, earl of Rochester, and they suspecting Mr. Dryden to be the author of it, one or both hired three men to cudgel him; which they effected, in Will's coffee-house, Covent-garden, at eight o'clock at night, on December the 16th, 1679; yet afterwards John earl of Mulgrave was generally thought to be the author. In 1681, he published his Absalom and Achitophel, in which having exposed the duke of Buckingham under the character of Zimri, it occasioned a story that his grace had procured him to be beaten; but this as Mr. Wood assures us, was false; since the duke only wrote, or caused to be written, reflections on that poem.

Upon the revolution, Dryden lost his place of poet laureat and historiographer royal; in which he was succeeded by Thomas Shadwell, esq. against whom he entertained an implacable resentment, as appears from his Mac-Flecknoe, one of the severest satires in any language.

He died on the 1st of May, 1701, at his house in Gerard-street, having lived there many years, and was interred in Westminster-abbey, where a monument is erected to him, by John late duke of Buckinghamshire.

Mr. Congreve, in the dedication of our poet's dramatic works to the duke of Newcastle, has drawn his character to great advantage. He tells us, that Mr. Dryden had personal qualities to challenge both love and esteem from all who were truly acquainted with him: he was of a nature exceeding humane and compassionate; easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with them who had offended him. His friendship, where he professed it, went much beyond his professions; of which many strong and generous instances have been related by persons who received them; though his heriditary income was little more than a bare competency.

Epitaph on the Parson of a Country Parish.

COME let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For egad, had he lived, he'd have buried us all.

The Assassination of Julius Cæsar, in the Senate-House of Rome.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, who so early acquired renown, and at last triumphed over the constitution of his country, was descended by his mother's side from the first kings of Rome, and by his father's, from the Julian family. He was made high priest of Jupiter at the age of seventeen, and about that time married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna.

By his artful address, he soon succeeded to most of the high offices in the state, and being of an affable disposition, readily gained upon the affections of the people, who lost all thoughts of his ambition, in their consideration of his generosity and winning deportment.

This consummate politician, successful in every expedition, greatly extended the Roman empire, and had all the honours heaped upon him that the commonwealth could bestow, being saluted imperator, and having the pepetual dictatorship conferred upon him. His person was declared sacred, and he was allowed to assist at all public games, in a chair of state, and with a golden crown upon his head. Being thus absolute master of Rome, and all its dependencies, he bestowed lands at pleasure on his friends and followers, but, in the midst of his power, was never found to be cruel to his enemies; on the contrary, he pardoned such as had taken up arms against him, and, instead of following the example of Marius and Sylla, still continued to use all the means in his power to secure the affections of the people.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, it was not possible for him to suppress that spirit which glowed in the bosoms of those who were attached to the old form of government. Among those were many, who without having any personal enmity against Julius Cæsar, could not help considering the man that had altered their ancient constitution as the enemy of his country; and while they viewed him in this light, it was not wonderful that they should plan schemes for his destruction. Cæsar had every thing but the the title of king, and this he caused his creatures to endeavour to obtain for him; but the people always appeared averse to the innovation. In particular, Mark Anthony twice offered to crown him, which the dictator as often refused; but was little pleased with the acclamations of the multitude on his rejecting this mark of regal authority. A combination was now entered into against him, in which sixty senators were said to be concerned; at the head of the conspiracy were Brutus and Cassius, the former of whom had been under the greatest obligations to Cæsar, and by some was supposed to be his natural son. This Roman was descended from the first Brutus, was a person of a noble mind, a mild disposition, was a strict advocate for justice, and a true lover of his country. As to Cassius, he was an unexperienced soldier, and a man of reputation among his party. He was, however, of a disposition quite different. Silent and secret, sullen and reserved, it was not easy to discover when he had taken a dislike to any body, and, consequently, it was very difficult to guard against his resentment. Though he was looked upon only as a secondary person in this plot, it was generally concluded that he was the principal agent in stirring up Brutus to take a leading part in it. The former used often to find papers addressed to him, exciting him to take up arms, though he was not acquainted from whence such intimations came. These, however, were so artfully contrived, that they worked the desired effect, and this illustrious person soon appeared in the midst of the conspirators, among whom were, likewise, Decimus Brutus, Casca, Cinna, and Metullus

Cimber, some of whom had been worked upon by Cassius, whilst others, who had been obliged by Julius Cæsar, were ashamed of having received favours from him who had overturned the liberties of his country.

This was a formidable combination, yet it might have been defeated, had the person against whom it was intended, suspected the plan that was laid to destroy him. On the contrary, besides a number of prodigies, which historians relate or have invented, it appears that even the fatal day, which was the last of his life, he had letters put into his hands, which, had he opened them, must have discovered to him the whole of the plot. But the pressing of the crowd, and the pleasure that he received from the respect shewn him by all ranks of people, as he proceeded towards the senate-house, prevented his attending to those friendly admonitions, which were delivered unopened to his attendants.

Being arrived at the senate-house, the conspirators closed round him, when Cimber, whose brother had been banished, caught hold of his robe, clamorously pleading for the reversion of this sentence. While Cæsar was checking these intruders, on account of the rude manner in which they preferred their several suits, the appointed signal being given, he was attacked on all sides; yet he defended himself with resolution, and rushing upon Casca, threw him upon the floor; but soon found himself oppressed by numbers; and at last, observing Brutus among the rest, he exclaimed. "And art thou there too, my son Brutus?" After which, unmindful of defence, he staggered up to Pompey's statute, at the feet of which he fell, covered with twenty-three wounds, in the fiftieth year of his age, a victim to the malice of some, and the ardent zeal of others to restore freedom to their country.

While the people were yet in a ferment, Anthony, who was possessed of Cæsar's papers, read his will in the public forum; and produced the body of the deceased, over which he pronounced a most artful oration, not failing to notice his victories, his learning, his generosity, clemency, and other virtues; at intervals inveighing against the conspirators, until he had inflamed his auditors to madness, who would have burned all their houses, had they not been vigorously defended. As to the body of Cæsar, it was buried with all funeral honours, and an altar erected to his memory.

Natural History of the Bohon-Upas, or Poison-Tree, of the Island of Java. By Mr. N. P. Foersch.

THIS destructive tree is called, in the Malayan language, bohon-upas, and has been described by naturalists. But their accounts have been so tinctured with the *marvellous*, that the whole narration has been supposed to be an ingenious fiction by the generality of readers. Nor is this in the least degree surprising, when the circumstances which we shall faithfully relate in this description are considered.

I must acknowledge, that I long doubted the existence of this tree, until a stricter inquiry convinced me of my error. I shall now only relate simple, unadorned facts, of which I have been an eye-witness. My readers may depend upon the fidelity of this account. In the year 1774, I was stationed at Batavia, as a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East-India company. During my residence there, I received several different accounts of the bohon-upas, and the violent effects of its poison. They all then seemed incredible to me, but raised my curiosity in so high a degree, that I resolved to investigate this matter thoroughly, and to trust only to *my own observations*. In consequence of this resolution, I applied to the governor-general, Mr. Petrus Albertus van

der Parra, for a pass to travel through the country. My request was granted and having procured every information, I set out on my expedition. I had procured a recommendation from an old Malayan priest to another priest, who lives on the nearest inhabitable spot to the tree, which is about fifteen or sixteen miles distant. The letter proved of great service to me in my undertaking, as that priest is appointed by the Emperor to reside there, in order to prepare for eternity the souls of those who for different crimes are sentenced to approach the tree, and to procure the poison.

The bohon-upas is situated in the island of Java, about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia, fourteen from Soura-Charta, the seat of the Emperor, and between eighteen and twenty leagues from Tinkjoe, the present residence of the sultan of Java. It is surrounded on all sides by a circle of high hills and mountains, and the country round it, to the distance of ten or twelve miles from the tree, is entirely barren; not a tree, nor a shrub nor even the least plant or grass is to be seen. I have made the tour all round this dangerous spot, at about eighteen miles distant from the centre, and I found the aspect of the country on all sides equally dreary. The easiest ascent of the hills, is from that part where the old ecclesiastic dwells. From his house the criminals are sent for the poison, into which the points of all warlike instruments are dipped. It is of high value, and produces a considerable revenue to the Emperor.

A curious Inscription.

P R S V R V P R F C T M N
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

The above letters were affixed to the communion table of a small church in Wales, and continued to puzzle the learned congregation for some centuries, it was at length decyphered, and it appeared, by the use of the single vowel E, the following pious couplet was to be formed:—

PERSEVERE YE PERFECT MEN,
EVER KEEP THESE PRECEPTS TEN.

Singular Wager.

AS two gentlemen the other day were settling an account at a coffee-house, one of them drew out of his pocket-book a great number of bank-notes, which induced a gentleman, who sat in the next box to exclaim, that he wished to have as many as he could carry of them; "then sir," replied the other, "how many, and to what amount do you think you could carry, for all mine are in ten pound notes?" "Why, sir," said the other in reply, "I do not mind that, but I think I could carry more than the bank of England could supply me with; for I think I could carry in ten pound bank-notes as much as the national debt amounts to;" upon which the other gentleman offered to lay him a wager of five guineas, that he and ninety-nine more of the strongest men that he could select, could not carry the weight of the amount of the national debt in ten pound notes, for the distance of one mile without pitching; the wager was immediately accepted, and a calculation immediately took place, when it was found that 512 bank-notes weighed exactly one pound weight; and two hundred and forty-two millions, which is computed to be the national debt, weighs forty-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-five pounds, which when divided among a hundred people, the weight that every one would have to carry, would be four hundred and seventy-two pounds six ounces per man. The gentleman who had accepted the wager, was struck with astonishment, and immediately paid the money without having any recourse to a trial.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife, who died in her Sleep.

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and of strife,
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife;
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,
He durst not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

Origin of the Grey Mare's being the better Horse.

A GENTLEMAN of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having enquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son (said the old man) you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict enquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madam (said he) my business is only to ask a question, which you can dissolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or

he rules over you?—"Indeed, sir (replied the lady) this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me; for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle, her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What (said she) and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall; *for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*"—"Well, my dear (replied the husband) if it must be so."—"You must take an egg (replied the gentleman carter) and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

Eccentric Funeral.

THE remains of Wm. Fowle, gent. of Boxley, Kent, were lately interred (according to his will) under part of a windmill upon his estate. The funeral attended by his executors and relatives, was conducted with a solemnity well according with the awful circumstances of sudden death; the eccentricity of selecting such a spot for the occasion, drew together a considerable assemblage of persons. On arriving at the mill, the coffin was carried into the buildings, and the Rev. Mr. Harris, of the Society of Unitarians, in the open air addressed the persons assembled, on the singular request of the deceased, and after religious reflections on the uncertainty of human life, and the particular instance of it, which had called them to that spot, Mr. Harris repeated a prayer, and concluded with the Paternoster. The following Epitaph, the (deceased's own composition) was placed on his tomb:

"Underneath this little mill,
"Lies the body of poor Will;
"Odd he liv'd, and odd he died,
"And at his burial no one cried."

Origin of eating Goose on Michaelmas Day.

QUEEN Elizabeth on her way to Tilbury Fort, on 29th Sept. 1589, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreville, near that place, and as British Bess had much rather dine off a high seasoned and substantial dish than a simple fricasee or ragout, the knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the queen had dined very heartily, she asked for half-pint bumper of burgundy, and drank "Destruction to the Spanish Armada." She had but that moment returned the glass to the knight who had done the honours of the table, when the news came (as if the queen had been possessed with the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper in order to digest the geese and good news; and was so much pleased with the event, that every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish served up. The Court made it a custom, and the people the fashion ever since.

Anecdote.

IN the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Dering, in the County of Kent, lately pulled down and rebuilt, a Latin manuscript was found, written by a bastard son of Richard III. not mentioned by any of our historians. The occasion of its lodgment was as follows: The youth was privately educated in the country, at a great expence, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the king sent for him, and he was privately conducted to his tent.—The attendants being dismissed he declared to him the grand secret—that he was his father, and presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days,) said, "Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow: if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee Prince of Wales: If the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired, that is that (the money given) which will procure a maintenance." The son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came, the battle ensued; Richard fell—his son immediately set off for the capital, and placed himself with a mason of great eminence, being about 16 years of age. The gracefulness of his person and behaviour bespoke that parentage, which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise and conceal. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard's son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside upon. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety and modesty, and during that period he wrote his life. At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered but soon after died; and the aforesaid manuscript (inclosed, as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall) was not known nor discovered till so lately as 1787. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings.

Epitaph on Mr. John Edwin, Comedian, in St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, who died, October 31, 1790, aged 42.

EACH social meed which honours human kind
The dust beneath this frail memorial bore;
If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
Subdue thy weakness, and be vain no more.
A nation's mirth was subject to his art,
Ere icy death had smote this child of glee;
And care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,
When heaven issu'd Edwin should not be.

A strange Genealogy,

OLD Williams of Doncaster had, in the year 1700, two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Willey, the son, and the youngest was married to John Willey, the father: this Willey had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Williams married, and by her had a son: therefore, Willey, the father's second wife, could say as follows: "My father is my son, and I am my mother's mother: my sister is my daughter, and I am grandmother to my brother."

Epitaph at a small Church in Cambridgeshire.

HERE lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,
We all died within the space of one short year;
And all be buried at Wimple, in this county,
Except I, and I be buried here.

Curious clerical Advertisement.

WANTED, at Michaelmas next, a curate in full orders, to perform the duties of two adjoining parishes. It will not be expected of him that he bring any testimonial of his ability *in leaping a five barred gate flying, or hitting twelve shots of partridges out of thirteen, with a double-barrelled gun!* The regular discharge of his duty will afford him a more credible scope for the exercise of those abilities with which Providence may have endowed him. He may have access at all times to a good orthodox library at the parsonage-house, and an occasional seat at table with a cheerful family, who can appreciate the value of a worthy visitant. Any gentleman conceiving himself characterized so as to meet the object of this advertisement, will be pleased to address X. X. to the care of the printer.

Verses left on a Table, at a Chop House, not far from the Royal Exchange.

DEAR Betty, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as French bread fair;
As thy sweet eyes, no cruet half so bright,
Tho' of cut-glass, by a wax-taper's light;
Thy hands, for softness, shame the sweet bread's touch,
Thy fingers all exceed the raddish much;
Blue veins appear upon thy lovely skin,
Like dainty mould, or Cheshire-cheese so thin;
Thy breasts, all swelling o'er thy leathern stays,
Seem like a pot just boiling twenty ways;
No Durham mustard, made the day before,
Is half so quick as you, from two till four:
Sharp as my knife, and piercing as my fork,
Is thy dear wit: and, Oh! when country pork
In season comes, how does thy comic voice
Join in the feast, like that, and apple-sauce!
As leaves of endive is thy curling hair,
Thy forehead like a muffin bak'd so fair,
And when I fain would paint thy gentle mind,
I talk of pigeons, and of lambkins kind,
Ere the vile butcher, or the poulterer drew
That knife which sent them to be drest by you.

O Betsey, could I turn and shift my love
With the same art that you your steaks can move,
My heart thus cook'd, might prove a chop-house feast,
And you alone should be the welcome guest.
But dearest girl, the flames that you impart,
Like chop on gridiron broil my tender heart;
Which, if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Must, like an unturn'd chop, hiss, burn, and fry;
And must, at last, thou scorcher of my soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd coal.

Epigram.

SAYS Dolly—me, Thomas, you promis'd to wed;
And I, silly girl, believ'd all that you said.
That I promis'd to wed you, and love you, 'tis true;
But I've try'd you, my Doll, and I find it won't do.

Long and Short Tails.

A PERSON asked a farmer what he must give him to take his horses to grass. "Why," said the farmer, "for long-tailed horses four shillings, and for bob-tails six, per week," The person wondered at the difference of the charge, which the farmer at his desire explained. "The reason is this, in the hot weather the long tails are so busy in switching the flies, that they have not time to eat so much as the others; but the bob-tails have nothing else to do."

Epitaph in Hampstead.

UNDERNEATH where as you see,
There lies the body of SIMON TREE.

Epigram.

MIDAS, we read, with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd at once transform'd to gold;
This modern statesman can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll change to what you please.

Enigmatical List of Birds.

WHAT we do when we eat.

A name given to a dog, two-fourths of a metal, and a consonant.

Three-fifths of a capital city in France, and a monosyllable.

Three-fourths of a horned animal, a part in a fish, and two-fifths of a seat.

A colour, and a carpenter's instrument.

A consonant, and three-eights of a rambler.

Four-fifths of a tempest, and a consonant.

A man's christian name.

Three-fifths of a disease, and two-fourths of the contrary to slovenly.

Three-fifths of the contrary to slow, and two-fourths of a metal.

A play-thing for boys.

Three-fifths of a word of deceit, two-fifths of a carriage, and a consonant.

A grain, and the mate of a hen.

A native of Asia, and two-thirds of a part in one's face.

A consonant, the contrary to out, and a number reversed.

A vowel, a consonant, and the one-fourth of a disease.

A resort for wild beasts, and the form of a hat.

Three-fifths of a watery ground, and what tinkers use.

Three-fifths of what is common with bees, and a consonant.

A consonant, and Noah's retreat before the flood.

A valiant soldier, and a consonant.

Four-fifths of a seaport in Kent.

Three-sixths of a villain, and the reverse to out.

Three-fourths of what we should all be, and two-fifths of a useful creature.

What all English coins are.

Three-fourths of a key, and two-thirds of an ear of corn.

A serpentine letter, a pinch, and a vowel.

Three-fourths of a large bay, and a consonant.

Five-sixths of a travelling pedlar.

Two-thirds of an animal, and three-tenths of an air engine.

A consonant, two-fifths of a fish, and the one-sixth of a gate.

What's used in the game called cricket.

Three-eighths of a flower, and a metal.

One-half of a fruit.

Three-fifths of a foreign silver coin, and a consonant.

A large country.

What's reverse to sweet, and a consonant.

Five-sevenths of a man feigned to wear horns, and a consonant.

A bright luminary, and a vowel.

A word that signifies to fight, and a number of things ranged in a line.

The opposite to day, and what a cock doth in the morning.

Two-sevenths of a prickly weed, and a plant.

A consonant, and three-fourths of a coin.

Five-ninths of a disorder, a water animal, and two-thirds of a mistake.

Three-fourths of a mournful noise.

Day's opposite, two-thirds of a receptacle for travellers, and a blast of wind.

Three-fourths of a fish, and a snare.

A colour, and a joint of veal.

A merry fellow, with part of his wig.

The resort of wild beasts, a measure, and two-fifths of a mistake.

Islands.

A meadow, and four-sevenths of a town in Hampshire.

A pulse, and a heap of hay.

A violin, and a vowel.

A heavenly body, and a fish.

Four-fifths of a silver coin.

A dipthong, and three-fourths of a jovial song.

Three-fifths of a carpenter's tool, a serpentine letter, and a vowel.

Three-sixths of a note in music, a vowel, and a consonant.

A berry, and a guttural letter.

A thicket of trees, and a creature that's ill us'd.

The first letter of Israel's first name, and an improper diphthong.

Three-fifths of a throng, and the first letter of one of the four elements.

A gelded beast, and part of a man's head.

The Cat-Eater.

A SHEPHERD at Beverly, in Yorkshire, made a bet of five pounds, that he would devour the whole of a living cat. The one produced was a large black tom cat, which had not been fed for the purpose, but was chosen as being the largest in that neighbourhood. The day appointed was the fair day at Beverly (July 5th.) The parties met. The man produced was a raw boned fellow, about forty. The cat was then given to him, on which he took hold of its four legs with one hand, and closing its mouth with the other he killed him, by biting his head to pieces immediately, and in less than a quarter of an hour devoured every part of the cat. The man who laid the wager, gave the performer two guineas for doing it, and the shepherd appeared perfectly satisfied with the reward. After he had done he walked about the fair the whole afternoon. and seemed neither sick nor sorry. He took no emetic, nor had this repast any effect upon him whatever.

An extraordinary Shot.

A CLERGYMAN, in the eastern part of Sussex, some time since, at a single discharge of his gun, killed a partridge, shot a man, a hog, and a hog-sty, broke fourteen panes of glass, and knocked down six gingerbread kings and queens, that were standing on the mantle-piece opposite the window.

Origin of the Coroner's Jury.

A GENTLEWOMAN in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more.—For several months their happiness was mutual, a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their sottishness and infidelity. With a view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, to return at late hours, and, when he did return, to appear as if intoxicated. At first reproaches, but afterwards menaces, were the consequences of this conduct. The gentleman persisted, and seemed every day more and more addicted to his bottle. At length one evening, when she imagined him dead drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and having melted it, approached to her husband (who pretended still to be sound asleep) in order to pour it into his ear through a pipe. Convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up and seized her, and having procured assistance, he secured her till the morning, when he had her conducted before a magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were then dug up, and as marks of violence were still discoverable upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned to be executed.—To this circumstance (said the compiler of the Dictionarie d'Anecdotes, &c. &c.) is England indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse who comes by a sudden death, can be interred in that kingdom, without a legal inspection.

Epitaph on Robert Pemberton.

HERE lies Robin, but not Robin Hood,
Here lies Robin that never did good;
Here lies Robin by heav'n forsak'n,
Here lies Robin—the devil may take'n.

The English Bull Dog.

THIS animal is the fiercest of all the dog kind, and is perhaps the most courageous creature in the world. It is low in stature, but very strong and muscular: it has a short nose, and the under jaw projects beyond the upper, which gives it a fierce and unpleasing aspect. Its courage in attacking the bull is well known; its fury in seizing, and its obstinacy in maintaining its hold, are truly astonishing. It always aims at the front, and generally fastens upon the lip, the tongue, the eye, or some part of the face; where it hangs, in spite of every effort of the bull to disengage himself.

The extraordinary ardour of these dogs in fighting, will be best illustrated by the following fact, related by an eye-witness; which at the same time corroborates, in some degree, that wonderful account of the dogs of Epirus, given by Elian, and quoted by Dr. Goldsmith in his history of the dog. Some years ago, at a bull-baiting in the north of England, when that custom was very common, a young man, confident of the courage of his dog, laid some trifling wager, that he would, at separate times, cut off all the four feet of the dog; and that, after amputation, it would attack the bull. The cruel experiment was tried, and the dog continued to seize the bull as eagerly as if he had not been maimed.

This custom of baiting the bull, has of late years been almost laid aside in the north of England; and consequently there are not, at this time, many of this kind of dogs to be seen.

The bull dog always makes his attack without barking, and therefore it is dangerous to approach him alone, without very great precaution.

Mad Tom and the Soldier.

A SOLDIER being very much in liquor, and very abusive withal, was taken up and put in the town prison pretty early in the evening, where he being unable to stand, laid down and presently fell fast asleep. An ideot, well known by the name of crazy Tom, happening that evening to behave very ill, was late at night sent to the same prison. Tom, who is remarkable for always carrying a prayer book under his arm, knew nothing of the soldier being there; he placed his prayer book for a pillow, laid down and slept until the dawn of day, when rising and moving about, he happened to step upon the sleeping soldier, and fairly tumbled over him. Tom rising and discovering the soldier asleep, he said to himself, here is a dead corpse, but I will give it a christian burial. He went, and just behind the prison-door found a parcel of dirt, with which, filling his hat, then pulling off his coat and waistcoat, and drawing the flaps of his shirt from his breeches, now, says Tom, I am in my surplice, and with his prayer-book in his hand, walking towards the sleeping soldier, calls out, make room for the parson, then began distinctly to read the burial service; when he came to "earth to earth," Tom taking a handful of dirt, strewed it over the soldier, "ashes to ashes," Tom strewed another handful, "dust to dust," Tom took up his hat, and threw the whole in the soldier's face, which waked him, and seeing and hearing Tom read, he really believed that they thought him dead, and were absolutely burying him.

The soldier immediately cried out, "pray reverend sir, don't bury me, I am not dead yet," "you lie," says Tom! "you are dead enough, I warrant you, no living man could come through the key-hole nor the iron grates; there was nobody here but myself last night, and I found this dead corpse here this morning!" Tom began to read on—"sir," said the soldier, "I was put in here for being drunk, and am not dead," then says

Tom, "you died while you were drunk, and have forgot it, that's all, but you must, and shall have a christian burial;" with, thisthe soldier jumped up, which so frightened Tom, that he began to roar out, "thieves! murder! fire! fire!" The cry of fire alarmed the inhabitants, who, some dressed, and others almost naked, for it was still early, crouding about the prison, and the cry of fire being repeated by Tom, they called up the prison-keeper, who on unlocking the prison-door, Tom sprung out in his shirt, and running down the street, informed the gaping multitude, that he had seen the devil in the prison, in the shape of a dead soldier.

Anecdote.

A COUNTRY attorney happened to be at a tavern with an honest peasant, and was very facetious at the countryman's expense. They nevertheless agreed to try for a bottle of wine who could make the best rhyme. The lawyer inquired the peasant's occupation, who chearfully informed him he was a weaver, upon which the lawyer wrote these lines:

The world, though large, is but a span,
It takes nine weavers to make a man.

The weaver, in his turn, inquired the lawyer's occupation, and being informed, I thought, says he, you were of the law by the glibness of your tongue; but since you have rhymed about the world, so will I too, and then he wrote,

The world is wide, and full of evil,
And half a lawyer makes a devil.

Anecdote of Cruelty.

AS the Emperor Basilius Maredo was hunting, in which he took great delight, a great stag running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of his horns in the emperor's girdle, and dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life; which a gentleman of the retinue perceiving, drew his sword, and cut the emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person. But observe the reward—he was sentenced to death, for putting his sword so near the person of the emperor! and suffered accordingly.

A Story-Teller.

A GREAT teller of stories was in the midst of one of them at his evening club, when notice was brought him, that a ship, in which he was going to the West-Indies, was on the point of sailing; he was therefore obliged to leave off abruptly, but on his return from Jamaica, some years afterwards, he repaired to the club, and taking possession of his old seat, by the fire side, resumed his tale, "Gentlemen, as I was saying—"

Anecdote.

A TRAVELLER, a few days ago, on the road between Wrexham and Ruabon, had his attention suddenly arrested by the appearance of a bull drawing a cart, led by an ass!—An honest Welchman, passing at the same moment, archly exclaimed, "Ah, poor John Bull, hur is sorry to see thee follow such company."

Professional Toasts.

THE schoolmasters of London held a meeting in the year 1794, and after dinner the following toasts were given from the chair, with three times three:

Addition to the whigs!

Subtraction from the tories!

Multiplication to the friends of peace!

Division to its enemies!

Reduction to abuses!

Rule of Three to king, lords, and commons!

Practice to reformation!

Fellowship to the patriots!

Discount to the national debt!

Decimal Fractions to the clergy!

Classic Bulls.

MILTON.

"*God and his Son* except,
Created thing nor valued he nor feared."

ANOTHER.

"Adam the goodliest of *men since born*,
His sons, the *fairest of her daughters*, Eve."

ANOTHER.

"Who will tempt with *wandering feet*
The dark *unbottom'd*, infinite abyss,
Or through the *palpable obscure*, find out
His uncouth way."

ANOTHER.

"The deeds themselves, *though mute, spoke loud* the doer."

SHAKSPEARE.

"I will strive with things, *impossible*,
Yea *get the better of them*."

DR. JOHNSON.

"Turn from the glitt'ring bribe your scornful eye,
Nor *sell* for gold what *gold can never buy*."

ANOTHER.

"Shakspeare has not only shown human nature as it is, but as it would be found in *situations, to which it cannot be exposed*."

ANOTHER.

In his tour to the Hebrides, he says, "these observations were made by *favour* of a *contrary wind*." And elsewhere, "The Scottish dialect is likely to become in half a century *provincial and rustic even to themselves*."

ANOTHER.

In his life of Pope he observes, that every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that being a *dead* language, it will always *live*.

POPE.

On an eagle and her young.

"Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth."

ANOTHER.

"When first young Maro, in his noble mind,
A work *t' outlast immortal Rome* design'd."

DRYDEN.

"Obey'd as sovereign by the subjects be,
But know that *I* alone am king of *me*."

ANOTHER.

"A horrid *silence* first *invades the ear*."

THOMSON.

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd."

VIRGIL.

"Moriamur et in media arma ruamus."

HOME.

"The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a *stilly sound*."

GREY.

"To each their suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The feeling for another's woes,
Th' *unfeeling for their own*."

Epitaph in Lincoln Cathedral.

HERE lyeth the body of
Michael Honeywood, D. D.
Who was grand-child, and one of the
Three hundred and sixty-seven persons,
That Mary, the wife of Robert Honeywood, Esq.
Did see before she died,
Lawfully descended from her,
viz.
Sixteen of her own body, 114 grand-children,
288 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.
Mrs. Honeywood
Died in the year 1605,
And in the 78th year of her age.

Epitaph at Doncaster, in Yorkshire.

HOWE, HOWE, who is here?
I ROBIN of *Doncastere*,
And MARGARET my fere:*
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

* An old term for wife. A. D. 1579.

On Bribery.

A POOR man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

"My friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good;"
He, glad away did trudge;
Anon his weathy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

A hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, "O partial judge,
"Thy doom has me undone;
"When oil I gave, my cause was good,
"But now to ruin run."

"Poor man," quoth he, "I thee forgot,
"And see thy cause of foil;
"A hog came since into my house,
"And broke thy pot of oil."

Massacre of Louis XVI. late King of France, who suffered on the Scaffold, January the 21st, 1793.

DECREE of the National Convention, of the 15th, 17th, 19th, and 20th of January, 1793.

Article I.—The National Convention declares Louis Capet, last king of the French, guilty of a conspiracy against the liberty of the nation, and of a crime against the general safety of the state.

II.—The National Convention, declares, that Louis Capet shall undergo the punishment of death.

III.—The National Convention declares, that the act of Louis Capet, brought to the bar by his counsel, and termed an appeal to the nation on the sentence passed against him in the Convention, is null; and forbids every person from giving it authority, on pain of being prosecuted, and punished as guilty of a crime against the general safety of the republic.

IV.—The temporal executive council shall notify the present decree, within the day, to Louis Capet, and shall take the necessary measures of police and safety to secure its execution within twenty-four hours, reckoning from the notification, and shall render an account of the whole to the National Convention immediately after its execution.

Report of the Council who communicated the Decree to Louis.

The executive council, was convoked and assembled at a very early hour this morning, in order to consult on the execution of a decree relative to Louis Capet.

The council then sent for the mayor of Paris, the commandant general, the president, and the accusateur public of the criminal tribunal: After having consulted with these constituted authorities, the minister of justice, the president of the executive council, a member of the council, the secretary of the council, and two members of the department repaired to the tower in the temple.

At two o'clock they were conducted before Louis, to whom the minister of justice, as president of the executive council spoke as follows:

Louis, the executive council hath charged us to notify to you the extracts of the *proces-verbal* of the National Convention of the 15th, 17th, of the present month: the secretary will now read them.—(On this the secretary of the executive council read three above articles.)

Louis then observed, that he had something to say; on which he took out the following requisition, written with, and signed by his own hand.

"I demand a delay of three days, in order to enable me to appear before Almighty God; and the better to effect this, I request leave to call to my aid the ex-bishop of Fermont, who lodges at No. 483, Rue de Bacq.

"I demand that his person be protected from all manner of insult, in order that he may be enabled to deliver himself, without fear, to the work of charity which he is about to be employed in, with respect to me.

"I demand to be freed from the perpetual inspection which the general council of the commons has made use of towards me for some time past.

"I demand, that during this interval, I may be permitted to see my family, without any witness, every time that I solicit this permission.

"I desire that the National Convention may deliberate immediately about the fate of my family, and that they may be permitted to retire whereever they please.

"I recommend all the persons who were attached to me to the care and protection of the nation. There are many of them who have expended the whole of their fortunes in order to

purchase their places, and must consequently be in great distress.

"Among my pensioners are a great number of old men, and of poor people burthened with large families, who have not any thing to subsist on but the allowance which I paid them.

"*Given at the Tower in the Temple, Jan.* 20, 1793,
(Signed) "LOUIS."

The Convention having heard the report of the minister, decrees,

That the *respite* demanded by Louis *shall not be granted.*

That the vigilance of the municipality shall be continued in the chamber adjoining that of Louis. Respecting the other points, the Convention passes to the order of the day, considering that the committee of legislation is competent thereto.

Orders for the Day —Jan. 20, 1793. *Second Year of the Republic.*

The provisional executive council, after deliberating on the measures to be taken, in order to execute the decrees of the National Convention of the 15th, 17th, 19th, and 20th of Jan. 1793, has ordered as follows:

I.—That the execution of the judgment of Louis Capet shall take place to-morrow, Monday the 21st.

II.—The place of execution shall be *La Place de la Revolution, ci-devant Louis XV.* between the pedestal and the Elysian Fields.

III.—Louis Capet shall leave the temple by eight o'clock in the morning, and the execution shall take place at noon.

IV.—Commissaries from the department at Paris, commissaries from the municipality, and two members of the tribunal criminal, shall assist at the execution. The secretary of the tribunal shall draw up the *proces-verbal;* and the said commissaries and members of the tribunal, immediately after the execution, shall render an account of it to the council, who will remain in permanent during the whole day.

V.—Louis Capet shall pass by the *Boulevards* to the place of execution.

By the executive provincial council, Roland, Claviere, Monge, Lebrun, Garat,

By order of the Council,
GRONVILLE, Secretary.

On which the Period of his Fate, and the Day of Execution, took place, and was as follows:

At six o'clock in the morning he took his last farewell of the queen and royal family, and was with them some time; the parting was affecting to the last degree; the distress of the queen passed all description. He left the temple agreeable to the instructions from the provincial council, at eight o'clock, at which time the mournful procession set out from the temple. The royal victim sat in the mayor's carriage, with his confessor by his side, praying very fervently, and two captains of the national light horse on the front seat. The carriage was drawn by two black horses, preceded by the mayor, General Santerre, and other municipal officers. One squadron of horse, with trumpets and kettle-drums, led the van of this melancholy convoy; three heavy pieces of ordnance, with proper implements, and cannoneers, with lighted matches, went before the vehicle, which was escorted on both sides by a treble row of troopers.

The train moved on with a slow pace from the temple to the *Boulevards,* which was planted with cannon, and beset with national guards, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and colours flying. The guillotine was erected in the middle of the square, directly facing the gate of the garden of the Thuillieres between the pedestal on which the grandfather of Louis was standing, before the 10th of

August, and the avenues which lead to the groves called the Elysian Fields. The trotting and neighing of horses, the shrill sound of the trumpet, and the continual beating of drums, pierced the ears of every beholder, and heightened the terrors of the awful scene.

The scaffold was high and conspicuous, and the houses surrounding the place of execution were full of women, who looked through the windows. The very slates which covered the roofs were raised for the curious and interested to peep through.

The king alighted from the carriage at twenty minutes past ten. His hair was dressed in curls, his beard shaved; he wore a clean shirt and stock, a white waistcoat, black florentine silk breeches, black silk stockings, and his shoes were tied with black silk strings. At the foot of the scaffold he threw off his coat himself, and finding some difficulty in unbuckling his stock, he calmly thanked a bystander who assisted him.—His hair was then cut off, when he took leave of his confessor, who shed a thousand tears on this mournful occasion; but roused the king with these animating expressions: "farewell, Louis! ascend the scaffold, and go to heaven." He then ascended the steps of the scaffold with heroic assurance, and every feature of his majestic countenance bespoke the calm serenity of conscious innocence, and the heroic fortitude of a christian. Having walked half round the horrid preparations, he then beckoned with his hand to be heard; the noise of the warlike instruments ceased for a moment; but soon after a thousand voices vociferated, with detestable ferocity, "No speeches! No harangues!" The unfortunate monarch wrung his hands—lifted them up towards heaven—and with agony in his eye and gesture, exclaimed, distinctly enough to be heard by those persons who were next to the scaffold, "to thee, O God, do I commend my soul! I forgive my enemies! I die innocent!"

He was then seized by the executioners, dressed in black, who directly laid him upon his belly on the bench, and lifted up the upper part of the board, which was to receive his neck, adjusted to his head properly, then shut the board, and pulled the string which is fastened to the peg at the top of the machine, which lifted up a latch, and down came the axe; the head was off in a moment, and fell into a basket which was ready to receive it; the executioneer took it out by the hair, to show the populace and then put it into another basket along with the body.—The final part of his execution was exactly twenty-two minutes past ten.

After his head was cut off, the *Sans Culottes* and *Jacobines* waved their hats in the air, exclaiming *Vive la Nation! Vive la Republique!* The music struck up *Ca Ira,* and the body was immediately removed in a black coffin.—The procession returned to the temple in full gallop, and the sworn deputies went to make their report.

Louis made a will, in which he asked pardon of God, for having sanctioned the decree upon the civil constitution of the clergy, although this sanction was extorted by violence; and was contrary to his solemn protest.

In this testament, Louis acknowledges his having freely accepted all the other parts of the constitution; and having neglected nothing to remove from his dominions the scourge of war, and prevent the invasion of the Prussians.

In a previous decree made by the National Convention, the place for putting their inhuman sentence into execution was to have been the carousel, fronting the palace of the Thuillieres. This was changed by the ministers, to whom all the arrange-

ments were confided, to the Place de la Revolution, heretofore Louis XV.

This city resembled an immense camp; the sections and federates were marching and counter-marching through the different districts;—they had their watch word;—they wheeled round wherever one corps met the other. They carried with them upwards of 153 pieces of heavy artillery, and it made a most imposing spectacle. They were constantly in motion, and could not stand still five minutes.

During the exhibition of the horrid scene, all Paris was in consternation.

The commissaries of the temple found in the king's desk some gold coin, to the amount of 3000 livres. It was done up in rouleaus, and on them was written, "To M. Malesherbes." This grateful bequest of the deceased monarch was not complied with—the money was deposited in the secretary's office.

The following anecdotes shew that for some time past he had been expecting his fate.—Louis saw his last moment approaching with coolness and tranquillity. It is long since he resolved to sacrifice life.

Two years ago, M. de Liancourt representing to Louis, that the modifications and the veto which he opposed to certain degrees might be dangerous: "What can they do?" replied Louis, "They will put me to death—well, I shall obtain an immortal for a mortal crown."

The other anecdote is more recent, and proves, like the former, that Louis never feared death.—On the day that Deseze made his defence in the Convention, Malesherbes, in a conversation which he had with Louis in the evening, wished to prepare him for the event by hinting that his defence might not be attended with the desired effect, and that the issue of the trial was uncertain. "I understand you," replied Louis, "but my resolution is already taken. I see, without fear, my last hour approaching; and I shall lay my head on the block without uneasiness. You perhaps will be surprised when I tell you that my wife and my sister think exactly as I do."

The last requests of the unfortunate Louis breathed the soul of magnanimity, and a mind enlightened with the finest ideas of human virtue. He appears not to be that man which his enemies reported. His heart was sound, his head was clear, and he would have reigned with glory, had he but possessed those faults which his assassins laid to his charge.—His mind possessed the suggestions of wisdom; and even in his last moments, when the spirit of life was winged for another world, his lips gave utterance to them, and he spoke with firmness and resignation.

Thus has ended the life of Louis XVI. after a period of four years detention; during which he experienced from his subjects every species of ignominy and cruelty, which a people could inflict on the most sanguinary tyrant.—Louis XVI. who was proclaimed at the commencement of his reign, "The friend of the people;" and by the constituent assembly, "The restorer of their liberties."—Louis, who but a few years since was the most powerful monarch in Europe, has at last perished on a scaffold.—Neither his own natural goodness of heart—his desire to procure the happiness of his subjects—nor that ancient love which the French entertained for their monarch, has been sufficient to save him from this cruel sacrifice.

The Mistake.

DURING the great fog in the year 1794, the duke of Clarence coming out of Drury-lane theatre, by *mistake*, stepped into Mrs. Jordan's carriage, and was taken home to that lady's house!

Queen Elizabeth.

THERE are few great personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there are scarce any, whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilence, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulence and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from less infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones.

Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances: and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret of managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of her tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great

qualities and extensive capacity: but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished.

But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress: but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some disputed objections, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

Elizabeth died March the 24th, 1603, aged 70, having reigned 44 years, 4 months and 8 days.

Bishop Herring.

THE late Bishop Herring, not more remarkable for learning than benevolence, being applied to by a poor curate for his interest, to continue under any new rector he should appoint, told the man he was so much struck with his humility, and affected by his situation, that he should have the living himself.—"Shall I by G—," said the transported curate, in the fullness of his heart. "By the living God, you shall," replied the good bishop.

Tythes in Kind.

IN a parish not 100 miles from Shepton-Mallet, in Somersetshire, the spiritual pastor lately, with that laudable attention to his temporal interests, from which no class of men are exempted, claimed the tenth of every stock of bees. The owner was rather startled at the demand, but at length appeared to acquiesce in the justice of it. He, however, adopted a method of proceeding, which fully convinced the parson that the sweetest honey has its bitters. One evening, when there was a great deal of company at the parsonage, a fellow arrived from the bee owner, with a hive curiously concealed under a napkin, and insisted on delivering his charge in person to the master. "I be come with the bees," said Hodge. "The bees," exclaimed the parson; "the bees!" echoed the company.

"Good God," added his reverence, "could you not have left them without?" "Noa," answered the other; "measter says, if a's to vind thee bees, and be rot to thee, a eant to vind thee hives:" and immediately giving a smart stroke to the top of the wicker receptacle, its numerous inhabitants instantly dislodged themselves, and filled the room with confusion, than can better be imagined than described. The poor parson was stung to the quick.

Recent Anecdote.

A COUPLE of Leicester sportsmen were beating the meadows about Aylstone, and one of them taking aim at a snipe, brought it down on the other side of the canal which has been lately cut near that place, and contains water breast high. Unable to cross the water, and come at their prize, they engaged a working-man for sixpence, to strip and carry them over. The fellow performed his engagement with one of them, and then, after carrying our other sportsman as far as the middle of the water, he declared he would set him down in that place, unless he would give him a shilling. This being positively refused, the man kept his word, and throwing his rider off his shoulders into the water, ran off. Our sportsman, who is esteemed a good shot, however took his revenge, for, as the fellow was mounting the bank, he discharged his fowling-piece, and lodged the whole contents in his posteriors.

Rome's Pardon.

IT happened on a certain time,
Two sinners who had spent their prime
Of youth in very wickedness,
Came to the pope for to confess;
Of which the one had riches store,
The other wicked wretch was poor;
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to heaven an easier way
Than those who all their life-time pray;
Which may effected be, they hope,
By buying pardon of the pope.
So calling fresh to mind their sins,
The rich offender thus begins:
"Most holy father, I have been,
"I must confess, in many a sin;
"All laws divine I thought a joke;
"All human laws for interest broke;
"And to increase my ill-got store,
"Thought 'twas no sin t' oppress the poor,
"To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
"Or any thing to gain my ends.
"But now grown old, and near to die,
"I do repent most heartily
"Of all my vile offences past,
"And in particular the last;
"By which I wickedly beguil'd
"My dead friend's son, and guardian child;
"Of all his dear paternal store,
"Which was ten thousand pounds or more,
"Who since is starv'd to death for want.
"I now sincerely do repent,
"As that your holiness may see,
"One half that sum I've brought to thee;
"And thus I cast it at your feet,
"Dispose of it as you think meet;
"To pious uses, or your own,
"I hope it will my sins atone."
"Friend," quoth the pope, "I'm glad to see
"Such true repentance wrought in thee;
"But as your sins are very great,
"You have not half repented yet;
"Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
"Unless the whole you thus have gain'd
"To pious uses be ordain'd.
"All!" quoth the man, I thought that half
"Had been a pretty sum enough."
Nay, quoth the pope, sir, if you hum
And haw at parting with that sum,
Go keep it, do; and damn your soul;
I tell you I must have the whole;
'Tis not a little thing procures
A pardon for such sins as your's.
"Well, rather than be doom'd to go
"To dwell with everlasting woe,
"One won'd give any thing you know."
So t'other half was thrown down to't,
And then he soon obtain'd the suit;
A pardon for his sins was given,
And home he went, assur'd of heaven.
And now the poor man bends his knee:
"Most holy father pardon me,
"A poor and humble penitent,
"Who all my substance vilely spent.
"In ev'ry wanton, youthful pleasure,
"And now I suffer out of measure;
"With dire diseases being fraught,
"Also so poor, not worth a groat."
Poor! quoth the pope, then cease your suit,
Indeed you may as well be mute;
Forbear your now too late contrition,
Your in a reprobate condition.
What! spent your wealth, and from the whole
Not left a sous to save the soul?
Oh! you're a sinner, and a hard one,
I wonder you can ask a pardon.
Friend, they're not had without you buy'em;
You're therefore damn'd as sure as I am
Vicegerent to the king of heaven,
No, no; such sins can't be forgiven;
I cannot save you if I you would,
Nor would I save you if I could;
Had you but money me to give,
You need not fear but you should live;
But as it is you sure will die,
You know I speak infallibly.
Home goes the man in deep despair,
And died soon after he came there;
And went to hell 'tis said; but sure
He was not damn'd for being poor.
But long he had not been below,
Before he saw his friend come too;
At this he was in great surprize,
And scarcely cou'd believe his eyes.
What, friend, said he, are you come too?
I thought the pope had pardon'd you.
Yes, said the man, I thought so too;
But I was by the pope trepann'd;
The devil cou'd not read his hand.

A Paradox.

MY husband's my uncle, my father's my brother;
I also am sister unto my own mother;
I am sister and aunt to a brother called Ned,
Who is idle and poor, and makes shoes for his bread.
Four children I've got, and look for another,
And am granny to one that was got by my brother:
I've a daughter nam'd Phœbe, whose sister I am;
My own brother's my son, his name it is Sam.

An Epitaph in Falkstone Church-Yard.

AN house he hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant never shall pay for reparation;
Nor will his landlord ever raise his rent,
Nor turn him out of doors for non-payment.
From heavy taxes too this cell is free:
To such an house, who would not tenant be?

LION HUNTING.

Extracted from the Sequel to the Adventures of Baron Munchausen.

THE baron, after relating a number of wonderful stories, calculated as Bayes says, "to elevate and surprise," transports himself in an ark to Africa; where he has given his imagination as much scope, as any of the huntsmen or anglers, of whose talents at creating facts, we have such ample testimony.

Having landed (says the baron) our whole retinue, we immediately began to proceed towards the heart of Africa; but first thought it expedient to place a number of wheels under the ark for its greater facility of advancing. We travelled nearly due north for several days, and met with nothing remarkable, except the astonishment of the natives to behold our equipage.

The Dutch government at the Cape, to do them justice, gave us every possible assistance for the expedition. I presume they had received instructions on that head from their high-mightinesses in Holland. However, they presented us with a specimen of some of their Cape wines, and shewed us every politeness in their power. As to the face of the country, as we advanced, it appeared in many places capable of every cultivation, and of abundant fertility. The natives and Hottentots of this part of Africa have been frequently described by travellers, and therefore it is not necessary to say any more about them; but, in the more interior parts of Africa, the appearance, manners, and genius of the people are totally different.

We directed our course by the compass and the stars, getting every day prodigious quantities of game in the woods, and at night encamping within a proper inclosure for fear of the wild beasts. One whole day in particular, we heard on every side among the hills, the horrible roaring of lions, resounding from rock to rock like broken thunder. It seemed as if there was a general rendezvous of all these savage animals, to fall upon our party. That whole day we advanced with caution, our hunters scarcely venturing beyond pistol-shot from the caravan, for fear of dissolution. At night we encamped, as usual, and threw up a circular entrenchment round our tents.

We had hardly retired to repose, when we found ourselves serenaded by at least one thousand lions, approaching equally on every side, within a hundred paces. Our cattle shewed the most horrible symptoms of fear, all trembling, and in cold perspiration. I directly ordered the whole company to stand to their arms, and not to make any noise, or fire until I should command them. I then took a large quantity of tar, which I had brought with our caravan, for that purpose, and strewed it in a continued stream round the encampment; within which circle of tar, I immediately placed another train or circle of gunpowder; and having taken this precaution, I anxiously waited the approach of the lions. These dreadful animals, knowing I presume, the force of our troop, advanced very slowly, and with caution; approaching on every side of us with an equal pace, and growling hideous in concert, so as to resemble an earthquake, or some similar convulsion of the world.

When they had at length advanced, and steeped all their paws in the tar, they put their noses to it, smelling it as if it were blood, and daubed their great bushy hair and whiskers with it equal to their paws. At that very instant, when in concert, they were going to give the mortal dart upon us, I discharged a pistol at the train of gunpowder, which instantly exploding on every side, made all the lions recoil in a general uproar, and take to

flight with the utmost precipitation In an instant we could behold them scattered through the woods at some distance; roaring in agony, and moving about like so many will-o'-the-whisps, their paws and faces all on fire, from the tar and gunpowder.

I then ordered a general pursuit; we followed them on every side, through the woods, their own light serving as our guide, until before the rising of the sun, we followed into their fastnesses, and shot, or otherwise destroyed every one of them; and during the whole of our journey after, we never heard the roaring of a lion; nor did any wild beast presume to make another attack upon our party; which shews the excellence of immediate presence of mind, and the terror inspired into the savage enemies by a proper and well-timed proceeding.

Anecdote of a Sailor.

ONE of the men who had been round the world with Captain Cook, soon after his return to England went to his native place, where he was considered as a very extraordinary personage, and was invited to a club of his townsmen, who expected to be greatly edified by his conversation. It was clear, that a man who had been round the world, must know more of it than any other person; but the circumnavigator could give them but very little information with respect to what he had seen in his voyage; and seemed to have very little to say for himself, until some of the club began to question him about the world being round; then he opened with a tone of authority; "as to that, I'll tell you what it is: they say the world is round but I have been all *round* it, and by G— it is as *flat* as this table."

Tenderness recommended to be shewn to that noble Quadruped the Horse.

IT is well known that the Arabians, who have the finest horses in the world, never beat them; they do not so much as tie them up, they conduct them entirely by caresses, and give them full liberty, which these animals never abuse. A poor Arab of the desart, had, for the whole of his property, a remarkable stately horse. The French consul, who resided at Sidon, proposed to purchase it from him, intending to send it to Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, deliberated a long time; at length he consented, and demanded for it a considerable price. The consul, not daring of himself to pay so large a sum, wrote to Versailles to obtain the leave of the court. Louis XIV. gave orders that the money should be paid.

The consul instantly sent for the Arab, who arrived mounted on his beautiful courser, and had counted out to him the gold which he had demanded. The Arab, covered with a poor mat, made of twisted grass, dismounted, his eyes fixed upon the gold: he then, casting a tender look upon his horse, sighed and exclaimed, "to whom am I going to deliver you? to those Europeans who will beat you, who will tie you up, who will render you unhappy! return with me, my beautiful creature, my dearest favourite, whose fleetness outstrips the antelope, be the joy of my children!"

In pronouncing these words, he vaulted upon its back, and took the road to the desart. This man was actuated, perhaps, by a blind impulse, of which he could give no account; but in this impulse how many virtues display themselves! there appears in it goodness, gratitude, pity, tenderness, and generosity. That cruelty which is in this country so frequently practised, (particularly by a merciless exercise of infernal whips, on the bleeding flanks and panting sides of the horses which are doomed to draw our mail conveyances) betrays a fierceness of temper, and hardness of heart, which places the inhabitants of the

most enlightened nation in the world, infinitely below the wildest savage.

Europeans, in general, as well as savages, have shewn, in many instances, more regard for the horse than the natives of this island; more especially if they were of a superior quality. Take the following as an instance: When Charles V. sailed in his attempt against Algiers, in 1541, his fleet and the troops which were embarked on board the ships, suffered hardships almost incredible. Brantome, who heard the relation from the mouth of a sufferer, says, that though the officers were obliged to throw overboard all their cloaths, baggage and valuables, yet nothing distressed them so much as the parting with their horses, which were, in general, fine Spanish and Neapolitan genets and coursers, so well chosen, so gallant spirited, and so high prized, that there was not a heart which could defend itself from feeling anguish and the deepest pity, at seeing these fine horses struggling in vain, to save themselves, by swimming through the raging ocean. And the more distressful was the sight, as the poor animals, despairing to reach the land, it being so far off, followed with their utmost powers, as long as their strength lasted, the ships and their masters, who stood on the decks, piteously lamenting the fate of those noble creatures, which they saw perish before their eyes.

Anecdote on Gaming.

TWO gamesters had deposited a very large stake to be won by him who threw the lowest throw with the dice. One of them thought himself secure of success, on finding that he had thrown three aces.—"Hold," cried the other, "wait for my chance." He threw, and with such dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he shewed only one ace on the uppermost of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the stakes.

Anecdote.

A BAD painter having turned physician, was asked what made him alter his profession? "I thought it best" said he, "to pursue that, whose blunders are hidden *under ground!*"

Curious Calculation.

FORMERLY it was much the fashion to make foolish and absurd combinations of letters and numbers. As an instance of which, the following calculation may serve: wherein it was thought that the number fourteen had a particular relation to Henry IV. of France. He was born fourteen centuries, fourteen decades, and fourteen years after Christ. He came into the world the fourteenth of December, and died the fourteenth of May. He lived four times fourteen years, four times fourteen days, and fourteen weeks, and his name Henri de Bourbon, had fourteen letters.

Bon Mot.

A GENTLEMAN was declaring in a coffee-house, that in a manager's late appearance, the gallery cried *off off!*—and seeing Charles Bannister enter, appealed to him for the confirmation of the fact:—"I think, sir, (says the wag) you must be mistaken; for I only heard them call out *de Camp!*"

The good Housewife.

WHERE will the creative genius of man stop!—At Chorley, a mechanic has invented a machine to thrash, winnow, and grind; it will also churn, scrape potatoes, rock the cradle, and darn stockings!—He calls it the *good housewife.*

Observations and Anecdotes upon great Eaters.

IT is shocking to think a man should make a God of his belly. We should eat to live, and not live to eat. It has been observed, that epicurism is rather a mark of our imperfection, than of the good taste of a rational being; as we cannot support our miserable existence but at the price of the lives of other animal to whom our bodies are sepulchres.

We find in antiquity mention is made of one Milo, of Crotona, who was the greatest glutton of his age, and who united to his voracious appetite uncommon strength of body: for having at the Olympic Games carried upon his shoulders an ox of five years old, an hundred paces, he killed him with a blow of his fist, and afterwards devoured him. History also mentions another animal of the same species, who, in the reign of Aurelien, devoured sheep, pigs, &c. alive. Some years since there was a glutton of this kiud at Dresden, whose appetite was so extraordinary that he even swallowed stones. There is an anecdote of one of these monsters, which happened at the time when Prague was besieged by the Swedes, under Charles X. He eat in the presence of the king a hog alive; general Konigsmark was also a spectator: this veteran officer told the king, the fellow was a sorcerer, and that it was by enchantment and deception that he appeared to eat what in fact he did not. The operator being nettled at the general's incredulity, told the prince, that if he would command his officer to pull off his sword and his spurs, he would eat him alive; which so terrified M. Konigsmark, that he retired with great precipitancy, chusing rather to put up with a little confusion, than be convinced at the price of his body, of the goodness of this fellow's appetite.

If our famous fire-eater had lived in remote times, he would certainly have been handed down as a prodigy, if not a sorcerer: so that we are to make great allowance for the exaggerations of historians and annalists.

There is one thing certain concerning great eaters, that no country will allow it is the most famous for them. The French shrug up their shoulders at the Germans, these are astonished at ourbuttocks of beef, and we with amazement see the quantities of bread and soup they swallow. But, after all, it depends more upon constitution than climate: people of sanguinary warm dispositions are generally great eaters.

On the Sea.

THE ocean, rolling its surges from clime to clime, is the most august object under the whole heaven. It is a spectacle of magnificence and terror which fills the mind and amazes the imagination.

Let us examine a single drop of water, only so much as will adhere to the point of a needle. In this speck an eminent philosopher computes no less than thirteen thousand globules. And if so many exist in so small a space how many must there be in the unmeasured extent of the ocean!

It is remarkable, that sand is a more effectual barrier against the sea than rock; accordingly the sea is continually gaining upon a rocky shore, and losing upon a sandy shore, unless where it sets in with an eddy. Thus it has been gaining from age to age upon the isle of Portland, and the Land's-end in Cornwall; undermining, throwing down, and swallowing up, one huge rock after another. Meantime the sandy shores both on our southern and western coasts, gain continually upon the sea.

Beneath the boundary of rocks frequently lies a smooth level sand, almost as firm as a well-compacted

causeway; insomuch that the tread of a horse scarcely impresses it, and the waters never penetrate it. Without this wise contrivance, the searching waves would insinuate into the heart of the earth; and the earth itself would in some places be hollow as a honey-comb, in others bibulous as a sponge.

Nor are the regions of the ocean without their proper inhabitants, clothed in exact conformity to the clime; not in swelling wool or buoyant feathers, but with as much compactness and as little superfluity as possible. They are clad, or rather sheathed, in scales which adhere close, and are laid in a kind of natural oil; than which no thing can be more light, and at the same time nothing more solid. It hinders the fluid from penetrating their flesh; it prevents the cold from chilling their blood; and enables them to make their way through the waters with the utmost facility. And they have each an air bladder, a curious instrument, by expanding or compressing which, they rise to what height or sink to what depth they please.

It is impossible to enumerate the variety of the scaly herds. Among them are animals of monstrous shapes and amazing qualities. The upper jaw of the sword-fish is lengthened into a strong and sharp sword, with which, though he is not above sixteen feet long, he scruples not to engage the whale himself. The sun-fish is one round mass of flesh; only it has two fins, which act the part of oars The polypus, with its numerous feet and claws, seems fitted only to crawl: yet an excrescence rising on the back enables it to steer a steady course through the waves. The shell of the nautilus forms a kind of boat, and he unfurls a membrane to the wind for a sail. He extends also two arms, with which, as with oars, he rows himself along. When he is disposed to dive, he strikes sail, and at once sinks to the bottom. When the weather is calm, he mounts again, and performs his voyage without either chart or compass.

Some, lodged in their shells, seem to have no higher employ than to imbibe nutriment, and are almost rooted to the rocks on which they lie; while others shoot along the yielding flood, and range the spacious regions of the deep. How various is their figure! The shells of some seem to be the rude productions of chance rather than of skill and design; yet even in these we find the nicest dispositions. Uncouth as they appear they are exactly suited to the exigencies of their respective tenants. The structure of others is all symmetry and elegance, and no enamel can be comparable to their polish.

The mackarel, herring, and various other kinds, throng our creeks and bays: while those of enormous size and appearance, which would fright the valuable fish from our coast, are kept in the abyss of the ocean; as wild beasts, compelled by the same over ruling Power, hide themselves in the recesses of the forest.

James I.

NO prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have caused his character to be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries.

Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he possessed; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness.

While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable; but fitter to discourse on general maxims, than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frail judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity; but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity.

Of political courage he was certainly destitute; and thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

That James was but a middling writer, may be allowed: that he was a contemptible one, can by no means be admitted. Whoever will read his Basilicon Doron, particularly the last two books; the True Law of Free Monarchies; his Answer to Cardinal Perron; and almost all his speeches and messages to parliament; will confess him to have possessed no mean genius. If he wrote concerning witches and apparitions, who, in that age, did not admit the reality of these fictitious beings? From the grossness of its superstitions, we may infer the ignorance of an age; but never should pronounce concerning the folly of an individual, from his admitting popular errors consecrated by the appearance of religion.

He expired on the 27th of March, 1625, after a reign over England twenty-two years and some days; and in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His reign over Scotland was almost of equal duration with his life. In all history it would be difficult to find a reign less illustrious, yet more unspotted and unblemished, than that of James in both kingdoms.

Law Anecdote.

A RICH old country neighbour of the late Counsellor Fazakerley, who had often endeavoured to steal his advice, taking an opportunity one day, in the course of a morning's ride, to ask his opinion upon a point of some consequence; he gave it very fully, positively, and explicitly, upon the business: but some time afterwards, the 'squire coming to the other's chambers in town in a great hurry, says, "Zounds, Mr. Fazakerley, I have lost four or five thousand pounds by your advice." "By my advice, neighbour! how so?" replied Fazakerley. "Why, you were in the wrong in the opinion you gave me relative to the manor of S——." "My opinion!" says the counsellor, turning to one of his books; "I don't remember having had any such thing before me; I see nothing of it in my book."—"Book! No," says the other, "it was as we were riding out together at Preston last summer." "O!" says the counsellor, "I remember it now; but that was only my travelling opinion; and to tell you truly, neighbour, my opinion is never to be relied upon, unless the case appears in my fee-book!!!"

Anecdote.

A GENTLEMAN of narrow circumstances, whose health was on the decline, finding that an ingenious physician occasionally dropped into a coffee-house that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himself vis-a vis the doctor in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the doctor's attention from the newspaper, to examine the index of his constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: "doctor," said he, I have for a long time been very far from being well; and as I belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I should be glad to remove them." The doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded. "I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly, I have had a strange swimming in my head, &c." In short, after giving the doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question—"Pray doctor what shall I take?" The doctor in the act of resuming his paper, gave him the following laconic prescription—"*Take! why, take advice!*"

Anecdote of Lord Lyttleton.

IT happened that a clergyman came down upon a visit, who was a particular favourite of his lordship's, both as a man and a divine, Lord Lyttleton soon expressed a desire to hear him preach at Hagley; to which his friend consented, and a card was sent in consequence thereof by his lordship to Mr. Durant, the vicar, and one of his domestic chaplains, requesting the use of the pulpit next Sunday. His lordship was amazed to receive a peremptory refusal; and therefore, sending immediately for the vicar, desired his reasons for denying his request. The honest parson coming up to the hall, cleared up the matter to the satisfaction of all parties, by this sensible reply; "If my lord, (said he) this worthy gentleman should preach better than me, my parishioners will never desire to hear me again; if, on the other hand, worse, why it is not fitting *he should ever preach at all.*"

Anecdote.

TWO gentlemen of the city of Bath, having had some high words, one of them was seen the ensuing morning, taking the mean revenge of chalking *a rascal,* against the door of his opponent. The latter calling afterwards at his house, was informed by the servant that his master was not at home, and, who likewise inquired, if he should deliver any particular message to him on his return? "Oh! no," replied the gentleman, "I called merely out of compliment, as he left *his name* at my house this morning."

Effects of extreme Cold.

A GENTLEMAN, who a few days since arrived in London from Petersburgh, gives us the following account of the intense cold that he experienced on his journey. He constantly wore two or three pair of worsted stockings, under and over his boots, and placed his legs in a large fur bag, which fastened round his waist; yet they were, notwithstanding, in general so cold, that he was unable to move. At night, his breath, as it lodged on his sheets, froze, and by morning, rendered them perfectly crisp.

His servant, who travelled in the carriage with him, was mad by the intenseness of the cold, His brain froze, and was thawed by water being

continually dropped upon his head; but several days elapsed, before he recovered his senses.

We read, that when some French mathematicians wintered at Tornea, in Lapland, the external air, when suddenly admitted into their rooms, converted the moisture of the air into whirls of snow; their breasts seemed to be rent when they breathed it, and the contact was intolerable to their bodies; and the aqueous parts of spirits of wine, which had not been highly rectified, burst some of their thermometers.

Extreme cold often proves fatal to animal life. Seven thousand Swedes perished at once, in attempting to pass the mountains, which divide Norway from Sweden. In cases of extreme cold, the person attacked, feels himself chilly and uneasy; he begins to turn listless, is unwilling to walk or use the exercise necessary to keep him warm, and at last turns drowsy, sits down to refresh himself with sleep, but wakes no more. Dr. Solander, with some others, when at Terra del Fuego, having taken an excursion up the country, the cold was so intense as to kill one of the company. The doctor, though he had warned his companions of the danger of sleeping in that situation, could not be prevented making that dangerous experiment himself; and though he was waked with all possible expedition, he was so much shrunk in his bulk, that his shoes fell off his feet, and it was with the utmost difficulty he recovered.

In very severe frosts, and very cold climates, rivers have been known to be frozen over with great rapidity. Dr. Goldsmith having seen the Rhine frozen at one of its most precipitate cataracts, and the ice standing in glassy columns, like a forest of large trees, the branches of which had been lopt away. So hard does the ice become in cold countries, that in 1740, a palace of ice was built at Petersburgh, after a very elegant model, and in just proportion of Augustan architecture. It was fifty-two feet long, and twenty feet high. The materials were quarried from the surface of the river Neva; and the whole stood glistening against the sun, with a brilliancy almost equal to his own. To increase the wonder, six cannons and two bombs, all of the same materials, were planted before this extraordinary edifice, they were charged with gunpowder and fired off; the ball of one pierced an oak plank two inches thick, at forty paces distance, nor did the piece burst with the explosion.

A Charity Sermon.

THE late Dean Swift, of eccentric memory, once preached a charity sermon at St Patrick's church, Dublin, the prolixity of which, disgusted many of its auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind, he took great care to avoid falling into his former error: his text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—The dean, after repeating his text in more than commonly emphatical tone, added, "Now my dearly beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust." It is worthy remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon, produced a very large contribution.

The Doctor and Pupil.

AN apothecary of considerable eminence in a provincial town in England, and a true descendant of the Sangrado family, impelled by that irresistible impulse which operates upon the greatest mind, was determined

to make known the mysteries of his profession to one of his pupils, for which laudable purpose he took him with him, in one of his morning perambulations, to visit his patients. The situation of one of them being of a more difficult nature than what generally fell in the way of our doctor's practice; more than extraordinary sagacity was necessary on his part, which he fully evinced to the great surprise of his pupil. After the usual business of feeling the pulse, and the necessary inquiries were made, he pronounced with great gravity, his patient had been eating eggs! It was in vain, that both nurse and patient persisted that no such thing had been given. Our Æsculapius still adhered to his opinion. At last the nurse recollected, that her master had eat a small slice of pudding, in the making of which an egg had been used. The doctor's extraordinary abilities, became now a matter of astonishment to the patient, nurse, and pupil; the latter of whom despairing of ever making any progress towards the attainment of these hidden secrets, represented the same to his master, who told him, that it was with the view of explaining to him the grand arcanum of physic, that he took him out, and that he would now make it known to him. "Whenever, (says this invaluable man) you enter into a room, let your attention be fixed on something that may induce you to believe your patient has been a partaker of, which, as circumstances happen, (and I have very seldom found it fail) you may use as a proof of your sagacity in discovering. The surprise, for instance, that was depicted in your countenance, on my discovery of our patient having eaten eggs, was natural enough, but it arose from no other cause on my part, than by observing under the grate some shells of eggs; the natural inference to be drawn was, that eggs had been used, and it was more than probable, they had been eaten by the sick man. I have now, my good lad, made you master of a very great secret, and that you may give some proof of your attention, to morrow you shall visit a patient alone.

On the morrow, young gallipot issued forth with his load of knowledge, and the first essay of his newly acquired art, was practised on a poor higler, who was confined to his only room—the repository of all his worldly goods. It is unnecessary to relate, that the advice given him was not thrown away, and the first and only article that attracted his notice, was, a saddle and bridle under the bed. This was enough. He immediately accused the attendants on his patient, with suffering him to eat a horse; nor could all the protestations of the parties convince him to the contrary. On his return home, inquires were made by his master, respecting the health of his patient, and the answer returned, was—very bad indeed—nor did he think there was a possibility of his recovery, considering the magnitude of the article he had devoured. What was the surprise of his master, on his telling him it was a horse, may be easily guessed; but the matter was soon cleared up, when he further added, that the discovery was made in consequence of the saddle and bridle being under the bed.

Bon-Mot of Quin.

A PERSON applied to Quin, as manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers, he began the famous soliloquy of Hamlet,

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

Quin, indignant at the man's absurd elocution, exclaimed very decisively, "No question, upon my honour; not to be, most certainly."

Description of a wonderful Old Man.

THERE was an old man, and tho' it's not common,
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told
He was once a mere infant—but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some meat,
And, if he cou'd get it, 'tis said he would eat:
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or never cou'd see without light,
And yet I've been told he cou'd hear in the night:
He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
And has fall'n asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs as he walk'd;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen you'd have burst,
For one leg or to'ther wou'd always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd most of his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap has a river to pass,
If he cou'd not get over, he'd stay where he was:
'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck, that he never was drown'd.

Amongst other strange things that befel this good yeoman,
He was marry'd, poor soul! and his wife was a woman!
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
But then, as folks said, he was not very well:
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition.
As he cou'd not give fees, he cou'd get no physician.

What wonder he died, yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

Epitaph on a Stay-Maker.

ALIVE, unnumber'd stays he made,
(He work'd industrious night and day;)
E'en dead he still pursues his trade,
For here *his bones will make a stay.*

The Cuckoo Traveller.

A CUCKOO once, as cuckoos use,
Went out upon a winter's cruize.
Return'd with the returning spring,
The birds about him form a ring;
While, puff'd with pride and self-conceit,
High on an elm he takes his seat;
Haranguing thus the num'rous band:
"Old England! Well—the land's a land!
"But rat me, gentlemen, says he,
"We passage-fowl that cross the sea
"Have vast advantages o'er you,
"Whose native woods are all you view.
"The season past, I took a jaunt
"Among the isles of the Levant;
"Where, by the way, I stuff'd my guts
"With almonds and pistachio nuts.
"Then 'twas my chance some weeks to be
"In that choice garden Italy:
"But, underneath the sky's expanse,
"No climate like the south of France!
"You've often heard, I dare to swear,
"How plenty ortolans are there;
"'Tis true; and more delicious meat,
"Upon my soul, I never eat:
"The eggs are good; it was ill luck,
"The day I had not ten to suck;
"Yet, notwithstanding to my goût,
"The bird's the sweeter of the two."

He went on, talking pert aloud,
When an old raven, 'mongst the crowd,
Stopt short his insolent career—
"Why, what a monstrous bustle here!
"You, travell'd, sir, I speak to you,
"Who pas''d so many countries through,
"Say, to what purpose is't you roam,
"And what improvements bring you home?
"Has Italy, on which you doat,
"Supply'd you with another note?
"Or France, which you extol so high,
"Taught you with better grace to fly?
"I cannot see that both together
"Have alter'd you a single feather:
"Then tell not us of where you've been,
"Of what you've done, or what you've seen,
"For you, and all your rambling pack,
"Cuckoos go out, cuckoos come back.

A Herd of Bulls, in a Letter from an Irish Baronet, to a Friend in London, during the late Rebellion.

" My dear sir;

" HAVING now a little *peace* and *quietness*, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful *bustle* and *confusion* we are in from these blood-thirsty *rebels*, most of whom are, however, thank God, *killed and dispersed.*

" We are in a pretty mess: can get *nothing to eat*, nor any *wine* to drink, *except whisky*, and when we sit down to *dinner*, are obliged to keep *both hands armed:* whilst I write this letter, I hold a *sword* in *one* hand, and a *pistol* in the *other.* I *concluded* from the *beginning* that this would be the *end* of it; and I saw I was *right*, for it is *not half over* yet. At present there are such *goings on* that every thing is at a *stand.*

" I should have answered your letter a *fortnight ago*, but I only *received it this morning.* Indeed, hardly a mail arrives *safe* without being *robbed.* No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was *robbed* near this town: the *bags* had been judiciously *left behind*, for fear of accidents; and by good luck, there was nobody *in* the coach but two *outside* passengers, who had *nothing* for the thieves to take.

" Last Thursday an alarm was given, that a gang of rebels were advancing hither, under the French *standard;* but they had *no colours*, nor any *drums, except bag-pipes.* Immediately every *man* in the place, *including women and boys*, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force *much* too *little*, and they were *far* too *near* for us to think of retreating: death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time *half* our little party was *killed*, we began to be *all alive.* Fortunately the rebels had *no guns, but pistols, cutlasses*, and *pikes*; and as we had plenty of *muskets* and *ammunition*, we put them all to the *sword:* not a soul of them *excepted, except some* that were *drowned* in an adjoining bog; and, in a very short time, nothing was to be *heard* but *silence.* Their uniforms were *all* of *different colours*, but *mostly* green. After the action, we went to rummage their camp; all we found was a few *pikes without heads*, a parcel of *empty* bottles *full* of water, and a bundle of *blank* French commissions *filled up* with Irishmen's names.

" Troops are now stationed every where *round* the country, which exactly *squares* with my ideas. Nothing however can save us but a union with England, which would turn our barren *hills*, into fertile *valleys.* I have only *leisure* to add, that I am, in *great haste.*

" Your's truly, B. R."

" P. S. If you do *not receive* this, in course, it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to *let me know.*"

Bar-bar-ous Pun.

BANNISTER, senior, being at a coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane, over a bowl of punch, in company with a friend, who was descanting on the attractive charms of the bar-maid, said, he had often been tempted to court her, but that she had been so much used to the *bar*, he was afraid she was a *bar-bar-ian.* Being overheard by Miss Nancy, she replied, " Pray, Mr. Bannister, mind your own *bars* (meaning the bars of music) and I'll take care of mine."

Advantage of Time.

A MERRY, but poor man, being laughed at for wearing a short cloak, replied, " it will be *long enough* before I have done with it."

A Poacher's Pun.

A POACHER was carried before a magistrate, upon a charge of killing game unlawfully in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the fact. Being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it, he replied, "May it please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his lordship's park. as the witness has told you; but I can bring the whole parish to prove, that, for the last thirty years, this has been my *manner*.

A Turf Bull.

AT a race in the north, among other horses that started for the plate, one was called Botherum. An Irishman, taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite happened to be in the rear of all; on which Paddy exclaimed, "Ah! there he is: Botherum for ever; see how he *drives them all before him.*"

Painters should visit Poland.

AMBROSE Phillips was, in his conversation, solemn and pompous. At a coffee-house he was once discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters, who in their historical pieces, always drew the same sort of sky, "They should travel," said he, "and then they will see that there is a different *sky* in every country; in England, France, Italy, and so forth." —"Your remark is just," said a grave old gentleman who sat by: "I have been a traveller, and can testify what you observe is true; but the greatest variety of *skys* that I found, was in Poland."—"In Poland, sir;" said Phillips. "Yes, in Poland: for there are Sobie*sky*, Poniatow*sky*, Sarbrun*sky*, Jablon*sky*, Podebra*sky*, and many more *skys*, sir, than are to be found any where else."

A Grand Jury.

JUDGE Doddridge having once complained that the sheriff of Huntingdon had summoned a grand jury that was deficient in rank, the sheriff at the next assizes presented him with the following high-sounding pannel. Maximilian King of Toseland, Henry Prince of Godmanchester, George Duke of Somersham, William Marquis of Stukely, Edmond Earl of Hartford, Richard Baron of Bythorn, Samuel Pope of Newton, Stephen Cardinal of Kimbolten, Humphrey Bishop of Bugden, Robert Lord of Waresley, Joseph Knight of Winwick, William Abbot of Stukely, Walter Dean of Old Weston, John Archdeacon of Paxton, Peter Squire of Easton, Edward Friar of Ellington, Henry Monk of Stukely, Thomas Gentleman of Spaldwick, George Priest of Graffham.

Erratum.

SCARRON wrote some verses addressed: "A Guillemette, *chienne de ma sœur*—To Guillemette, my sister's bitch." Some time after, having quarrelled with his sister, he collected his works for re-publication, and inserted among the errata, "For *chienne de ma sœur*, read *ma chienne de sœur* —For *my sister's bitch*, read *my bitch of a sister.*"

A Miracle paralleled.

LORD Kellie was amusing the company with an account of a sermon he had heard in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Antony, when preaching on ship-board attracting, the fishes, which, in order to listen to his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. "I can perfectly believe the miracle," said Harry Erskine; for when your lordship was at church, there was at least *one fish out of water.*"

The just Monarch.

A POOR villager complained to Mahmoud, sultan of Damascus, that a young Turk of distinction had broke into his house, and insulted him so, that he was forced to abandon it, with his wife and family, to the shameful abuses of that bold intruder, who afterwards escaped and remained unknown. The sultan very much moved, charged the sufferer to come immediately and give notice, if ever that Turk should repeat the insult; which he did three days after, and the poor man complained to the sultan accordingly, who taking a few attendants immediately went with him. It was night when they came to the house, but the sultan ordered all the lights to be put out; then rushed boldly in, and with his sabre cut the ravisher in pieces. After which he ordered a torch to be lighted, and looking on the face of the malefactor immediately with an air of joy, fell down on the ground and praised God. When he rose he bid the man of the house bring out what victuals he had, which was only some stale brown bread and butter-milk, of which the sultan eat and drank heartily; and then being ready to return, at the poor man's request, explained all the mysterious circumstances of this action, as follows:

"You must know," said he, "that upon hearing this complaint, and the description of the criminal you gave me, I concluded ne could be no other than my own son: therefore, lest my eyes should suborn my heart, and the tenderness of nature enervate the arm of justice; I resolved, through the undistinguishing veil of night to give it scope. But when I beheld it was not he, but only an officer of my guard, I fell down with gladness to give thanks unto God that my own offspring had not in this affair deserved my wrath, nor met my vengeance: and after all, I asked what provision you had at hand, to satisfy my hunger and repair this fleshly frame, which my resentment would not suffer me to gratify either with sleep or sustenance, from the moment I heard this accusation, until I had thus punished the author of your wrongs, and shewed myself worthy of my people's obedience: for this one example shall make it known them, that you have a prince, under whom there is no sufferer so mean, who need fear to be denied redress; and no offender so great, as may hope to escape punishment.

Burlesque upon Authors.

THE whole fraternity of writers who are continually spinning out their wits, as the silk worm does its bowels to benefit and pleasure others, with one voice cry out, that their labours are neglected, themselves slighted, and their brains can scarce procure them wherewithal to fill their bellies.

Of this poor Jack Funnel is an instance, whose case is here published in hopes of making the world ashamed of its ingratitude. Having generously spent a fortune of 300l per annum, and thereby gained the character of a good-natured honest fellow, he devoted himself to his country's service in quality of an author; and though it is twenty-five years since, and he has drawn his pen in every cause, at present he is master of but one suit of clothes, and they too much impaired, and finds it very difficult to defray the daily expense of a sixpenny ordinary.

When first, says he, I appeared as an author, it was in a horrid, barbarous, and bloody murder: The impression went roundly off, by which I was enabled to turn a coat, and sole and heel-piece two pair of old shoes. Soon after I came out with the strange and surprising appearance of the murdered person's apparition; by virtue of which, I took my waistcoat out of

pawn, and furnished myself with a pound of candles. Robberies, earthquakes, and blazing stars, abroad and at home, have usually served to wash and mend my linen. The whole life and conversation, birth, parentage and education of considerable men, have supplied me for many years with pipes and tobacco; last wills and testaments pay my barber; and the interpretations of dreams, together with good advice to love-sick maidens, keep me in shoes and stockings. When my works grow stale, I vamp them up, and give them another run by a different title-page. I ransack old novels and pass them off for secret history, and disguise the reasons of former reigns under the cover of a letter to a member of the present parliament. By these means, and by my elegies, ballads, bell-men's verses, &c. I make a hard shift to pick up a livelihood.

Inflammatory Fever of Sensual Sympathy

IS more violent in its effects upon the circulation, than all the fevers whose predominant symptoms are so accurately arranged by the faculty.—Mr. Ward, of Castle Sowerby, and Miss Bell, of Kingsmore, near Carlisle, having been both attacked with this disease to a degree of uncommon severity, felt the necessity of personal communication, to allay the furor and irritability, that constituted the most inflammatory cause of disquietude. The father of the lady having been privately apprised of the furious state of the maniacs, had, as he thought, totally prevented the least possibility of incorporation, by a general system of barring and locking, continued to every door and window upon the premises. But how frail are the weak endeavours of helpless man, when opposed to the interposing power of supernatural influence. The awful stillness of night, and the intervention of a key-hole, conveyed the tremorous whisper, (vibrating upon the wings of love) to the expectant ear of the desponding fair; who availing herself of the only exhilirant that could relieve her from a state of debilitation, instantly entreated the unceasing perseverance of her humble dependant to procure a rope, without delay, as she was assured by that means "he might easily draw her up the chimney." The scheme that love had so eagerly adopted, gratitude was equally eager to execute. A rope being expeditiously obtained, and a friendly peat stack offering its ready assistance, our hero easily attained the summit of the roof, preparatory to the summit of his wishes; where from the "dark abyss of black despair," he soon extracted "a gem of more worth than oriental pearls," who, notwithstanding the fuliginous surface of the shell, displayed when cracked, a delicious kernel. The predominance of previous symptoms continued to increase, (with their anxiety) during their short excursion to Gretna Green; where, after a few hours mutual consolation, inflammatory effervescence began to subside by a repetition of gentle evacuations, and we have the singular satisfaction to announce their perfect recovery, and that not the least sympton of former disquietude remains, but that they verify the old song, "And now live as married folks usually do."

Spanish Etiquette.

THE etiquette, or rules to be observed in the royal palaces, is necessary for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings.

Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling. Philip the Third, being gravely seated, as the Spaniards generally are, by a chimney, where the fire-maker

of the court, had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; and the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself: alledging, that he was forbidden by the etiquette, to perform such a function, for which the Duke de Usseda ought to be called upon; as it was his business; the duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer; and the king endured it; rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erisipilas broke out in his head the next day; which being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish etiquette was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and, as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to pardon the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Charles the Second received the compliments of the grandees, who kissed hands on occasion of his ascending the throne, one, in the excess of his zeal, ventured to use the word friend, in his compliments of condolence and felicitation.

The grave young monarch starting from him, and swelling with authority, exclaimed—"Kings have not their vassals for friends but for servants.

An elegant monarch lamented the hard fortune of kings, that they could have no friend. Charles must have thought differently. One more instance not less extravagant than any of these:

When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of the pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said "Madam, cry out, and that will give you ease." She answered in good Spanish, "How dare you give such advice, I would rather die than cry out."

After this, we may exclaim, with our English satirist—

Spain to all the earth,
Spain give us pride which——
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth.

Anecdote.

JOHN Basilowitz, or Irvan IV. great duke of Muscovy, was so cruel and ferocious a prince, that he ordered the hat of an Italian ambassador to be nailed to his head, because he had presumed to be covered before him. The ambassador of the queen of England however, was bold enough to put on his hat in his presence; upon which Basilowitz asked him "If he knew how he had treated an ambassador for the like behaviour."—"No," replied the intrepid Englishman, "but I am sent hither by Queen Elizabeth; and, if an insult is offered to her minister, she has spirit enough to resent it." "What a brave man!" exclaimed the Czar; "which of you," added he to his courtiers, "would have acted and spoken in this manner, to support my honour and interests?"

Epitaph on John Underwood.

AH cruel death! that dost no good,
With thy destructive maggots;
Now thou hast cropt our Underwood,
What shall we do for *faggots?*

The Servants' Hall, in Christmas Time.

BOY, bring the cards, and shut the door,
Let's see, here's two, and two makes four;
My Bet and I, hold Joe and Sue,
Sam half-a-crown with Ralph and you.
Done, Robin Butler, 'tis agreed,
We take your bet, and Joe's to lead.—

O! Betsey, those are killing eyes,
Do close 'em, or thy Robin dies:
What pity 'tis such heav'nly bloom
Should squeeze a mop, or lift a broom!
Dear Robin Butler, prithee hush.
I vow, protest, you make me blush:
I handsome, sir!—not I indeed,
Lud! I scarce know what card to lead.
Susan, this strasburg's mighty fine,
Mine's Keppee, do taste of mine.—
The king of hearts, that's mine ye gods!
The queen of trumps—Bet score the odds:
We have the honours, Susan, look,
Score two, my dear delicious cook,
Ladies, if acid disagrees,
Do have the punch just as you please:
Dear girls be free, and pray command,
We have port and mountain just at hand.
— So the duke's groom has told his grace
Vails he would have, or lose his place;
And, when his honour bounc'd and swore,
Dick damn'd his hump and swang'd the door.
Who play'd the jack? Bet play the same:—
Then here's the honours, and the game.——
Now Betsey tune thy heav'nly voice,
Some rapturous song from Arne or Boyce.
Give us your roratorio singing——
Coming; confound you bell for ringing:
All must be dumb whilst Betsey sing;
Coming: confound you, how you ring.—
So, so, my parlour chaps I vow,
Are all dead-drunk, as David's sow;
My dizzy master, drench'd in liquor,
Has broke the head of Nog, the vicar.
The doctor and the grocer fighting,
Which is most rogue, and most backbiting.
Well, if this humour turns the scales,
And gentlefolks are robb'd of vales,
'Twill be the nation's certain ruin;
Lord! what are all the great folks doing?

Just as they please, but Robin knows
How things will be, when Robin goes—
I'll not half clean the knives, or plate;
Nor Jack for coaches hold a gate:
Nor will Joe brush the curate's coat,
Nor will Sam give his horse an oat.
Sue cares not how she burns the meat,
Nor will Bet air a single sheet.
O Bet, could servants rule in turn,
We'd make our devils wash and churn;
Steep mouldy crusts in water gruel,
And blow their fists for want of fuel:
What, would they have us upper folks
Trot to their hogs with pails and yokes;
Lie down in fleas, quite cover'd o'er,
Then rise to milk, or turn the clover?
Not I forsooth, I'll sooner marry,
And keep a public-house with Harry:
My Joey shall hire a farm, and I
Oh! Jehu, how I'll whisk the fly!
By goles, I've spent with ma'am Macauly
But three half-crowns this year in trolley,
Make my own nims, turn tops and tails,
'Tis homicide to stop one's vails.

But listen, sirs—my master's below;
Robin, here Robin; curse the fellow,
Order the coach, Sir John is going;
Robin, confound you, what ar't doing?—
Confusion, and heart-sinking fear
Plants in each face the blood stare:
No more of opera tunes or Handel,
This snatch'd a towel, and this a candle;
This in a whisper, soft as can be,
Cries, lud! lud! Robin, hide the brandy:
One breaks a shin o'er elbow chair,
Another falls with china-ware:
Stol'n pyes with hams, and wings of capon,
Are cover'd up with Betsey's apron:
Ralph's blundering head, for want of breeding,
Sets Jack's unhappy nose a bleeding:
Away they send, all up and ready,
'Tis yes, Sir John; and yes, my Lady;
Here's Mr. Minister's great coat,
Dear sir, tie something round your throat;
Do, Mr. Codicil, I pray,
Put on your oil-skin hood to-day.
Confound the boy, how slow he moves!
Where's Doctor Wollop's cane and gloves?
Obliging souls, how good and just,
How exquisitely form'd for trust!
When, lo! was heard Ralph's hoarse approach,
And ge-ho, lads, wheels up the coach:
The gaping, fawning herd around,
With bowing heads salute the ground;
When flies the coach—then curse you all.
Was the good wish from servants' hall;
May some kind post, or clap of thunder,
Split the old dog and coach asunder;
And may such scrubs as stop our vails
Die in their shoes, or rot in gaols.
No longer bowing, cringing, humble,
They lie, curse, swear, blaspheme and grumble.
Each master has a hundred maggots,
Each mistress wish'd a thousand faggots;
Sneak up to bed, and there pursue,
The good old game with Bet and Sue.

Epitaph on John and Edward Topham.

READER, we from this monument may gather,
John Topham was one Edward Topham's father;
And what's more strange, we find upon this stone,
That Edward Topham was John Topham's son.

Some Particulars respecting the Loss of the Halsewell East-Indiaman, which was unfortunately Ship-wrecked on the Coast of Dorset-shire, January 6, 1786.

ON Sunday the 1st of January, 1786, the Halsewell East-Indiaman, commanded by Richard Pierce, esq. sailed through the downs, on her outward-bound voyage to Bengal. The pilot had left the ship on Tuesday noon; after which she sailed down the channel with a fair wind until about four o'clock on Wednesday morning, when a very hard gale, with a heavy fall of snow, came on, by which the ship received so much damage as to admit six feet of water into the hold. About eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, when they thought they were between the lizard and start points, they cut away the main and mizen masts, then wore ship and endeavoured to make Portsmouth under jury masts. They stood up the channel on Wednesday afternoon, and all the day on Thursday. In the afternoon of the last-mentioned day, a heavy gale blew from the south, which by degrees drove them on a lee-shore, in spite of all their endeavours to avoid it. Between one and two o'clock on Friday morning they saw land, and came to anchor, at which they rode about an hour. But having either driven or parted, they then let go the only anchor left them, with which they were unable to bring up the ship, as the hurricane continued to increase. In this state the vessel drove upon the rocks at the Head-Land of St. Alban's, about three leagues to the east of Portland, and in less than an hour was dashed to pieces.

Had they been fortunate enough to have driven clear of that Head-Land, they would have got into Swanage, or Strickland Bay, where they might have safe anchorage under the weather.

Besides the captain, the first, fourth, and fifth mates, the following passengers were lost, viz.——John George Schultz, Miss Elizabeth Pierce, Miss Mary Anne Pierce, two Miss Pauls, Miss Mary Haggard, Miss Elizabeth Blackburn, Miss Anne Mansel, and about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy seamen and soldiers.

Officers saved—Mr. Henry Meriton, second mate; Mr. Rogers, third ditto; Mr. Daniel, sixth ditto; Mr. Duncan Macdougal, Mr. M'Manus, midshipmen, with forty seamen, and twenty-five soldiers.

Mr. Meriton was driven from on board the Halsewell on the rock, by a very heavy sea breaking over the ship, just before which Capt. Pierce asked him, if he thought any thing could be done for the safety of the ladies; he replied, it was impossible. Upon which the captain, addressing himself to his daughters, and enfolding them in his arms, said, "Then my dear children we will perish together." Soon after an universal shriek of horror was heard, wherein the voices of the ladies were very distinguishable; and in a few moments the ship totally disappeared.

Mr. Thompson, the quarter-master, was the first who climbed up the rock and got on shore, he saw a light about a mile off, to which he went; the people very humanely came down with him to the shore with ropes, which were the means of saving many lives, though several, after being drawn part of the way up the rock, from fatigue let go their hold, and were dashed to pieces.

Enigmatical List of Beasts.

SIXTEEN drachms.

The reverse to good, and three-sevenths of a large country.

A philosopher.

Three-eights of a sweet smelling herb and two-fifths of a shrub.

Three-fourths of a young child, and three-fourths of a satellite.

Three-sevenths of a fish like an eel, and two vowels.

Three-sevenths of a flower.

A vowel and a consonant

Two-fourths of an opprobrious title, and a monosyllable.

Three-fifths of a mournful poem, and four sevenths of an imaginary Being.

An earthen vessel, and four-elevenths of a philosophical instrument.

Three-fourths of the principal magistrate in the states of Venice and Genoa.

Two-thirds of a silly fellow, and a consonant.

Three-fifths of a funeral song, and five-sevenths of an apparition.

A colour reversed with a letter added.

A part of a gun, leaving out the second letter.

Two-sixths of a city in England.

Three-fifths of terrible, and two-sixths of the sixtieth part of a minute.

Half of a Turkish justice, and three-sixths of harmony.

Three-fourths of a prison, and a consonant.

Three-fourths of a musical instrument and a vowel.

Three-sevenths of eager, and half to depart.

Two-sixths of a famous poet deceased, and three-fourths to name.

Sorrow, and two-fifths of a company of ships reversed

Two-thirds of an enemy, and a consonant.

The reverse to good, and three-fourths to jest.

Two-thirds of an insect, and half to prepare.

Half of to dress, and the same to smite.

Two-thirds of a measure, and one-fourth of care.

Three-sevenths of melody, and one-fourth of right.

Half of terror, and two-thirds to fix.

Three-fifths of a strand, and half of truth.

Two-fifths of to seize, and half of music.

Three-fifths of not well, and half of a shoot.

Two-fifths of to lure, and two-thirds of a mistake.

Half of a flower, and two-fifths of a garden root.

Three-sevenths of to raise, and five-sevenths of a spirit.

Three-fifths of to brag, and one-ninth of a fruit.

Two-sevenths of a college in Oxford, and half a precious stone mentioned in scripture.

Two-thirds of an industrious insect, and two-sixths of what is worn in battle.

A partner, and a consonant.

Anecdote of the Duke of Ossuna.

THE duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Naples, passing by Barcelona, and having got leave to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape Galley, and passing through the crew of slaves, he asked divers of them, what their offences were? every one excused himself upon several pretences; one saying that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest there was one sturdy little black man; and the duke asking him what he was in for, my lord, said he, I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving. The duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder, saying, you rogue, what do you do among so many *honest*, *innocent* men? get you out of their company; so he was freed, and the rest remained still to tug at the oar.

Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

MARY, queen of Scots, famous for her beauty, her wit, her learning, and her misfortunes, was born on the 8th of December, 1542, and was the daughter and sole heiress of James V. king of Scots, by Mary of Lorrain, his second queen, and dowager of Longueville. She was not eight days old when her father died; whereupon, after great animosites amongst the nobility, it was decreed, that the earl of Arran, as being by proximity of blood, the next heir to the crown in legitimate descent, and the first peer in Scotland, should be made governor of the kingdom, and guardian of the queen, who remained in the mean time, with her mother in the royal palace of Linlithgow. Great suit being made by King Henry VIII. in behalf of his son Edward, for this princess in her childhood, it was at last agreed between the chief peers of both kingdoms, that she should be given in-marriage to that prince; which being refused afterwards by her governor, occasioned the famous battle of Musselburg. Upon the defeat of the Scots at this battle, she was conveyed by the queen-mother into the isle of Inchemahom, where she laid the foundation of her knowledge in the Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian tongues; in which she afterwards arrived at so great perfection, that few were found equal to her in any of them, and none superior in them all. The queen-mother being inclined to the interest of France, the young queen by her care, was conveyed thither, when she was but about six years old. After staying a few days with the king and queen at court, she was sent to a monastery, where were sent the daughters of the chief nobility of the kingdom. Here she spent her time in all the offices and duties of a monastic life; being constant in her devotions, and very observant of her discipline. She had a good taste for music, and played well upon several instruments; was a fine dancer, and sat a horse gracefully. But these last accomplishments she pursued rather out of necessity than choice; and when she followed most her own inclinations, would be employed among her women in needle-work. An impalement of the arms of France and Scotland is embroidered under an imperial crown, on the valence of the canopy in the presence-chamber at Whitehall, much of which is said to be of her handy work. All these accomplishments, with a fine person into the bargain, rendered her so amiable to Henry II. of France, and his queen, as made them desirous of marrying her to the dauphin, which was accordingly brought about, and the nuptials were solemnized on the 20th of April, 1558. But this happy marriage, for such it seems it was, lasted but a little while; since Francis II. as he then was being violently seized with a catarrh, died of it on the 5th of December, 1560. His disconsolate queen, being left without issue, returned soon after to Scotland, where she had not been long, before Charles, archduke of Austria, was proposed to her as a husband by the cardinal of Lorrain. But Queen Elizabeth interposed, and desired she would not marry with any foreign prince, but make choice of a husband out of her own nobility. She recommended her either to the earl of Leicester, or Lord Darnly; giving her to understand, that her succession to the crown of England would be very precarious, if she did not comply. Being thus over-awed by Queen Elizabeth, and not a little taken with the Lord Darnley, who was extremely handsome, she consented to marry him; and creating him earl of Ross, and duke of Rothesay, on the 28th of July, 1565, he was the same day proclaimed king at Edinburgh, and mar-

ried to the queen the day after. By this husband she had one son, born at Edinburgh, on the 19th of June, 1566, who was afterwards James VIth of Scotland, and Ist. of England. Queen Elizabeth congratulated her upon this occasion; though, as Camden says, she inwardly grieved at being prevented by her rival in the honour of being a mother. She openly favoured her title to the succession; and the prince was commended to her majesty's protection. In the beginning of February, 1567, the new king of Scotland was murdered in a very barbarous manner, by the contrivance of the earl of Murray, who was the queen's base brother; and on the 15th of May following, she was married to John Hepborne, earl of Bothwell, a man of an ambitious temper, and dissolute manners, and who in reality had been Lord Darnley's murderer. From this time a series of infelicities attended her to the end of her life. The different views and interests of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, in regard to religious and political affairs, had so broke the peace of the kingdom, that all things appeared in the greatest disorder and confusion. The earl of Bothwell was forced to fly into Denmark to save his life; the queen was seized, carried prisoner to Lochlevyn, and was treated on the road with such scorn and contempt, as her own personal dignity might, one would think, have secured her from. Though that indeed was greatly obscured, for she was put into very mean apparel; and when the inhabitants of the town came out to meet her, she made a most disgraceful figure, being covered with dust and tears. She was conveyed to the provost's lodgings, and committed to the care of Murray's mother, who, "having been James the Vth's concubine, insulted much (says Camden) over the unfortunate and afflicted queen, boasting that she was the lawful wife of James V. and that her son Murray was his lawful issue." What aggravated Mary's misfortunes was, that she was believed to have been the cause of Lord Darnley's death, in order to revenge the loss of David Rizio, a musician, supposed her gallant, and whom Lord Darnley had killed on that account. Be this as it will, when Queen Elizabeth heard of this treatment of the queen of Scots, she seemed fired with indignation at it, and sent Sir Nicholas Throgmorton into Scotland, to expostulate with the conspirators for it, and to consult by what means she might be restored to her liberty. But Queen Elizabeth was by no means in earnest, she was not that friend to the queen of Scots which she pretended to be; and if she was not in some measure the contriver of these troubles to her, there is great reason to think that she secretly rejoiced at them. When Queen Elizabeth was crowned, the queen of Scots had assumed the arms and title of the kingdom of England; and this indignity Elizabeth could never forget, as not thinking herself quite safe, while Mary harboured such pretensions. Having been detained a prisoner at Lochlevyn eleven months, and most inhumanly forced to comply with many unreasonable demands, highly detrimental to her honour and interest, she escaped on the 2nd May, 1568, from thence to Hamilton-castle. Here, in an assembly of many of the nobility, there was drawn a sentence, declaring, that the grants extorted from her majesty in prison, among which, was a resignation of the crown, were actually void from the beginning, upon which, such great numbers of people came in to her assistance, that within two or three days, she got an army of at least 6000. On the other side, Murray with great expedition made all preparations imaginable to attack the queen's forces, before they became too formidable; and when

they joined battle, her majesty's army, consisting of raw soldiers, were soon defeated, and she was obliged to save herself by flight, travelling in one day sixty miles, to the house of Maxwell Lord Harris. From thence she dispatched a messenger to Queen Elizabeth with a diamond, which she had formerly received from her, as a pledge of mutual amity; signifying that she would come into England, and beg her assistance, if her rebellious subjects continued to persecute her any farther. Queen Elizabeth returned her a very kind answer, with large but most unmeaning promises, of doing her the most friendly offices. Before the messenger returned, she, rejecting the advice of her friends, found means to convey herself into England, landing, on the 17th of May, at Workington, in Cumberland; and on the same day, wrote letters in the French tongue, with her own hand, to Queen Elizabeth; in which she gave a long detail of her misfortunes, desiring her protection and aid against her rebellious subjects. Queen Elizabeth affected to comfort her, promised to protect her according to the equity of her cause; and, under pretence of greater security, commanded she should be carried to Carlisle. Now the unfortunate queen of Scots began to perceive her own error, in not following the advice of her friends. England, instead of being a sanctuary to the distressed queen, was perhaps the worst place she could have come to: for being denied access to Queen Elizabeth from the first, and tossed from one prison to another for the space of eighteen years, in which she had often struggled for liberty, she was at length brought to a trial, condemned, and beheaded, for being concerned in a conspiracy against the life of Queen Elizabeth. She professed to die for the Romish religion, and has since been considered as a saint by that church. She was executed within the castle of Fotheringhay, upon the 8th of February, 1586-7, and interred on the 1st of August in the cathedral church of Peterborough: but her remains were taken up afterwards by her son, and removed to a vault in Henry the VII.'s chapel, in Westminster-Abbey, where a most magnificent monument was erected to her memory.

A Cat in the Court of Chancery.

A PASTRYCOOK in London, had a cat which he found very mischievous among his pastry, and being tired with the repeated depredationsof her tender foot breaking through the tops of his more tender patties, his interest got the better of his affection to puss, and he ordered his apprentice to tie her in a bag, and carry her half a mile from home, and there turn her loose in the street. This expedient did not succeed; the cat was at home as soon as the boy, though the experiment was often repeated, and the distance of her removal greatly extended. One day, upon seeing the cat unexpectedly return home, the poor pastrycook (who had a cause of twenty years standing in the Court of Chancery) exclaimed, "Hang the cat, I wish she was in the Court of Chancery; I am sure she would never get out of that place." The apprentice hearing his master's wish, and being a litle out of humour that his former attempts failed, and quite ignorant of the wit of his master, instantly set off with puss into Lincoln's-Inn-Hall, and turned her adrift. The cat, who found the court as full of lawyers, as her master's shop was of tarts, ran like a mad thing from side to side of the court, and at length over the chancellor's lap, threw down his ink, disordered his notes, and created so much confusion in the court, that for a time it put a stop to all pleadings; until at length the

chancellor, with more warmth than became a man in his high station, (but he had a natural antipathy to cats) asked who it was that brought the cat amongst them? The poor boy who had waited to see how puss had conducted herself, was so terrified, that he thought it best to confess, and accordingly told the chancellor that his master had often sent him out to lose the cat, but that she constantly returned, and hearing his master say that morning, that if he could but get the cat into the Court of Chancery, he was sure she would never get out again, he had, in obedience to his master's wish, though not his orders, turned her out among them. The chancellor was a man of humour; and upon inquiring the name of the pastry-cook, he found he was a plaintiff in a cause of long standing.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt.

IT appears by the register of St. Margaret's, Westminster, that Richard Kempenfelt was born on the 10th of December, 1715.

He was a son of lieutenant-colonel Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, whose excellent character, under the name of *Captain Semtry*, is recorded by Mr. Addison, as one of the Spectator's club. At the revolution he followed the fortune of James the II. but was afterwards invited by Queen Anne to accept a commission in her service, and in the reign of George the First, died lieutenant governor of Jersey. The colonel left two sons and two daughters, neither of whom were ever married.

The admiral's brother, Gustavus Adolphus Kempenfelt, esq. was bred in the land service, and appointed a captain in the 57th regiment, the 9th of March, 1757; in this station he remained upwards of twelve years, and retired from the service on the 13th of May, 1769, when he was eldest captain in the regiment. This gentleman sent two hundred guineas to the subscription at Lloyd's, for the relief of the widows and children of the unfortunate seamen who lost their lives in the Royal George.

The late admiral entered very early into the naval service, and was appointed a lieutenant in 1740, but did not obtain the rank of post captain untill January 1757, soon after which he sailed in the Elizabeth of 64 guns, Commodore Steevens, with three others of the line, for the East Indies. They reached St. Augustine's Bay, in Madagascar, in August, but it was the 24th of March, 1758, before Commodore Steevens arrived at Madras, owing to his having gone first to Bombay, on the Malabar coast.—Captain Kempenfelt was Commodore Steevens's captain in three naval actions fought on the Coromandel coast in 1758 and 1759, in each of which he greatly distinguished himself.

On the death of Admiral Steevens, Admiral Cornish succeeded to the command, and leaving his own ship the Lenox, of 74 guns, hoisted his flag on board the Norfolk, keeping Captain Kempenfelt as his captain. With this admiral he sailed in 1762, on the expedition against Manila, and was one of the captains, whose prudent and skilful management in landing the troops on a very difficult shore, is taken notice of by Sir William Draper. The same commander also wrote that, as a small acknowledgment of the great services which the whole army had received from Captain Kempenfelt, the admiral's captain; he had begged he would act at Cavite, with a commission as governor for his majesty, being well assured that no one could discharge that trust with more conduct and abilities. Admiral Cornish sent home the captain with his dispatches, and mentioned that he had been of the greatest assistance to him

during the course of the enterprize, and that his great merit made it his duty to recommend him as a very able and good officer.

After the peace, Captain Kempenfelt commanded the Norfolk, a guardship at Portsmouth.

When not on service, he constantly during the peace, spent part of the year in France, not in amusements and pleasures, but in search of professional knowledge, in which, it may with truth be said, that if he did not excel every naval commander in Europe, he was at least equal to any.

When Sir Charles Hardy was appointed to command the western squadron, or the grand fleet, as it was commonly called, Lord Sandwich made an offer of the post of first captain to the admiral to that excellent officer, Captain Elliot; but Captain Elliot most nobly replied, that he thought Captain Kempenfelt the fittest officer for that important post, as he conceived him to be the most experienced officer in the service, with respect to fighting in line of battle, and the manœuvres of a fleet; and he was not sure, but the captain had reason to be disgusted at being so long overlooked. This had the desired effect; the offer of first captain to Sir Charles Hardy was made him, and accepted, and after Sir Charles's death, he served in the same station under Admirals Geary and Darby. He was also one of the captains who sat on Sir Hugh Palliser's court martial. He was soon after made an admiral, with abilities for the first place on that list. His first cruize was in December 1781; he had under him twelve ships of the line, and on the 12th fell in with the French fleet under M. de Guichen, of twenty-one sail of the line, two of them with troops on board; notwithstanding the great inferiority of his force, he followed the French, and while Monsieur de Guichen was drawing into a line of battle, Admiral Kempenfelt pushed between him and his convoy, and took great part of them, with upwards of 1000 land forces on board. As it would have been very unadvisable for him to enter into battle with so superior an enemy, he returned with his prizes, leaving Mons. de Guichen to wonder how he had lost them. After this he was out in the Bay under Admiral Barrington, when he intercepted the French convoy for the East Indies, with the Pegase of 74, and the Actionnaire of 64 guns.

When the dreadful accident happened which deprived the nation of this valuable commander, he was on the point of accompanying Lord Howe to the relief of Gibraltar. He was writing in the cabin of the Royal George, of 100 guns, while hove upon a careen at Spithead, in order to have the water pipe of the powder room repaired, at half-past ten in the morning of Aug. 29, 1782, when the ship was overset in a strong squall; she filled and went to the bottom in the space of a minute or two, so that only her top-masts appeared at the water's edge. Upwards of 500 gallant seamen were lost, besides officers; and about 330 men, with Captain Waghorne escaped.

Too much honour cannot be paid to Admiral Kempenfelt's memory; independent of his naval abilities, his private life was of that sort, which never fails to insure the friendship of mankind; but above all, he permitted his professional conduct to be squared only by valour and duty, at a time when this country had to lament that other officers of equal rank sacrificed every noble consideration to private pique, political manœuvres, or parliamentary intrigue. His abilities were known to all the naval powers, and he was justly esteemed as brave and able a sea officer, as this or any other nation ever produced. His character in private life rendered him an acquisition to every man who had the hap-

piness of his acquaintance; and as an officer, it will be remembered as long as the British navy exists.

Anecdotes of a Russian Parson.

SOME of the young nobility, who served about the person of Peter the Great, as a sort of military chamberlains, under the title of Densbieks, (now only given to common soldiers, or rather recruits serving personally their officers,) had been playing some pranks on a midnight ramble, which came to Peter's ears in form of complaint, and at which he was much enraged against the perpetrators, though unable for some time to discover their names.

His chaplain was suspected by some of the young offenders, to have removed this obstacle to their punishment, which followed very quickly the discovery in a shower of blows from his cudgel, they were therefore resolved to revenge themselves on the officious parson, whose decided taste for good brandy, (then by no means uncommon in his cloth,) soon furnished them with an opportunity of doing; whilst one party was carousing with the devoted priest, and treating him with large cups of his favourite liquor below stairs, another was piling up all the furniture of his apartment, immediately over Peter's bed-chamber, on a round table in the middle of the room, on which they placed his looking-glass, and to crown the pyramid, a large bowl of punch. To this new species of tower of Babel, they fastened a string let through a hole in the adjoining apartment, where one of the actors was stationed ready to pull it on a preconcerted signal. The parson full of brandy and glee, was conducted with some difficulty up to his apartment by his bountiful hosts, who had rather over-done the business, so that blowing out the light, just as he had reached his door, their plot was almost rendered unnecessary, by the violence with which he measured his length on the floor; this was the signal for pulling the string, and down came the whole table, edifice, with such a noise, as made the emperor start from his couch and run up stairs with his cudgel, to correct the young dogs, who were of course suspected to be in fault; but what was his astonishment, when he found them all lying apparently asleep in their beds, and the parson dead drunk on the floor of his room, swimming in punch, with all his furniture scattered about the room, even to the looking-glass, which was shattered to pieces, the application of his cudgel, brought him in some degree to his senses, but not so far as to account to Peter for the general wreck and the sea of punch. Indeed the poor man was nearly as much astonished as the emperor: and long took it for a trick of his old antagonist Satan, for the many pulpit phillipics he had utterred against that arch rebel.

Giles Jollup the Grave and Brown Sally Green.

A DOCTOR so prim, and a sempstress so tight,
Hob-a-nobb'd in some right marasquin;
They suck'd up the cordial with truest delight:
Giles Jollup the Grave was just five feet in height,
And four feet the brown Sally Green.

—"And as," said Giles Jollup, "to-morrow I go
"To physic a feverish land,
"At some six-penny hop, or perhaps the
"mayor's show,
"You'll tumble in love with some smart
"city beau,
"And with him share your shop in the
"Strand."—

—"Lord! how can you think so?" brown Sally Green said;
"You must know mighty little of me;
"For if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I swear, 'pon my honour, that none in
"your stead
"Shall husband of Sally Green be.

" And if e'er for another my heart should
" decide
" False to you and the faith which I
" gave,
" God grant that, at dinner, too amply
" supplied,
" Over-eating may give me a pain in my
" side;
" May your ghost then bring rhubarb to
" physic the bride,
" And send her well-dosed to the grave."

Away went poor Giles, to what place is
not told;
Sally wept, till she blew her nose sore!
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed,
when behold!
A brewer, quite stylish, his gig that way
roll'd,
And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whisky of
cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
The steam of strong beer now bewildering
her brain,
He caught her while tipsy! denials were
vain,
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast-beef had been bless'd by
the priest,
To cram now the guests had begun:
Tooth and nail like a wolf fell the bride on
the feast;
Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork
ceased,
When a bell—('twas a dustman's)—toll'd
one!"

Then first with amazement Brown Sally
Green found
That a stranger was stuck by her side;
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were
embrown'd;
He ate not, he drank not, but turning him
round,
Sent some pudding away to be fried!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and short
was his height;
His apron was dirty to view:
The women (oh! wondrous) were hush'd
at his sight:
The cats, as they eyed him, drew back,
(well they might)
For his body was pea-green and blue!

Now, as all wish'd to speak, but none
knew what to say,
They look'd mighty foolish and queer;
At length spoke the bride, while she trem-
bled—" I pray,
" Dear sir, your peruke that aside you
" would lay,
" And partake of some strong or small
" beer!"

The sempstress is silent; the stranger com-
plies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through
surprize!
Like a pig that is stuck how she open'd her
eyes,
When she recognized Jollup's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd
up her snout,
—" Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!"
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran
out,
And couldn't conceive what the noise was
about,
While the doctor address'd Sally Green.

" Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me!"
he cried;
" You have broken the faith which you
" gave!
" God grants, that, to punish your false-
" hood and pride,
" Over-eating should give you a pain in
" your side;
" Come, swallow this rhubarb, I'll physic
" the bride,
" And send her well-dosed to the grave!"

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd
down,
In spite of whate'er she could say;
Then bore to his chariot the damsel so
brown;
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,
Or the doctor who wisk'd her away.

Not long lived the brewer; and none since
that time
To make use of the brewhouse presume;
For 'tis firmly believed, that, by order sub-
lime,
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her
crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight four times in each year does
her sprite
Which shrieks make the chamber re-
sound;
" I won't take the rheubard!" she squalls
in affright,
While, a cup in his left-hand, a draught
in his right,
Giles Jollup pursues her around.

With wigs so well powder'd, their fees
while they crave,
Dancing round them twelve doctors are
seen;
They drink chicken-broth, while this hor-
rible stave
Is twang'd through each nose—" To Giles
" Jollup the Grave,
" And his patient, the sick Sally Green!"

How to examine a Witness.

Barrister. CALL John Tomkins.

Witness. Here—*(is sworn.)*

B. Look this way—What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was a going along Cheapside—

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday, the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have got a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife.

B. Stop there if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this—So John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

W. No, sir.

B. Recollect yourself, you say you have no wife of your own.

W. No, sir; I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife? and you say no.

W. Yes, sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, sir! and no, sir! and you say truth; we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

W. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—

B. What! did he want a midwife too? *(a loud laugh.)*

W. He lay ill off a fever; and so I went, to serve him.

B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your way. But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

W. I went a little way to call upon a friend—

B. Hold, what time in the day was this?

W. About seven o'clock in the evening.

B. It was quite day-light, was it not?

W. Yes, sir; it was a fine summer's evening.

B. What! is it always day-light in a summer's evening?

W. I believe so—*(smiling.)*

B. No laughing, sir, if you please; this is too serious a matter for levity. What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

W. He asked me to take a walk; and when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

B. And where was this?

W. In the street.

B. Pray attend, sir—I don't ask you, whether it was in the street—I ask you what street?

W. I don't know the name of the street, but it turns down from—

B. Now, sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street.

W. No, I don't.

B. Did you never hear it?

W. I may have heard it, but I can't say I remember it?

B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

B. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

B. Well, sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

W. I don't know, sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

B. Oh! to be sure you would; you are remarkably communicative. Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too.

W. Yes; we went to the house where it came from.

B. So! it came from a house; and pray what kind of a house?

W. The cock and bottle, a public-house.

B. The cock and bottle! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

W. I cant tell, that is the sign.

B. Well, and what passed then?

W. We went into see what was the matter, and the prisoner there.

B. Where?

W. Him at the bar, there: I know him very well.

B. You know him? how came you to know him?

W. We worked journey-work together once; and I remember him very well.

B. So! your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar. You are a very pretty fellow! and pray what was the prisoner doing?

W. When I saw him, he was—

B. When you saw him! did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him?

W. I understood he had been fighting.

B. Give us none of your understanding, tell what you saw.

W. He was drinking some Hollands and water.

B. Are you sure it was Hollands and water;

W. Yes; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

B. No doubt you did, and I dare say, did not take it soon from them. But now, sir, recollect you are upon oath—look at the jury, sir—upon your oath, will you aver, that it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes, it was.

B. What; was it not plain gin?

W. No; the landlord said it was Hollands.

B. Oh! now we shall come to the point.—The landlord said! Do you believe every thing the landlord of the cock and bottle says?

W. I don't know him enough.

B. Pray what religion are you of?

W. I am a Protestant.

B. Do you believe in a future state?

W. Yes.

B. Then, what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

W. I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "Oh! Robert, I hope you have not done this: and he shook his head.—

B. Shook his head; and what did you understand by that?

W. Sir!

B. I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

W. I can't tell.

B. Can't tell!—Can't you tell what a man means when he skakes his head?

W. He said nothing.

B. Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said—What did you say?

W. What did I say!

B. Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once.—Did you see the dead man?

W. Yes; he lay in the next room.

B. And how came he to be dead?

W. There had been a fight, as I said before—

B. I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

W. There had been a fight between him and the—

B. Speak up—his lordship don't hear you—can't you raise your voice?

W. There had been a fight between him and the prisoner—

B. Stop there—Pray when did this fight begin?

W. I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

B. And so he might if the fight had been a month before; that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

W. No—it was over before we came in.

B. We! what we?

W. I and my friend.

B. Well—and it was over—and you saw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to attend to this; he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, sir,, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you just now said, you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noise—

B. Speak up can't you? and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people crying and lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting.

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole.—*(another laugh.)* —But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several times without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W. No; but I was told that—

B. We don't ask you what you were told—What did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

B. Oh! we have nothing to do with your reasons or theirs either.

W. No, sir, I don't say you have.

B. Now, sir, remember you are upon oath—you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume you now went for an undertaker?

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good; don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther—*(witness retires but is called again.)* Pray, sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know—it was a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Ay, when it is full, I suppose. —You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. *(Aside.)*

Singular Words.

WHAT word is that in the English language, to which if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter? *Short* is the word required; to which if you add *er*, it will then be *shorter*. This is a paradox; for the word by being made actually longer, becomes really *shorter*. And now, *vice versa*, to contrast with the above, there are two or three words, which by being made shorter in one sense, becomes longer in another. P*lague* is a word of one syllable; take away the two first letters, and there will a word of two syllables remain, by which it appears the *ague* is four-sixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz. te*ague*, le*ague*, and Pr*ague*.

The two longest monosyllables are *strength* and *straight*, and the longest words

Transmagnificandubandanciality
Kilksvervanscotchdorsprackerngotchdern
Honorificabilitudinitatibusque
Technicatholicatomatopatoppidon

There is a word of five syllables, but take away one, and it becomes no syllable—*Mo—no syllable.*

Two words wherein the five vowels follow in successive order—*Abstemious—Facetious.*

Words of five and seven syllables yet not more than one vowel—*Insipidity—Visibility—Indivisibility.*

Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our language; the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus—*he, her, hero, heroine.*

We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to make a complete simple sentence; and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal: the term is *mendicant'* and the sentence arising from its division—*mend I can't*, which most of them may too truly assert.

These words deserve remark: *tartar, papa,* and *murmur.* in English; *toto* in Latin; and *berber* in the Turkish language; because they each of them are the same syllable twice repeated.

We have several dissyllable words which read the same backwards as forwards, such as *aga, ala, lesel, refer, &c.* But we have very few which constitute a different word by a reverse reading; there are these, *lever, ever, repel, sever*, which read backwards, make *revel, reve, leper, reves;* and *æra,* by dissolving the dipthong, when retrogadely read will be *area.*

Curious Accumulation of Money at Compound Interest.

IT has been calculated that a single penny put out at five per cent. compound interest, at the birth of our blessed Saviour, would have produced in the year 1806, the enormous sum of £290,991,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, sterling, which would make a bulk of solid gold of 110 million times the magnitude of the whole earth; whilst at simple interest, the same sum, in the same space of time, would only have produced seven shillings and sixpence.

A ludicrous Circumstance.

THE following ludicrous circumstance occurred, at a parish church in the north of Devon: the clerk being confined by illness, the sexton was employed to officiate for him, and not being notorious for orthography, found some difficulty in executing the duty of his new office: by way, however of apologizing for his defects, he gave out to be sung the twelfth verse of the eighty-fourth psalm, which runs thus, "*Much rather had I keep a door.*"

The Miser and the Blackbird.

TWICE ev'ry year old Gripus went
To see his farm and take his rent!
Full fifty miles from home to lay,
Which still he travell'd in a day.
A meagre paultry steed he press'd,
And in a thread-bare coat was dress'd.
At noon, beside some hedge he tarry'd
To dine;—his food he with him carry'd—
Mean time, hard by, his hungry steed
Cropp'd the green herbage of the mead.

Cheap journies thus he often made;
But, ah! what caution can evade
Ills unforeseen! A storm, one day,
By chance o'ertakes him on the way:
The clouds discharge their liquid stores,
And o'er his head loud thunder roars:
With terror seiz'd, and wet to skin,
He hastens to a neighb'ring inn:
There while he waits, the sun its light
Withdrew, and fast came on the night.
In vain the rigour of his fate
He curs'd; to go 'twas now too late;
By the fire-side he took his seat,
For nothing call'd to drink or eat.

It chanc'd the landlord knew his guest,
And, archly sneering, thus address'd:
" Sir, you are wet—may I be bold—
" I greatly fear you'll get a cold:
" 'Tis needful to take something warm;
" A dram would surely do no harm."—
" Drams," cried the miser, " are my hate;
" They breed disease, and hasten fate."
" What shall I get you then to eat?
" My larder's always stor'd with meat:
" Choose you a beef, or mutton steak?"—
" Flesh suppers, Sir, I seldom make;
" At present indispos'd, I think
" I'm not inclin'd to eat or drink;
" But if a blackbird you could get,
" Perhaps a morsel I might eat:
" Let suppers little be and light;
" This maxim I held always right;"

His rising wrath the host suppress'd,
A scheme revolving in his breast,
To punish his penurious guest:
Hard by, a cobler's stall he sought:
His tame and fav'rite blackbird bought:
In idle words no time be lost:
Five shillings was the sum it cost.
Almighty gold! what can restrain
Thy boundless pow'r? The bird was slain,
(O cruel deed!) and dress'd in haste,
Before the hungry miser plac'd.
He supp'd, retiring went to rest,
And golden dreams his mind possess'd.

The morn with blushes overspread,
Now o'er the world its lustre shed:
He rose, impatient of delay,
Demanded what he had to pay:
When on the bill he fix'd his eyes,
How great his wonder and surprize!
He rav'd with fury unrestrain'd,
And of the injury complain'd.

" Your rage," the host reply'd, "forbear,
" The mystery unfolded here!
" My house with various plenty stor'd,
" The bird you chose could not afford;
" That a sick guest should be debarr'd
" From what he lik'd, I thought 'twas hard.
" A neighb'ring friend I therefore try'd,
" And his tame bird my want supply'd:
" A crown it cost—'twas dear, 'tis true,
" But that's a trifle, Sir, to you."

The cobler, summon'd, strait appear'd;
And now the miser's doubts were clear'd:
The bill reluctantly he paid,
And, mingling imprecations, said,
" Henceforth to inns I bid adieu,
" And all their vile imposing crew:
" Should thunder, light'ning, hail, orra in,
" O'ertake me on the road again,
" Beneath some friendly hedge I'll lie,
" And their severest rage defy;
" Or in a barn, on straw, my bed,
" With wand'ring gypsies lay my head."

Epitaph on a profligate Mathematician, at Manchester.

HERE lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten:
He ne'er did good,
Had he liv'd as long again.

The Merciful Maid.

A BUTCHER with a heart as hard as stone,
And callous to an orphan lambkin's moan,
Seizes his fated prey with horrid grin,
And whistles whilst the knife he plunges in;
Nell, who the scene beheld, with piteous look,
And shrugg'd-up shoulders thus her feelings spoke:
" The barb'rous wretch! thus unprovok'd to spill
" The blood of a poor lamb that ne'er did ill.
" See how the little creature pants for life,
" The murd'rer's jaws clasping the reeky " knife:
" To do a deed like this, were I to gain
" The universe—e'en such a bribe were " vain."
Thus Nell with tenderness exclaims and feels—
While all the time—good soul!—*she skins live eels!*

Epitaph on a Woman who had Three Husbands.

HERE lies the body of Mary Sextone,
Who pleas'd three men and never vex'd one;
This she can say beneath the next stone.

The Life of Richard Patch, who was executed for the Murder of Mr. Blight, at Horsemonger-Lane, on Tuesday, April 8th, 1806.

RICHARD Patch, a broad-shouldered athletic man, about 5 feet 7 inches high, and strong made in proportion, who, in the commission of the crime which brought him to an untimely end; evinced consummate hypocrisy and base ingratitude; and in the manner which he suffered for the same, a most morose and sullen disposition. He was born in the year 1770, at the village of Heavytree, Devonshire, within two miles of Exeter. This family had a name somewhat respectable among the yeomen of the country. The grandfather of Patch had a freehold estate in land, of 50l. per annum, in a neighbouring village. His father, according to the custom of many of the petty farmers who reside on the sea-coast in the distant counties, was a smuggler. He was noticed in his time for a fierceness and intrepidity peculiar to this class of men. Many feats are yet related of his dexterity and enterprise in eluding and daring the officers of the excise. He has been said frequently to have cut his way through bodies of this military police, and to have spread such a terror by his name, that it was often judged safer to connive at, than to resist, his depredations of the revenue. Richard Patch's mother was a woman respected and estimable in her condition. But as the life of a smuggler is a scene of constant hazards and escapes, his father was at length laid hold upon by the officers of the revenue, condemned in heavy fines, and sentenced to imprisonment for twelve months in the new gaol at Exeter. When the period of his confinement was at an end, he did not, however, desert his station in the prison; but was engaged by the keepers as one of the turnkeys. In this situation he died, leaving several children; the eldest of whom was Richard, who had been bound apprentice to a butcher at Ebmere, a small village, the most notorious in Devonshire for the flagitiousness of the manners and morals of its inhabitants. Nothing perhaps contributed to taint his mind more in early youth than the excessive indulgence of his father. His pockets were perpetually filled with money, which consequently produced indolence, riot and dissipation. Upon the death of the elder Patch, this his son succeeded to the above-mentioned estate. He now quitted the trade of a butcher and commenced farmer, uniting with his own paternal estate, a small farm which he rented. It seems, however, that he farmed with little or no success, as he was soon obliged to mortgage his estate for more than one half of its value. Some years, however, were passed at Ebmere, when an accident drove him from his home. From motives, which it is unnecessary to examine; he had quarrelled with the rector of his parish, and, in order to be revenged, he removed the produce of his farm from off his land, without setting out the tenths for the rector. In other words, he refused to pay the tythes. The consequence was a law suit, and an immediate action in the exchequer. Patch, shuddering at the expence of the litigation and the certain result which awaited him, and perhaps somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, quitted Devonshire in the spring of the year, 1803. Upon his coming to London, he immediately presented himself at Mr. Blight's, with whom his sister, at that time, lived as a menial servant; together with a brother of his (of whom it is somewhat extraordinary that no mention was made in the course of his trial) who was brought up a baker, but, for some reasons which it unnecessary to enter into, was now in the service of Mr. Blight, as a kind of overseer or

superintendent in the shipping business. Is must here be observed, that Mr. Blight had formerly been a West India merchant, and had failed; upon which he engaged in the ship-breaking business, and was at this time carrying it on with great success. His embarrassment, in fact, arose from the severity and prosecution of certain trustees, who acted for his former creditors; thus his old debts, during the time in which he was engaged in the West-India business, weighed him down, and not any contracted in his new occupation. Patch had not long entered the service of Mr. Blight, when, from jealousy, or some uneasiness, his brother quitted it. He had been disappointed in endeavouring to set up for himself in the business of a baker to which he was bred; and this mortification, perhaps aggravated by the conduct of his brother Richard, excited such a disgust in his mind, that he immediately went to sea and sailed to the West Indies, where he soon died a victim to the yellow fever. Soon after Richard had engaged with Mr. Blight, he naturally cast a look towards his estate in Devonshire, and commenced a journey into that country for the purpose of making an arrangement respecting it. Accordingly, in 1804, he disposed of his land; from which, having first been obliged to clear off every embarrassment, he received a net sum of 350l. Two hundred and fifty of this Mr. Blight received, for the purpose hereafter mentioned; and the remaining hundred passed through the hands of his bankers, whom he probably constituted as such, upon the credit of this money. The next year 1805, on the 23d Sept. Mr. Blight who was induced to come to town by means of Mr. Patch, during the absence of the latter, was mortally wounded by a pistol, which was secretly fired at him and which occasioned his death the next day. The case was particularly enquired into by A. Graham, esq. the magistrate, who, suspecting Patch of the horrid murder of his friend and master, committed him to prison, and his trial came on at the Surry assizes, continued by adjournment to Horsemonger-lane, in the Borough, Saturday, April 5, 1806. So great was the interest excited by the approaching investigation, that by five o'clock in the morning, a vast concourse of the populace had surrounded the avenues to the Session-house, Horsemonger-lane. On the opening of the court, it was with the utmost difficulty that the law officers, and others whose appearance was necessary, could obtain an entrance. The persons of rank who obtained admission were, the Dukes of Sussex, Cumberland, and Orleans; Lords Portsmouth, Grantley, Cranley, Montfort, William Russel, Deerhurst, and G. Seymour; Sir John Frederick, Sir John Shelley, Sir Thomas Turton, Sir William Clayton, Sir J. Mawbey: Count Woronzow, the Russian Ambassador and his secretary. The magistrates who had met for that purpose the preceding Wednesday, had made every accommodation that the court would admit of; it was floored and lined with matting; and the upper parts covered with green baize. New railing was put up on the sides and rear, and a box fitted up for the royal family. The prisoner was conducted into court soon after nine o'clock, and took his station at the bar attended by two or three friends. He was genteely dressed in black, and perfect composure marked his countenance and manner. Precisely at ten o'clock, the Lord Chief Baron Macdonald took his seat on the bench; and the business of the commission was opened by arraigning the prisoner in the usual form. To the indictment he pleaded in an audible voice, "*Not Guilty,*" and put himself on his country. He peremptorily challenged three jurors; after

which a jury was sworn, the indictment read, and the case briefly opened by Mr. Pooley. Mr. Garrow as leading counsel for the prosecution, began by touching upon the awful nature of the duty imposed upon him—the necessity of the jury attending to the evidence with the utmost care. He noticed and deplored, the long details which had been published upon the subject, and begged the jury to dismiss them from their minds. He then said, he should proceed to state the relative situation of the prisoner and deceased, and the nature of the premises where the transaction took place. From the account he should give of the premises, it would result that it was absolutely impossible that the deceased could have met with his death from any other hand—he should then detail other circumstances, whence the same result must necessarily follow. Mr. Garrow proceeded to state that Mr. Blight was a ship breaker; that he had a sister of the prisoner for his servant, in the spring of 1803; that the prisoner visited his sister; expressed himself distressed, and entered into Mr. Blight's service for mere victuals and drink; afterwards he had a salary. Mr. G. then detailed the circumstances of Mr. Blight's having been in embarrassed circumstances and of having made some nominal transfer to the prisoner in 1803. Last August, Mr. Blight went to Margate; the prisoner conducted his business, and was to receive one-third of the profits, for which he was to pay 1250l.—250l. he did pay, and for the remainder, he gave a draft for 1000l. on one Groom. On the 16th of September, he said that Groom could not take the draft up. A fresh one was given, which was due September 20. On the 19th of September, Mr. Blight went to Margate; the prisoner was left at Deptford, and in the evening sent the servant, Kitchener, for oysters. While she was absent, a gun was fired through the shutters; which gun, Mr. Garrow said, he meant to say was not fired by any enemy, but by the prisoner with a view to the fatal catastrophe. From the nature of the premises, no person could escape from the gate nor by water. On the next day the prisoner wrote to Blight, giving him an account of the transaction, and concluded by saying, that he should be glad to see him. Blight arrived in town on the 23d of September; the prisoner did not say that 1000l. draft was not taken up, but led the deceased to believe the money was safe: he then went to London, with a strict charge from Mr. Blight to bring the money with him. On his return they spent the evening together, and (for the first time) in the back parlour, where the deceased was shot.—At eight o'clock the prisoner quitted the deceased, went to Kitchener, and asked for the key of the counting-house, stating himself to be ill. He went through the counting house to the privy, and shut the door hard. Kitchener instantly (as she says) saw the flash of the pistol, and Blight came into the kitchen wounded. She rushed out, and shut the street-door. The difficulty here was, that she should have heard the privy-door shut, and the pistol flash at the parlour-door at the same moment. The prisoner came in immediately to Blight. Mr. Garrow then proceeded to state, that when the surgeon, Mr. Ashley Cooper was called in, he asked the deceased whom he suspected? the answer was, Mr. Patch tells me he has reason to suspect one Webster. But Mr. Garrow said, he would prove he was not the murderer, by shewing where he was at the time: he named another person of the name of Clarke, because he had had a quarrel with Blight, but this man also would be proved to have been elsewhere. Mr. Garrow next proceeded to dwell upon the motives that could

have induced the prisoner to commit the murder. He wished to possess part of the business, but without payment of the consideration money. In all his representations about the draft of 1000l. there was not one word of truth. What was his conduct subsequent to the fatal event? He told Mrs. Blight the 1000l. was paid, and got the papers relative to the business from Mrs. Blight: he talked to the witness, Kitchener, as to what she should say. He was in the uniform practice of wearing boots; but he should prove that when Blight was murdered, he had shoes and stockings; the stockings were afterwards found in his sleeping-room, plastered with mud, such as was on the wharf. The pistol he could not produce, but the ramrod was found in the privy. The first witness called was Mr. R. Frost, a publican, who kept the Dog and Duck. The first part of his testimony (for he was called in a second time) related merely to the fact of the death of Mr. Blight. He stated, that, on the morning of the 23d of September last, he was sent for by the prisoner in consequence of the deceased having been killed by a pistol-shot; he went and found him leaning on his hands and wounded. Mr. Ashley Cooper said, he was called into the assistance of Mr. Blight. Upon examining him, he found he had received a wound near the navel, and another in the groin. He observed that they were gun-shot wounds; and as the body of the deceased was considerably inflated, he pronounced them mortal: he observed the bowels coming through the wounds. The next morning Patch came to him, said the deceased was in extreme pain, and wished to know whether any thing could be done for him. The witness told him he feared there could not. This was about seven in the morning. He rose and went to him, and found him in a very swollen state. He promised to return in the afternoon with a physician. He went to town, and came back with Dr. Barrington; but Mr. Blight had been dead about three-quarters of an hour. He had not the smallest doubt that the wounds were the occasion of his death. Richard Frost was again called up to speak to the firing of the gun. He stated, that on Thursday, the 19th, there was the report of the firing of a gun at Mr. Blight's house; he went out to ascertain the cause, but did not perceive any person coming from the premises; and he was in a situation in which, had the person who fired it attempted to make his escape, he must have observed him: it was about eight in the evening, and it was dark; but he was near enough to have seen any one run away, or climb the wall. Miss Ann Davis and Miss Martha Davis, sisters, who happened to be walking by the premises in a different direction from the last witness, stated, that they also saw the flash, and heard the report of a gun, and must have seen any person attempting to escape; but all was quiet, and they concluded that the gun was fired by some one on the premises. After this head of evidence, to establish that the gun fired on the Thursday preceding the death of Mr. Blight, was not by any stranger, but by the prisoner, witnesses were then called to relate the circumstances which occurred on the 23d. Mr. Michael Wright stated, that he was going past Mr. Blight's house a little after eight, when he heard the report of a pistol in the house; and having become acquainted by the rumour of the former attempt, he was induced to go up to the house with a view to offer his assistance: he knocked for some time, and was not admitted; but insisting on having the door opened, Mr. Patch made his appearance, and began informing him what a dreadful accident had happened. The witness was impatient at hearing this story: he thought that

some means should be rather adopted to pursue the murderer, and recommended Patch to commission him to apply to Bow-street; as an enquiry taking place instantly after the assassination would most probable be attended with success. Patch seemed reluctant, and thought that no good effect could result from it. The witness was rather indignant at his assistance not being accepted, and therefore went away. Hester Kitchener's evidence applied to the two days. She stated, that on the 19th she had been ordered by the prisoner to shut up the shutters of the house earlier than usual. Her master and mistress were then at Margate. At eight o'clock, the prisoner sent her out for some oysters, and, as she returned, she heard the report of a gun; but through the court-yard, the only passage to the house, she did not see any one. When she saw Patch, he cried out, "Oh, Hester, I have been shot at!" She rejoined, "Lord forbid?" They then looked for the ball, which she found. The witness continued to state that her master returned to town on the Monday morning; that in the evening he and the prisoner drank tea together in the back parlour, and afterwards had some grog. Her master was fatigued, heavy, and sleepy with his journey and the liquor. Patch came down in a hurry to her in the kitchen, and, complaining of a pain in his bowels, wanted a light to go into the yard. She gave it to him, as also a key of the counting-house, through which it was necessary he should pass. She heard him enter the back place, and slam the door after him, and immediately she heard the report of a pistol. Her master ran down into the kitchen exclaiming, "Oh, Hester, I am a dead man!" and supported himself upon the dresser. She ran up to shut the door; and as she was half way down the passage, on her return, she heard Patch knocking violently for admittance. He asked what was the matter; she told him; on which he went down and offered his assistance. He asked the deceased, if he knew of any one who could owe him a grudge? Mr. Blight answered, "No, as he was not at enmity with any man in the world." Mr. Christopher Morgan was passing by when the fatal shot was fired; he went to the house, and saw Mr. Blight lying in a wounded situation, and recommended Mr. Patch, in the first instance, to search the premises all over. Patch told him, and his friend Mr. Berry, who was with Mr. M. to go and search an old ship that was off the wharf, as he had reason to think that the perpetrator might have escaped there; for he heard a noise in that direction on the night when the gun was previously fired. They went, but found that the ship was lying at the distance of sixteen feet from the wharf; that it was low water; that from the top of the wharf to the mud was ten feet; that the soil was soft mud; and that any one who might attempt to escape that way must have been up to his middle; besides, the mud did not bear the appearance of any one having passed through it; he was therefore perfectly convinced that no one escaped over the wharf towards the water. Mr. Berry corroborated this evidence. Six other persons, who happened to be in different directions leading from Mr. Blight's house to the public roads, most distinctly proved, that when the shot was fired, which killed Mr. Blight, every thing was quiet on the outside of the premises; that there was no appearance of any person attempting to escape; and if there had, that there was no possibility of his eluding observation. The next series of evidence went to infer, that the prisoner was carrying on a system of delusion and fraud against the deceased, in respect to certain pecuniary transactions be-

tween them. It was proved by Mrs. Blight, the deceased widow, that her husband, who had fallen into some embarrassments, had, in order to mask his property made a nominal assignment of it to Patch: but the assignment was not to be carried into effect, unless the trustees of his creditors should, as he apprehended, become importunate. This confidential assignment Mr. Patch wished to convert into an absolute sale for consideration given on his part; but Mrs. Blight declared, that he had never paid her husband any money, excepting 250l. part of 1,250l. the consideration for a share of his business. The next strong branch of evidence, referred to the stockings which the prisoner had on the night that Mr. Blight lost his life. It was proved that he generally wore boots; but the witnesses' memory enabled them to say, that he had white stockings on during the evening of the 23d. Mr. Stafford, of the Police office, stated, that on examining the bed-room of Mr. Patch, they were folded up like a clean pair; but on opening them the soles appeared dirty, as if a person had walked in them without shoes: the inference from this was that the prisoner had taken off his shoes, in order that he might walk out of the privy without being heard by the maid. The last important fact was, the discovery of the ramrod of a pistol in the privy, and the proof that that place had not been recently visited by any person suffering under a bowel complaint. This, and a vast variety of circumstantial evidence, concluded the case on the part of the crown. The prisoner, being called upon for his defence, delivered in a long and elaborate address, supposed to have been written by his counsel; which he requested might be read by the officer of the court: it began by thanking the learned judge for moving his trial from a place where prejudice might have operated against him; complained much of that prejudice having been excited against him by premature reports in the public journals; and then entered into a general train of argument, inferring that in a case of life and death, juries ought not to convict upon circumstantial evidence; the more especially where they appeared, as in the present case, so dubious. He stated, that whatever might be the result of their judgment upon the evidence, it was almost a matter of indifference to him on his own account; for he was borne down and subdued by the unjust prejudices of the public, by the long imprisonment he had endured, and by the enormous expences to which he had been subjected; but he had those relations who made life dear to him: he had children who looked up to him for support, and who would not only be dishonoured, but ruined, by his death. The only evidence which he adduced was, that of three persons, who spoke to his general character. The Lord Chief Baron summed up the evidence in the most perspicuous manner, occupying nearly two hours in commenting upon every part of it. The jury then retired for about a quarter of an hour, and returned with a verdict of *Guilty*.—His lordship then proceeded to pronounce the awful sentence of the law:—He observed, that the prisoner had begun his career of guilt in a system of fraud towards his friend; he had continued it in ingratitude, and had terminated it in blood. He then directed that he should be executed on Monday, and that his body should be delivered for dissection. During the whole of his trial this criminal never betrayed the slightest symptom of embarrassment: his appearance evinced a seeming composure, which innocence alone could manifest, or the most consummate villainy could counterfeit. He also heard the dreadful sentence with a degree of sullen composure, bordering upon apathy, as if he had pre-

viously made up his mind to the event. The execution was, however, deferred untill the next morning (Tuesday,) it being deemed advisable that he should suffer in common with a man and his wife, Benjamin and Sarah Hetring, who had been convicted at Kingston, March 28, of coining shillings, dollars, half-crowns and sixpences, in order to obviate the inconvenience of having two public executions following each other so closely. It was in consequence of this suggestion of Mr. Ives to the Chief Baron (who with the dukes of Sussex and Gloucester retired to his house after the trial) that his lordship was induced to order the respite, which he wrote thus on the margin of the first order for execution.

"Let the execution be respited until Tuesday, the 8th of April, 1806.

'A. MACDONALD."

After condemnation, Patch remained perfectly calm and unembarrassed. He slept well during the greater part of Saturday night; rose at nine o'clock the next morning; breakfasted on tea and toast, and attended divine service at half-past ten. About a quarter before eleven, the Rev. Mr. Mann, the ordinary, preached the condemned sermon, in a style the most impressive and affecting; to which Mr. Patch paid the necessary and becoming attention. On his return to his cell, the prisoner, for a few moments, looked stedfastly at Mr. Case, the turnkey, and then said, "I am innocent," but did not attempt to utter another word. At two o'clock he dined, and made a hearty meal, and appeared as composed as usual during the remainder of the day. He continued to preserve a sullen silence, until Monday afternoon, when that composure which marked his countenance, the fortitude and cold apathy of indifference left him. He was informed, by the ordinary of the gaol, that his friends approached to take their farewell of him for ever, when he gave up all hopes of a reprieve, and exclaimed, "Is there no mercy to be expected?" His relations, viz: his sister, who had lived with Mr. Blight, another younger brother, who bore a strong resemblance in person to the unfortunate man, and a brother-in-law, with his wife, a nephew, and another distant relation, were admitted to him, and remained with him until three o'clock, when they took their last farewell. Patch was now most sensibly affected, and the scene was truly distressing. He embraced each of his relatives, and wept bitterly, clinging to them until the moment had arrived when their absence was required. After this affecting scene, Mr. Ives, the governor of the prison went to his cell, and Patch here uttered an expression adequate to a confession of his guilt. He said, "I have confessed my sins to God; man can give me no relief." This day he was also visited by the Rev. Mr. Mann and three dissenting ministers. In their interviews with him, he evinced the strongest proofs of a penitent sinner; but invariably declined to give any answer to the urgent entreaties of the clergymen, to acknowledge the crime for which he was to die. Mr. Mann remained with him until a late hour on Monday evening. Mr. Graham, the magistrate who committed him to prison, was the last person admitted to see him on this night. Before they parted, Mr. Patch took him by the hand, and said emphatically, "We shall, I trust, meet in Heaven." The three dissenting ministers remained with him all night; during the whole of which he appeared extremely penitent and devout. In the course of the night, he took a few glasses of wine: and about two o'clock, having become much exhausted, he laid down upon his bed. The dissenting ministers remained by his side until four o'clock, when he arose and drank two cups of tea, with which he appeared

somewhat refreshed. About half-past six o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Rev. Mr. Mann, and the curate of the Rev. Rowland Hill, came to the prison; and after a short interview with Patch, they, and Herring and his wife, were conducted to the chapel. Patch and Herring went with the Rev. Mr. Mann to the altar, and resumed their devotions; the woman, being a Roman Catholic, went to the left side of the chapel, with a priest, the Rev. Mr. Griffiths. At eight o'clock, Patch and Herring received the sacrament. At thirteen minutes past eight, Herring came out of the chapel into the prison, where Jack Ketch, of Newgate, was in waiting to knock off his irons. On his return to the chapel, Patch came out, at seventeen minutes past eight, for the same purpose. He was dressed in a good suit of mourning, and appeared in excellent health. He stood firm, and with very great composure, while the hangman was tying his arm: after this process, he returned with a firm step to the chapel, and resumed his devotions. His florid look never forsook him, but these arose from his constitutional formation; his lips, however, were pale enough to indicate the distracted state of his mind. About five minutes before nine o'clock, the high sheriff, the under sheriff, their officers and attendants with their wands, came to the door of the chapel, and demanded the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers: and immediately after, they began to move in the usual order, followed by Mr. Ives, keeper of the prison. First, came Herring and his wife, and next Patch, with Jack Ketch on his right, carrying in his right-hand a cutlass. When they got to the open yard, Herring and his wife were placed in a sledge, and drawn to the entrance of a staircase leading to the apparatus for the execution. Herring and his wife ascended the stairs with as much firmness as could be expected. Patch displayed his usual intrepidity. While Jack Ketch was in the act of fastening the ropes, the Rev. Mr. Mann attended Patch, and, for the last time, attempted to draw from him a confession, but with no better success. The sheriff then went to him and entreated him to confess; but he stedfastly refused. At this time the cap was drawn down upon his face, and every thing was prepared to launch him into eternity. Apparently displeased at being pressed so much upon the subject, he now threw himself considerably back with impatience. From the violent motion of his body, some of the spectators supposed that he meant to break his neck, as Abershaw did on Kennington Common: others apprehended that he was fainting away. Neither of these, however, appeared to be the case, as it was evidently the result of a wish to avoid all further entreaty. Mr. Ives, observing Patch throw himself back, ran to him and exclaimed, "My good friend, what are you about?" Mr. Patch, took him by the hand, and conversed with him for about a minute and a half; and when he was losing him, he parted his hand, apparently with much reluctance. A great anxiety was, at this moment, expressed by the bye-standers, to know whether Mr. Patch had confessed his guilt to Mr. Ives, in this conversation. Mr. Ives answered, with great politeness to all enquirers, that he could not at present divulge what Mr. Patch had communicated to him, and he persevered in this determination, notwithstanding the pressing solicitation of one of the magistrates. He said, however, "*I believe him to be the man,*" meaning the man who murdered Mr. Blight. At five minutes past nine o'clock, the sentence of the law was enforced by the falling of the drop. The sufferers were suspended in the following order. At the east-end of the drop, hung Patch; on his left-hand the

woman, and on her left her husband. He appeared for the first minute after he was turned off quite dead, when he was seized with strong convulsions, and it was two minutes before he ceased to move. His body after hanging the usual time was taken to the hospital in the prison, for the county surgeon, for the purpose of being dissected. The multitude that assembled to witness this awful ceremony was said to be more considerable than even at the execution of Despard. The next morning, the high sheriff waited upon the secretary of state, with a copy of the letter written by Patch, which was found on the person of one of his relatives by Mr. Cave, the principal turnkey of the prison. This letter occupied nearly a whole sheet of post paper, and was addressed to a person or persons said to be implicated in this horrid transaction. The secret was only known to Mr. Ives, and the high-sheriff, on Wednesday noon: to the latter, Mr. Ives communicated it the same morning about nine o'clock. It is thought that Mr. Ives apprised Patch on Monday evening, of his having detained the letter above alluded to. Patch betrayed great emotions when this declaration was made to him. He then in fact, acknowledged his guilt, by candidly answering two questions put to him by Mr. Ives.—"Were the stockings yours that were found soiled in your chamber?" Answer.—"They were." "Did the report of the pistol, and the slamming of the privy-door, happen at the same moment?" Answer. — "No." Patch wrote other letters besides the one found on his sister. These letters escaped the search of the turnkeys. This fact, Patch admitted in a discourse with Mr. Ives. The above-mentioned letter, it is said, was couched in terms rather mysterious; but it nevertheless contained ample demonstrations of Patch's guilt, and, indeed, amounted to a full disclosure as related to himself.

Anecdote of Dr. Young.

WALKING in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him, (says the doctor) I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate, when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven
Like him I go, but yet to go am loath;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine still stays behind.

A remarkable Account of a young Man in the Island of Cephalonia.

IN the island of Cephalonia, in the Adriatic Sea, lived an Englishman, by name Brown, whose history is not a little extraordinary: At twenty-one he came to an estate of three thousand pounds a-year, in Devonshire, which enabled him to pay his addresses to a lady of high rank, great property and exquisite beauty. She listened to him, and he became deeply in love with her. Before a marriage could take place he lost his estate by a decision in Chancery, which had been before the court more than forty years. The lady then refused to see him any more, which had a melancholy effect on his mind for several years, and left him ever after with an eccentricity in it that was apparent in his actions. As soon as he recovered from his first

stupor, he vowed revenge on the whole sex—paid his addresses with uncommon success to various young ladies, all of whom he either debauched, or deserted in the moment of their expectation. He lived some years by gambling, and on the spoils of women whose fortunes, by some means or other, he got into his hands. By the reversal of a decree, he got about 800l. a-year of his estate back again, on which he travelled. At Aix, in Provence, he contrived to connect himself with a nun, and got by her means into a convent, where he debauched her and five others; then fortunately escaped a pursuit, in which he was in the most imminent danger of being taken and put to death. At Venice he intrigued with an English lady, the wife of a man of large fortune, when finding this connection gain very much on his mind, he carried her off; went to Cephalonia, and admiring both the country and climate, purchased a little estate in it, which consisted of one small mountain, at the foot of which he had a house, in the middle of it a cottage, and at the top another, with a summer apartment annexed. He lived in these alternately; the lady he carried with him having died, and being buried in the mountain. After her death he formed a small seraglio of Greek and other women, with whom he solaced himself when last heard of. He amused himself also with reading and gardening, for which his mountain is well-calculated.

Oriental Anecdote.

THE different conduct of the Christians and Mahomedans in India, will appear in a very striking point of view, from the relation of the following authentic anecdote of Oriental history: Surage ul Dowla was the grandson of the great Alyverdi Kahn, who had a favorite wife, a woman of extraordinary abilities and great virtue. When Alverdi was dying, knowing the flighty and tyrannical disposition of his grandson, whom he intended for his successor, he advised him on all important occasions after his death to consult the old queen, whose discernment would enable her to foresee dangers, imperceptible to an impetuous and inexperienced youth like him. When Surage ul Dowla, instigated by avarice, intended to attack Calcutta, he consulted this oracle, who advised him against it in the following prophetic words: "The English are a peaceable and industrious people, like bees, if properly encouraged and protected, they will bring you honey, but beware of disturbing the hive: you may, perhaps destroy a few of them, but in the end, believe me, they will sting you to death." A prediction which was soon afterwards verified. From this well-known fact, it appears that we were not even suspected of a disposition to enslave the natives of India or even to quarrel with the Mahomedan usurpers, until compelled to it, in order to avoid being enslaved ourselves.

A Political Pun.

DR. —— meeting some friends in the street whose political opinions were democratical, asked them where they were going. They answered, "To dine at the King's Head."—"O, then, I guess your dinner: you are going to have a *chop*, I suppose.

Memoirs of the Life of John Locke, Esq.

MR. LOCKE was the eldest son of Mr. John Locke, of Pensford, in Somersetshire; and was born in August 1632, at Wrington, about eight miles from Bristol. His father was a captain in the parliament's army during the civil wars under King Charles I.

Mr. Locke's first rudiments in classic learning were settled at Westminster school: and from thence in 1651 he was sent to Christ-Church, Oxon, where he became a student, and took the degree of a Batchelor of Arts on the 14th of February, 1655, and that of master on the 29th of June, 1658 He applied himself so vigorously to the study of physic, and gained so considerable a knowledge in it, as to deserve the encomium of the ever celebrated Dr. Thomas Sydenham.

In 1664, Mr. Locke went secretary to Sir William Swan, envoy from the English court to the elector of Bradenburgh, and some other German princes: but he soon returned to England, and applied himself more diligently to natural philosophy, at Oxford, where, in the year 1666, he had the honor of being admitted to a great intimacy with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury.

In 1670, he began to form the plan of his "Essay on Human Understanding," and stuck pretty tightly to it for two years, though his frequent avocations and employments obliged him to lay it aside for some time after. In 1671, he was admitted a fellow of the Royal Society, And in 1672, his great admirer, Lord Shaftesbury, being made lord high chancellor of England, appointed him secretary of the presentations: but that promotion terminated with that lord chancellorship, who resigned the seals in the end of 1673.

After this, Mr. Locke went abroad for his health, and did not return to England until February, 1689, when he came in the fleet that conveyed the princess of Orange. He was then made a commissioner of appeals, worth 200l. per annum; and in 1695, was promoted to be a commissioner of trade and plantations, worth 1000l. per annum, which place he discharged with great success, until he was obliged by his asthmatic disorder, that daily increased by the air of London, to resign it in 1700; when he retired to Oats, in Essex, a seat of Sir Francis Masham, about twenty-five miles from London; where he spent about fifteen years in the study of the scriptures chiefly: and when he found his latter end draw near, by an extraordinary decay of his strength, and a swelling of his legs, he prepared to quit the world like a good christian, with a deep sense of God's blessings towards him in every stage of life, and an intire resignaton to his divine will. He died on the 28th of October, 1704, aged 72 years and odd months.

In all his writings and actions he gave extraordinary proofs of his learning, knowledge of the world, and the business of it; so that he has deservedly obtained the following character: He was prudent without cunning, he gained the esteem of every person by his probity; and was always safe from the attacks of a false friend, or a sordid flatterer. Averse from all manner of mean complaisance; his wisdom, his experience, his gentle and obliging manners, secured him the respect of his inferiors, the esteem of his equals, and the friendship and confidence of those of the highest quality. He was naturally choleric, but his anger never lasted long. If he retained any resentment, it was against himself for having given way to so ridiculous a passion; which, as he used to say, may do a great deal of harm, but never yet did the least good.

A Poor Pun.

A MAN praising ale, said, that it was such an excellent drink, that though taken in great quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen it make you *lean*," replied the other. "when?" inquired the eulogist. "Why, last night—upon your stick."

All in One Story.

ONE day, behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid,
And stole a kiss, which she repaid;
And gave him smack for smack:
Pert with such freedoms, "Pray," says she,
"Who kisses with the greatest glee?
"Is it my lady; is it I?"—
"'Tis you no doubt," he made reply.
"Why, in good faith, it must be true."
Resum'd the wanton dame;
"For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
"All say the very same."

Hudibrastic Sketch of a Country Justice, remarkable for Prosecuting those who stole dead Bodies from the Church-Yards in his Neighbourhood.

A WIGHT he was, whose very size
Speaks him pacific, grave and wise;
Whose double-chin, and full-fed face,
Shew justice there had fix'd her place.
His knowledge, true, he could not boast of,
Yet what he had he made the most of:
Could charters make, and warrants draw,
With all the petty plagues of law;
Could deal his little all about,
And eke his inch of justice out.
Since, by his majesty's permission,
I hold a place in the commission;
And by a worthy member's bounty,
Am sub-lieutenant of the county:
Therefore I ought (so vile the fact is)
To stop this most inhuman practice.
If robbing thus the dead endure,
No man alive can be secure:
If to kill living men be murder,
To cut up dead men's something further;
T' assault a man beside his senses,
We all allow a great offence is;
What then's the offence to hack and maul
A man that has no sense at all?
'Tis very base and vile, you know,
To give a peaceful man a blow;
And surely none so peaceful prove,
As those that neither stir nor move.
Could you but see th' inhuman rogues,
How like a pack of bloody dogs,
With cruel knives of amputation,
And axes too of decollation,
Dismemb'ring saws, incision whittles,
With lancets, hatchets, and what not else,
Whose names to hear, without dissembling,
Would set good christian men a trembling;
How with less decency by half,
Than any butcher would a calf,
They slash the poor, unhappy elf,
Who can't so much as help himself,
As if dead men, they're so despis'd,
Died only to be anatomiz'd.
We all allow, that physic knaves
Oft carry people to their graves;
But would esteem it strange, no doubt,
That these same men should take 'em out,
As if th' fraternity had swore,
T' undo what they had done before.

I therefore, neighbours, who am here,
Plac'd in condition popular,
Shall punish this same posth'mous murther
Upon our dear, departed brother;
Assert my office too, that by it
The dead may 'njoy their graves in quiet,
Let's in, and none shall dare to stop us,
Unless they have their *habeus corpus*.
Take to your posts then all, and some,
Come beat up my militia drum;
To make it known to all the nation,
When Justice angry is—*she's in a passion!*

A Dialogue between Robert and Richard.

ROBERT met Richard by the way,
Who had been absent many a day;
Quoth Robert, "Richard, how dost do,"
Observing Dick look wan and blue:
"Since last we met have matters varied?"
"Oh! wonderful; why Bob I'm married."
"That is good news," Bob laughing cried;
"Not quite so good," poor Dick replied.
"Why, what's the matter; wont it do?"
"No, no, my wife's a very shrew."
"Nay, that is bad," quoth honest Bob,
Whilst leaning on his crooked knob,
"It is, but not beyond all bounds;
"With her I had two hundred pounds."
"That's well again." "No, troth," quoth Bob,
"Of that I made an ugly job;
"I dealt in sheep that had the rot,
"And every ewe is gone to pot;
"That's bad again." "Not quite so bad;
"for to the full
"I made my money of the wool."
"That's well again." "Troth, not so well,
"For what I did my fleeces sell
"I bought a cottage, which was burn'd."
"Thy tables now are sadly turn'd."
"Hold, not so sadly; in that fire
"Did my poor peaceful wife expire."

Epitaph on Thomas Jones.

HERE for the nonce,
Came Thomas Jones,
In St. Giles's church to ly,
Non Welch before,
None Welchman more,
Till Shon Clerk dy.

Ile tole his bell,
Ile ring his knell,
He dyed well,
He's saved from hell
And so farewell
Tom Jones.

Enigmatical List of Fruit.

A DOG, a consonant, and an industrious insect.

A silly fellow, and what the hedges produce.

A beam of the sun, and what we ought to flee.

Two fishes.

A grain and a consonant.

A disease among fowls, and what the women do use.

Three-fourths of a file, and the produce of a shrub.

The support of a house, and the worm of a screw.

What is of great use to masons.

The title of a prince.

The Bacchanalian's delight.

A monosyllable, and four-fifths of a heavenly messenger.

A pulse, and a consonant.

A consonant, and four-sixths of useless furniture.

Three-fifths of brisk, and a consonant.

Three-fifths of to combat.

Four-fifths of love, and two-thirds of a grain.

The Fruits of Industry and Sobriety.

IN one of the churches at Taunton, in the county of Somerset, is a monument to the memory of Robert Gray, esq. a native of that town, who being left a poor helpless orphan, went to London to seek his fortune. Here he engaged himself as an errand-boy, and in this state of servitude he behaved so well, that his master took him apprentice, and when out of his time set him up in a shop; where, by his industry, care, and diligence, he had such success that he acquired a large fortune. In his old age he declined trade, and returned to Taunton, where he built an hospital for sixteen old decayed people of both sexes. Underneath his effigy, on his monument, is the following singular inscription:

Taunton bore him; London bred him;
Piety train'd him; virtue led him;
Earth enrich'd him; heaven possessed him;
Taunton bless'd him; London bless'd him:
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and pity.
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Ask the poor, and you shall have it.
Gentle reader, may heaven strike
Thy tender heart to do the like;
And now thy eyes have read his story,
Give him the praise, and God the glory.

The Dog characterized.

OF all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with chearfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor: studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble stedfast dependant; in him alone fawning is not flattery. The health and property of many persons are preserved by this devoted animal's service, as by him the midnight robber is kept at a distance, the insidious thief is often detected, the healthful chace repairs many a worn constitution, and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and satisfied with the smallest retribution. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has quitted the forest to claim the protection of man! yet how ungrateful often the returns to this trusty creature for all its services?

A Reason.

A MELTING sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, "Oh," said he, "*I belong to another parish.*"

An Account of the Ancient City of Jerusalem.

THIS renowned city, though much fallen from its ancient grandeur, is still reckoned the capital of Palestine, and is much resorted to either out of curiosity or devotion, from all parts of the christian world. It is situated about thirty miles to the eastward of the Mediterranean, on a mountain, with steep ascents to it on all sides, except towards the north, and surrounded with a deep valley, which is again encompassed with hills; being thus placed, as it were, in the midst of an amphitheatre. It is walled round, but the walls are not very strong; nor have they any bastions, but an inconsiderable ditch on one side only. The city has six gates, namely, those of Bethlehem, Mount Sion, Sterquilina, or the Dung-gate, St. Stephen's, Herod's, and that of Damascus; besides the Golden-gate, which is walled up, because of a prophecy the Turks have among them, that by that gate the christians are to take Jerusalem. The private buildings are very mean, and the streets are narrow, crooked, and many of them full of ruins; and indeed there is a great deal of waste ground in the city, and the whole is but thinly inhabited.

The present Jerusalem does not stand upon the same ground that was taken up by the ancient city; for Mount Calvary, which is a small eminence upon the greater Mount of Moriah, and formerly appropriated to the execution of malefactors, was shut out of the walls as a polluted place; whereas, since our Saviour's suffering upon it, it has been so reverenced and resorted to by all christians, that it has drawn the city round about it, and stands now near the middle of Jerusalem: and on the contrary, a great part of the hill of Sion is left without the walls. In short, the only thing that renders Jerusalem considerable at present, is the resort of pilgrims thither; and the accommodating them with necessaries seems to be the principal business of the inhabitants.

It is the seat of a Turkish Sangeack, whose chief care is to collect the Grand Signior's tribute to see good order observed, and protect the pilgrims, and the fathers who reside there, from the insults of the Arabs.

A Certificate of Marriage.

DEAN Swift, in one of his pedestrian journeys from London towards Chester, is reported to have taken shelter from a summer tempest under a large oak on the road side, at no great distance from Litchfield. Presently a man, with a pregnant woman, were driven by the like impulse, to avail themselves of the same covert. The dean, entering into conversation, found the parties were destined for Litchfield, to be married. As the situation of the woman indicated no time should be lost, a proposition was made on his part, to save them the rest of the journey by performing the ceremony on the spot. The offer was gladly accepted, and thanks being duly returned, the bridal pair, as the sky brightened, was about to return; but the bridegroom suddenly recollecting that a certificate was requisite to authenticate the marriage, requested one, which the dean wrote in these words:

Under an oak, in stormy weather,
I joined this rogue and whore together;
And none but he who rules the thunder
Can put this rogue and whore asunder.

A Simile.

SIR Thomas Overbury says, that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

A Bill of Fare for a Mayor's Dinner in Queen Elizabeth's Time, at which he feasted the Duke of Norfolk, &c. the Lords, Knights, and Gentry of the County of Norfolk.

	£	s.	d
EIGHT stone of beef	0	5	4
Two collars of brawn	0	1	4
Four geese	0	1	4
Eight puits of butter	0	1	6
Fore quarter of veal	0	0	10
Hind quarter ditto	0	1	0
Leg of mutton	0	0	3
Loin of ditto and shoulder of veal	0	1	0
Breast and coast of mutton	0	0	7
Six plovers	0	1	0
Four brace of partridges	0	2	0
Four couple of rabbits	0	1	8
Two guinea pigs	0	1	0
Four couple of hens	0	2	0
Two couple of mallards	0	1	0
Thirty-four eggs	0	1	0
Two bushels of flour	0	1	6
Sixteen loaves of white bread	0	0	4
Eighteen loaves of wheaten bread	0	0	9
Three loaves of maslin ditto	0	0	3
One barrel double beer	0	2	6
One small ditto	0	1	0
One quarter ditto	0	2	2
Nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and greens	0	0	3
Four pound of barbaries and sugar	0	1	6
Fruit and almonds	0	0	7
Sweet water and perfumes	0	0	4
Sixteen oranges	0	0	2
Two gallons of white wine and claret	0	2	0
One quart of sack	0	0	9
One quart of malmsey	0	0	5
One quart of bustard	0	0	3
One quart of muscadine	0	0	6
	£ 1	18	1

The Speech made by Johnny Martyn, of Norwich, a wealthy, honest Man, after Mr. Mayor's Dinner.

"Maister mayor of Norwych, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king, God bless the queen's grace. We have fed plentifully; and now willum I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you maister mayor, and so we do all; answer boys, answer. Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners. And so huzza for the queen majesty's grace, and all her bonny browed dames of honour. Huzza for maister mayor' and our good dame mayoress His noble grace, there he is, God save him, and all his jolly company! To all our friends round the country, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their bodies, to keep out Spanish dons and papists, with their faggots to burn our whiskers. Shove it about, twirl your cap cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for maister mayor, and his brethren their worships."

Enigmatical List of Cities, in England.

A PACE that a horse often goes, and what they do with the dead.

A beast, a monosyllable, and a consonant.

Half of a bird, and a town in Lancashire.

What clothes are often kept in, and two fifths of a mistake.

Where people draw water from.

Half a town in Sussex, and a consonant.

A receptacle for the religious, leaving out a letter, and two-thirds of a grain.

A letter, two-thirds of a number, and a Spanish title.

Two-fifths of a colour, a vowel and a moveable seat excluding a letter,

A letter, two thirds of a sacred vessel, and a savoury dish.

Four-ninths of a mineral salt, and a woman's Christian name.

A game, a letter, and what we all do.

Three-fifths of a wind, half a rapid motion, and half a part of the face.

A triumphant vehicle, three-fourths of a catalogue, and two thirds of a limb.

A beast, and the shallow part of a river.

Three-fourths of a fish, three-fifths of a point, and a liquid letter.

A man's Christian name and a corporation town.

Memoirs of the Life of Alexander Pope, Esq.

ALEXANDER POPE, the son of Alexander Pope, of London, gent. and Editha, daughter of William Turner, of York, esq. both Papists, was born on June 8, 1688.

When he was in his fourteenth year, he translated the first book of Statius's Thebiad, with so much accuracy and beauty, that it raised the attention of the greatest poets and critics of the age; which was much more increased at the sight of the Pastorals, about two years after.

After the world was convinced of Mr. Pope's capacity by these masterly pieces, he settled a correspondence with many learned and poetical friends that lived at a distance; and some of the best poets of the age courted his friendship.

His next attempt was a sacred poem called the Messiah, of such a masterly composition, that the best judges preferred it to the Polio of Virgil. This was followed by a poem called Windsor-Forest, addressed to my Lord Lansdown, and remarkable for a beautiful metamorphosis of a nymph into the river Loddon. But his Rape of the Lock, whose passages are fabulous, and its machines are raised on the foundation of the Rosicrucian noctrine of spirits, contains much fancy and fine humour; and in five cantos, genteely exposes the little unguarded follies of the fair sex. This is the most humourous of all our author's poems, written in the 24th year of his age, and his only attempt this way.

He afterwards published his Essay on Criticism, which abounds with wit, beautiful turns, variety of metaphors, and just observations on poetry and criticism.

His excellent Letter from Eloisa to Abelard, in which he gives the lively description of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion, gained him the intire esteem and confidence of the virtuous and enamoured of both sexes.

Yet though his works were now in every body's hands, and engaged the attention of all Europe, his profit arising from these works of fancy was but inconsiderable: therefore that he might both secure his fortune, and establish his reputation more solidly, by shewing his learning, as well as his invention; he, at the request of many of the nobility, strikes at the hearts of the brave and learned, with a new translation of Homer's Iliad. This inimitable work had its desired effect; it filled his pockets with money, and confirmed his reputation.

The invidious could no longer contain themselves. Mr. Addison and others had for several years been undermining Mr. Pope's character secretly, but from henceforth nothing could be expected but reprisals and open war. However, Mr. Pope found himself so well supported, that he had nothing to fear now from the powerful, no more than he had before from the indigent critics.

The Iliad having given so much satisfaction, Mr. Pope proceeded to translate the Odyssey of Homer, with equal success, and under the same unhappy temperament of boisterous scribblers. Until at last being scandalously provoked by no less than sixty-two different libels, books, papers, and satirical verses published against him, he resolved not to answer every single blockhead, but to collect and without mercy to lash the whole body of dunces, and their espouser, in one satire. This work, when completed, he addressed to Dean Swift, and called it the Dunciad; which, with equal justice to his merit, may be said to be a master-piece of its kind.

The Essay on Man is another of Mr. Pope's excellent compositions,

which was designed purposely to delineate God, and trace out man, and to make him both good and wise, by exposing the deformity of vice.

After enjoying all the comforts of a genteel retirement for many years at Twickenham, in Middlesex, Mr. Pope was visited with a weakness in his eyes; and other bodily infirmities, in the year 1743, which he foresaw to be certain prognostics of his death: so that he made his will on the 12th of December in the same year.

The affairs of his worldly estate being thus settled, he retired quiet within himself; and with a singular serenity of mind, though his pains increased fast upon him with great acuteness, he chearfully followed that great lesson of submission, which he had proposed to others in his works: until nature being intirely exhausted, though God blessed him with his senses to the last, he met death with an undaunted courage, and resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, on the 30th of May, 1744, at Twickenham, aforesaid.

Anecdote of Philip II. of Spain, when his Person happened to be mistaken.

PHILIP the Second walking one day alone in one of the cloisters of the Escurial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration of fine paintings with which that house was adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend: I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bambis: if you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service." "And my name," said the pretended servant, "is Philip the Second, and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good."

Weight in Notes.

A RICH old citizen, lately deceased, left each of his two daughters, as their fortune, their weight in 1*l.* bank notes: and on being put into the scale the eldest weighed 7 stone 2 lb. the second 8 stone. The eldest in consequence, became possessed of a fortune amounting to 51,200*l.* and the youngest, being the heaviest, to 57,344*l.*; and it was ascertained on the following scale:—32 bank-notes of 1*l.* each, weigh an ounce avoidupoise; 512 will therefore weigh a pound—51,200 notes will weigh 7 stone 2 lb. or 100*l.* and 57,344 notes weigh 112 lb. or 8 stone.

A gentleman one day said he had no doubt he could carry a million of 1*l.* bank-notes; but they will actually weigh 1,953 pounds.

Singular Instance of Brevity in a Lawyer.

"MY Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,

"There are a set of men in the world, of such a tedious, tiresome, trifling, troublesome, habitude, temper, and disposition of mind, that they perplex, confound, entangle, and puzzle every circumstance in every cause which they undertake, protect, defend and justify. Instead of coming to the point, matter, business, or debate, they deviate, vary, waver, and fly off therefrom. When we expect truth, satisfaction, conviction, and decision, we find, perceive, observe, and re-

mark, nothing but uncertainty, ambiguity, doubtfulness, and difficulty. This, my Lord, I humbly apprehend, conceive, think, presume, and surmise, is owing to tediousness and prolixity; the nature, genius, and extent of which, I shall consider, weigh examine, episcate, and scrutinize

"In the first place, then, I shall show, prove, and demonstrate, the nature of tediousness and prolixity, by showing, proving, and demonstrating that there is nothing so unnatural: for the business of a tongue, utterance, speech, or language, is to come to the point, argument, contemplation, or question, at once point-blank, slap-dash, and conci-ely, without any prevarication, equivocation, retardation, or circumbendibus whatsoever.

"And, my lord, in the second, succeeding, following place, point, and preliminary, I come to promulgate the genius of tediousness, and prolixity; which is done, effected, performed and brought about, by manifesting that they have no genius at all: and so far from any men of genius making use of them, none but your egregious, absurd, ridiculous, dolts, dunderheads and blockheads, ever admit, acknowledge, receive, or embrace, any such notions, ideas, maxims, principles, or tenets.

"Thirdly, my Lord, I beg leave, according to order, form, series, and succession, to animadvert upon the extent of tediousness and prolixity; and this is managed by demonstrating that it is infinite, and without bounds, and consequently can have no extent at all.

"And now, my Lord, I will open the cause, spring, origin, fountain, rise, and foundation of these vices, which is *tautology*; and that is well known to be the speaking, saying, delivering, uttering, pronouncing, divulging, declaring, remarking, observing, repeating, or expressing, the same identical individual thing, a hundred, and a hundred, and a hundred, and a hundred, and a hundred, and a hundred, and a hundred times over!

"And here, my Lord, I beg leave, pardon, permission, and sufference, to lay down only six and fifty particulars; every particular shall consist of only seventy-two divisions; every division shall comprehend, contain, and consist of only eighty-two sub-divisions; every sub-division shall be concluded with the six and fortieth article; and every article shall consume, expend, and cost, no more than an hour and a half."

Here the court was out of all manner of patience; and the judge, with great indignation, put a period to a discourse, which, if the lawyer's tongue had been immortal, might have lasted to all eternity!

Of the public Spirit of a Cobler, in regard to his Profession.

CHARLES V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels: he was curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration; therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobler: unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday; and instead of finding the cobler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance: the emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered a handsome gratuity. "What, friend," says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles the Vth. himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now: but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome; we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign

accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him: "What, I suppose you are some *Courtier Politician*, or other, by that contemplative phiz, nay, by your *long nose*, you may be a bastard of the emperor's: but be *who*, or *what* you will, you're heartily welcome: drink about; here's Charles the Fifth's health." "Then you love Charles the Fifth," replied the emperor. "Love him!" says the son of Crispin; "aye, aye, I love his *long noseship* well enough; but I should him much *more*, wou'd he but *tax* us a little *less*: but, what the devil have we to do with politics? Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts." After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you're welcome to; but I wou'd not to-day have dishonour'd St. Crispin to have work'd for the emperor.

Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprize, to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign! He feared his joke on his *long nose* must be punished with death The emperor thanked for him his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his *surprize* and his *ambition*.—Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future, the *coblers of Flanders* might bear for their *arms* a *boot* with the *crown* upon it. That request was granted; and, as so moderate was his ambition, the emperor bid him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command that for the future, the company of *coblers* shall take place of the company of *shoe-makers*."—It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned round with a *boot* and *Imperial crown* on it; and, in all processions, the company of *coblers* take place before the company of *shoemakers*,

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No Woman without her Value.

EVERY nation in the least acquainted with civilization hath uniformerly beheld the female sex with respect; a respect which, by inspiring individuals with a great esteem for themselves, hath often excited them to the practice of the sublimest virtues. In a late publication of a German fabulist is the following *jeu d'esprit* of the lively author, who, in order to prove that there is no woman wholly useless in this world, and perhaps to expose the sordid principles of those who make a traffic of wedlock, and barter every generous sentiment for gain, thus expresses himself:

A poor peasant, of seven children born to him in marriage, had but one daughter left, and she was of a form so truly hideous, that it might be said as Shakespear expresses it, "The curs barked at her as she halted along." There are other allurements to enter into the wedded state, however, than those of figure. A shewman, in his way through the village in which she lived saw her, and asked her marriage.—"Sir," said the honest rustic to the suitor of his daughter, unwilling to take an advantage of any man, "have you observed the unseemly form of my daughter? Are you aware that I have nothing to give with her?" "These," replied the other, "are objects of no weight with me." "But she is both hunch-backed and hunch-breasted." "O! that is precisely what I want." "Her skin is like shagreen." "I am rejoiced at it." "You cannot perceive that she has a nose." "Good." "She is hardly three feet high." "Better still." "Her legs are like drum-sticks, and her nails

like claws." "Best of all." "To cut the matter short, believe me, she is almost dumb, and altogether deaf." "Is it possible!" exclaimed the lover, "You transport me! Long have I searched for a wife nearly formed like your daughter; but afraid to flatter myself with the hopes of finding such a one, I am now happy beyond my hopes. She fully corresponds with my ideas of perfection. How rare it is in these days to meet with so accomplished a figure!" "But, my good friend," interrupted the father, "I cannot conceive what you propose to do with a wife who is so ugly and so deformed, who is always sickly, and hath not a penny." "Do with her! why, I travel the country, and get my bread by exhibiting monsters. I will put her in a box: I will carry her about with me; and, as for her fortune, let me alone for the acquisition of that."

The Farmer and the Wheat Ear.

A FARMER view'd—'twas in July—
His fields with this soliloquy:
"My corn's full ripe, and shall go down
"To-morrow;(here he scratch'd his crown)
"Lo scarce an ear can upright stand;
"All bow'd to meet the reaper's hand."
One wheat-ear, taller than the rest,
Heard, and the farmer thus address:
(But first it stood as near upright
As possible—it could not quite)
"I meet the reaper's hand! not I!
"Like man's, my forehead meets the sky:
"So, good now, send no reaper here,
"But let me stand quite round the year."
"You shall," the farmer cry'd, and there
He sets his mark, the reapers spare.
It stood—it saw its brothers fall
Before the sickle, one and all:
It stood; but not as pre-conceiv'd,
With joy, of all its friends bereav'd:
It stood alone; and lonely state
Must needs a thousand fears create;
And more than fears; it felt, some days,
The sun's intolerable blaze:
From stalk and grain the moisture fled,
And languishing it hung the head:
Unprop'd by others of its kind,
Some days it suffer'd by the wind:
Besides, it suffer'd twenty ways,
And suffer'd more than twenty days.
One day, as by the farmer went,
Thus warmly begg'd the penitent:
"At my request (I own 'twas wrong)
"You spar'd me; but I've stood too long:
"I've borne, 'till I can bear no more;
"Convey me to your threshing floor."
The farmer view'd, pick'd out a corn,
And thus reply'd with taunting scorn:
"To threshing-floor convey thee! No!
"Thou'rt neither fit to sell nor sow:
"The year's not out by many a day."
With that he whistling went his way.
That night the wheat-ear, fall'n to ground,
A hungry crow next morning found;
At his lean breakfast much repin'd:
The chaff was scatter'd by the wind.

Such this ear's fate; could worse betide?
From their's the sickle reap'd, how wide!
Of these enow to cross the fields;
One sixty grains, one seventy yields:
And every grain, the following year,
Produc'd as much as parent ear.

Character of King Charles I.

KING Charles had three favourites: Buckingham stabbed to death; William Laud, and Thomas earl of Strafford, both beheaded. Bishops, and clergymen, whom he mostly favoured and wholly advanced, and occasionally ruined, he lived to see their bishopricks sold, the bishops themselves scorned, and all the whole clergy of his party and opinion quite undone.

The English noblemen he cared not much for, but only to serve his own turns by them: yet such as had the unhappiness to venture their lives and fortune for him, he lived to see them and their families ruined, only for his sake. Pity it is many of them had not served a more fortunate master, and one more grateful.

The Scots, his countrymen, on whom he bestowed so many favours, he lived to see them in arms against himself: to sell him for more money than the Jews did Christ, and themselves to be handsomely routed, and sold for knaves and slaves. They made their best market of him at all times, changing their affection with his fortune.

The old prince of Orange he almost

beggared, and yet to no purpose, the parliament one time or other getting all arms and ammunition which ever came over unto him. It is confidently averred, if the king had become absolute here in England, Orange had been king.

The city of London, which he had so sore oppressed and slighted, he lived to see thousands of them in arms against him; and they to thrive, and himself to consume unto nothing. The parliament, which he so abhorred, and formerly scorned, he lived to know was superior unto him; and the scorns and slights he had used formerly to Elliot, and others he saw now returned upon himself in folio.

With Spain he had no perfect correspondency, since his being there; less after he suffered their fleet to perish in his havens; least of all, after he received an ambassador from Portugal; the Spaniard ever upbraiding him with falsehood, and breach of promise. Indeed, the nativities of both kings were very contrary.

With France he had no good amity, the protestants there abhorring his legerdemain and treachery unto Rochelle; the Papists as little loving or trusting him, for some hard measure offered unto those of their religion in England. He cunningly would labour to please all, but in effect gave satisfaction to none.

Denmark could not endure him; sent him little or no assistance, if any at all: besides, the old king suspected another matter, and made a query in his drink.

The Swede extremely complained of him for non-performance of some secret contract betwixt them, and uttered high words against them.

The Protestant princes of Germany loathed his very name.

The Portugal king and he had little to do; yet in one of his own letters to the queen, though he acknowledges the Portugal's courtesy unto him, yet saith, that he would give him an answer unto a thing of concernment that should signify nothing.

The Hollanders being only courteous for their own ends, and as far as his money would extend, furnished him with arms at such rates as a Turk might have had them elsewhere: but they neither loved nor cared for him in his prosperity, or pitied him in his adversity; which occasioned these words to drop from him, "If he ere came to his throne, he would make Hans Butter-box know, he should pay well for his fishing, and satisfy for old knaveries."

In conclusion. He was generally unfortunate in the world, in the esteem both of friends and enemies: his friends exclaim of his breach of faith; his enemies would say, he could never be fast enough bound. He was more lamented as he was a king, than for any affection had unto his person as a man.

He had several opportunities offered him for his restoring. First, by several treaties, all ending in smoke, by his own perverseness. By several opportunities and victories which he prosecuted not. First, when Bristol was cowardly surrounded by Fiennes; had he then have come unto London, all had been his own; but loitering to no purpose at Gloucester, he was presently after well banged by Essex.

When in the west, viz. Cornwall, he worsted Essex: had he then immediately hasted to London, his army had been, without doubt, masters of that city; for Manchester was none of his enemy at that time, though he was general of the associated counties.

Or had he, ere the Scots came into England, commanded Newcastle to have marched southward for London, he could not have missed obtaining the city, and then the work had been ended.

Or when, in 1645, he had taken Leicester, if then he had speedily

marched for London, I know not who could have resisted him: but his camp was so overcharged with plunder and Irish girls, there was no marching.

Boiled Ducks.

TABBY, an antiquated maid,
Of hip and vapour sore afraid;
For Tabby had read Buchan through;
Theobald, and old John Wesley too;
And now and then had dipp'd so far,
In coughs, consumptions and catarrh,
That, as she read, she did surmise
Each symptom in herself arise
Exactly similar to those
Which bring variety of woes,
And "send frail mortals to that bourn,
"From whence no travellers return."

As oft these whims attack'd her head,
As often Tabby kept her bed,
And sent express for some physician,
To come and help her sad condition.
Once Saum'rez, pride of ev'ry college,
Of equal probity and knowledge;
With Galen-look had gravely ey'd
Poor Tabby's tongue; her pulse had try'd,
And found its beats—one minute counted,
Exact to ninety-six amounted—.
"Madam," quoth he, "I'll give you ease,
"Once more your tongue, pray, if you
" please:
"Your *bile ducts*—it is very plain—
"Are *lock'd up close*, and cause you pain;
"But patience, madam, I am sure,
"A day or two will work your cure."

"My *boil'd ducks*, doctor! sure the slut,
"My cook, can't keep the pantry shut!
"My *boil'd ducks lock'd*, it cannot be!
"Run, Betty, run, and get the key;
"Make haste, dear Betty, quick—dispatch,
"Instant *unlock* the pantry hatch."

Matrimonial Advertisement.

CONFINED in a certain street, the north-end of the city, up three pair of stairs backwards, by the cruelty of a most unnatural mother, and the indolence of a father, who doth not want for sense, but spirit to wear the breeches, a young girl turned of one-and twenty, not very tall, but thought to be too much so by her mother who still keeps her in flat-heeled shoes. The young lady cannot boast of as much beauty as her mamma, but she has the advantage of her in an easy temper, and would be quiet if she would let her. She would be much obliged to any gentleman who could take pity on her sufferings, and relieve her by marriage, from the distresses, bolts, and bars, she labours under.

N. B. She is quite easy as to fortune, and will be well contented with a partner of 1000l. per annum, as with a larger sum.

The Miser.

THE late Richard Russel, esq. had a renter's share at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, where he used to go almost every evening; and notwithstanding his immense fortune, his penury was so great, that rather than give a trifle to any of the women who attended in the lobby box to take care of his great coat on an evening, he used constantly to pledge it for a shilling, at a pawnbroker's near the theatre, and redeem it when the performance was over, which cost him one halfpenny interest.

From an American Paper of the Date of December 16th. 1793, we extract the following Paragraph.

LOST where it was *dropped*, last night, an *empty* bag with a *cheese* in it. The bag was *marked* T. D. but the letters were *worn out* — N. B. The person who *lost* it, *never missed* it until it was *gone;* so if any person will bring it to him, he shall be rewarded for his trouble.

Sporting Intelligence from the Sea Side.

A PARTNER in a banking-house, who lives near enough to the abode of a facetious alderman to nose his worship's kitchen, whenever turtle is the order of the day, was very lately at a small watering-place on the coast

of Essex. Being in the country, he determined to partake of its sports; and, for the first time in his life, to have a day's shooting.—"When we are at *Rome*," said the cit, "we must do as they *does* at *Rome*." A vulgar sportsman, such as a country 'squire, or a rustic nobleman, sets off on foot, or at best on a shooting poney, in pursuit of his game. A city *Crœsus* disdains such simplicity. Accordingly our banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phæton, took the pointers he had borrowed in the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him. The dogs, who had never been used to such a fashionable style of travelling, soon began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and even of an inclination to desert. They were detained, however, in part by caresses, and partly by force, until they had nearly reached the scene of action; when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home, except one, who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind. But even he might as well have gone with the rest; for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprise and chagrin of the city sportsmen. They hallood him on; they whistled to him; but nothing could make him move. It was provoking they said, they never saw a dog so restive in their lives. So, taking a whip from a domestic, they belaboured the refractory Carlo, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds. Before the banker could recover from the alarm occasioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of sight. These were all he saw that day; nor could he sufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog.—"If he had not stopped," said the banker, "I should have fired into the thick of the *brood*, and killed one half of them." His companion made no doubt but he should have killed the rest. On his returning to his carriage, the *man of money* determined to try his skill at some sparrows on a dunghill. He shut his eyes, and before he could open them again to count the dead sparrows, a pig, which was lying under the straw, and which he had shot in the head, came running out, and laid itself at his feet; squeaking most horribly in the agonies of death. And out came the farmer's men with flails and pitchforks; and out came the farmer's dog, and seized him by the coat; and out came the farmer himself, and seized him by the collar. Perceiving himself thus beset, the banker offered an honourable compensation: but when he found that no less a sum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and said, that a pig of equal size might be bought for less money in London. His companion, however, observing that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall-market than in the country, the money was produced; and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog, retired to their respective kennels. It is the quality of a great mind not to be easily discouraged. The banker therefore reloaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a rustling in a hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of—"Good lack! I am shot! as Got shall have me, I'm shot!" It was a Jew, who had been making a sacrifice, which was not that of the Paschal lamb, and who at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass, and shrubs of broader leaf and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part where according to Butler,

> "——— A kick hurts honour more,
> Than deepest wounds received before."

As the banker had never seen a magpie in the city that did not speak, he supposed that the whole species

was naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds. "I have shot a magpie," said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when, in the passage to the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him in the nakedness of a *sans-culotte,* and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker started back in speechless horror. The circumcised dog pursued and took him by the throat, swearing by the God of Moses, that he would have blood for blood. The dreadful threat he enforced by the most sanguinary arguments *a posteriori,* and probably would have realized it, if the banker's friends had not offered him egregious ransom. At the first mention of money, the bleeding member of the half-tribe of Manasseh, relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and retired well satisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Messrs. ——— and ———.

Elevation of a Tailor.

A NOBLEMAN, distinguished by his great abilities, extraordinary parsimony, and large possessions, was guardian to an ideot, whose fortune was very great, and which was to have devolved to himself, in case his ward should never obtain a proper use of reason. This ideot had a son, who, it is said, was placed in such a state of obscurity as might render him wholly ignorant of his origin, and of course, deprive him of all chance of succeeding to his father's estate. At the death of the ideot, the nobleman alluded to, came into the whole of possessions, which are supposed to be about thirty-thousand a year landed estate, and which descended to his heir without any interruption on the part of the poor orphan, whose condition was intirely unknown. An attorney happened to be shooting upon a manor belonging to this nobleman's heir, who bid him desist, and treated him with marks of incivility. The man of law was fired by this behaviour, and in return, told the lord of the ground that he had better not provoke him, lest he should prevent him from having any manor to tyrannize over. The owner did not abate of his dignity, or soften in his manners, and the attorney in revenge set inquiry on foot, and is said to have found the rightful heir in the journeyman tailor, whose claim was so evident, that the possessor himself would not litigate it. The remainder of this narrative, if true, is singular indeed, as the fortunate tailor is said to have worked at his employment a week after he knew of the prosperous event in his favour, and on the Saturday night, went with the rest of his fellows for his wages, which his master paid him, and, at the same time, begged for the honour of his custom, and hoped to have the making the new liveries for his retinue.

Second Thoughts are best.

IT is said, that when Mr. Thelwall was on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, he wrote the following note and sent to his counsel:— "Mr. Erskine, I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged;" to which Mr. Thelwall immediately returned this reply, "I'll be hanged then if I do."

Anecdote concerning the Execution of King Charles.

RICHARD Brandon, common executioner or hangman, at that time, died upon Wednesday, June 20, 1649, within five months after the king's

martyrdom. The Sunday before Brandon died, a young man of his acquaintance, going to visit him, asked him how he did. and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head? Brandon replied, "Yes, because he was at the king's trial, and heard the sentence denounced against him, which caused the said Brandon to make this solemn vow or protestation, viz. "Wishing God to perish his body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand against him." And he further declared, that he was no sooner entered upon the scaffold, (to do the wicked act) but immediately he fell a trembling, and hath (ever since) to his death continued in the like agony. He likewise confessed that he had 30l. for his pains, all paid him in half crowns, within an hour after the blow was struck: and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket. As soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, he was proffered 20s. for that orange by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same; but afterwards sold it for 10s. in Rosemary-lane.—About six o'clock that night, he returned home to his wife, living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her money, saying, it was the dearest money he ever earned in his life; which prophetical words were soon made manifest. About three days before he died, (as above-mentioned) he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and in a most deplorable manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For his burial, great store of wine was sent in by the sheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corpse carried to the church-yard, some crying out, "Hang him, rogue, bury him in a dung-hill;" others pressing upon him, saying, they would quarter him for executing the king; insomuch, that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them; and with great difficulty he was at last carried to Whitechapel church-yard, having a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin, and on the top thereof, with a rope tied across from one end to the other.

The man that waited upon this executioner, when he gave the fatal blow, was a rag-man in Rosemary-lane.

A Privilege waved.

A PARSON who had a scolding wife, one day brought home a brother clergyman to dinner. Having gone into a separate apartment to talk to his rib about the repast, she attacked and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The parson provoked at her behaviour, said in a pretty loud tone, "If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing."—"Oh!" cried the visitor, "*I beg you will make no stranger of me.*"

A curious Grub-Street, or Parnassian Advertisement.

TO all gentlemen booksellers, and others. At the house with stone steps and sash windows, in Grape-street, vulgarly called Grub-street, liveth an author, who writeth all manner of books and pamphlets, in verse and prose, at reasonable rates; and furnisheth, at a minute's warning, any customer, with elegies and congratulatory verses, adapted to all manner of persons or professions, ready written, with blanks to insert the names of the parties intended for. He supplies gentlemen bell-men and lamplighters with verses on all occasions, at 12d. the dozen, and teacheth them accent and pronunciation gratis.

He taketh any side of a question,

and writeth for or against, or both, if required.

He likewise draws up advertisements, and asperseth or lampoons, after the newest manner.

He writeth for those who cannot write themselves, yet are ambitious of becoming authors; and will, if required, enter into a bond, never to own the performance.

He transmogrifieth, alais transmigrapheth, any copy, and maketh many titles to one work, if required.

N. B. He is come down from the garret to the first-floor, for the convenience of his customers.

☞ Pray mistake not the house, for there are many imposters thereabouts.

*** No trust by retail.

A remarkable Instance of the erroneous Notions we form of Things which we have not been acquainted with.

WHEN the two African princes were in England, Lord Hallifax, under whose care they were, introduced them to most of the nobility. One day, when they were going to dine at Lady Beauclerk's, it snowed very hard. Being the first time they had seen snow, they were very much surprised at so remarkable a thing, as it appeared to them; they therefore gathered some, and put it into their pockets, in order to carry home to Africa. When they came to her ladyship's, and approached the fire, the snow thawed, and the water began to run about the floor; her ladyship saw it, but knew not the cause, and therefore sat silent until they told their story of having put some snow into their pockets, in order to shew when they got home. Her ladyship then pointed to the wet that fell from their clothes; and the princes were made acquainted with their error, in supposing they could carry it to their torrid clime.

Anecdote.

AS the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean calling for his boots, the servant immediately took them to him; when the Dean saw them, "How is this, Tom," says he, "my boots are not cleaned?" "No, Sir," replied Tom, "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again," "Very well," said the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? "Yes, Sir," says the servant. "Go bring them," said the Dean. "I have not had my breakfast yet, Sir," says Tom. "Oh, no matter for that," says the Dean, "if you had it you would soon be hungry again." They mounted and rode off; as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by until he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman," says he to the servant? "It is my master, sir," said Tom. "I know that, you blockhead," said the gentleman, "but where are you going?" "We are going to heaven, sir," says Tom. "How do you know that?" said the gentleman. "Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place."

Cæsar and Flora. A Parody.

A BULL-DOG so fierce, and a spaniel so meek,
Convers'd as they lay on the mow;
They stared—and they bark'd—and they utter'd a squeak!
For the name of the dog we will Cæsar be-speak,
And the bitch was the fair little Flo.

"And, O, then," said Cæsar, "a bull-
"baiting, dear,
"To-morrow takes place at the fair;
"I thither am sent; while I very much
"fear,
"Some dog, to your eyes that more pleas-
"ing appear,
"Your affections from me will ensnare."

"Nay, check these suspicions," said Flora, distress'd,
"Nor injure your true-love so fair;
"For no other dog, you assured may rest,
"But Cæsar alone, with my heart shall be
"blest—
"For Cæsar alone ruleth there.

"If e'er on my charms noisy Pincher or
"Jack
"Repose, while they call me their wife,
"I wish, (here she sent forth a false oath
alack!)
"That your ghost might appear without
"tail to its back,
"Ascend from below with a terrible crack,
"And frighten me out of my life!"

To T——g—n hasten'd this bull-dog so fierce,
Little Flora gave vent to her woe;
Scarce three days elapsed (how I grieve to rehearse)
When a greyhound, bespangled with spots, what a curse!
Arrived at the kennel of Flo.

His collar, his person, his flattering vows,
Soon made her untrue to her swain—
He won her attachment by graces and bows;
At length she consented to call him her spouse—
And ne'er thought on Cæsar again.

And now they were join'd in Hymen's soft ties,
And now they for feasting prepar'd:
With pailsfull of tripe they regailed their eyes;
But how great was their wonder, dismay, and surprise,
When they heard the bell ring in the yard.

Then first, much astonish'd, did Flora behold
Some other dog plac'd at her side,
Who bark'd not at all, though he look'd very bold,
While round to the fair one his eyeballs he roll'd,
And open'd his mouth very wide.

His visage was gruff, and gigantic his paw,
His collar was sable to view;
From his guests on a sudden did pleasure withdraw;
The dogs all shriek'd out at the sight of his claw,
And the cats all in concert cried—"Mew."

So great was the fear and dismay that he spread;
So much had he frighten'd each dog,
None spoke, 'till poor Flora took courage, and said—
"I pray that your gruffness aside might be laid,
"While you deign to partake of our
"prog."

This said—her request with attention he grants,
And he promised to alter his mien;
He began like a donkey to kick and to prance;
His flesh from his bones fell as if 'twere in romance—
And a skeleton dog there was seen!

Through the party this sent forth amazement, no doubt;
This struck with a panic the row!—
The maggots crept in, and the maggots crept out;
They straggled, they jump'd, and they scamper'd about—
While the spectre address'd little Flo.

These words to false Flora the skeleton spake,
While boldly he claim'd her as wife—
"Behold I am come without tail to my
"back,
"To bear you to torture, to pains, and to
"rack;
"To sink you below with a terrible crack:
"And so put an end to your life!"

He spoke—and his claws round the fair one he threw;
Poor Flora redoubled her moan;
Then off with his prize to the devil he flew—
Sad fate for poor Flora!—but nobody knew
Which way to Old Nick they were gone.

Not long lived the greyhound, and none since that hour
To inhabit the kennel presume:
There, chronicles tell, forced by some mighty pow'r,
She suffers repentant as well as her woer,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, twelve times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals are all snoring out,
Appear in the yard on a moon-shiny night
(Ye Gods, what a dreadful and horrible sight!)
And screams as he twirls her about.

With tubs full of brimstone, and water, and mud,
'Midst dog-goblins they utter their woe:
A toast they put round that would freeze one's heart's blood—
"Let us drink a health to Cæsar the proud,
"And his consort the false little Flo!"

Refusal of a Comedy.

AN author who had given a comedy into the hands of a manager for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. Whilst the poor author in trembling anxiety expected the fate of his performance, the manager returned the play with a grave face, saying, "Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing *not to be laughed at.*"

A Friendly Wish.

A GENTLEMAN pretty far advanced in years, complained to another, that age had committed great outrages upon his person, and particularly that his back was curved like a semi-circular arch: "In short," added he, "if time should continue to be equally unkind to me, I should not wonder if, in a short time, my head was to sink almost as low as my feet," "I should be happy to see you in that situation," replied his friend. The old gentleman, supposing the other had a regard for him, petulantly demanded his reason for so extraordinary a wish; "Because," resumed the other, "considering the high price of provisions, it would be a comfortable thing for you, if you could make both ends meet."

Extraordinary Accident.

SOME time ago the landlord of the Folly Inn, just above Maidenhead, (upon a young and valuable horse bought upon speculation, and brought out for sale) hunting with the king's hounds near Taplow, and taking a leap over a hedge into the lane where a cottage had formerly stood, felt the hind parts of his horse sink until his own feet rested on the ground: unfortunately the horse continued sinking by his own weight, and a seeming suction into an old well, obscured from sight by the brambles, and was, in opposition to every effort, in a few minutes obliged to be covered, (or rather buried) in that state, with his head about two feet below the surface, to the great loss of the owner, and the inexpressible distress of every sportsman in the field.

What is Life?

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a glass;
You must toss off your wine, if you wish it to last;
For the bubble may well be destroyed with a puff,
If 'tis not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flower as philosophers say,
'Tis a very good thing understood the right way;
For if life is a flower, any blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it well.

This life is no more than a journey 'tis said,
Where the roads for the most part are confoundedly bad;
So let wine be our spurs, and all trav'llers will own,
That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a theatre liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the scene;
'Tis our part to be drunk, and 'tis matter of fact,
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you act.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,
Who have strange silly fancies, and cry in their sleep;
But of us, when we wake from our dream 'twill be said,
That the tears of the tankard were all we shed.

Geography.

FOOTE, who had a sovereign contempt for his wife, said to Murphy, "You may learn geography from her face; on one side you may see the Blue Mountains, on the other the Black Forests, here the Red Sea, and here (pointing to his forehead) you may evidently behold the Rocks of Scilly."

Anecdote of Richard III.

IN the town of Leicester, the house is still shewn where Richard III. passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him, still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character. It was his custom to carry among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

Anecdote of Socrates.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's bawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought indeed, that after so much thunder, we should have some rain.*

Anecdote of Sir George Rooke.

THE famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village, where he buried a pretty many of his men; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unless he was paid for it; which being told Captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, "*If he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*"

Anecdote of the Duchess of Kingston.

THIS lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her dignity; being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, "How dare you, sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?" "woman of quality!" (replied the man)—"Yes, fellow, (rejoined her grace) don't you see *my arms upon my carriage?*"—"Yes, I do indeed, (he answered) and a pair of d—d coarse arms they are."

Anecdote of Cibber.

THE manor of Winchendon (formerly the estate of the Wharton family) is situated in a very dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the soil is a very stiff clay. Cibber the laureat, who sometimes visited the famous duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his coach with him, when it went very slowly through a deep slough. Colley, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said to his grace, "It is reported, my lord duke, that you run out of your estate, but it is impossible for you to run out of this."

Ingratitude.

SOON after the first performance of the School for Scandal, it was reported to Sheridan, that Mr. Cumberland had observed that he saw it, but could find nothing in it to make him laugh. "This," said the former, "was very ungrateful, for I *laughed* heartily at his *tragedy*."

A Pulpit Bull.

A CLERGYMAN preaching in the city, on the anniversary of a charity for *girls*, forgetting the last circumstance, informed his audience, that through their munificence, some of the objects of this charity might hereafter become *lord mayors of London*, or even *archbishops of Canterbury*.

Enigmatical List of Heathen Gods and Goddesses.

AN useful piece of furniture.

An article, and a contraction of two short words.

To spoil, changing the last letter.

Three-sevenths of a precious stone, and two-thirds of a surprize.

Three-fourths of a man's christian name, and a consonant.

Three-fourths of a leap, and an adverb of denying.

Three fourths of to scourge, and one half of a torturing machine.

To load, changing a letter, and to smuggle transposed.

Three-eights of a window, and two-fifths of to introduce.

Half of a Chinese vessel, and a quarter of unwillingness.

Half a bladder, half a scolding woman, and a vowel

Half a Russian priest, and a quarter of a fragrant shrub.

One-tenth of rough, and one-fourth of drunken.

Two-sevenths of a blessing, and three-fourths of to ponder.

Half of to fasten, and half of to assemble.

Two-sevenths of a balcony, and a Roman emperor.

Three-eighths of a small monkey, and one-sixth of a floodgate.

To cover with wax, and one-eighth of a small dagger.

Three-fifths of mockery, and half of to sweep.

Half a relation, a measure, and a vowel.

Three-fourths of not many, and half of to fondle.

Three eights of a Turkish soldier, and one-fifth of a compound spirit.

Splendour, changing a letter, and two-fifths of dirty.

Three-fifths of a journal, and two-thirds of to bite.

One-third of rudeness, and half of to frolic.

Two-fifteenths of melancholy, and half of to threaten.

Half of to divide, and two-sevenths of a whirlwind.

Half to restrain, and half of to trifle.

Neck or Nothing.

FOOTE dining at the house of Mrs. Thrale found nothing to his liking, and sat in expectation of something better coming up. A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it, as he had the other dishes. As the servant was taking it away, however, understanding that there was nothing more, he called out to the fellow, "Hollo, master, bring that back again; I now find it is *neck or nothing*."

Modest Preacher.

WHEN doctor —— preaches said an humble pastor, the ploughman leaves his furrow, the tradesman his shop, the scholar his books, and the fine lady her toilet, to crowd round his pulpit. "When I preach, I set all things to rights again, and every one follows his own business."

Anecdote.

THE method which King Sigar took of gaining the affections of Avilda, daughter to the king of Gothland, was somewhat uncommon. This lady, contrary to the manners and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy, and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet, while a foreign prince was offering sacrafices to her beauty at the shrine of love. Perceiving that this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a method more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without intermission: thus gaining possession of a heart, to be conquered only by valour.

Anecdote of the late King.

HIS majesty once, on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carraige broke down between the Brill and the Helvoetsluys, was obliged to stay at an obscure public-house on the road, whilst some of his servants went forward to order another carriage. The refreshment he had there, was a pot of coffee for himself and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Holland's gin, made into punch, for the footmen; however, when the bill came to be called for, the honest Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the following charge: "To refreshment for his sacred majesty King George the Second, and houshold, £91." Lord Delawar was so provoked at such an imposition, that he could not forbear raising his voice so loud, that the king overheard him, and insisted upon knowing the particulars; which his lordship had no sooner informed him of, than he very good-humouredly replied, "He is a very great rogue; however, my lord, let him be paid: kings seldom call this way."

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

A GENTLEMAN observing to the doctor, that there was less vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there. "I believe you are very right, sir, says Johnson, but that does not arise for the want of vagrants, *but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.*"

Anecdote of a Drummer.

IN the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was, he answered, a drummer in the English service. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's suspicion. However, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat, "A retreat, sir! (replied the Briton) I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the English service." This answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

Anecdote.

A NEGRO, who had become a bankrupt, surrendered himself to his creditor, who, according to the established custom of the country in such cases, sold him to the Danes. Before the departure of the vessel for the West-Indies, the son of this man

came to him on shipboard. After the tenderest effusions of sensibility on both sides, the son respectfully reproached the father for not having made use of the power the law gave him, of selling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earnestness, to be allowed to take his place; but the father, not less generous than the son, having refused to agree to this exchange, the son applied to the owner of the slaves, and had no difficulty in persuading him, that a young robust person was better able to bear the fatigue, than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the son was put in chains, and the father, in spite of himself, not being able to prevent it, was set at liberty. Mr. Isert having been witness to this generous contest, was so affected by it, as to represent it to the governor, who, moved by the story, sent for the owner of the slaves, and paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

Those who wish to degrade human nature and vilify the works of God, often meet with facts which contradict their detestable *hypothesis*. God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propensity of the human mind to beneficence and kindness, in all nations, and among every people. Whoever attempts to inculcate an opposition doctrine, is guilty of treason—not against the king—not against the nation, but against the majesty of human nature.

Anecdote of a Man of Quality, and a Reverend French Bishop.

A NOBLEMAN advised a French bishop to make an addition to his house, of a new wing in the modern style. The bishop immediately answered him, "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice, and that which the devil gave to our Saviour, is, that Satan advised Jesus to turn the stones into bread, that the poor might be fed, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

Anecdote of an Attorney,

A WORTHY old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them, I am sure, cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and fourpence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, sir? Oh! sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's, that you sent me for a present out of the country.

Anecdote of Dr. King.

DR. KING, late archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him; I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, *that you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Anecdote of the late Sir William Stanhope.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drury-Lane theatre, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of bucks, who took some liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

Sir William, whose courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentleman to answer for their misconduct.

One of the heroes steps forward and says, "Sir, the lady wearing artificial colour on her cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his subsequent conduct, did honour to his prowess and plain sincerity.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I may have mistaken the roses on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and simple nature; I shall be happy, if, by your means, I shall be cured of my illusion.—But I swear by G—, you shall never evade me, until I shall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your assertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Rose Tavern, there the experiment shall be made."

To the Rose they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, smeared with soap and pomatum. Obstinate nature prevailed—the roses did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their transgressions, and wished to depart in peace.

"Not so," says Sir William, "You have been satisfied and so will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and she has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have to act; you must, on your knees, ask the lady's pardon." They did so.

"Now gentlemen," said Sir William, "do not blush at your past conduct; the liberty you took was not only justifiable, but even proper, if, at your own risk, you ran the peril of the proof. If I had proved her a *pict*, the most odious and perfidious of all impostors, I should, in the language of Othello, 'have whistled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune;' but as she is pure from that contagion, I insist on your supping and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector."

Anecdote.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory established and ale-house near the pound, and wrote over his door, "Ale sold by the pound."—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours, This was made a matter of complaint to the vice-chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the proctors of the university. Bonniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the vice-chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I am come here on purpose to clear myself."

The vice-chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, and please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you then!" said the chancellor. "Very well, I thank you sir," replied the wit, "How do you do?" The chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed,

and crossing the quadrangle, met the proctor who laid the information; "Sir," said he, "the vice-chancellor wants to speak with you," and return with him. "Here sir," said he, "here he is." "Who?" said the chancellor. "Why, sir," said he, "you sent me for a rascal, and I have brought you the greatest one I know of."

Anecdote.

SEWARD, the brave earl of Northumberland, feeling, in his sickness, that he drew near his end, quitted his bed, and put on his armour, saying, "That it became not a man to die like a beast;" on which he died standing; an act as heroic as it was singular.

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country: "Well, sir, (says the guide) what do yo think of this prospect?"—"By much the finest in all Scotland," says the doctor, "for I can here see the road to England."

Anecdote.

A MOST egregious fop ordered his servant not to suffer any body to intrude upon him, because he was going to *adonize* himself. A lady called shortly after this injunction, and inquired of the servant for his master. "Madam," (said he) you cannot see my master."—"But I must, I have very particular business with him," returned the lady; "pray why can't I see him?" "Because," replied valet "he is but this moment gone up to *idolize* himself."

A Receipt in Cookery.

SOME gentlemen in a coffee-house disputing about the best mode of dressing a beef-steak; says Wewitzer, "For my part, I prefer Shakspeare's receipt,"—"Shakspeare's receipt," exclaimed one of the company, "what is that?"

"If when 'twere done, 'twere well done.
"Then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Preparatory Practice.

A CORDELIER once preaching before Cardinal Richlieu, and a number of the French nobility, was after the sermon introduced to the minister, who told him he was pleased with his discourse; but added, he was surprised that a provincial priest could speak before such an assembly without any embarrassment. "Why, my lord cardinal," said the preacher, "I knew I was to have that honour some months ago, and from that time to this I have every morning rehearsed my sermon before the cabbages in my own garden, and one great red cabbage, which grows in the centre, I always considered as your excellency."

A Week's Work, in a Letter from a Youth to his Father.

DEAR FATHER,

"I WRITE to you this day, which is *Monday*, and mean to send it by the messenger who goes from hence to-morrow, *Tuesday;* he will be in London by *Wednesday*, and you will receive it on *Thursday:* please let me have some money by *Friday*, as I shall quit this place on *Saturday*, and be with you on *Sunday*."

Useful Hint.

IN the parlour of a public-house in Fleet-street, there is written over the chimney-piece the following notice: "Gentlemen *learning to spell* are desired to use *yesterday's* paper."

Character of Oliver Cromwell.

OLIVER Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution; his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no further than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war inflamed by religious contests.

His character was composed of an amazing combination of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, while he concealed his own purposes under the impenetrable veil of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle amusements.

Cromwell possessed a vigorous and active understanding; and could assume, whenever he pleased, that dignity of manners which befitted his high station. But when he relaxed himself from the toils of war, or the cares of government, his amusements frequently consisted of the lowest buffoonery.

Before the trial of Charles I. when a meeting was held between the chiefs of the republican party, and the general officers, to concert the model of the intended new government—after the debates on this most interesting and important subject, Ludlow informs us, that Cromwell by way of frolic threw a cushion at his head; and even in the high court of justice, in that solemn moment when he took the pen to sign the warrant for the unhappy monarch's execution, he could not forbear the levity of daubing the face of his neighbour with the ink.

Cromwell was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; frequently respectable in his conduct: in a word, he was the strangest compound of villainy and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind

Oliver Cromwell died on the 3d of September, 1658; and Richard, his son, was proclaimed protector in his room: but Richard being of a very different disposition from his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April, 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to the continent. He travelled there for a few years after his resignation, and then returned to England; residing in peace as a private country gentleman, upon his paternal estate at Cheshunt, where he died, highly respected for his social virtues, at the age of 86.

The Dead Alive.

A MAN sitting one evening in an alehouse, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw a fellow dead drunk upon the opposite bench. "Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" said he to the landlord. "I do, and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks," was the reply. "Agreed," said the other, "get me a sack." A sack was procured and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burthen, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist, at whose door he knocked. "Who's there?" said a voice from within. "I have brought you *a subject*," replied the man; "so come, quick, give me my fee." The money was immediately

paid, and the sack with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other was gone two minutes, endeavoured to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried out, "Why, you dog, the man's alive."—"Alive!" answered the other, "so much the better; *kill him when you want him.*"

Enigmatical List of Fishes.

TO half of a scourge, add a vessel well known.
Three-tenths of a poet, one fourth of a stone,
And th' initial of him who sits on the throne.
A pronoun and circle the next will declare.
Three-fifths of a song, and one-seventh to compare.
Two-sixths of to smear, and one-third to desire.
Two-sixths of a chest, and one-third to expire.
Three-fourths of to range, and two-fifths of to blame.
Three-sevenths of to smite, and two-fifths of a game.
Two-thirds of a peg, and two-thirds of to see.
Of a serpent just half, and two-fifths of a tree.
Three-fourths of a blockhead, one-seventh to defend,
One-sixth of a breach, and two-ninths of to bend.
Three-fourths of to think, and two-fifths of to speak.
Three-fourths of to wound, and th' initial of weak.
Three-fifths of to level, one-sixth of to steep,
And two-sixths of what ladies are said not to keep.
Two-sixths of to cheer, and half of to guide.
One-fifth of a bird, and two-sevenths of pride.
Two-sevenths of to beg, one-fourth of a field,
Two-thirds of a sphere, and one-sixth of to yield
Three-sevenths of a gin, and two-sixths of to gain.
Three-fifths of a pipe, and one-fourth of plain.
One-sixth of an insect, two-fifths of to share,
Two-thirds of a crowd, and one-sixth to declare.
Three-fourths of to join, and one-seventh of brave.
Three-fourths of a dress, and one-fifth of a knave.
Two-sixths of to mangle, the same of to pine,
Of a quadrupede half, and one-fifth of a sign.
Three-sevenths of thin, and two ninths of a quack.
Of a niggard three-fifths, and one-third of a sack.
Two-sixths of a monkey, one third of a twig,
Just half of to vow, and the initial of big,
To conclude, learned gents, I would have you write down,
Three-sevenths of to rob, and a Somerset town.

An Epigram on a Quarrel between two Doctors.

A DOCTOR late, on blood deeds intent,
A challenge to a brother doctor sent,
More prudent he, and tender of his hide,
By law the matter wishes to decide.
To end this mighty business in a thrice,
Dear Doctors, take an unknown friend's advice;
Let each for each a bold prescription draw,
A fate more sure than pistol, sword, or law.

One Thing needful.

TO make a plumb pudding, a French count once took
This authentic receipt from an English lord's cook:

"Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit, "and spice,
"Of such number, such measure, such "weight, and such price;
"Drop a spoonful of brandy, to quicken "the mess;
"And boil it for so many hours—more or "less."—

These directions were tried, but when tried had no good in;
'Twas all wash and all squash, but 'twas not English pudding;
So monsieur in a pet sent a second request,
For the cook that prescrib'd, to assist when 'twas drest;
Who of course to comply with his honour's beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colebrook, march'd into the kitchen.

The French cooks when they saw him, talk'd loud, and talk'd long;
They were sure all was right; he could find nothing wrong:
'Till just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot.
"Hallo!—Hold your hands!" scream'd astonish'd John Trott:
"Don't you see you want *one thing*, like "fools as you are?"
"*Vone ting, Sare!—Vat?*"
"Why—*A Pudding Cloth*, sare!"

An Account of the Plague in London.

THIS dreadful pestilence broke out in the month of May, 1665, after a severe frost in the preceding year, and after a warning given by a great plague in Holland, which occasioned a prohibition of merchandize from that country in 1664. At the close of which year two or three persons died suddenly at Westminster with symptoms of that disease. Some of their neighbours being terrified, removed into the city, who, by carrying the taint, spread the fatal poison, and in a little time the whole city was irrecoverably infected. Notwithstanding the aforesaid prohibition, the plague was communicated by goods imported from Holland, brought thither from the Levant, and first broke out in Long-Acre, near the upper end of Drury-Lane, in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, at the house wherein the goods were lodged and unpacked, which spread from that house to others, by the unwary conversing with the sick, which occasioned the death of nine persons; this happened in the beginning of the month of May. A Frenchman, who lived contiguous to the infected houses removed to Bearbinder-Lane in the city, and died of the infection. The secretaries of state being apprised of it, immediately sent two physicians and a surgeon to inspect the several bodies of the deceased, who reported it was the plague, and threatened universal infection, and that it was impossible to stop it, so many people having visited the distempered.

Fear and horror seized the common people, who conceived that the plague visited England every forty years, because such an event happened in the year 1625. These frightful apprehensions were kept up and increased by astrologers, &c. (notwithstanding the clergy exerted themselves and exposed the folly and wickedness of the practice) to whom they resorted to have their nativities cast, and to know their fortunes. It is somewhat remarkable, that not one of these fore cunning men appeared after the calamity ceased, who could tell the fate of others, but knew not their own. Enthusiasts who ran up and down the streets preaching destruction to the inhabitants; the dreams of old women, and the imaginary representations and appearances of dead bodies, coffins, hearses, &c. in the air, greatly heigthtened the distress; to which also the discourses of some ministers, who prophesied dismal things, not a little contributed. The people were equally mad in running after quacks, whose pills and portions rather prepared their bodies for the plague, than preserved them against it. They had recourse also to charms and amulets for preservation (their fears having rendered them stupid) whose insufficiency soon appeared by the death of the wearers, who were thrown into the common graves with these trumpery about their necks.

The seeds of the plague being confined by a severe frost, did not appear until about April, when the warmth of the spring gave them sufficient force, and the distemper again shewed itself in St. Giles's. But the deaths decreasing in the weekly bill from nine to three, the minds of the people, before terrified, were appeased. Fears were hushed, and hopes took place. These, alas! were of short continuance, for in the next bill, the number

of the dead increased from three to fourteen: in the next to seventeen; in the next to forty-three; and the disease not only increased but dispersed. How dreadful the consternation! What fearful presages of a desolating judgment! How terrible and melancholy the sight! The wealthy and powerful flying into the country, as from a conflagration, for security; the streets daily crowded with carriages, horses, and waggons; the city deserted by its opulent inhabitants, and many of the poorer tradesmen leaving their houses, and lying in the open fields, wandering like pilgrims, or living like hermits in cells. Every one who could retire, sought an asylum in the country. The Inns of Court were shut up, there being no occasson for lawyers, for every one was at peace. Physicians retired because their art was rendered useless. The clergy also, in affluent circumstances, left their flocks; the curates, however, who had nothing to lose, but much to gain by death, remained; though it must be acknowledged, that several eminent in the church and meeting, maintained their stations, doing all offices of humanity, and administering spiritual comfort and consolation to their necessitous and departing brethren; many of whom died in the discharge of their duty. So eager were the people to retire, that a horse was not to be bought, sold, or hired, in the whole city for some weeks. All trade was now at a stand, except what was carried on for immediate sustenance; and journeymen and servants of all kinds were discharged, left friendless and helpless, without money, without employment, without habitation: a prodigious number of whom perished through want, and others expired in great pain and misery with the infection. In this scene of horror and confusion, the magistracy of this city were, to their commendation be it spoken, extremely vigilant, active, and charitable. The Lord Mayor, court of aldermen, and common-council, published their resolution not to quit the city themselves, and obliged churchwardens and constables either to stay or find deputies, to prevent an universal desertion, which was apprehended, and to secure the country from being plundered by the multitudes who fled. They were incessant in the administration of justice, in the distribution of charity to the poor, (for whom prodigious sums were collected, which prevented risings and tumults) and in the punishment of plunderers of the sick and dead. They were continually in the streets, and at places of the greatest danger. Strict orders were given that the streets be kept clear and free from frightful objects and dead bodies, which induced the country people to bring in provisions plentifully; for not the least sign of the calamity was to be seen or heard, except from the emptiness of the streets, the outcries from the windows, and the number of houses shut up. What is remarkable, there was no want of bread; the bakers were obliged to keep ovens constantly going, and the assize of bread was duly observed. The most excellent order and good government were kept and observed in the city and suburbs, even when the infection was the most malignant.

Through the month of May the infection reigned with more or less severity, which alternately increased or diminished their hopes and fears. But in June the number advanced from 43 to 112; the next week to 168; the next 268; the next to 470. Of these few died within the walls, and Southwark and Whitechapel were entirely free. About the 24th of June, above twenty parishes were infected, and their Majesties removed from Whitehall to Hampton Court.

Sorrow and sadness now sat on every face; every one looked on him-

self and family in the utmost distress, and were afraid to converse and deal with each other, lest they should be infected, or come from infected places. Such mournings and lamentations were frequently heard in streets, as pierced the stoutest hearts to hear them, and the houses were filled with tears and lamentations. Nothing was heard in the day, but the dismal cry, "Pray for us," and in the night the horrid call, "Bring out your dead," and scarce any thing vendible except coffins. Sometimes persons dropped down dead in the streets; many died without any warning, not knowing they had the plague; and others had only time to go to the next porch or door, sit down, and die, unnoticed and disregarded by the passengers.

The justices of the peace for Middlesex, by direction from the secretaries of state, and the lord mayor and court of aldermen, by an act of parliament, began to shut up the infected in their houses, lest by coming out they should spread the infection. Red crosses were put on the doors, over them these words in capitals, "LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US," and watchmen standing before them night and day, with halberts, to hinder them from coming abroad until forty days after recovery, and to prevent any person from visiting them except such who were appointed by authority. This method of shutting up houses was deemed cruel and unchristian, and the consternation of being thus separated from society, sometimes causelessly and maliciously was inexpressibly great. What an increase of sorrow and distress to behold the most beloved objects in this anguish, without the power of assisting or relieving them, mortified with the certainty of their death, and aggravated with the reflection, that the distemper and death will probably extend to all within the house! By this imprudent management, whole families were swept away for the disease of one single person. Many perished in those miserable confinements, who, if they had enjoyed their liberty, would probably never have been infected; and many were killed for attempting what was natural, to escape. These shut-up houses were no better than so many seminaries of infection, and instead of checking the contagion, had a direct contrary tendency, on account of the great number of persons, who either by connivance, bribery, force, or stealth, got off, and by wandering about, spread the infection more than they would have done, had they been at large. How was it possible, without bars and chains to confine persons made desperate by such severe treatment? From complaints made of this unseasonable and ineffectual usage, some release was procured for the sick, and the consequence was a considerable abatement of the disease. Besides the houses shut up by the magistrates, whole rows were deserted, and some streets at the west-end of the town, left almost without an inhabitant.

In the month of July, the plague increased exceedingly; the bill rose in the first week to 725; the second to 1089; the third to 1843; and the fourth to 2010. About the middle of the month, the plague, which chiefly prevailed in St. Giles's and the out parishes, extended itself to Southwark and Lambeth, and when it began to abate in the western parishes, it raged with great violence at Clerkenwell, Cripplegate, Shoreditch, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, Whitechapel and Stepney. On the 29th of the month, the king removed from Hampton-Court to Salisbury, which he soon quitted on account of the infection, and took up his residence at Oxford. Notwithstanding the dreadful havock made, there was a strange mixture of piety and profaneness at the same time. In one house you might hear

them roaring under the pains of death, in the next, tippling and blaspheming God; one house shut up with a red cross, and Lord have mercy upon us! the next open to all uncleanness and impiety, as if altogether insensible to the indignation of heaven. Things drawing to an extremity by the cruel devastation, made some general remedies undertaken for the cure of this distemper. A proclamation was issued for a general fast throughout the kingdom. The form of prayer was, by royal appointment, to be used in all churches and chapels within the bills of mortality, on every Wednesday during the contagion. This worked a reformation in some, and the churches, until this infection increased more violently, were much frequented. Another means used to stop the infection, and prevent tumults, was a proclamation requiring all disbanded officers and soldiers, who had served in the armies of the late powers, to depart from the cities of London and Westminster, and not to return within twenty miles of the same, until November following. His majesty also commanded the college of physicians to write an English Directory, which they did, and appointed one of their body and two aldermen to attend the infected upon all occasions. They published also, at the request of the lord mayor, some cheap remedies for the poor in all circumstances of the distemper, which put a stop to their taking poison for physic, death instead of life, by quack medicines. But the infection resisted all medicines and many, both physicians and surgeons, lost their lives for their goodness and humanity, in endeavouring to restore health to the diseased. The misery of the time lay heaviest upon the poor, many of whom, notwithstanding the large contributions of pious and good people, died in extreme agony for want of food.

The concern of the magistrates however was very great. They did not only give the necessary orders to their officers, but oftentimes attended in person at the poor infected houses, inquiring at the windows whether they were duly attended? wanted any necessaries? if the officers had treated them civilly, or they were ill-served?

On the ninth day of August, the duke and duchess of York, withdrew from London to York, which city was not infected, and on the 16th, his majesty's exchequer was removed from Westminster to Nonsuch, in Surry. In this month how dreadful was the increase! In one week from 2010 to 3817; the next to 3880; the next to 4237; and the next to 6112. In this and the following month, how terrible was the slaughter, three, four, five, and once eight thousand in a week! What British eye can refrain from tears to read of the calamities and miseries of those times? In some houses lay carcasses for burial, in others persons in their last agonies; in one room might be heard dying groans, in another the ravings of a delirium; not far off might be seen relations, bewailing the loss of their relations, with the dismal prospect of their own sudden departure. Infants passed immediately from the womb to the grave, and children were found hanging on the breast of their dead mother. The marriage bed was changed in a night for a sepulchre, and the unhappy pair met death in their first embraces. Some ran about the streets like drunkards, others expired in the streets; some lay in a kind of lethargy, never more to awake, and others dropt down dead, as they were purchasing the necessaries of life. The plague spared none; the priest in the exercise of his office, the physician in administering his antidotes fell; most of the female sex died, and few children escaped: an inheritance often passed to three or four generations in as many days. The sextons were not

sufficient to bury the dead; the bells incessantly tolled; the burying places would not contain the dead; and it frequently happened, that those who attended the funeral of their friends one evening, were carried the next to their grave. Barbarities unknown at other times, were practised now.—Children left their parents in the greatest distress, and parents did the same by their children: even some mothers, distracted by the distemper, killed their children. A dismal solitude was in London! A solemn silence in almost every place, shops shut up, the people rare, few walking; and grass growing in several places. The great street in Whitechapel more like a green field, than a paved street: In Leadenhall-street, Bishopsgate-street, Cheapside, Cornhill, and even in the Royal-Exchange grass grew. No cart, except a few country carts, nor coach, except those which carried the infected to hospitals, or the pest-house; were to be seen. So great was the fury of the contagion, people sickened so fast and died so soon, that it was to no purpose to inquire who was sick, or to shut up the infected with the former exactness, which was found not to produce a public good, proportionable to the grievous burden it was to particular families. In short, it was not in the power of the magistrates, or any human means or policy, to prevent the spreading of the infection.

Many merchantmen and ship-owners lived close shut up on ship-board. Several hundred sail of ships lay in the river from Ratcliffe to Rotherhithe as far as Gravesend, and even beyond it, where they could ride with safety from wind and weather. These did not however escape the infection, owing to visitors from the shore. The plague however reached not any of the shipping below Deptford. The poorer sort went into hoys, lighters, &c. the plague got amongst these and made a fearful havock. The watermen above bridge conveyed themselves with their families up the river in their boats, and were relieved by the gentry and country, but not received into the towns or houses for fear of the infection. Self-preservation made this severity necessary.

The inhabitants of both sides the river, and almost all Southwark side, looked upon themselves to be safe from the articles of their trade, consisting of tar, pitch, brimstone, &c. They found themselves however mistaken, and the calamity was to them more severe and dreadful, because it was unexpected, and they were not provided for it. Many of those wandered over the Surry side, and were found starved to death in woods and on commons, the country people refused assistance, to avoid catching the infection. The inhabitants of the towns adjacent to London, relieved the poor in their distress, where there was no apparent danger to themselves. To the afflicted they acted with inhumanity, locking them up in houses, debarring them of things necessary, and the liberty of the air, even imprisoning them. The infected were left comfortless, and to die destitute of all help in this world; and those smitten by the way were suffered to die in ditches, or drawn to a hole like dogs, for fear their carcasses should infect the air.

The country justices kept back the people from bringing provisions to the London markets, by declaring, that such who went, should, upon their return, be shut up fourteen days: and yet, maugre all the caution, there was not a town within twenty miles of London, that was not more or less infected.

In the month of September a decrease of the plague was hoped for, because of the season of the year, the number already dead and retired: but it was not yet at its height, for

from 6102 it was augmented to 6988. To divert the contagion, fires were ordered by the lord mayor to be made, for three days together, through all the streets and open places of London, and the liberties thereof, which did not produce the desired effect of purging and purifying the air; on the contrary the trial proved fatal, for there died in one night following no less than 4000. Every means used to decrease, seemed rather to increase it, which frightened and terrified the people to the last degree of despair.

Some little hopes were conceived by the next week's abatement to 6544. But these hopes vanished in the succeeding week, the bill rising to 7165. Of the hundred parishes in and about the city, some say four, others say one, St. John the Evangelist, escaped. The distemper came to its height about the 10th of September, when more than 12,000 died within a week. A dreadful bill this! In Aldgate parish they buried one thousand a week for two weeks. Whitechapel parish was in the same deplorable condition, Death reigned in every quarter; whole families, whole streets were swept away together. What added to the calamity, was, that physicians cared not to visit the sick, (the most eminent of whom being now dead) all remedies applied having proved useless. It was computed that there died not less than from 1500 to 1700 a day for a month together, and within five weeks almost 40,000. A dismal time this! The distemper so much increased, that no bells were tolled, no coffins made, the courage of those who buried the dead failed, no houses shut up, the people abandoned themselves to despair, they sat staring and looking at one another, expecting nothing less than universal destruction, and at a time too, when the city thought the bitterness of death was past. In the rage of the distemper some were driven to distraction, and others to kill themselves; some dying of mere grief, others of surprize without any infection; some frightened into idiotism, others into despair, and many into melancholy madness, and several drowned themselves in the Thames, and Hackney River. What augmented the confusion was, that the infection was often communicated by persons apparently well. Hence, the people grew jealous of one another, and conversed, especially with strangers, at a distance, not coming within reach of their breath or any smell from them. The churches before much crowded, were on this account less frequented. There was no walking the streets without beholding many dismal scenes, persons falling dead, some running about, and offering, like mad dogs, all kinds of violence to persons they met; and others in the most piteous lamentations, calling for ministers to comfort them; some crying for mercy to God, and others confessing their sins. It would shock the human soul to give the barbarous catalogue of those poor wretches, who most miserably perished in fields, in ditches, in common cages, and under stalls, being thrust out of doors by cruel masters, or wanting all worldly succour but the common benefit of earth and air; which barbarities proved the death of thousands. One of the most deplorable cases in this calamity, was that of women with child, who could have no help from professed midwives; the consequences of which were, the child was murdered and the mother lost. So scarce were midwives and nurses, that a tradesman whose wife was infected, was compelled to do the office himself: he brought the child into the world dead; she expired within his arms about an hour after, and he in a few hours also, overwhelmed with grief. So great was the mortality, that in some places, as in Moses and

Aaron-Alley, Whitechapel, there was no one left to give notice to the sexton of the dead; on which account the work of removing bodies became odious and dangerous, for innumerable of the bearers died, being infected by the bodies they removed. The excellent order of the magistrates for clearing the streets of dead bodies could not, from the multitude carried off, be observed. The poor, however, from necessity, had courage and willingness to enter upon any hazardous employment; which at this time was very providential, otherwise the dead must have lain above ground, and the sick wanted nurses: Their motto was, "Starve or Die."

His majesty having removed from Salisbury, arrived at Oxford on the 28th of September, when the grave opened its mouth without measure! Multitudes thronging into eternity! No graves nor pits sufficient to contain the dead bodies. In Aldgate parish they dug a terrible pit, forty feet in length, sixteen in breadth, and twenty in depth. Wonderful as this pit was, in two weeks they buried in it 1114 bodies. Several parishes were obliged to have new burying grounds their parishioners died so fast, which afterwards were built upon. Strict orders were given to prevent people from coming to the pits, for fear of the infection, notwithstanding many infected came, who were delirious, and threw themselves in alive.

The contagion now spread into the neighbouring counties, by citizens who brought the infection with them, and carried death where they went for safety; so that through them, almost all the great towns in England had the distemper. Those on the Thames were severely handled.

The parliament met at Oxford on the 9th of October, when the king in his speech said, that the contagion had spread itself over many parts of the kingdom. Though the city was almost totally abandoned by the rich, the poor and miserable had many friends. The king gave one thousand pounds per week towards their relief; the duke of Albemarle, who continued at Whitehall, relieved numbers of the distressed; Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, did the same, who must otherwise perished in their necessities; and by his letters to the bishops of his province, procured large sums. William, earl of Craven, ventured his person also amidst the infected, provided them with physicians and nurses, and necessaries out of his own purse. The absent citizens contributed liberally; large sums were collected in the trading towns, and by the nobility and gentry, which were sent to the lord mayor. It is said that his lordship distributed not less than one hundred thousand pounds per week, which was over and above the private charities. In the parish of Cripplegate alone was distributed 17,800l. to the poor in one week. Almost incredible!

Had the contagion continued a few weeks longer, not an inhabitant in town would have been left alive; fear, despair and death sat in every face and countenance. There was hardly a house in any neighbourhood not infected. It is incredible what havock the last three weeks had made; not less than 30,000 dead and 100,000 sick. In that moment, when every one acknowledged, that vain was the help of man, God caused his fury to abate, the malignity declined, and the bill decreased by 1834. What joy and greetings in the streets did this change occasion! What praises and thanksgivings to God! They were now almost as extravagant in the excess of joy, as before from grief.—The physicians were surprised; their patients grew better; good symptoms appeared, not the effect of medicines, but the act of an extraordinary Providence, human help and human skill

having been found useless. The streets empty before, were much frequented, even by such who were not quite recovered, of whom no one was then afraid, though two days before he shunned, he fled from their sight. In the last week of September the plague was at its crisis, and its malignity abated. From 7155 it decreased to 5538; and the next to 4929; the next to 4327; the next to 2665; the next to 1421; and the next to 1031. Many continued infected, and caught the infection, but few died. In the height of the disease, it usually killed one in five within two or three days, now not above two in five in eight or ten days. Out of 60,000 infected, near forty thousand recovered. This considerable abatement in the bills threw the people off their guard; they gave up all their caution and care, they opened their shops, did business, mixed and conversed with any body who came in their way, without reserve, without inquiry, without apprehension of danger, infectious or not, thinking they should escape the sickness, or, if not, they should not die. The consequence of this imprudent conduct was the death of many, who had hitherto been free. The decrease proved fatal to many also, who had retired into the country, by their precipitate return to town, who were anxious, after so long an absence, to revisit their habitations and see whom of their friends, relations, and acquaintance the calamity had spared, imagining the danger to be over, which increased the bill in the first week of November 400.

In the beginning of this month the people grew more healthy, the dread and terror upon their minds went off, and the sick chearfully used all means tried for their recovery. In the second week of this month the bill decreased to 1050; the next to 652; the next to 333; and continued decreasing to the end of the year. The several courts, by adjournment, sat at Oxford the 18th. The plague now gradually decreased, as it had before increased. Whatever is fierce and deadly in its first attack, soon ceases. Few now died but through mismanagement.

There were some returns of the distemper in the month of December, by the increase of a hundred; but the contagion being exhausted, went off through the sharp frosts, which increasing most of the sick recovered, and the health of the city restored. The people now returned as fast as they had before fled; houses, before full of dead, were now inhabited by the living; shops were opened, trade carried on, and though the contagion had carried off an hundred thousand, the loss, after a few months, was hardly discernable: a stranger could not miss the number lost, for few empty houses were to be seen. A mad enthusiast alarmed the people by prophecying evil tidings continually. He proved, however, to be a false prophet, for in the month of February, the distemper ceased, and the people were not to be frightened. The people came to town precipitately; the men of business leisurely; the rich confidently; the court at Christmas.

Though the health of the city was repaired, foreigners would not trade with us, nor admit our ships into their ports for many months. At the end of the year the bill of mortality was 97,306; of which 68,596 were supposed to have died of the plague. Some writers suppose, and with good reason, that the number was considerably more, not less than 100,000. In such a general distress it was impossible to be exact; clerks and sextons frequently died before they could give in their reports; the carts knew not the numbers they contained; Quakers and Jews had separate burying-places, whose dead

were not registered in the weekly bills; and no account was taken of those who died on board vessels in the river. Many perished, unnoticed, by want, by sword, by fire, by water. Upon a nice calculation it is said, that a sixth-part of the inhabitants died.

The receipt of his majesty's exchequer returned to Westminster the 5th of January, and his majesty to Hampton Court on the 27th; from whence, the sickness decreasing (fifty only having died the week before) he removed to Whitehall the first of February, to the infinite joy of the whole, joy which manifested itself by bells and bonfires. On February the 2d, the lord mayor, &c. waited upon him with a congratulatory address. In the spring some remains of the contagion appeared, which however, were easily conquered.

Whilst the plague raged, the trading nations, France, Spain, Naples, Portugal, Holland and Italy, would admit neither our manufactures nor ships into their ports, the accounts they received being so terrible; though the merchandizing part of the city and water-side were perfectly sound until the beginning of July, and the ships in the river until August. Of this disaster the Flemings and Dutch made considerable advantage, for they purchased our manufactures from towns not infected, and transported them to Spain and Italy. Notwithstanding the violence of the plague, the outports for some time enjoyed a very great trade to the neighbouring countries, our plantations, Spain, &c. Two particular trades were carried on greatly to the comfort and benefit of the poor, with little or no interruption, the coasting trade for corn, and the Newcastle trade for coals; also a good trade from Suffolk, with corn, butter, and cheese, which was owing to the prudence and conduct of the lord mayor. Corn and fruit, bread and flesh, butter and cheese, plentiful and reasonably cheap during the sickness. The fire that followed dissipated every fear of a return; and by its destruction of a prodigious quantity of goods and merchandize, engaged the hands of all the poor, who were before greatly distressed for want of employment.

My Wife and the Pair of Shoes.

A FELLOW, famous from his birth,
For witty tricks, sir, and for mirth,
Once roam'd about a country fair,
And carry'd in his hand a pair
Of shoes;
That they were water-proof he swore,
And never once had they been wore
Upon the toes.
From what he said there was no doubt
But that the shoes were very good;
Indeed he swore they'd ne'er wear out,
Let them be trod in how they would.
To hear this fellow talk and joke,
A gaping crowd soon gather'd round him,
Swallowing the very words he spoke,
For none with questions could confound him,
"Gemmen," says he, "I carry here
"A pair of shoes for him to wear
"Who will upon the gospel swear
"His lawful wife he does not fear."
Conscience, that fierce disarming pow'r,
Made many of them turn quite sour,
As if the de'il possess'd them;
Indeed there was not one that could
Swear even by his flesh and blood
His rib, sir, had not dress'd him.
Again the shoes the fellow wav'd in air,
But all was disappointment and despair,
Some time elaps'd—at length a clown appear'd
Who said he nothing fear'd;
"Nothing," the fellow cried, "you have a "wife?"
"I have, and love her as my life;
"She's comely, sprightly, dresses tight and "clean,
"And, zooks, I think the very shoes I've seen "Will fit
"Her feet."
"You're sure," the wag replied, "you're "speaking truth?"
"Upon my soul I an't afeard of Ruth"
The bumpkin cried, and with a frown
Offer'd to back his answer with a crown.
"Then swear it," quoth the wag, "upon "this book;"
John doff'd his hat, and straight the oath he took;

And then, with simp'ring jaws, and goggle eyes,
He scratch'd his mopsy-head, and claim'd the prize.
"Take thou the shoes," the wag replied anon,
"For thou dost certainly deserve them, John
"But to preserve them,
"Let me advise you thus you take
"Of blacking, John, this patent cake,
"And frequently, and freely use
"The liquid it will make, about the shoes."
"Odds rabbit it!" the bumpkin said,
Look'd at his bran-span coat, and scratch'd his head.
"Why, what's the matter?" gravely ask'd the wag:
"Why now I think on't, if I take the black-
"ing,
"And hap to dirt my pocket with the same;"
"What then? friend John."—"Odds clouts, my dame
"Would give me what she calls a *whacking*."
John now becomes the public butt—the wag,
Popping the shoes into a bag,
Exclaim'd,
"Go home, and let thy courage be reclaim'd,
"And learn from me, my friend, it is my
"plan,
"That any man,
"Whether he lives in poverty or riches,
"Before he puts these shoes upon his feet,
"Shall wear, what makes the married *man*
"complete,
"*The breeches*."

The Grumbler.

COREUS unmarried grumbled for a wife;
Married, he grumbles still, and lives in strife:
A child is wanting; Heaven the blessing sent;
Yet still he grumbles, still is discontent.
Why, what's the matter, Coreus? worse and worse!
The seeming blessing's turn'd into a curse:
The nurse and midwife drain my pockets dry;
I've nought to keep the boy with by and by.
A purse he finds; yet now, as heretofore,
He grumbles on, "Had it been so much
"more,
"I might have left off labour, liv'd in
"peace;
"But so it happens, all my swans are
"geese."
He sickens; now he grumbles without doubt:
"When will my health return? my mo-
"ney's out."
Death came and struck him; at one fatal blow
He sent him grumbling to the shades below.

Extraordinary Sensations.

HENRY III. of France could not bear to be alone in a chamber where there was a cat. The brave duc d'Epernon fell into a swoon at the sight of a rabbit. The mareschal Albert was always taken ill upon the bringing of a pig to the table. Ladislaus, king of Poland, began to run as often as he perceived an apple. Erasmus could not smell fish without becoming feverish. Scaliger was seized by a tremor at the sight of water-cresses. Tycho Brahe could scarcely support himself on his legs if a hare or fox happened to start up where he was. Every eclipse of the moon threw the chancellor Bacon into a fainting fit. Boyle was seized with an extacy at the sound of water running from a pipe. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the notes of any musical instruments, but felt the most lively pleasure whenever it thundered. An Englishman fainted away as often as he heard the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

Anecdote.

A BLIND man having buried five hundred pounds in a corner of his garden, was robbed of them by a neighbour who saw him at work.—Suspecting who had stolen his treasure he went to him, and asked his advice in the most friendly way, concerning a bag with a thousand dinars, which he said he had by him, and would gladly know his opinion about the disposal of them. "I have at present," said he, "five hundred dinars in a certain part of my garden, and I believe I shall decide upon putting this there likewise." His neighbour hearing this, took the first opportunity of replacing the five hundred dinars, in hopes of being able soon to draw out double the sum; but the blind man having attained his end, put it out of his power to make a second attempt.

Authentic Anecdote of the Earl of E———.

MR. C———, assuming the name of Jones, some years since purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire; here he long resided, unknowing, and almost unknown by the neighbourhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing-tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her:—"My girl, would you like to be married?" "Sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I asked you young woman whether you would wish to be married; because if you would, I will marry you." "Lord, sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before." "Very likely," replied Mr. Jones; "but however, I am serious, and will leave you until ten o'clock to-morrow to consider of it: I will then call on you again, and if I have your and your father's consent, we will be married the following day." He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him; "Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife: and I am come to ask your consent." "This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a perfect stranger; pray, sir, who are you? and what are you?" "Sir," replied Mr. J. you have a great right to ask these questions; my name is Jones, the new house on the edge of the common is mine; and, if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm, and half the neighbourhood."

Another hour's conversation brought all parties into one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement and were blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed great part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; and coming to a very magnificent one, "This, my dear," said he, "is B——— house, the seat of the earl of E. and, if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it, it is an elegant house, and will probably amuse you."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion is lately dead: he once had a nephew, who, in the gaities of his youth, had incurred some debts, on account of which he retired from fashionable life on about 200*l.* per annum, and has not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, and estate.

Singular Texts.

DOCTOR Bond, in a sermon preached at St. Andrew's church, Edinburgh, chose a very singular text, and, considering the times, a text *not precisely applicable* to the place and period—"They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said to his brother, be of good courage; *there is no danger.*" When, some years since, a reverend gentlemen preached a sermon at Rotherhithe, before the society for the relief of persons apparently drowned, his text was equally ingenious.—"Trouble not yourself about him *the man is not dead!*"

Enigmatical List of Plays.

PART of the devil's employment, and half a canonical book of the Old Testament.

The supreme magistrate, and four-fifths to acquire knowledge.

A domestic animal, and a vowel.

The reverse of poor, and three-fifths of eagerness.

One-half of a church, and a plague.

To punish out of resentment.

Thin, changing a letter.

The christian name of a woman, and what sailors wish for.

The reverse of wild, a consonant, and a narrow place.

Two-sixths of a great personage, and a part of the human frame, expunging a letter.

A game at cards, and four-sixths of a division in music.

Unhappy parent.

Half the Latin word for time, and a disaster.

Two-eighths of a rolling stone, and the Latin for country.

An ancient philosopher, a consonant, and two vowels.

The reverse of brown, and what all people should be after committing crimes.

The Speech of Oliver Cromwell, when he dissolved the Long Parliament, the 20th of April, 1653; after sitting Twelve Years, Six Months, and Fourteen Days.

IT is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonoured by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches; and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice you do not possess? You have no more religion than my horse; gold is your God: which of you have not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that has the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves, by your immoral principles and wicked practices? You, who were deputed here by the people to get grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help, and the strength he has given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart, immediately, out of this place—Go! get ye out; make haste: Ye venal slaves, be gone! So! take away that shining bauble (the mace) there, and lock up the doors.

Kamtschadales' Hospitality.

FORMERLY, as a mark of respect to a guest, the host set before him as much food as would serve ten people. Both were stripped naked, the host politely touched nothing, but compelled his friend to devour what was set before him, till he was quite gorged, and at the same time heated the place, by incessantly pouring water on hot stones till it became insupportable.

When the guest was crammed up to the throat, the generous landlord, on his knees, stuffed into his mouth a great slice of whale's fat, cut off what hung out, and cried in a surly tone, Tana, or there, by which he fully discharged his duty; and between heat and cramming, obliged the poor guest to cry for mercy, and a release from the heat, and the danger of being choked with the noble welcome; oftentimes he was obliged to purchase his dismission with most costly presents, but was sure to retaliate on the first opportunity.

The Origin of Language.

IF we suppose a period before any words were invented or known, it is clear that men could have no other method of communicating to others what they felt, than by the cries of passion, accompanied with such motions and gestures as were further expressive of passion; for these are the only signs which nature teaches to all men, and which are understood by all. One who saw another going into some place where he himself had been frightened or exposed to danger, and who sought to warn his neighbour of the danger, could contrive no other way of doing so than by uttering those cries, and making those gestures, which are the signs of fear; just as two men at this day would endeavour to make themselves understood by each other, who should be thrown together on a desolate island, ignorant of each other's language. Those exclamations therefore, which by grammarians are called interjections, uttered in a strong and passionate manner, were beyond doubt the first elements or beginnings of speech.

Interjections would be followed by names of objects, or nouns; these by names of actions, or verbs; these by qualities of nouns and actions, as adjectives and adverbs; and these would be successively followed by prepositions, pronouns, articles, and conjunctions.

When more enlarged communication became necessary, and names began to be assigned to objects, in what manner can we suppose men to have proceeded in this assignation of names, or invention of words? Undoubtedly by imitating, as much as they could, the nature of the object which they named, by the sound of the name which they gave to it.

Wherever objects were to be named, in such sound, noise, or motion were concerned, the imitation by words was abundantly obvious. Nothing was more natural than to imitate, by the sound of the voice, the quality of the sound or noise which any external object made, and to form its name accordingly. Thus in all languages we find a multitude of words that are evidently constructed upon this principle. A certain bird is termed the cuckoo, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to *whistle*, and another to *roar*; when a serpent is said to *hiss*, a fly to *buzz*, and falling timber to *crash*; when a stream is said to *flow*, and hail to *rattle*: the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible.

On the Nature of the Tides.

THE tides of the sea have ever been considered among the most wonderful phænomena of nature. The conjectures of ancient philosophers concerning them were equally various, visionary, and wild. But the moderns have discovered, that the phænomena of the tides are to be accounted for upon the principle of gravitation. Sir Isaac Newton was the first who clearly pointed out the cause of the phænomenon, and demonstrated its agreement with its effects.

The waters of the ocean are observed to flow for certain hours, from the south towards the north; in which motion or flux, which lasts about six hours, the sea gradually swells; so that, entering the mouths of rivers, it drives them back toward their heads.

After a continual flux of six hours, the sea seems to rest for a quarter of an hour; it then begins to flow as before; and thus it has alternately risen and fallen twice a day since the creation.

The moon, by its power of attraction in each diurnal revolution, produces two tides; the one raised immediately under the sphere of its influence, and the other directly opposite

to it. However, in this great work of raising the tides, the sun has no small share; it produces its own tides, constantly every day, just as the moon does, but in a much less degree, because the sun is at an immensely greater distance. Thus there are solar tides and lunar tides. When the forces of these great luminaries concur, which they always do when they are either in the same or in opposite parts of the heavens, they jointly produce a much greater tide than when they are so situated in the heavens, as for each to make a peculiar tide of its own. It is by the attraction of the sun conspiring with the attraction of the moon, that the high tides, called spring tides, are formed; but in the quadratures of the moon, the water raised by the one is depressed by the other; and hence the lowest or neap tides have their production.

But in every part of the sea near the shores, the geographer must come in to correct the calculations of the astronomer; for the shallowness of some places, and the narrowness of the straits in others, cause a great diversity in the effect, not to be accounted for without an exact knowledge of the place. In the great depths of the ocean, for instance, a very slow and imperceptible motion of the whole body of water will suffice to raise its surface several feet high; but if the same increase of water were to be conveyed through a narrow channel, it must necessarily rush with impetuous rapidity. Thus in the English channel, and the German ocean, the tide is found to flow strongest in those places that are narrowest; the same quantity of water being driven through a smaller passage.

Importance of a misplaced Comma.

AMAZING as it may seem, it is certainly a fact, that the unfortunate King Edward the Second, lost his life by the means of a misplaced comma. For the cruel queen, with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of the prison in which he was confined, the following lines—

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear, I count it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word refuse, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse,"

the sense would have implied that the keeper was commanded *not to hurt* the king—and the remaining line—

"To fear I count it good."

would have signified that it was counted good not to spill his blood; but the comma being *wickedly* placed after the word fear, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear,"

the murder seemed *commanded*, together with a kind of *indemnification* to the keeper. Nay, after that mode of pointing, the remainder of the line seems to deem the action meritorious:

"I count it good."

According to the punctuation, the keeper took the lines in the worst sense, and the king lost his life.

The well-known anecdote of a bishop of Assello is another case in point.—The good prelate, carrying with him the *humility* of the station from which he had been raised, and possessing a *liberality* becoming his elevation, ordered this inscription to be put over his gate:

"Porta, patens esto, nulli clauderis honesto."

"Gate, be thou open, and not shut to any honest man."

But the painter unluckily, placed the comma after the word *nulli*, instead of *esto*, the sense stood thus—

"Gate, be thou open to nobody, but be shut to an honest man."

which occasioned the bishop to lose his bishopric.

Thus we may perceive the necessity of being very particular with respect to points or stops; since the misplacing of a single comma occasioned the murder of a king, and the loss of a bishopric!

War or Peace.

A VERY thin audience attending the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed, "Oh, it is entirely owing to the war"—"Oh, no," cried the manager, it is actually owing to the *piece*."

An easy Expedient.

SOME years ago, the son of an eminent Jew was on the point of being married to a christian lady, on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him he might have a lady with more money, and that if he married without his consent, he would cut him off with a shilling. The son replied, that whether he consented or not, he would have the object of his wishes; adding, that if he refused, he would turn christian, and then he should claim the benefit of an English law, and obtain half of what he possessed. At this answer, old Mordecai was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel to know whether there was any such law. The counsellor replied that there certainly was, and that his son, upon turning christian, would obtain half his fortune; "but if you will give me a fee," added he, "I'll put you in a way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog shall not be able to obtain a farthing." At this news the Jew's hopes revived; and pulling ten guineas out of his pocket, he instantly clapt them into the lawyer's hands, expressing his impatience to know how to proceed. "Why," said the counsellor, "Mr. Mordecai, you have nothing to do but turn christian yourself."

Monkey's Tooth.

IN the island of Ceylon, the natives formerly paid their adoration to the most fantastic deities. Amongst others a magnificent temple was erected, and daily sacrifices offered to the all-powerful spirit supposed to reside in a monkey's tooth. On the continuance of any drought, or the prevalence of any epidemic disorder, the sacred tooth was still brought forth and borne in solemn procession; and the return of rain and health, was constantly attributed to its powerful interposition. But soon after the Dutch had taken possession of the island, by one of these accidents against which no human prudence can guard, the hallowed tooth was mislaid, and baffled the most diligent search both of the priests, its guardians, and the natives. This calamity occasioned great mourning, and the negligent priests were decreed to suffer death; when a crafty Hollander who had seen the deity, produced to the natives a tooth entirely similar, which he assured them the god Why Hang had presented to him in a dream. It was received with the utmost rapturous gratitude, and the Dutchman was rewarded with goods to the value of 20,000*l.* with which he returned to his own country. He afterwards spoke of the deity with becoming veneration and gratitude, and his first toast each day after dinner was constantly, the monkey's tooth.

An Apothecary's Accounts.

ON inspecting the accounts of an apothecary, who died in Dublin, it appeared that there was due to him, in what he deemed good debts, from his patients *now alive*, 618*l.* from the executors of his *dead patients*, 3900*l.* —that he owed for *drugs* of all descriptions, 52*l.* for brandies and other *spirits*, 280*l.* and to his *bottle merchant*, 500*l.*

Anecdote of Lord Chief Baron Parker.

A MAN, under a violent suspicion of dealing in contraband goods, being once tried before Lord Justice Parker, was accused of having rode, in a furious and tumultuous manner, through the streets in the town of Horsham, upon a horse, mare, or gelding, laden with teas and sundry other articles, for which no duty had been paid unto our sovereign lord the king; and when a revenue officer attempted to stop him, and seized one bag, containing tea, &c. for which duty had not been paid, he assaulted, maltreated and abused the said officer.

As a farther aggravation of his offence, it was stated that this happened on a fair day, when the streets were crowded, and the lives of many of his majesty's liege subjects endangered, &c. &c. The crown summoned a cloud of witnesses: ostlers and postillions, waggoners and watermen, farmers and shopkeepers, without number, crowded the court. The prisoner's counsel asked the first witness at what time he saw the offence committed.——He replied at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the first of October, fair-day; which was on a Wednesday. The second witness, when he came to be examined, said, it was at ten o'clock in the morning, at the September fair; which he well remembered happened on a Friday. The third swore it was exactly at twelve o'clock, at the November fair; and that, he was clear, was always on a Saturday. The rest of the evidence was equally exact: some swore the prisoner had a blue great coat, and others that he had a brown one; some that he rode on a bay mare, and others that he was mounted on a grey horse; from all which it turned out to the prisoner, that in a multitude of witnesses there is safety; for when the judge summed up the evidence, he told the jury it was so contradictory, that he thought they could not, consistently with their oaths, find him guilty; and, if they thought as he did, they would acquit him. He was acquitted accordingly; when the attorney-general got up, and said, he must request the court would grant an order that the man might be kept in custody, until he had drawn up an indictment against him for certain duties due to the king. To this the lord chief baron made the following reply: "I think the man has been in confinement long enough for you to have made out your indictment; you have neglected it; he has been tried, and by the laws of his country he is acquitted; I therefore order, that the gaoler do immediately leave him at liberty to act as he thinks proper; and, if after this he thinks it will be *right* to wait until you have made out your indictment, I can have no sort of objection; but, if he *does*, I think, notwithstanding his acquittal, he ought to be hanged for a fool."

The Camelion.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever cou'd be seen,
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know—"
So beg you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wild they past,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun;
"A lizard's body, lean and long;
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
"Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!

" How slow its pace · and then its hue—
" Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

" Hold there," the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
" Stretch'd at his ease the beast I view'd,
" And saw it eat the air for food "

" I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
" And must again affirm it blue.
" At leisure I the beast survey'd,
" Extended in the cooling shade."

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure
" ye—"
" Green!" cries the other in a fury—
" Why, Sir—dy'e think I've lost my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
" For if they always serve you thus,
" You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your
" pother—
" The creature's neither one nor 'tother:
" I caught the animal last night,
" And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
" You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
" And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do:
" I'll lay my life the thing is blue "
" And I'll be sworn, that when you've
" seen
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'

" Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out:
" And when before your eyes I've set him,
" If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; then full before their sight,
Produc'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white,
Both star'd the man look'd wond'rous wise—
" My children," the camelion cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
" You all are right, and all are wrong;
" When next you talk of what you view,
" Think others see as well as you;
" Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

Butcher's Wit.

WHEN Captain Grose first went over to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see every thing in the capital worth seeing: in the course of his perambulations, he one evening strolled into the meat market of Dublin, when the butchers, as usual, set up the constant outcry of, " What do you buy? what do you buy, master?" Grose parried this for some time, by saying, " He wanted nothing;" at last a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was something like doctor Slop's in Tristram Shandy, exclaimed, " Well, sir, though you don't want any thing at present, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you'll make my fortune."

Epitaph at St. Alban's, Wood-Street.

WHAT! is she dead? doth he survive?
No: both are dead, and both alive!
She lives, he's dead, by love though grieving,
In him for her, yet dead, yet living;
Both dead and living! then what is gone?
One half of both, not any one;
One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave,
In life, in death they had, and still they have.

A curious Wedding.

THE whimsicality of the circumstance attending the following wedding, may perhaps challenge the history of *honourable attachments* from the days of Adam to the present hour.

A widow, in her 64th year, who lately buried her fourth husband, and who was a resident of Boughton, near Chester, was asked in church, to a youth of nineteen, and a fortnight after the happy pair proceeded to tie the nuptial noose. Luckily, however, the young man's master having had timely intimation of the affair, attended, and happily rescued him from the impending danger. The poor, forlorn, and forsaken dame, returning home with a woeful countenance, having lost a purse of 42s. she had given her beloved, in addition to the more precious treasure a husband, was met on the way, by a male friend, who, with rather a chearful countenance, accosted her, " Well, Mary, how do you do? I am sorry

to see you look so poorly!" To whom Mary (bursting into tears) related her sad loss. "Is that all!" exclaimed he; "Why then, look thee, Mary, my dear wife died about an hour ago, I'm now going to get a coffin for her, and if it will be the same thing to thee, I'll marry thee in two or three days myself." This very charitable offer rather pacified the poor widow, and she gave him her hand. Accordingly, on the Monday following, she procured a licence, bespoke a dinner at the Plume-of-Feathers, in Boughton, and had every thing prepared for the happy consummation; but alas! the cup was again dashed from the lip, by the wayward circumstance of the intended bridegroom having paid more attention to the jolly god than to the tender goddess; in short, when they were to go to church, he was almost speechless drunk. In this dilemma what was to be done? The heart of the tender widow was again suddenly depressed, until a young sprightly Welshman, an entire stranger, started up, and very charitably said, "Name of Got, before the dinner shall spoil, Mary marry me, me marry Mary." The offer was no sooner made than the bargain was struck, and in less than an hour the parties were in church with a fresh licence. The ceremony being speedily run through, they returned *(one* and *indivisible)* amidst the group of congratulating friends and wondering spectators. Dinner over, and the glass going merrily round, all was happiness and joy, until another dark cloud burst in upon the scene: a brawny-fisted Cambrian lass entered the room, with a brace of constables and a warrant on a charge of bastardy against the bridegroom, upon whom (notwithstanding the prominence of her *pad)* the young lady fell with an arm of vengeance, that soon decorated his eyes, and made his face a melancholy spectacle of incontinence. She then took his hat, neck-handkerchief, shoes, buckles, &c. and must have infallibly gone to *durance vile* that night, but for his beloved bride, who sold her winter stock of potatoes, a store pig, and a faithful donkey, (long the carrier of her late spouse) with several other articles, to satisfy the parish for the young expected stranger. The conviviality of the company was then resumed until a late hour—and the happiness of this affectionate couple is now—*not to be told.*

An Epitaph on one named John.

DEATH came to John,
And wisper'd in his ear,
You must die John;
D'ye hear?
Quoth John, to Death,
The news is bad:
No matter quoth Death,
I've said.

A curious ministerial Anecdote.

A CERTAIN minister at a certain congress upon the continent some years ago, having a grand entertainment, had amongst other dishes, a very rich pie, which some of his English guests declared would have been excellent, if it had not been altogether so high seasoned. The cook, informed of this objection, acquainted his excellency that he had a smaller pie of the same sort, not quite so high, which he provided from a foresight of what might happen.—"Bring the pie," said our minister, "and let me ask you, gentlemen," continued he, turning to his countrymen, "whether you think an English blockhead would have had sense enough to have thought of such a contrivance." They were struck dumb with this piece of French ingenuity; but it was not long before they had an opportunity of returning his lordship's compliment. The cook finding it very practicable to get safe into his own country, slipped away on the eve of the next grand enter-

tainment with all his excellency's plate, which put him to the trouble of excusing himself to those he invited; one of his countrymen answered, smiling, "Does your excellency think any English blockhead could have had sense enough to have thought of such a contrivance?"

A fair Start.

MANY years ago, while a clergyman on the coast of Cornwall, was in the midst of his sermon, the alarm was given, *a wreck! a wreck!* The congregation, eager for their prey, were immediately making off, when the parson solemnly intreated them to hear only five words more. This arrested their attention until the preacher, throwing off his canonicals, descended from the pulpit exclaiming, "*Now let's all start fair.*"

The Seditious Songster.

A SEDITIOUS songster being prosecuted in a borough town in the West of England, the following is said to be the sentence passed upon him on conviction:

"Prisoner, I am the *organ* of the law, through which its sentence must pass upon you in *open diapason*: your *cadence* claims no lenity: you tried to subvert the constitution by a *catch;* I shall not hesitate, therefore, to punish you with a *glee!*—Beware, in future of the *horn* of *sedition*, whose *accompaniments* must ever be in *thorough bass!* You have swelled the *scale* of your *discord*, by criticising the exquisite performances of the *leader* of his majesty's *band;* whose *prestos, allegros* or *andantes* ought ever to be *encored;* because his *divisions* are invariably well-*timed*, while those, which oppose them, being in *counterpoint*, and in *three flats*, are sure to resolve themselves into a *minor key*. That such vile *scrapers* as you, therefore, may not put the *harmonic concert* of government out of *tune*, I adjudge you to one hundred *bars rest* in Bridewell; during which you are to receive a cat-o'-nine-tail *movement obligato* on your back *in score!* This will teach you at least to play a little more *piano*, and it is hoped, to avoid that *fatal* CHORD, which must otherwise *stop* your *vox humane*, and bring the *strains* of your whole *instrument* to a disgraceful FINALE.

Charles II.

IF we survey the character of Charles II. in the different lights of which it will admit, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments.

When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked by discretion, that his friends never dreaded becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him very well, and who was himself a good judge, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated (qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company) as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit; and though he perhaps talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves.

In the duties of private life his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother,

an indulgent father, and a good-natured master The voluntary friendships however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive in serving him than self-interest; and he was ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease or convenience.

When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether destitute of virtue, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonorable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures, though he never appeared but in sport, to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign conquest. Yet all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, may be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper: a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one; a censure which, though carried too far, seems to have had some foundation in his character and deportment.

He died February the 6th, 1685, aged 54.

Employment of Time.

A GENTLEMAN fond of playing the violin, was one morning practising, when his uncle came in, and the following dialogue took place:

Uncle.—"I fear Charles you *lose* a great deal of *time* with this fiddling." *Nephew.*—"Sir, I endeavour to *keep time.*" *Uncle.*—"You mean rather to *kill time.*" *Nephew.*—"No: I only *beat time.*"

A Vowel Pun.

IN a pamphlet written by Sir John Hill, the doctor asserts, that in the words *virtue, stir, &c.* Garrick pronounced the letter *i* like the letter *u.* This drew from David the following epigrammatic reply, addressed to Dr. Hill:

If its true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better,
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly *I* wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U.*

Proper Precedence.

A LAWYER and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms: "Let the *thief* go before, and the *executioner* follow.

Short Petticoats.

A GENTLEMAN being on a morning visit to a lady, the conversation turned on fashion and female dress. The long waists and short waists, the high heads and the low heads, the high heels and the low heels, each had their turn; at length, said her ladyship, "So, sir, extremes of fashion do not meet with your approbation. But pray, what do you think of short petticoats?"—"That fashion," said he, your ladyship may carry as high as you please."

A Gouty Pun.

A PERSON meeting a friend, who had lately laboured under a fit of the gout, inquired after his health, and was answered, "So, so."—"I am sorry you are no better," replied the gentleman; for I hoped you were recovered in to-to."

An Epigram on Epigrams

WHAT's to an epigram most like?
A *bee* is just the thing;
Though full of sweets, still it should strike—
Its tail must hold a sting.

Another.

WHAT is an epigram?—a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

Another.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Dick, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag."

"Your simile I own is new,
"But how d'ye make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Dick, "I'll tell you, friend:
"Make it at top both wide and fit
"To hold a budget full of wit,
"And point it at the end."

Enigmatical List of Kingdoms, Empires, and Nations.

TO the whole of importance add three-sevenths of frail,
Two-sevenths of a share, and the like of to rail.
Two-thirds of an herb, one fifth of repose,
Three-fourths of a city in Asia disclose.
Three-ninths of to sprout, join'd to one-fifth of dark,
Two-eighths of to curse, and one-fourth of to bark.
Three-tenths of a giant that had but one eye,
And the same of the daughter of Œtion descry.
Three-fourths of to keep, one-fourth of a tree,
Of an insect two-thirds, and one-sixth of to see.
Two-fifths of a fish, one-fourth of a bird,
Of position two-ninths, of assistance one-third.
A vowel subjoin'd to two-fifths of a spell,
And half of a measure that's known very well.
Of a liquor two-thirds, of a clamour the same,
The initial of him who fam'd Hector o'ercame.
Two-thirds of to win, a term us'd for gold.
Of a monster two-fifths, and th' initial of bold
Four-sixths of a nymph that was turn'd to a reed,
And one-eight of her name that could run with great speed.
Of a legate two-sixths, just half of to dwell,
And one-sixth of fair Paphia's favourite teil.
Two-sixths of a title of Juno disclose,
And three-fourths of a name for an emblem transpose.
The initial of one of the Pierian nine,
Just half of a gem, and two-eights of fine,
Of a store-house three-fourths, one-half of to yelp,
And a vowel subjoined to the initial of help.
To half of a coin a cons'nant unite,
And add to it part of the organ of sight.
Two-eighths of a muse must next be disclos'd,
One-half of to range, and a measure transpos'd.
Half of unfaded, the same of a sneer,
The like of a digit, and one-seventh of severe,
Three-eights of to thrive, one-fifth of to rise,
The mountain where Paris gave Venus the prize.
Two-sixths of to fraud, one-seventh of to mock,
Two-sixths of a youth that was turn'd to a rock.
Two sevenths of the name of a horse of Apollo,
And half of a stone that is precious must follow.

The Glutton.

FROM noon till morn, with unabated zeal,
A wealthy glutton, at a luscious meal,
Had cramm'd himself till he could breathe no more;
The short-liv'd joy at length brought to deplore,
With staggering steps he left the scene divine,
At home to snore away the fumes of wine.

By chance a beggar, naked and distress'd,
Met him, and thus in plaintive voice address'd:
"In pity, sir, some trifling alms bestow
"On a poor man, a prey to every woe!
"Forlorn, unsheltered from the wintry "blast,
"These lips no food have touch'd for two "days past
"And hunger"—"Hold! (he cried) com-"plain no longer,
"You lucky dog, to know the calls of "hunger."

Long and Short.

QUOTH dumpy Joe, "This morn, ifegs,
"We'll walk up hill to stretch our legs."
"No," (cried tall Jack) at home I'll pout "it,
"For mine are long enough without it."

An Account of a French Lady blind from her Infancy, who can read, write, and play at Cards.

A YOUNG gentlewoman, of a good family in France, Mademoiselle de Salignac, born at Xaintonge, lost her sight when only two years old: her mother having been advised to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes, to preserve them in the small pox; whereas, so far from answering the end, it eat into them.

Nature, however, may be said to have compensated for the unhappy mistake, by beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of conception, and many talents which alleviate her misfortune. She plays at cards with the same readiness as others of the party:—she first prepares the pack allotted to her, by pricking them in several parts, yet so imperceptibly, that the closest inspection can scarce discern her indexes; she sorts the suites, and arranges the cards in their proper sequence, with the same precision and nearly the same facility as they who have their sight: all she requires of those who play with her, is to name every card as it is played, and these she retains so exactly, that she frequently performs some notable strokes, such as show a great combination and strong memory. The most wonderful circumstance is, that she should have learnt to read and write: but even this is readily believed, on knowing her method. In writing to her, no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper, and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her finger end. She herself makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry: her guide on the paper is a small thin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she wets it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil, that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the directions: all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct.

To reach this mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who accustomed her daughter to feel letters cut in cards or pasteboard, which brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then by the resemblance of the shape of the letters to delineate them on paper; and lastly to arrange them so as to form words and sentences. She learnt to play on the guitar, and has even contrived, a way of pricking down the tunes as an assistance to her memory. So delicate are her organs, that in singing a tune, though new to her, she is able to name the notes. In figure dances she acquits herself extremely well, and in a minuet, with inimitable ease and gracefulness. As for the works of her sex, she has a masterly hand: she sews and hems perfectly well, and in all her works she threads the needles for herself, however small. By the watch, her touch never fails telling her exactly the hour and minute.

Enigmatical List of Trees.

TWO-thirds of a beast, and a numerical letter.

A laborious insect, and two consonants.

Two vowels, and a consonant.

Three-fourths of subtle, and the reverse to high.

An affirmative changing the last letter.

Three-fifths of one of Jacob's sons.

Two-fifths of part of the arm, a numerical letter, and two-thirds of what we all do.

Anecdote of King George II.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young lieutenant of the marines was so unfortunate as to lose both his legs by a chain-shot. In this miserable and helpless condition, he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition. Major Mason had the poor lieutenant conducted to court on a public day in his uniform; where posted in the guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the king was passing through to the drawing-room, "*Behold great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service.* The king, struck no less by the singularity of this address, than the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "*Half-pay,* (replied the lieutenant) *and please your majesty.*"--"*Fy, fy, o'nt,*" said the king, shaking his head, and shewing every mark of high displeasure, "*but let me see you again next levee-day.*" The lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

Story of a Monkey who was sentenced to Death by the Patriarch of Russia, for profaning a Church.

SOME years ago, an ambassador from England went to Moscow, and carried a great monkey with him, whom he put in a livery like one of his foot-boys. The monkey got astray one day, and leaped into a church, which then happened to be open, just opposite to the ambassador's house. The unlucky ape, as those animals commonly are, did a great deal of mischief; he skipped about every where, loosened and quite spoiled the pictures that hung to the walls, and committed other ravages. The church-warden hearing a strange rattle, ran to the church, and seeing the ape there in the livery of the English ambassador, whom he took for one of his valets, he shut up the church, and went immediately to tell the patriarch what had happened. The patriarch, in a great fret and fume, went that very instant to the czar's palace, to inform him of so foul a deed, and immediately some halbardiers were sent to seize the miscreant, who had presumed to profane the church, thinking the offender was actually a valet de chambre. When the halbardiers entered the church, they found the monkey upon the altar as busy as could be. They threatened him, and charged him to come down, on pain of being well threshed; but as they only talked all the while to a beast, they were not obeyed. The monkey, on the contrary, as is the custom of these creatures, shewed them his teeth, which put one of the halbardiers into such a passion, that he ran up to the ape, and gave him some blows upon his back with his half-pike. The monkey being strong and sturdy, was in such a rage at this drubbing, that he flew at the halbardier, and mauled him so cruelly, notwithstanding the drubbings that were given him to make him let go his hold, that they were obliged to carry the poor man home almost dead. Mean time the halbardiers had much to do to master the monkey, nor could they hold him until they had laid him on his back by mere dint of blows. Then they bound him, and in that manner dragged him to prison, in sight of a vast crowd of people that were got

together. The ambassador at the same time ran the hazard of being as ill used as his monkey, if he had not obtained a safe guard for his quarters, the mob being incensed against him from a notion that he was the author of the sacrilege that had been committed; and some there were that suspected the minister to have dealings with evil spirits, because he carried a devil about him that they could not get a word out of; and indeed as he was no more than a monkey, how should they? The principle officers and merchants went to court, and complained to the czar, and represented that the creature which had committed all this disorder in the church was not a man but a beast, that had been caught wild in the East Indies, and tamed; and the ambassador offered to make double satisfaction for what damage he had done. But this did not bring off the monkey; for the patriarch alleged, that let the animal be what it would, beast or devil incarnate, he must indispensibly be put to death, because he had not only profaned the church, but made a racket and a disturbance in a place that was sacred. Sentence being passed on him accordingly, poor pug was drawn through the whole city, tied and bound with cords; and then, for they were as much afraid of this animal as they were of the devil, some of the stoutest and most courageous of the halbardiers shot him to death.

Richard Cromwell's Speech to his Parliament.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I BELIEVE there are scarce any of you here, who expected some months since, to have seen this great assembly, at this time, in this place, in peace, considering the great and unexpected change, which it hath pleased the all-disposing hand of God to make in the midst of us.—I can assure you, that if things had been according to our own fears, and the hopes of our enemies, it had not been thus with us; and therefore it will become both you and me, in the first place, to reverence and adore the great God, possessor of heaven and earth, in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways, because of his judgments, so as to acknowledge him in his goodness to these lands, in that he hath not added sorrow to sorrow, and made the period of his late highness's life, and that of the nation's peace, to have been in one day.

Peace was one of the blessings of my father's government; a mercy after so long a civil war, and in the midst of so great divisions which that war bred, is not usually afforded by God unto a people in so great a measure.

The cause of God and these nations, which the late protector was engaged in, met, in all the parts of it, as you well know, with many enemies and great opposition: The archers, privily and openly, sorely grieved him, and shot at him; yet his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

As to himself, he died full of days spent in sore and great travail; yet his eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural strength abated.—As it was said of Moses. "He was serviceable even to the last."

As to these nations, he left them in great honour abroad, and in full peace at home; all England, Scotland, and Ireland dwelling safely, every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba. He is gone to rest, and we are entered into his labours; and if the Lord has still a blessing for these lands (as I trust he hath) as our peace hath been length-

ened out to this day, so shall we go on to reap the fruit and gather the harvest of wheat his late highness hath sown and laid the foundation. For my own part, being, by the providence of God and the disposition of the law, my father's successor, and bearing that place in the government that I do, I thought it for the public good, to call a parliament of the three nations now united and conjoined together in one commonwealth, under one government. It is agreeable not only to my trust, but to my principles, to govern these nations by the advice of my two houses of parliament. I find it inserted in the humble petition and advice which is the corner-stone of this building, and that which I shall adhere to, "that parliaments are the great council of the chief magistrate, in whose advice, both he and these nations may be both safe and happy." I can assure you I have that esteem of them, and as I have made it the first act of my government to call you together, so I shall further let you see the value I have of you, by the answer I shall return to the advice that shall be given me by you for the good of these nations.

You are come up from your several counties as the heads of your tribes, (and with hearts I persuade myself, to consult together for their good) I can say I meet you with the same desires, having nothing in my design but the maintenance of the peace, laws, and liberties, both civil and christian, of these nations, which I shall always make the measure and rule of my government, and be ready to spend my life for.

We have summoned you up at this time to let you know the state of our affairs, and to have your advice in them; and I believe a parliament was never summoned upon a more important occasion.

It is true, as I told you, we are, through the goodness of God, at this time at peace; but it is not thus with us, because we have no enemies; no, there are enough both within us and without us, who would soon put an end to our peace, were it in their power, or should it at any time come into their power.

It will be becoming your wisdom to consider of the securing our peace against those who we all know are, and ever will be our implacable enemies: what the means of doing this are, I shall ever refer unto you.

This I can assure you, that the armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are true and faithful to the peace and good interest of these nations, and it will be found so; and that they are a consistent body, and useful for any good ends; and if they were not the very best army in the world, you would have heard of many inconveniences, by reason of the great arrear of pay which is now due unto them, whereby some of them are reduced to great necessities; but you shall have a particular account of their arrears, and I doubt not but consideration will be had thereupon in some speedy and effectual way; and this being matter of money, I recommend it the house of commons.

You have, you know, a war with Spain, carried on by the advice of parliament; he is an old enemy, and a potent one, and therefore it will be necessary, both for the honour and safety of these nations, that war be vigorously prosecuted.

Furthermore, the constitution of affairs in all our countries, and round about us (as well friends as enemies) is very considerable, and calls upon us to be upon our guard, both at land and sea, and to be in a posture able to maintain and conserve our own state and interest.

Great and powerful fleets are preparing to set forth into these seas, and considerable armies of several nations, and kings are now disputing for their

mastery of the sound, with the adjacent islands and countries, among which, is the emperor of Germany, and other popish states.—I need not tell you of what consequence these things are to this state.

We have already interposed in these affairs, in such a manner, as we found it necessary for the interest of England; and matters are yet in such a condition in these parts, that the state may, with the assistance of God, provide, that their differences may not prejudice us.

The other things that are to be said, I shall refer to the Lord Keeper Fiennes; and close up what I have to say, with only adding two or three particulars to what I have already said.

And first, I recommend to your care, the people of God in these nations, with their concernments; the more they are divided among themselves, the greater prudence should be used to cement them.

Secondly, the good and necessary work of reformation, both in the manners and in the administration of justice; that profaneness may be discountenanced and suppressed; and that righteousness and justice may be executed in the land.

Thirdly, I recommend to you the protestant cause abroad, which seems, at this time, to be in some danger, having great and powerful enemies and very few friends; and I hope and believe, that the old English zeal to that cause is still amongst us.

Lastly, my lords, and you gentlemen of the House of Commons, that you will, in all your debates, maintain and conserve love and unity among yourselves, that therein you may be the pattern of the nation, who have sent you up in peace and with their prayers, that the spirit of wisdom and peace may be among you, and this shall also be my prayers for you, and to this let us all add our utmost endeavours for the making this happy parliament."

Mr. Voltaire remarks that Richard Cromwell lived contented, whereas, his father never knew what happiness was. The genius of Richard was wholly different from that of Oliver; he was possessed of all the meek virtues which makes the good citizen, and had none of that brutal intrepidity, which sacrifices every thing to its own interests. He might have preferred the inheritance which his father acquired by his labours, if he would have consented to put to death three or four principal officers of the army, who opposed his elevation; but he chose rather to lay down the government, than to reign by assassination; and lived retired and almost unknown to the age of ninety, in a country of which he had once been the sovereign.

The Beggar.

A PLAYER met a man in the street who appeared extremely distressed, and asked charity; he gave him something, observing; "Either that man must be in actual distress, or he is an excellent actor."

The Ghost-Seer.

A WAG, who pretended to have seen a ghost, was closely cross-examined by the persons to whom he related this marvellous story. Amidst various interrogations to detect his falsehood, one asked him, what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand, (replied the narrator) "what he said, as you know I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages.*"

Tit for Tat.

TOM Clark, of St. John's, once desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Burnet's history of the reformation; the other told him he

pleased, he might come there and read all day long. Some time after the same gentleman sent to Tom to borrow his bellows. "I cannot possibly spare them out of my chamber, but you may come there and blow all day if you will," was the reply.

Cross Readings, taken from different Newspapers.

IN the House of Commons yesterday Lord Mulgrave—Received 300 lashes pursuant to his sentence for desertion.

Last night a gang of notorious villains were apprehended—The earl of Sandwich spoke half an hour in his defence.

Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors will be presented—By a numerous meeting of Westminster justices.

Lady A. M. Stanhope, youngest daughter of the earl of Harrington—Has engaged to eat a leg of mutton and turnips at one sitting.

Yesterday a man was branded in the hand—None are genuine but those that have this mark.

We, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and common council—Promise never to be guilty of the like offence again.

A most affecting scene of poverty and distress—For the service of the present year.

Yesterday a chimney sweeper's boy under seven years—Arrived at Whitehall to attend a meeting of parliament.

At a lady of quality's rout in Grosvenor-square—The School for Scandal, the 20th night this season.

Next week Dr. Hunter intends giving—A grand dinner to several of the nobility.

On Friday a man was whipped at the cart's tail—The ceremony was performed by his grace the archbishop of York.

The freedom of the city will be presented to Admiral Keppel Price one shilling the box.

To-morrow the new parliament will meet—To be sold by auction to the best bidder.

Four street walkers were taken up in St. Giles's—And afterwards held several conferences with the prince.

Adm. Keppel is to dine again in the city—N. B. The glazing business carried on as usual.

The treasurer of her majesty's household has given notice—That he will pay no debts of her contracting.

A poor distressed widow with 7 helpless children—Is in immediate want of 1000l.

Sunday next two charity sermons will be preached—To the disgrace of all religion and good government.

Joshua Reynolds, esq. received the honor of knighthood—Having met with great encouragement on my canvass.

The Nabob of Arcot has sent his majesty a present of—Three blankets and a brass candlestick, value 10d.

This morning the queen was delivered of a prince—to be continued annually.

A full board of treasury will be held this morning—All persons that have lately been robbed are desired to attend.

Yesterday the five condemned malefactors—Appeared in court in the collars of their respective orders.

Yesterday being the last day of term—the villains made off after doing all the mischief.

The most audacious robberies are daily committed—By his majesty's royal letters patent.

Wit.

TRUE wit is like a brilliant stone,
Dug from Golconda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one—
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

A Theatrical Alphabet.

A'S *ARNOLD*, an author and manager bold,
Who knows to transmute his base metal to gold.

B's *Bannister*, chiefly employ'd as a droll,
But with pathos can happily soften the soul.

C's *Coleman*, a writer of wit and of taste,
But whose indolence seldom provides us a feast.

D is a *Davison*, tasteful and gay,
Who the lady in comedy well can display.

E is an *Emery*, in York-lads an host;
A more chaste comic actor the stage cannot boast.

F is a *Fawcett*, of consequence full,
Who well representeth a sturdy John Bull.

G is a *Glover*, an elegant dame,
Who observes the due mean, nor too bold nor too tame.

H is a *Holland*, who never offends,
But beyond walking gentlemen rarely ascends.

I's *Incledon*, powerful in voice, without flaw,
The best English singer the stage ever saw.

J's *Jordan*, Thalia's most favourite daughter,
Whose sportive effusions convulse us with laughter;
Yet who, versatile, can each soft passion impart,
Where feeling's requir'd to speak home to the heart.

K's *Kemble*, a giant, who stands all alone,
In the hero's ambition, or misanthrope's moan;
But from *aiches* his auditors frequently groan.

L is a *Liston*, whose risible face
Displays comic humour, and sometimes grimace.

M is a *Mathews*, of gods the attractor,
Whose mimical pow'rs make him almost an actor.

N *Nobody* claims of theatrical merit,
As an author, an actor, or singer of spirit.

O *Oxberry* is, of the true modern school,
By nature intended for playing the fool.

P is a *Phillips*, of musical fame,
But too servile a copyist, even of *Braham*.

Q is a *Quick*, though now laid on the shelf,
A true son of Momus, a comical elf.

R is a *Raymond*, who mouths as a tyrant,
And's never so happy as when on high rant.

S is a *Siddons*, the queen of the stage;
In tenderness, grandeur, affliction, or rage,
Such an actress is not to be seen in an age.

T's a *Terry*, an actor of judgment and skill,
Who numerous parts can respectably fill.

V's *Vining*, a youth rather easy and smart;
But he consequence wants to give force to his part.

W's *Wewitzer*, sound comic actor and true,
Who ne'er fail'd in Frenchman, Swiss, German, or Jew.

Y's *Young*, energetic displayer of passion,
An able successor, since Kemble's secession.

Z is a *Zero*, of whom there are many,
And who, mixed in a crowd, do as well as any.

A Lecture on Heads.

"TO this night's masquerade, (quoth Dick)
"By pleasure I am beckon'd,
"And think 'twould be a jolly trick
"To go as *Charles the Second*."

"Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
"You'd better go as *Charles the First*,
"For that requires *no head*."

A Good Wife.

A BATCHELOR would have a wife that's wise,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden, for his bed;
Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultless size,
A country housewife, in the city bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath staid,
He should *bespeak* her; there's none *ready made*.

A Dear Present.

A HAMPER Dick sent me of wine,
As good, he said, as e'er was tasted—
And Dick may be supposed to know.
For he contriv'd his matters so,
As every day with me to dine,
Much longer than the liquor lasted.
If such are presents, while I live,
O! let me not *receive*, but *give*."

Cowper's Homer.

ANY mad versions when like this see,
Animadversions they will draw from me.

The Particulars of John Holloway and his Accomplice Owen Haggerty, who was executed at the Old Bailey, for the Murder of Mr. John Cole Steele, on Hounslow Heath.

JOHN Holloway, alias Oliver, alias Long Will, and his accomplice Owen Haggerty, alias Higgerty, was convicted for the wilful murder of Mr. John Cole Steele, on Hounslow Heath, Nov. 6, 1802, and who suffered for the same above four years after the commission of the deed. This case is not only remarkable for the circumstances attending it, but also for the many serious accidents which happened at the place of execution.

The deceased a man of very respectable character, was proprietor of a lavender-water warehouse, in Catharine-street, Strand, and on the day preceding his murder, (Nov. 5,) he went to Bedfont, where he had a plantation of lavender, to give instructions to his men; but not returning to his house in town according to his usual custom, his friends became anxious for his safety; a strict search was set on foot, and, after exploring different parts of Hounslow-heath, he was found buried under a bush: part of his forehead was entirely cut away, and his head wounded in many places, as was conjectured, with a bayonet. They also discovered that, on his return from Bedfont, he could not procure any kind of carriage, consequently was obliged to proceed to town on foot. His boots and hat were taken away; his pockets were cut entirely off; and, from the circumstances of a military hat being found at the place, no doubt was entertained but he was murdered by some soldiers. A verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown was brought in by the coroner's jury, who had met for the investigation of this business at the Ship, public-house, November 12. The commission of so atrocious a deed was soon known through all parts of the metropolis, and the magistrates at Bow-street, and other police-offices, with that laudable industry which characterize their proceedings, set on foot a strict enquiry, in hopes of discovering the murderers. They wrote to all parts of the kingdom, describing the particulars; and the government uniting their efforts, every person who quitted the kingdom was subject to their scrutinizing eye. Several persons were taken up on suspicion of being the perpetrators, and among them two labourers, who were heard quarrelling at Bristol, and accusing each other of shocking crimes; but it appearing that they were innocent of this charge, a collection was made for them in the office. Sir R. Ford ordered them three guineas, and a pass to Liverpool, indicative of their innocence. Still no conclusive evidence or fact could be brought home, so as to warrant the detaining of any person for the crime, and the public had to regret that the offenders remained undiscovered. A circumstance occurred about four years afterwards, which led to the apprehension of John Holloway and Owen Haggerty. Holloway was a man apparently of great muscular strength, aged 39, tall and of a savage, brutal, and ferocious countenance, with large thick lips, depressed nose, and high cheek bones. Haggerty aged 24, was of a feeble and diminutive stature. A man of the name of Benj. Hanfield, alias Enfield, who had been convicted at the Old Bailey, July 3, 1806, of grand larceny, was sentenced to seven years transportation. He was a tall and rather a good-looking man, seemingly possessed of a greater degree both of education and natural sagacity than usually falls to the share of men in his sphere of life. He was conveyed on

board a hulk at Woolwich, to await his departure for New South Wales; bnt having been taken with a severe illness, and tortured in his mind with the recollection of the murder, about which he constantly raved, he said he wished to make a discovery before he died. A message was immediately dispatched to the police magistrates at Bow-street, to communicate the circumstance, and an officer was sent to bring him before them. When he was brought on shore, they were obliged to wait several days, his illness not permitting his immediate removal. On his arrival in town, the magistrates sent him in custody of an officer to Hounslow-heath. He there pointed out the fatal spot where the murder was perpetrated, and related all the circumstances, which he alledged to have attended it; and as his evidence implicated Holloway and Haggerty, measures were taken to apprehend them. Several private examinations of all the parties took place. Hanfield was admitted king's evidence, and Holloway and Haggerty were fully committed for trial, at the next quarter sessions at the Old Bailey, which came on February 20, 1807, before Sir Simon Le Blanc, knight. Such was the eager curiosity of the public to know the issue of this trial, that the court was crowded at a very early hour in the morning; and before the arrival of the judges, the whole area in the Old Bailey was completely crammed. The marquis of Abercorn, and several other persons of distinction, were upon the bench. The indictment having been read, and the prisoners having pleaded not guilty, Mr. Gurney, as council for the prosecution, opened the case. He stated to the jury the charge upon which the prisoners stood at the bar. He said that doubtless the recollection of the circumstances of this melancholy transaction was fresh in their memory: he only mentioned this, that before they went into the box, they would divest their minds from any feelings arising from the nature of the crime. He then stated the particulars of the deceased himself, before he entered into a detail of the evidence. Mr. Steele, he said, had left his house in town on Friday, the 5th of Nov. 1802, giving his family to understand that he should return next day. He slept at Feltham that night; and left his house at Feltham, on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, dressed in a drab-coloured great coat, boots, and a hat: he did not return to town that night, nor on Sunday. This caused alarm, and his brother-in-law went to Feltham, and found that he left his house on Saturday. A number of persons were dispatched to look for him in different directions. After a search of some time, in various parts of Hounslow-heath, in a ditch situated in a clump of trees, at the distance of about five or six hundred yards from the barracks at Feltham, the body was found with his face covered with blood; a violent blow seemed to have been inflicted on the back part of the head, with a fracture on the forehead, and a leathern strap tied very tight around the neck; and by the side of the body was found a large bludgeon, a pair of old shoes, and an old hat trimmed with worsted binding; at some distance on the other side of the road were discovered several marks of blood. The body seemed to have been dragged some distance. Diligent search was made, but the perpetrators were not discovered. Towards the close of the year 1806, information was received by Mr. Nares, that a person of the name of Hanfield, who was convicted in this court of stealing last sessions, had, while in confinement, dropped some expressions indicating something relative to this event. Application was made to the secretary of state to procure his ma-

jesty's pardon for him, he being then under sentence of transportation, and not capable of being received as a witness in the trial of his accomplices. His majesty was accordingly graciously pleased to grant him a full pardon, and a proper officer was sent to conduct him from the hulks at Portsmouth; and he was carried up to town, and brought before the magistrates at Worship-street. The learned counsel then observed, that the evidence was to be looked to with the utmost jealousy and caution. This accomplice, he said, stood in a different light from all others. It was also true, that though he had been convicted of felony, he was not now under conviction for that offence, for he had received his majesty's pardon under the great seal; and it was their duty, by comparing his evidence with other corroborating circumstances, to give that credit to his testimony which appearances might warrant. Mr. Gurney closed his speech, by entreating the jury to proceed with that circumspection which the importance of the subject demanded, as it concerned the lives of the unfortunate men at the bar. Mr. Meyer, the brother-in-law to the deceased, corroborated the facts as usual as stated by the learned counsel in his opening. He very minutely described the particulars as they transpired, and added such observations as had since come to the knowledge of the relations of the deceased. Mr. H. Manny said, he was inspector to the works of the late Mr. Steele, at Feltham, at the time this transaction took place. He well recollected that Mr. Steele, the deceased, was there on Saturday, the 6th of November, and that he left Feltham about seven o'clock in the evening, with the intention of returning to town. The witness now entered into a description of his dress, which corresponded with the account given before the coroner. William Pugh, who was next called, said, that in the month of November, 1802, he was, in consequence of a report that the deceased was missing, employed to search for the body; that accordingly himself, with several others, entered upon a strict search, in which they were ultimately successful. That the body was found lying at the bottom of a ditch near a clump of trees, a short distance from the barracks. The witness described very minutely the position of the body, and the wounds that were at first perceptible. Mr. H. Frogley, a surgeon, of Hounslow, was employed to examine the body at the time it lay at the Ship public-house, for the coroner's jury; and he gave it as his decided opinion, that Mr. Steele certainly died in consequence of the violent bruises he received. The witness examined the body of the diseased, and found not only an extensive fracture on the forehead, sufficient to occasion death, with laceration on the ligaments, but also a great laceration on the back part of the head, and some severe bruises on the upper part of the right arm. Indeed the horrid and inhuman perpetrators of this atrocious deed, seemed to have exercised their utmost cruelty on the unfortunate victim, who must, for some considerable time, after they left him, have remained in a state of miserable suffering. For the better illustration of the testimony adduced, a sketch of Hounslow-heath (by Mr. Kinnaird) was now produced in court. The king's pardon, under the great seal, to Hanfield, remitting his sentence of transportation for seven years, for a larceny which he had been convicted of, and restoring him to his competency as a witness, was read by Mr. Shelton, clerk of the arraigns. Benjamin Hanfield, the accomplice, was then examined; he said he knew Haggerty eight or nine years, and Holloway six or seven. They were accustomed to meet at the Black-

Horse, and Turk's Head public-houses, in Dyot-street. Witness was in their company in the month of November, 1802. Holloway, just before the murder, called him out from the Turk's Head, and asked him if he had any objection to be in a good thing? He replied he had not. Holloway said it was a "no toby," meaning a footpad robbery. Witness asked when and where, he said he would let him know. They parted, and two days after they met again, and Saturday, the 6th of November was appointed. Witness asked who was to go with them. He replied that Haggerty had agreed to make one. They all three met on the Saturday, at the Black Horse, when Holloway said. their business was to "sarve" a gentlemen on Hounslow-heath, who he understood travelled that road with property. They then drank for three or four hours, and about the middle of the day they set off for Hounslow. They stopped at the Bell public-house, and took some porter. They proceeded from thence upon the road towards Belfont, and expressed their hope they should get a good booty. They stopped near the eleventh milestone, and secreted themselves in a clump of trees. While there, the moon got up, and Holloway said, they had come too soon. After loitering about a considerable time, Holloway said, he heard a footstep, and they proceeded towards Belfont. They presently saw a man coming towards them, and on approaching him, they ordered him to stop, which he immediately did. Holloway went round him, and told him to deliver. He said they should have his money, and hoped they would not ill-use him. The deceased put his hand in his pocket, and gave Haggerty his money. Witness demanded his pocket-book. He replied, that he had none. Holloway insisted that he had a book, and if he did not deliver it, he would knock him down. Witness then laid hold of his legs. Holloway stood at his head, and swore if he (the deceased(cried out he would knock out his brains. The deceased again said, he hoped they would not ill-use him. Haggerty proceeded so search him, when the deceased made some resistance, and struggled so much, that they got across the road. He cried out severely; and as a carriage was coming up, Holloway said, "Take care, I will silence the ——————" and immediately struck him several violent blows on the head and body. The deceased heaved a heavy groan, and stretched himself out lifeless. Witness felt alarmed, and said, "John you have killed the man;" Holloway replied, that it was a lie, for he was only stunned. Witness said he would stay no longer, and immediately set off towards London, leaving Holloway and Haggerty with the body. Witness came to Hounslow, and stopped at the end of the town for near an hour. Holloway and Haggerty then came up, and said, they had done the trick, and, as a token, put the deceased's hat into witness's hands The hat Holloway went down in was like a soldier's hat. Witness told Holloway it was a cruel piece of business, and that he was sorry he had any hand in it. They all turned down a lane, and returned to London. As they came along, witness asked Holloway if he had got the pocket-book. He replied, it was no matter, for as he (the witness) had refused to share the danger, he should not share the booty. They came to the Black Horse in Dyot-street, had half a pint of gin, and parted. Haggerty went down in shoes, but witness did not know if he came back in them. The next day he observed Holloway had a hat upon his head, which was too small for him. Witness asked him if it was the same he got the preceding night. He said it was. They met again on

the Monday, when witness told Holloway that he acted imprudently in wearing the hat, as it might lead to a discovery. He put the hat into witness's hand, who observed the name of Steele in it. Witness repeated his fears. At night Holloway brought the hat in a handkerchief, and they went to Westminster-bridge, filled the hat with stones, and, having tied the lining over it, threw it into the Thames. Being cross examined, this witness said, he had made no other minutes of the transactions he had been detailing, than what his conscience took cognizance of. It was accident that led to this disclosure. He was talking with other prisoners in Newgate of particular robberies that had taken place; and the Hounslow robbery and murder being stated amongst others, he inadvertently said, that there were only three persons who knew of that transaction. The remark was circulated and observed upon, and a rumour ran through the prison, that he was about to turn "nose,"* and he was obliged to hold his tongue lest he should be ill-used.

When at Portsmouth, on board the hulks, the compunctions of conscience came upon him, and he was obliged to dissipate his thoughts by drinking, to prevent him from divulging all he knew. At last he was questioned by Sir John Carter; and an officer having arrived from London, he made a full confession. He admitted that he had led a vicious life, that he had been concerned in several robberies, and had entered and deserted from several regiments. He had served in the east and west London militias, had enlisted into the 9th and 14th light dragoons, and had been in the army of reserve. He added, that he was ashamed and sorry at what he had been, and would endeavour to mend his life in future,

* i. e. informer.

John Vickery stated, that he was an officer belonging to Worship-Street, and that, in consequence of information received by John Nares, Esq. the superintendant of the office in Worship-Street, he had been sent to Portsmouth to bring up Hanfield, who was then confined on board the hulks, waiting to be transported with others, pursuant to his sentence. He was immediately delivered into his custody by the captain of the hulks, and they returned to London. As they passed across the heath of Hounslow, on the top of the coach, Hanfield pointed to a spot near a clump o' trees, just at the eleven mile-stone, which he said was the place where the murder had been committed; but they then had no further conversation on the subject, as they were surrounded by people on the top of the coach. Hanfield, on his arrival in town, underwent an examination; in consequence of which, he and the witness went together to Hounslow. They stopped at the Bell Inn, whence they proceeded to the heath; when Hanfield again pointed out the place where the crime was perpetrated, which the witness thought exactly the same as that pointed out by the former witnesses, detailing the circumstances of the murder, previous to his escape from his companions, in almost the same words as he described them to the court. The witness and he returned to town. Soon after, the witness apprehended Holloway at Brentford, during the late election, and brought him to town. When he was examined before the presiding magistrate of Worship-Street office, he declared he was totally innocent; but added, "If they would let him go, he would down on his knees to both the magistrate and the witness." The prisoner Holloway was remanded for further examination. The witness went down to Deal, where he apprehended the prisoner Haggerty, one

board the Shannon-frigate as a marine. When the witness apprehended him, he was in a very bad state of health, so much so, that he was obliged to be left behind, not being able to bear the fatigue of removal. The witness took an opportunity of asking him, in the presence of his captain where he had been about three years ago? The prisoner answered, he was then employed in London as a day-labourer. The witness then asked him where he had been at that time four years? The prisoner directly turned pale, and would have fainted away, had not water been administered to him. Soon after, his health was so far restored as to permit his being removed to town, when he and the other prisoner underwent several examinations. T. Croker, a Bow-street officer, recollected seeing about four years ago, Haggerty and Hanfield together, near the Seven Dials, and in the Turk's Head. In this he was corroborated by the statement of one Limerick, another officer. J. M'Donald, keeper of the Black-Horse, Dyot-Street, knew both the prisoners, and the prosecutor Hanfield; had frequently seen Hanfield and Haggerty in the same box in his tap-room. William Beale, keeper of the Turk's Head, said, he had seen them also at the same time in his tap-room, but was not certain of their being comrades. John Peterson had been a pot-boy at the Turk's Head, and had frequently drawn beer for the prisoners; but could not say they were on terms of intimacy together. John Sawer lived, in 1802, at Hounslow, at the Bell, where he saw the two prisoners frequently; but could not be certain of seeing them in company together. John Nares, Esq. the magistrate, said, that the prisoners were examined by him apart, when Hanfield was produced in evidence against them. He then read from a paper the examination of Haggerty, in which he denied knowing any thing of either Hanfield or Holloway, or being at the Turk's Head or Black horse. porter-houses. Haggerty acknowledged he had been in confinement in July, 1802, in Tothill-Fields. After this liberation, he said, he worked for some time with Mr. Smith, of Castle-street, as a plasterer; that his working dress was usually a green velveteen jacket and small clothes. Being confronted afterwards with Mr, Smith, who denied his having ever been employed by him, he said—"That since they had bothered him so about it, he would give them no information on the subject." The same paper stated, that Holloway had acknowledged he knew Hanfield and Haggerty; but had never drank in their company; had never been at Hounslow in his life. He alleged he had worked for a Mr. Rose, and others, in November, 1802, which, on application, was found to be inaccurate, as he had not worked for them until March, 1803. James Bishop, a police officer, stated, that in the rear of the police office in Worship-street are some strong rooms, for the safe keeping of prisoners pending their successive examinations. In two of these rooms adjacent to each other, and separated by a strong partition, the prisoners were separately confined, and immediately behind these rooms is a privy. In this privy he took post regularly, after each successive day's examination; and, as the privy went behind both rooms, he could distinctly overhear the conversation of the prisoners, as they spoke pretty audibly to each other from either side of the partition. Of this conversation he took notes, which were afterwards copied out fairly, and proved before the magistrates; and which he, on this occasion, read as his evidence in court. Mr. Andrews, counsel for the prisoners, objected to this sort of evidence, it

being impossible, he said, that the officers could overhear all that was said, and that the conversations thus mutilated might be misconstrued:* besides, the minds of officers, for the sake of reward, were always prejudiced against the prisoners. His objections however, were over-ruled by the court. These conversations run to a very considerable length; but the material points were few. They shewed, however, from the words of the prisoners' own conversation, that all they had said before the magistrates, in the denial of any acquaintance with each other or with Hanfield, was totally false, and a mere stratagem to baffle the testimony of the latter, who they hoped had secured his own execution by confessing his guilt, without being able to prove their's, for they were confident the magistrates would not believe his testimony; and that there was no other witness to prove any clue to the fact, or saw them together near Hounslow, where, from the whole connected tenour of their conversation, it was clear they had been on the night of the murder. But one strong point seemed to remove every doubt: Haggerty asked Holloway, after one of the latter examinations, "Where did Hanfield say we had the gin that night, after we came to town?" To which Holloway answered, "At the Black Horse, in Dyot-street." Haggerty then replied, "It must be at the Black Horse we had the gin sure enough." John Smith, a coachman to the Gosport coach, in the month of November, 1802, near eight o'clock in the evening of the above mentioned day, heard, as he passed across Hounslow-heath, on the right-hand side of the road, near the eleven mile-stone, two groans, the last more faint than the other; on which he remarked to some on the outside of the coach, that, "there was something desperate carrying on there." Isaac Clayton, beadle of Hounslow, said, he received a pair of shoes and a stick from some person he does not recollect, just after the murder of Mr. Steele: he recollected, near six years ago, seeing Holloway in company with a man of the same name, who had a wooden leg, about the town of Hounslow, and had seen him also at Brentford election, and other places. The prisoner himself acknowledged he knew him, when examined in Worship-street. Joseph Townsend, police officer of Worship-street, produced a huge knotty bludgeon, a pair of shoes, and a hat, which had been given several years ago to Clayton, by Hughes, and was delivered to him by Clayton. J. Blackman, an officer, knew Haggerty seven years, Hanfield five years, and Holloway a year and a half. About four years ago, he had often seen them together at the Turk's Head, when he conversed with Haggerty, and observed to him he had been lately in a good thing, as his dress was much improved; the prisoner said, he had left it all off now, as he was serving a plasterer, near Hounslow. He was dressed in a green velveteen jacket, and small clothes. A hat was then produced in court, which had been the property of the deceased, by whom it was given to a servant man, who had since worn it almost to rags. The hat had been very much widened in the wearing, and when placed on Holloway's head, appeared rather too large for him. William Robinson, hatter to the deceased, stated, that the hat must have been enlarged by wearing, as he had Mr. Steele's

* The impropriety of reading extracts from letters, has been since warmly debated in the parliament house, and certainly these mutilated conversations were equally objectionable, for the matter not overheard or purposely suppressed, might have altered the meaning of those sentences.

measure in 1802, and could answer for it, that the deceased's hat must nearly fit the prisoner Holloway, as their heads were nearly the same size. William Britten, shoe-maker, knew well the deceased's measure, and thought his boots would fit the prisoner Haggerty. The shoes produced in court, he said, he had tried on the prisoner, and found them rather too large; but, added, that it was plain, from the manner the hind quarter of the shoe had fallen inwards, that they were too large for their original wearer, The prosecution being closed, the prisoners were called on to make their defence. Haggerty protested he was completely innocent of the charge, was totally ignorant of the prosecutor Hanfield, denied ever being at Hounslow, and endeavoured to point out some inconsistencies in the evidence which had been adduced by Hanfield. Holloway declared he was equally innocent of the charge; but admitted he had been at Hounslow more than once, might have been in the company of the prisoners Haggerty and Hanfield, but was not acquainted with either of them. The prisoners' counsel then produced, as a witness for the prisoners, John Shuter, one of the head-turnkeys of the goal, in whose custody Hanfield had been for some time. He then proceeded to ask some questions, tending to invalidate Hanfield's evidence; but, as the witness could state nothing from his own knowledge, he was not permitted to be further examined. Mr. Justice Le Blanc summed up the evidence in a very clear and perspicuous manner, making some very humane observations upon the nature of the testimony given by accomplices, recommending to the jury to divest themselves of every feeling but that of strict justice; and to compare with the precision the circumstantial evidence (which was the only evidence to be attained in most cases of murder, on account of its usual secrecy) with the direct and positive testimony of the approver Hanfield. He admitted that such testimony should be received with caution; yet such strong collateral evidence must have its due weight and influence on their verdict The jury retired for about a quarter of an hour and returned with a verdict of—*Guilty against both the prisoners.* The recorder immediately passed sentence in the most solemn and impressive manner, and the unhappy men were ordered for execution on the following Monday morning. They went from the bar protesting their innocence, and apparently careless of the miserable and ignominious fate that awaited them. The same indifference was manifested during the short time allotted them. On Saturday, February 21, the cell-door, No. 1, in which they were both confined, was opened about half-past two; and upon Mason, the turnkey, asking Holloway, if he should want any thing at four o'clock, he replied, "Yes, you may bring me some tea and toast." Mason then said, "Where's Haggerty?" who immediately and cheerfully answered, "Why here I am, where else should I be?" "Why, Haggerty, I did not know you," rejoined Mason, you're shaved and quite clean." "Well, suppose I am," answered Haggerty laughing, "there's no harm in being clean." They were reading in two prayer-books, by candle-light, as the cell is very dark. On Sunday, neither of them attended the condemned sermon as in cases of murder offenders are deprived of the benefit of the clergy, nor does the bell of St. Sepulchre toll during the solemnity of their execution. On Sunday, several magistrates interrogated them; one of whom with great acuteness, put the following very forcible and ingenious questions to Holloway: "Why do you not make all the reparation to society that remains in your power, during your now

fleeting existence? You are a man of courage though perhaps perverted, and should not allow your memory to be under a stigma of a foul imputation; therefore, why not confess.—If all the world were all to appear for you, I should still be convinced of your guilt, though I do not think that you really meant to murder Mr Steele; but that the crime was occasioned by the sudden and unexpected arrival of the Gosport coach. Am I right," (speaking quick purposely.) Holoway (suddenly)—"Well, I will say—(then after an awful pause)—Never mind, I'm innocent." The magistrate—"Did you murder Mr. Steele?" Holloway.—"No, I did not."—The magistrate—"Were you present then, or do you know any thing of the transaction?" To this truly important question Holloway made no answer; and, whenever the same question was reiterated, remained silent. During the whole of Sunday night, the convicts were engaged in prayer, never slept, but broke the awful stillness of midnight by frequent protestations of reciprocal innocence. At five, they were called, dressed and shaved, and about seven were brought into the press-yard, where Lords Sefton, Paget, and Kinnaird, Mr. Wilson, Alderman Flower, &c. &c. were assembled. There was some difficulty in knocking off the irons of Haggerty: he voluntarily assisted, though he seemed much dejected, but by no means pusillanimous. A message was then delivered to the sheriffs, purporting that Holloway wanted to speak with them in private. This excited very sanguine expectations of confession; but the sheriffs, on their return intimated to the gentlemen in the press-yard, that Holloway wanted to address them publicly; and therefore requested they would form themselves into a circle, from the centre of which Holloway delivered, in the most solemn manner, the following energetic address:—"Gentlemen, I am quite innocent of this affair. I never was with Hanfield; nor do I know the spot. I will kneel and swear it" He then knelt down, and imprecated curses on his head, if he were not innocent, and expressed, "By God, I am innocent." Owen Haggerty ascended the scaffold. His arms were pinioned, and the halter round his neck: he wore a white cap and a light olive shag great coat: he looked downwards, and was silent. He was attended by the Rev. Mr. Griffith, a Roman Catholic clergyman, who read to him, and to whom the unfortunate culprit seemed to pay great attention: he made no public acknowledgement of either guilt or innocence. After the executioner tied the fatal noose, he brought up John Holloway, who wore a smock frock and jacket, as it had been stated by the approver that he did at the time of the murder: He had also a white cap on; was pinioned, and had a halter round his neck: he had his hat in his hand; and, mounting the scaffold, he jumped and made an awkward bow, and said, "I am innocent, innocent, innocent, by God!" He then turned round, and bowing, made use of the same expressions, "*Innocent, innocent, innocent! Gentlemen!—No verdict! No verdict! No verdict! Gentlemen—Innocent! innocent!*" At this moment, and while in the act of saying something more, the executioner proceeded to do his office, by placing the cap over the face of Holloway; to which he with apparent reluctance complied; at the same time uttering some words. As soon as the rope was fixed round his neck, he continued quiet. He was attended in his devotions by the Rev. Mr. Knight, assistant at the Rev. Rowland Hill's chapel. The last that mounted the scaffold was Elizabeth Godfrey. She was a woman of the town, aged 34, who had been capitally

convicted of the wilful murder of Richard Prince, in Mary-le-bone parish, on the 25th of Dec. 1806, by giving him a mortal wound with a pocket knife in the left eye, of which wound he languished and died. Immediately on receiving sentence, this woman's firmness and recollection seemed to fail her, and she appeared bordering upon a state of phrenzy. At the place of execution she was dressed in white, with a close cap and long sleeves, and was attended by the Rev. Mr. Ford, the ordinary of Newgate; but her feelings appeared to be so much overpowered, that notwithstanding she bore the appearance of resignation in her countenance, her whole frame was so shaken by the terror of her situation, that she was incapable of any actual devotion. They were all launched off together, at about a quarter after eight. It was a long time before the body of the poor female seemed to have gone through its last suffering.

The crowd which assembled to witness this execution was unparalleled, being according to the best calculation, nearly 40,000; and the fatal catastrophe, which happened in consequence, will cause the day long to be remembered. By eight o'clock not an inch of ground was unoccupied in view of the platform. The pressure of the crowd was such, that before the malefactors appeared, numbers of persons were crying out in vain to escape from it; the attempt only tended to increase the confusion. Several females of low stature, who had been so imprudent as to venture amongst the mob, were in a dismal situation: their cries were dreadful. Some who could no longer be supported by the men, were suffered to fall, and were trampled to death. This was also the case with several men and boys. In all parts there were continued cries of *murder! murder!* particularly from the female part of the spectators and children, some of whom were seen expiring without the possibility of obtaining the least assistance, every one being employed in endeavours to preserve his own life. The most affecting scene of distress was seen at the end of Green-Arbour-Court, nearly opposite the debtor's door.

The terrible occurrence which took place near this spot was attributed to the circumstance of two piemen attending there to dispose of their pies, and one of them having his basket overthrown, which stood upon a sort of stool with four legs, some of the mob not being aware of what had happened and at the same time severely pressed, fell over the basket and the man at the moment he was picking of it up, together with its contents. Those who once fell were never more suffered to rise, such was the violence of the mob. At this fatal place, a man of the name of Herrington was thrown down, who had in his hand his youngest son, a fine boy about twelve years of age. The youth was soon trampled to death: the father recovered, though much bruised, and was amongst the wounded in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A woman, who was so imprudent as to bring with her a child at the breast, was one of the number killed; whilst in the act of falling, she forced the child into the arms of the man nearest to her, requesting him for God's sake to save its life: the man, finding it required all his exertion to preserve himself, threw the infant from him, but it was fortunately caught at a distance by another man, who finding it difficult to ensure its safety or his own, got rid of it in a similar way. The child was again caught by a person who contrived to struggle with it to a cart, under which he deposited it until the danger was over, and the mob had dispersed. In other parts the pressure was so great, that a horrible scene of confusion ensued, and

seven persons lost their lives by suffocation alone. It was shocking to behold a large body of the crowd, as one convulsive struggle for life, fight with the savage fury with each other: the consequence was, that the weakest, particularly the women, fell a sacrifice. A cart, which was overloaded with spectators, broke down, and some of the persons falling from the vehicle, were trampled under foot and never recovered. During the hour the malefactors hung, little assistance could be afforded to the unhappy sufferers; but, after the bodies were cut down, and the gallows removed to the Old Bailey Yard, the marshals and constables cleared the street where the catastrophe occurred, and, shocking to relate, there lay near 100 persons dead, or in a state of insensibility, strewed round the street. Twenty-seven dead bodies were taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; four to St. Sepulchre's church; one to the Swan on Snow-Hill; one to a public house opposite St. Andrew's church, Holborn; one, an apprentice, to his master's, Mr. Broadwood, piano-forte maker, Golden-Square; a mother was seen carrying away the body of her dead boy; Mr. Harrison a respectable gentleman, was taken to his house at Holloway. There was a sailor boy killed opposite Newgate, by suffocation: he carried a small bag, in which he had some bread and cheese, as it is supposed he came some distance to behold the execution. After the dead, dying, and wounded were carried away, there was a cart-load of shoes, petticoats, and other articles of wearing apparel, picked up. Until four o'clock in the afternoon, most of the surrounding houses had some person in a wounded state: they were afterwards taken away by their friends on shutters, or in hackney coaches. The doors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital were closed against the populace. After the bodies of the dead were stripped and washed, they were ranged round a ward, on the first floor on the woman's side; they were placed on the floor with sheets over them, and their clothes put as pillows under their heads; their faces were uncovered: there was a rail along the centre of the room: the persons who were admitted to see the shocking spectacle went up on one side, and returned out on the other. Until two o'clock, the entrances to the hospital were beset with mothers weeping for sons! wives for their husbands! and sisters for their brothers! various individuals for their relatives and friends!—Seldom has such a scene of distress and misery presented itself in this metropolis! When the gates were opened, a great concourse was admitted; and when the yard was full, the gates were again closed, until the first visitors retired from this scene of woe: as soon as any of the deceased were recognised, the body was either put into a shell, or the face covered over, with the name of the party written on a paper, and pinned over the body. The next day (Tuesday) a coroner's inquest sat in St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the remains of the sufferers. Several witnesses were examined with respect to the circumstances of the accident, which examination continued until Friday, when the verdict was, "That the several persons came by their death from compression and suffocation."

The Contrast. On elegant Women dancing to a bad Fiddle.

ALAS! that such cherubs in face and in shape,
Should bring a man into so shocking a *scrape!*

The Reverse. On clumsy Dancers to an exquisite Masician.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits,
Thus Orpheus fiddled and so danc'd the brutes.

On a Gentleman sitting before a scorching fire in a cold room.

OF various climates, dear Jack, you may boast;
In one part you freeze, in another you roast.
Like Russia's great monarch's the empire you rule in,
For your back is in Lapland, your face in Bencoolen.

The Miser's Will.

"I GIVE and I devise (Old Euclio said)
"My lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, sir?" "My money! sir;
"what all!
"Why, well then, it I must——I give it
"Paul."
"The manor, sir?" "The manor! hold!
(he cried)
"I will not, cannot part with that"—and
died.

Epitaph on an Actor.

FROM early youth train'd to the Thespian art,
On life's great *stage* I've *play'd* my varied *part*.
My *entrance* was auspicious; never boy
In his *debut* received more flattering joy:
My *first* and *second acts* pass'd smooth away,
Alternately in *study* and in *play*.
I then advanced more forward in the *scene*,
And oft neglect made *forfeits* intervene.
My passions drew me into *tragic* scrapes,
And ill-laid *plots* brought with them dire mishaps.
Comic events, however, were not scarce,
And past dilemmas then became a *farce*.
Though want of *property* I've often known,
My *wardrobe* slender never made me groan;
In various *shapes*, not always at my ease,
I *managed* still to *bustle through the piece*.
Though wrong *behind the curtain* I might do,
My inward *prompter* kept me still in *cue*.
My *drama* now is done, my *last act* o'er,
My *season* finish'd, I must higher soar:
No more *engagements* on this *stage* I'll make,
Trusting my *benefit* above to take.

Time enough.

A CLERICAL prig, who one morn join'd the chace,
For which he had always an itching;
Was thrown from his horse, and fell flat on his face,
A dangerous dirty deep ditch in.

Each Nimrod that pass'd him for help loud did cry,
But onward all eagerly panted;
The whipper-in lustily roars, "let him lie!
"Till Sunday he will not be wanted."

Different Species of Drunkenness.

WHEN Tom was poor, as poor could be,
Drunk as a beggar still was he;
Espousing then a wealthy dame,
Sudden a fortune to him came.
To drink he now can well afford,
And daily gets *drunk as a lord*.

Bark.

DEAR Johnny, much I wish for your advice,
'Tis on a point extremely nice,
'Bout which my mind is in an odd quandary;
By your opinion I would fain abide,
Betwixt two persons to decide,
My *dog* and my *apothecary*.

To state the case—*Monsieur l'Apothecaire*
Thinks proper to declare,
That I must drink a pint of *bark* a day,
Because he says, 'twill be the way,
To stregthen and renew me, now I'm wasted.
This may be true; yet still I'm loath to drink,
Simply because I think,
It is the vilest stuff I ever tasted.

But that's not all—for you must know,
A noisy *house-dog* that I keep,
Doth ev'ry night contrive it so,
That I can't get a wink of sleep.
Thus, am I not in piteous plight,
With *bark* all day, and *bark* all night?

Now, prithee, Johnny, tell me what to do
Betwixt the two—
"Why hang the dog!" (methinks I hear you say)
Alas! poor Tray!
Would that be treating thee quite fair?
If either must be hang'd, I own,
I'd rather leave the dog alone,
And hang the other spark,
Who deals in *bark*,
Monsieur l'Apothecaire.

Prudent Generosity.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas. "Come (said I)
"Give me a pen, it is but fair,
"You take my note." Quoth he, "hold
"there!
"Jack to the cash I've bid adieu;
"No need to waste my paper too."

Numeration.

SAYS Giles, "My wife and I are one,
"Yet, faith, I know not why, Sir."
Quoth Jack, "If I think right, you're ten,
"She's one, and you're a cypher."

The Black Box.

A NOBLEMAN, of a neighbouring country, having been treacherous to his prince, and finding himself obnoxious to the stroke of justice, his treasons having been penetrated and amply detected, consulted with one of his servants how to avert punishment, which he does by persuading him (the servant) to make himself the principal, and the only conspirator, and to clear his lord in the most effectual manner from the least imputation of the crime. To encourage him to this, the nobleman tells him, that although he might be cast and condemned, yet he would not fail to procure him a pardon, as also to allow him, as a recompense for this most signal service, a great part of his estate. Upon this, the nobleman's steward (for such it seems he was) confesses himself the sole author and contriver of the aforesaid treasons, and absolutely frees his lord's reputation; for which sentence of death was presently awarded against him, and he remanded back to prison; where the lord comes to him, upon pretence of getting him to make some further discoveries, but, indeed, to tell him that he had procured his pardon, shewing him one that he had counterfeited for that purpose, which he took out of a *black box;* and withal told him, that notwithstanding the pardon he had procured, it was the king's pleasure that he should be carried to the place of execution, partly to save appearances, but chiefly for the greater terror and example of others; and after having made his speech there, should then receive his pardon, bidding him not to be daunted or troubled at any thing that should be done or said to him, being matter of form and necessary solemn parade; and assured him withal, that when at the place of execution he should see a person on his right hand, holding up a *black box,* it should be to him an infallible sign that his pardon was there. Upon this the man was greatly encouraged, and seemed not to be concerned at his present situation, but longed for the day of his supposed execution; which being now come, the man with the black box was very assiduous to appear in his sight as soon as he was come out of the prison, and accompanied him at a distance until he came to the place of execution, where the man with the black box placed himself on an eminence on the right hand of the prisoner, that he might be the more apparently conspicuous to him. The prisoner then addresses himself in a speech to the people, which he little thought would have been his last, and again acquits his lord, &c. still having his eye upon the black box; but having drawn out his speech to an unusual length, the sheriff told him he could stay no longer: to which the prisoner replied, that there was a gentleman stood close by with a black box in his hand, who was lately come from court, and who he was confident had got his pardon: upon which the gentleman with the black box was called for; who being come, delivered his box to the sheriff, who took a paper out of it containing these words: *Upon sight hereof, let the prisoner be immediately executed.* Which order was so speedily obeyed, that the prisoner had no time to discover the cheat that was put upon him; so he fell a sacrifice to his own folly, and the practice of others, unpitied, because unknown.

An easy Road.

A NOBLE lord, on his death-bed, observed to his coachman, "Ah John! I am going a longer journey than ever you drove me."—"Never mind, my lord," replied he, "it is all down hill."

Origin of Tarring and Feathering.

AS tarring and feathering has been much used by way of punishment among the inhabitants of North America, many are ignorant of its original, and think it a new mode of chastisement.

King Richard I. called from his great courage *Cœur de Lion,* or Lion's Heart, kept strict discipline both in army and navy. Having made a vow to fight against the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land, in 1190, he sailed over to France, had an interview with King Philip, and entered into an alliance with him for that purpose; and the two armies of France and England joined at Vezelai. King Richard, during his stay in France, standing on the river Vienne, made the following remarkable orders for preserving peace in the navy, during this expedition to the Holy Land:

First. If any one killed a man in a ship, he was bound to the dead man, and flung into the sea.

Second. If any one was convicted to have drawn his dagger, or knife, to hurt another, or fetch blood, he was to lose his hand.

Third. If any one struck another with his open hand, without effusion of blood, he was to be ducked thrice over head and ears in the sea.

Fourth. If any one gave his companion opprobious language, so often as he did it, he was to give him so many ounces of silver.

Fifth. If any man stole any thing, his head was to be shaved, and melted pitch poured upon it, and feathers stuck therein, that so he might be known; and the first land the ship touched at, he was to be set on shore.

This is probably the original from whence tarring and feathering arose, the former being substituted instead of pitch; the custom being disused for so many centuries, was again revived amongst the Americans.

Chinon, the place where these orders were first made, is also remarkable for being the place where Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, who so often defeated the English, and was at last taken and burnt for a witch, first offered her service to Charles the Seventh of France, in the year 1429.

An awkward Accident.

TWO Irish porters meeting in Dame-street, Dublin, one addressed the other with, "Oho, Mac Shane, how are you, my dear, you are just come from England: pray did you see any thing of our old friend, Pat Murphy?"—"No," says he, "and I am very much afraid I shall *never see him again.*"—"How so?"—"Why he has met with a very unfortunate accident lately."—"What the devil was it?" asked Mac Shane. "Oh! faith, nothing more than this; as he was standing on a *plank,* talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London, which I think they call the Old Bailey, the *plank suddenly gave way, and poor Pat got his neck broke.*"

Pun of Churchill.

THE late Mr. Churchill having baptised the child of a friend, and coming after the ceremony into an adjoining room, where was the child's grandfather and several other friends of the family, the old fellow desired the parson would tell them how little miss had behaved at her sprinkling. "As well as they generally do," replied Charles, "there was a little whimpering to be sure." "Aye, aye," said the grandfather, "that's the way, that's the way: they come crying into the world, and are perpetually out of temper till they go out of it; is not it so, Charles?"—"It certainly is," replied Churchill, "it certainly is; but it is not confined to them, we are all of us out of temper when we are *cross'd.*

Sterling Composition.

DRYDEN, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style; and, after some debate, it was agreed, that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment.—Most of the company took uncommon pains to out-do each other: while lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny.—In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one in particular he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment.

"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. DORSET."

Journal for de Week.

THE following paper was dropped from the pocket of a Jew, well known upon 'change.

Sunday. No business to be done—de christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi: he never come—took a walk in St. George's Fields—put me in mind of Newgate—called dere—supped and smoaked a pipe with Lord George Gordon—very sensible man.

Monday. At 'change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monies—did not like his looks—in de afternoon called in St. James's-street; not at home—very bad luck—thought to have touched someting dere.

Tuesday. Went to de west end of de town—bought some old clothes—took in—gave great price for de breeches, thinking I felt guinea in de fob left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—noting in the world but counterfeit halfpenny—sold dem again to Levi—took him in the same way—very good dat.

Wednesday. Went to St. James's-street again—de devil is in de man—not at home—met Levi; he scolded me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—went to puff at de auction—very well paid—engaged to puff at anoder in de evening—found out dere—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—*dropped in by acshident*—sold dem to Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—did very well by dat.

Thursday. On 'change—met de gentleman with de white wig—wanted more monies—let him have it—very good securities—like white wigs—carried my advertisement to de newspaper, signed Z—pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring customers.

Friday. Found a watch in my coat pocket—*dropped in by acshident*—made some money by dat—met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him since he was a bankrupt—arrested him for de monies he owed me—went home, and prepared for de sabbath.

Curious Proclamation.

IN 1547, a proclamation was issued by Henry the Eighth, "That women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses."

Observations on a Drunken Man.

HAPPENING to pass through Vine-street a few nights ago, on my return to my lodgings, I perceived a tolerably well-dressed man approaching me in a manner which sufficiently proved that he had drank more than his head would bear; that he could not possibly bring his body towards me in a strait line; hardly, indeed, keep his feet upon the ground. I was not a little diverted, I must own, with his *wise* looks, *zig-zag* motions, and half words, imperfectly articulated; but I was still more amused with the observations which several persons made upon his state of irrationality. One of them said, that he was *top-heavy;* another, that he was *pot-valiant;* a third, that he was *half-seas over;* a fourth, that he had *been in the sun;* a fifth, that he looked *pure rosy;* a sixth, that he was *in for it;* a seventh, that he was *very much in liquor;* an eighth, that he was *hictius doctius;* a ninth, that he was *disguised;* a tenth, that he was *non compos;* an eleventh, that he *clipped the king's English;* a twelfth, that he was *damnably cut;* a thirteenth, that he was *as drunk as David's sow.* A fourteenth observed, with a sort of sneer, and a shrug, as he passed, that in truth he was *clear*; while a fifteenth said to his comrade, "Zounds, why Willy, the dog is, indeed, most confoundedly *quilly.*"

GEORGE AMBLER.

The God Maker.

A SCULPTOR in Portugal, who had borne the character of a free-thinker, was dying. A Jesuit confessed him, and held a crucifix before him, exclaiming, "See! there is God, whom you have so often offended!—Do you know him?"—"Oh, yes," replied the sculptor: "I made it."

Anecdote of Mr. Addison.

IT is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—but could go no farther; then rising again, he said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive;"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry to find that the hon. gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

A Rake's Economy.

WITH cards and dice, and dress and friends,
My savings are complete;
I light the candle at both ends,
And thus make both ends meet.

Anecdote.

AS a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon his two sticks to his noisy mansion, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wished to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood. "My name," answered he, "is R—— T——, and I am *master* of this *parish.*" This answer further increased his lordship's curiosity, and he desired to know in what sense he was *master* of the parish. "I am," answered he, "the *master* of the *children* of the parish; the children are masters of the *mothers;* the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers;* and consequently I am the *master* of the whole *parish.*" His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and gave the schoolmaster half-a-guinea to buy a book with.

The Exciseman bit.

A COUNTRYMAN was stopped by a revenue officer, who took from him two casks of spirits, and carrying them to the next town (a distance of fifteen miles) was desired by the countryman to stop and leave it at the first public-house. The officer replied, "No; I have seized it, and it must go to the excise-office."—"Not so, master," said the countryman; "I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you'll take the trouble of reading, will convince you I am right." The officer reading his *bit of paper*, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a permit; why did you not show it me sooner?"—"Because," said he, "if I had, you would not have carried the liquor so far for me."

A Pun with a Point to it.

WHEN Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-park corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of one hundred guineas, with the honourable Butler Danvers, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest, spoke of it to the duchess of Gordon, and added, it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as *this Penn* had, should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "It is so," said her grace; "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that every body *cuts*, but nobody *mends*."

A Reply in a proper Place.

TWO persons of a satiric turn met a neighbour, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing, whether you are more fool or rogue." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and walking in the middle, after some hesitation, replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

The bookish Benedict.

THE proud, the learned, the grave, and the sullen, can all unbend in female society, and domestic privacy. The principal of the academy of Saumur used to spend five hours regularly every morning in study; but was always very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, not appearing precisely at the time expected, his wife entered the study, and found him still reading. "I wish, my love," said the lady, "that I were a book."—"Why so," said the scholar. "Because you would then be constant to me."—"I should have no objection," rejoined the husband, "provided you were an almanack."—"Why an almanack, my dear?"—"Because I should then have a new one every year."

A Stroke at a sleeping Sovereign.

DR. SOUTH once preaching before Charles II. (who was not very often in a church) observing that the monarch and all his attendants began to nod, and as nobles are common men when they are asleep, some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off his sermon, and called, "Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud that you will wake the king!"

An Election Manœuvre.

THE non-resident freemen of Berwick upon Tweed living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, a few days previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water; Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the sum of £400. to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and in consequence Mr. Taylor and Lord Delaval secured their seats without any farther expense.

James II.

IT was said by the witty duke of Buckingham, that Charles the Second might have done well if he would, and that James would do well if he could; an observation which says little for the understanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemishes with which his public character is stained, he was not deficient in several qualities necessary to form a good sovereign.

His industry and attention to business were exemplary; he was frugal of the public money; he cherished and extended the maritime power of the empire; and his encouragement of trade was attended with such success, that, according to the observation of the impartial historian Ralph, as the frugality of his administration helped to increase the number of malcontents, so his extreme attention to trade was not less alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his resolution not to rush into a war with France was mortifying to their stadtholder.

In domestic life the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great measure tainted with that licentiousness of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole society, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any excesses that trenched deeply upon the duties of social life; and if the qualities of his heart were to be judged only by his conduct in the different characters of husband, father, master and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable disposition.

The dominion of error over the minds over the generality of mankind is irresistible. James to the last hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious prejudices. He could not help considering the strength and power of the crown as necessary to the preservation and happiness of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his son, while he conjures him to pay a religious observance to all the duties of a good sovereign, he cautions him against suffering any intrenchment on the royal prerogative.

Among several articles containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion: and what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting that he never attempted to subvert the Jews, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shows that the delusion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the trust he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests; and that neither himself nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish.

James abdicated his throne in 1688, and died in 1700.

Enigmatical List of Flowers.

A VAIN youth.

The support of a dairy, and a false step.

The goddess of beauty and the ladies' delight.

The emblem of constancy, and a fine woman.

A game of cards, and what a lady cannot dress without.

The best age, and the child's dread.

A precious stone.

A fribble's opinion of himself.

What the jealous never enjoy.

A fop.

An emperor's diadem.

What a secret is often told under.

The produce of an industrious in-

sect, and what mothers generally do to infants.

Three-fourths of a joke, two-sixths of a proverb, and what produceth iron.

What few people in love can boast of.

A bird remarkable for its early rising, and what huntsmen wear.

A noted bird for its fine feathers, and a very useful member.

Three-fourths of the name of an evangelist, and what great writers make use of.

Three vowels, a consonant, and a French word.

What perplexes the mind, and what we are in when we hear bad news.

Congealed rain, and what faint people do.

A useful beast, and what we are apt to do in frosty weather.

The ill Effects of Tea.

SINCE the year 1666, every honest physician will allow that tea has been the ruin of millions of constitutions, in all parts of the globe where it has been used; it has flattered the tastes, and has at the same time been a dagger to the hearts of numbers; it has been the cause of drinking spirituous liquors, and as Dr. Lettsom says, it relaxes the whole frame, and that neither man, women, or child should drink it by any means. A person drinking tea was brought to a state of despondency. Physicians' advice proved of no effect, upon which she attempted four times to hang herself, but was prevented; but after that she stabbed herself with her scissars in the belly, is now cured by Gensing tea and other remedies.

Daily Advertizer, Feb. 21, 1788.

To a briefless Barrister.

IF to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the devil;
So little mischief thou dost from the laws,
Thou'lt surely go below without a cause.

A wonderful Well.

AT Ancliff, near Wigan, in Lancashire, is a burning well, the water of which is so cold, nor has it any smell, but there is a strong sulphurous vapour that issues out with the water, and makes it bubble up as if it boiled, which upon applying a lighted candle to it, presently takes fire, and the surface of the well is covered with a flame, like that of burning spirits; this flame will continue several hours in calm weather, and emits such a heat that meat may be boiled over it, but the water when taken out will not burn at all.

Newbury's Wonders.

The Lady and Looking Glass.

A CYNIC once growl'd to a buxom young lass;
" A female's the very reverse of a glass;
" And this I can prove without fear of
" correction;
" A mirror, we know, and 'tis fact what
" I preach,
" Exactly *reflects*, though without gift of
" speech;
" Whereas we all rue,
" And find it too true,
" That a female talks on without any re-
" flection."

The admirable Crichton.

THE person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one, bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

He was born in Perthshire, studied at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, and went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with them on a certain day, offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and all the faculties and sciences. On the

day appointed, 300 auditors assembled; when 4 doctors of the church, and 50 masters, appeared against him, and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge beyond the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold; and dismissed with repeated acclamations. From Paris he went to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had, in the presence of the pope and cardinals, the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city. He visited Padua, where he engaged in another disputation; beginning his performance with an extemporal poem, in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluded with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle, and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any his antagonist should propose, in a hundred different kind of verses.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expense of any pleasure in which youth generally indulges; or by the omission of any accomplishment, in which it becomes a gentleman to excel. He practised, in great perfection, the art of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music; he danced with uncommon gracefulness; and on the day of his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France; where at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together. He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters, in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had so much power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital he would follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gestulation. Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill; there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke with some reluctance consented, and on the day fixed, the combatants appeared: their weapons seemed to have been the single rapier, which was then introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant, and pressed upon him with such force

and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vicentio di Gonzago, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition.—On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honor was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival, rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked; neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him: he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince, his pupil.—Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince, who immediately seized it, and, instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory. The court of Mantua, testified their esteem by a public mourning. The contemporary wits were profuse in their encomiums; and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

Caledonian Mag. Perth, Feb. 6, 1784.

Dressing misapplied.

WHAT is the reason, can you guess,
Some men are thin, and women thinner?
So much do they *for dinner dress*,
They've nothing left to *dress for dinner*.

Better fed than taught.

UPON a hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met the parish curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a very clown,
He pass'd him rudely with a cover'd crown.
The gownsman stopp'd and looking sternly said,
"I doubt my lad, you're far worse taught "than fed!"
"Why, aye," says Tom, still jogging on, "that's true;
"*I feed myself*, but *I am taught by you.*"

Blackfriar's Road.

ADJOINING to Blackfriar's height,
Two places oddly grapple;
The Surrey on the right,
The left the Surrey chapel.

Each leaves decorum in the lurch,
So vast their ranting rage;
This by buffoonery shames the church,
And that by punch the stage.

Run folly, run, both houses fill,
There laugh, and weep, and tremble;
Desert from Blair to Rowland Hill,
To Bradbury from Kemble.

A Shirt for a Ruffle.

ONCE in a barn, the strolling wardrobe's list
Had but one ruffle left for Hamlet's wrist.
Necessity, which has no law, they say,
Could with one ruffle but one arm display.
"What's to be done?" the hero said and sigh'd;
"Shift hands each scene," a brother buskin cried,
"Now in the pocket keep the left from "sight,
"Whilst o'er your breast you spread the "ruffled right;
"Now in your robe the naked right repose,
"Whilst down your left the woeful cam-"bric flows.
"Thus, though half-skill'd, as well as half "array'd,
"You'll make a change *which Garrick* "*never made.*"

An Account of the City of Loretto.

LORETTO, a city of Italy, is thought to be the richest in the world; for according to the Catholic tradition, the chamber of the blessed virgin (in which she was born, and was saluted by the angels, and brought up her son Jesus until he was twelve

years of age) was brought by angels into Dalmatio, in the year 1291; but the people in that country not expressing a due veneration for it, it was three or four years afterwards transported over the gulph, and fixed at Loretto, and a magnificent church built over it. This chamber is forty feet long, twenty broad, and twenty in height: in it is an image of the Blessed Virgin, with a little Jesus in her arms, and a triple crown upon her head; her whole person is almost covered with diamonds and pearls, and round the statue is a kind of rainbow of precious stones of various colours; all the ornaments, altars and utensils, are inexpressibly rich. The gallery, in which the treasures are lodged, is filled with gold and jewels, the votive gifts of emperors, kings, popes and princes, for many hundred years past: silver works are thought not worthy to be admitted here. To this holy house, some years, there have resorted 500,000 pilgrims, and none of them but what contributed something to increase the treasure. Pope Sixtus 5th first made Loretto a city and bishopric, and it is thought the most sacred place under Heaven, by all good Catholics.

Public Ledger, 1784.

A Volunteer Charge.

A COLONEL, by chronicles late it appears,
Gave a dinner in stile to his crack volunteers;
The dinner was good, but the glasses so small,
The heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The commandant thus to the right and left wing,
Cried "*Attention!* now *charge* to the health "of the king!"
A jolly sub, eying his glass at the time,
Said; "Colonel, there's hardly enough for "a prime."

Contented Cuckold.

SOME time ago, a mariner was brought before Mr. Alderman Hart, at Guildhall, London, and charged by a publican at Hull, in Yorkshire, with stealing a number of articles, consisting of plate and linen, with which the prisoner took a trip to London, and was followed by the publican, who recovered his property and apprehended the mariner. He did not deny a syllable charged upon him. He had brought the effects, it was true, from Hull, and together with these goods of the husband, he produed a chattle too, namely, the wife, who stood forward before the magistrate, avowing her share in confederating to strip her husband, and entirely exonerated the prisoner from any charge of a felonious nature. This produced a most extraordinary scene: the husband, with more patience than Job was in need of, far from feeling the pangs of insulted love, prayed, begged and beseeched his *cara sposa* to return home; and he promised to forget all her misconduct; declaring, like a true *enamorata* before marriage, that he loved the very ground she walked on. The hardened vixen remained for some time deaf to all the advice of the magistrate, and the entreaties of her surrounding friends.—She even declared, that if she went down to Hull, she would the first opportunity abscond, and leave her children. The spectators were struck with astonishment at this infatuated stubbornness, and took a part to persuade the woman in a sense of her situation. She did, in a very awkward kind of way, after a shower of tears, and a laboured flow of rhetoric from sundry fair married dames present, agree so far as to condescend to return to Hull, with her dear contented *cornuto*.

Salmon's Gazetteer abridged.

Two Women tried for Witchcraft.

AT Walkern, in Hertfordshire, Jane Wenman, a poor widow, about seventy years of age, was tried for witchcraft; she lived in a solitary

cottage, where she suffered all those afflictions which necessarily attend poverty and age; her only companions were her bible and her cat; her neighbours poor, ignorant, superstitious wretches, considered the dumb animal as her familiar: and as for the word of God, they said she kept it to read backwards in order to raise the devil. Every calamity that befel any person in the neighbourhood, accidental or natural, was ascribed to her; until at last an information was lodged against her before Sir H. Chauncey, a justice of the peace, but a mean illiterate wretch, ignorant to the laws of his country, and superstitious as a popish devotee. The poor woman was brought before the justice, and committed to Hertford gaol. At the next assizes a bill of indictment was found against her, and her trial came on before Judge Powel. The judge was fully satisfied of her innocence, and therefore went as far in his charge to the jury as he could consistent with law, to induce them to quit her; but they, to their eternal shame, found her guilty. She was not, however, left without a friend; for the upright and compassionate judge immediately repaired to court, and procured that mercy for her which she had been denied by her country. She lived several years after in the same harmless and inoffensive manner she had spent the former part of her life, and died with all the marks of unfeigned and genuine piety.

We are also told, that another poor aged woman having been indicted, was brought to be tried before the same judge. The whole accusation against her consisted in this, that she had once been heard to say she could fly. This circumstance, with having a large tabby cat, induced the jury to find a bill of indictment against her; for it was sworn by some of the witnesses, that the cat's eyes were seen to flame like fire in the night. When she was brought to her trial at Hertford, the judge patiently heard the evidence, and the jury, who it seems, had more knowledge than the one already mentioned, immediately acquitted her.—The honest judge said to her, "Good woman, can you fly?" "Yes, I can," said she. "Is that true?" says he. "Yes, it is," says she. "So you may, if you will," replied the judge, "I have no law against it."

On the trial of Jane Wenman, when there were many young women in the court, the judge turned to them and said, "We must not look for witches among the old women, but among the young."

Spencer's English Traveller.

The Student.

MY garden neat
Has got a seat,
That's hid from every eye, sir;
There, day and night,
I read and write,
And *nobody's the wiser.*

An Account of Samuel Clinton, a labouring Man, about 25 Years of Age, who often slept for several Weeks together.

THIS Clinton, on the 13th of May, 1694, fell into a profound sleep, out of which he could by no means be roused by those about him; but after a month's time he rose of himself, put on his clothes, and went about his business of a husbandman as usual. From this time until the 9th of April, 1696, he remained free from any extraordinary drowsiness, but then fell into his sleeping fit again. After some days his friends were prevailed on to try what remedies might effect: and accordingly one Mr. Gibbs, an apothecary, bled, blistered, cupped, and scarified him, and used all the external irritating medicines he could think of, but all to no purpose. Victuals

stood by him as before, which he ate now and then, but nobody ever saw him eat or evacuate, though he did both as he had occasion, and they often found him fast asleep with the pot in his hand abed, and sometimes with his mouth full of meat. In this manner he lay until the 7th of Aug which was seventeen weeks from the time he began to sleep, and then he awaked, put on his clothes, and walked about the room, not knowing that he slept so long, until going into the fields he found people busy in getting in their harvest, and he remembered that when he fell asleep, they were sowing their oats and barley. From this time he remained well until the 17th of August, 1697, when he complained of a shivering and a coldness in his back, vomited once or twice, and the same day he fell fast asleep again. Dr. Oliver (from whom this account is taken) went to see him, and felt his pulse, which was then very regular, he was in a breathing sweat, and had an agreeable warmth all over his body. The doctor then put his mouth to his ear, and called him as loud as he could several times by his name, pulled him by the shoulders, pinched his nose, stopped his mouth and nostrils, but to no purpose; the man not giving the least sign of his being sensible. Upon this the doctor held a phial of sal-ammoniac under one of his nostrils, and injected about half an ounce of it up one of his nostrils, but it only made his nose run, and his eye-lids shiver and tremble a little. Finding no success this way, the doctor crammed that nostril with powder of white hellebore, and waited for some time to see what effect it would produce, but the man did not discover the least uneasiness. The doctor then left him, fully satisfied that he was really asleep, and no sullen counterfeit as some people supposed. About ten days after, an apothecary took fourteen ounces of blood from his arm, and tied it up again, and left him as he found him, without his making the least motion all the while. The latter end of Sept. Dr. Oliver saw him again, and a gentleman ran a large pin into his arm to the very bone, but he gave no signs of being sensible what was done to him. In this manner he lay until the 19th of November, when his mother hearing him make a noise, ran immediately up to him, and found him eating: she asked him how he did; "Very well," he said, "thank God."—And again she asked him which he liked best, bread and butter, or bread and cheese; he answered, "bread and cheese. Whereupon the woman overjoyed, ran down stairs to acquaint his brother of it, and both coming up again, presently, they found him as fast asleep as ever. Thus he continued until the end of January or beginning of February, at which time he awaked perfectly well, remembering nothing that had happened all the while. It was observed that he was very little altered in his flesh, only he complained the cold pinched him more than usual, and so went about his business as at other times.—This Clinton lived at Timsbury, near Bath.

Philosophical Transactions.

Windows Glazed.

DOCTOR Lyne, once a physician of some eminence in Ireland, would never suffer a window in his house to be glazed; for the last fifty years of his life he lay in a room which had four windows, two on each side of his bed, all of which continued unglazed both winter and summer; and during that long period of time, nobody died in the house, and he himself was never afflicted with a cough or a cold: he was eighty-five years old at the time of his death, and then he was carried off, not for want of glazed windows, but by the

small-pox: after his death, his son caused all the windows to be glazed, and since that, death became a frequent visitor in the house.

Velocity of Sounds.

DR. HEARNE informed the Royal Society that the guns fired at Stockholm, in 1685, were heard almost 180 English miles, and in the naval engagement between the English and Dutch in 1672, the report of their guns was heard above 250 miles off, even as far as Shrewsbury and Wales. With respect to the velocity of sound, Dr. Derham, by the nicest experiment, found that it flies above 12 miles in a minute, and in this he agrees with Mr. Flamstead and Dr. Halley. The same gentleman observed, that there is some difference, though very small, in the swiftness of sounds, with or against the wind, or according as the wind is stronger and weaker, but that nothing accelerates or retards their motion, that they fly equal spaces in equal times; and that all kinds of sounds, whether bells, guns, or any sonorous bodies, or whether loud or languid, move with the same degree of velocity.

The Coal Merchant's Ditty.

COME buy my coals, the winter's near,
And of your favours every year,
I'll not be unobservant—
At Christmas when you send my pelf,
I'll on my bills subscribe myself,
Your *grate-ful* humble servant.

Vitriolic Water.

A MAN was found under water, in a copper mine, eighty-two fathoms deep, where he had been killed by the falling in of a rock, which had crushed both his legs and his right arm, but his face, his body, and his clothes, were all preserved entire and free from putrefaction, by means of the vitriol with which the water was impregnated, he was taken up in the year 1719, and was well known by an old miner, who remembered his going down by himself into the mine, in 1670; after which the man was missing, and supposed to be smothered in the ruins. This account was confirmed by several, particularly to an old woman to whom he had been contracted; he had, therefore, lain under ground forty-nine years, and not only his clothes and linen, but his flesh and skin, which were almost as hard as iron, had been preserved from corruption by the vitriolic water.

Philosophical Transactions.

An Improvement recommended.

WHEN quacks, as quacks may, by good luck to be sure,
Blunder out, at hap-hazard, a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient and doctor, are amply display'd.
All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it,
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:
But there's reason to think *they might save more lives still,*
Did they *publish a list of the numbers they kill.*

The Inclosure Bill.

IF 'tis a crime in man or woman,
A goose to pilfer from a common;
What can a parliament excuse,
To steal a *common* from a *goose?*

The Wind.

Extract of a Letter from Nottingham dated November 5, 1785.

BETWEEN 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday last, a storm of wind arose in Shunton, near this town; in a few minutes it increased to a perfect hurricane, and excited the utmost anxiety on the mind of every inhabitant; such a dreadful scene, as here presented itself to view, cannot be remembered by those whom time has

made hoary with age. In the course of its progress, it raised a cart a considerable height from the ground, blew down a barn belonging to Widow Bradshaw, unroofed her house, forced out several windows from their frames and shook the building in a terrible manner; seven trees were torn up by the roots, the shop windows of John Bramby taken clear away, and his dwelling unroofed; the thatch covering of Mr. Hornbuckle's house, was in part destroyed; the statute for hiring servants being kept that day, several stalls were carried a considerable distance from the places were they were pitched, and the property of the unhappy sufferers distributed in various parts. One boy, in a smock frock, was raised up in the air, and borne over several hedges into an adjacent field. Some passengers in a boat on the river Trent, foreseeing the danger coming on, made for shore with all possible expedition; they had no sooner reached the desired haven, but the water began to be very troubled, large sheets were forced to an amazing height by the violence of the wind, and they remained witnesses of this dreadful concussion of the element until all became calm again.

The Law of the Road.

THE law of the road is a paradox quite;
For when you are trav'lling along,
If you keep to the *left*, you'll be sure to be *right*,
If you keep to the *right* you'll be *wrong*.

A surprising Child.

DIED on Tuesday evening, suddenly, at the sign of the Clifford's-Tower, upon Peaseholm-Green, York, where she had been exhibited to the curious for a few days past, the surprising gigantic Worcestershire girl. This child was only five years old in June last, was very beautifully and handsomely made, and quite active and agreeable, although she was four feet in height, four feet two inches round the breast, four feet six inches round the hips, and round each leg eighteen inches: she weighed near two hundred weight, and was in every respect well-proportioned.

York Chronicle, October 31, 1788.

Anecdote of a Weaver.

A WEAVER who had sold a web at Strabine-market, Ireland, was so careful as to tie two guineas and a half he had got in the corner of a handkerchief which was about his neck. On his way home near Castlefin, he observed a hare sleeping in a bush near the road, which he went and caught. He had not taken it far before he saw some partridges, which he thought he might take in the same manner; he took the handkerchief from his neck and tied round the fore legs and the neck of the hare, and laid it down; before he got to the partridges a shot was fired, which startled the hare, and off it went, and the poor man lost hare, handkerchief and money.

Accommodation.

SOUTHAMPTON'S wise sons found the river so large,
Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge;
But soon this defect their wise noddles supplied,
For they cut a snug ditch to run close by its side.
Like a man who contriving a hole through a wall,
To admit his two cats, the one great, t'other small;
Where a great hole was made for great puss to pass through,
Had a little hole cut for his little cat too.

Grief.

I'VE lost my mistress, horse and wife,
And when I think on human life,
Cry mercy 'tis no worse;
My wife was sickly, wan and old,
My mistress faithless, and a scold—
I'm sorry for my horse.

Enigmatical List of Women's Christian Names.

THREE-fifths of a high priest of the Jews, whose name in Hebrew signifies gracious.

Half of the pinion of a hawk's wing and an interjection of grief.

Half of a great number, and half a Spanish coin.

Three-fourths of the god of war, and where poor poets are said to dwell.

Half of the bird representing a swallow, and half of the chief river in Great Britain.

Three-fourths of Apollo's favorite instrument, and a tumult.

One-third of an evening meal, three fourths of fine gravel, and half of the British fleet.

The mother of Samuel the prophet.

Five-sixths of a passage over a river and half of a burning mountain.

Four-fifths of an edible root, and a straight stroke.

What Job was blessed with.

To permit, and water congealed.

One of Jacob's wives.

A domestic animal two-thirds of the produce of grass, and the pronunciation of the coat of a cheese.

A domestic animal, three-fourths of the contrary to soft, and three-fourths of an odd number.

Half an ornament worn by the antient monarchs, and half an appellation.

Two-fifths of a month, and half a Spanish coin.

A vowel, the contrary to fat, and two-thirds of a circle.

Half burnt wood, a portion, and half a Spanish wine.

Three-sixths of a prophet, half a tragedy, a wager and a letter.

Three-fourths of a planet, and the uppermost floor of a house.

Half a town in Buckinghamshire, and half the chief river in England.

A city in Italy.

Two-thirds of a conjunction, and a liquid letter.

Half a noble beast, and three-sevenths of a precious stone.

Two-thirds of a drunkard, half a man's Christian name, and a vowel.

The Will.

JERRY dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd:
"What!" cries she, "must I suffer be-
"cause the old knave,
"Without leaving a will, is laid snug in the grave?"
"That's no wonder," says one, "for 'tis
"very well known,
"Since he married, poor man, he'd *no will*
"*of his own.*"

The Stroller's Progress.

FROM Hereford the jovial crew departed,
Kings walk'd on foot, and princesses were carted.
Great Oroonoko, from his privy purse,
T' Imoinda cou'dn't ev'n procure a horse;
Fam'd Montezuma hir'd an humble hack;
And he who grasp'd the world now rode a-pack!
Thus on the road no more than mortal men,
Arriv'd at Ludlow, all are kings again!

On a Music and Dancing Master, who decamped with a Subscription.

HIS *time* was *quick*, his *touch* was fleet,
Our gold he nimbly *finger'd*;
Alike alert with *hands* and *feet*,
His *movements* have not linger'd.

Where lies the wonder of the case?
A moment's thought detects it;
His *practice* has been *thorough-bass*,
A *chord* will be his exit.

Lawyer and Clients.

TWO lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as friendly as before:
"Say," cries the losing client, "how came
"you,
"To be such friends, who were such foes
"just now?"
"Thou fool!" one answers, "lawyers,
"tho' so keen,
"Like sheers, ne'er cut themselves, but
"what's between."

William III. and Mary II.

WILLIAM was naturally of a very feeble constitution, and it was almost exhausted by a series of continual disquietude and action. He had endeavoured to repair his constitution, or, at least, to conceal its decays, by exercise and riding. On the twenty-first of February, in riding to Hampton-court from Kensington, his horse fell under him, and he was thrown with such violence that his collar-bone was fractured. His attendants conveyed him to the palace of Hampton-court, where the fracture was reduced, and in the evening he returned to Kensington in his coach. The jolting of the carriage disunited the fracture once more, and the bones were again replaced under Bidloo, his physician. For some time he appeared in a fair way of recovery; but falling asleep on his couch, he was seized with a shivering, which terminated in a fever and diarrhœa, which soon became dangerous and desperate. Perceiving his end approaching, the objects of his former care lay still next his heart, and the fate of Europe seemed to remove the sensations he might be supposed to feel for his own. The earl of Albemarle arriving from Holland, he conferred with him in private on the posture of affairs abroad, and, two days after, he expired, in the fifty-second year of his age, after having reigned thirteen years. He was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and a grave solemn aspect.

MARY was in her person tall and well-proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous protestant, of an even temper, and of calm and mild conversation. She was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection; for she ascended, without compunction, the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband; and to have centred all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife. She did not long survive her favourite prelate, Dr. John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, who was seized with a fit of the dead palsy in the chapel of Whitehall, and died on the 22d of November, deeply regretted by the king and queen. In about a month after his decease, she was taken ill of the small-pox, and the symptoms proving dangerous, she prepared herself for death with great composure. She spent some time in the exercises of devotion and private conversation with the new archbishop; she received the sacrament with all the bishops who were in attendance, and expired on the 28th of December, in the thirty-third year of her age, and in the sixth of her reign, to the inexpressible grief of the king, who for some weeks after her death could neither see company nor attend to the business of state.

Case of Conscience.

A JEW travelling, slept at an alehouse, and asked for something to eat. Nothing was to be had but a rasher of bacon. His conscience said no, while his hungry belly loudly spoke the contrary. The privacy too of the place made him venture on the forbidden food. Just as he was about to swallow the first mouthful, came a tremendous clap of thunder. Our Israelite dropped the meat exclaiming, "Here is a noise about a bit of bacon!"

A Duel.

DR. YOUNG was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute. "For the same reason," said he, "that I took it out---to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol. "What!" said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?" "No," replied the doctor; "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against your's; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require I am able to give it.

Baron Munchausen.

THE captain of a West Indiaman who could shoot a long bow, told this story: "Gentlemen, last year, coming over the banks of Newfoundland, we hooked an immense shark, and there appeared a difficulty of getting him up on board. I went down to my cabin for my pistols, and just as I was going to fire one of them at him, it slipped out of my hand and fell into the sea. Soon after, the shark broke the line and made his escape. Well, gentlemen, coming home this voyage, about the same latitude, we again hooked a shark, and with some difficulty he was hauled on deck. As they were cutting him up, I was surprised at the report of something like a pistol shot; and, gentlemen, would you believe it, this was the identical shark which had swallowed my pistol, and it now went off in consequence of a stroke of the knife with which they were ripping up his belly. You may perhaps think I have used a licence too often indulged in by travellers, and fabricated this story; but my mate and all my people, if they were here, would tell you the same."

The Works of an English Minister.

ON four windows in succession on the ground floor, in a corner house in one of the squares, being stopped up to avoid the window-tax, in 1784, some one chalked on the bricks, which denoted where the windows had been, *Pitt's Works, vol. 1, vol. 2, vol. 3, vol. 4.*

New Jurisdiction.

WHEN counsellor Madan was once at Croyden assizes, he went, in company with a very beautiful young lady, to hear the trials. In the course of conversation, the lady happened to say that she thought some of the little offenders were punished with too much severity, while others, though guilty of greater crimes, were suffered to escape. "Do not you think so, sir?"—"I do madam," replied he, "and if you will lend me your pencil, I will give it you under my hand." He immediately wrote the following lines:

"Whilst petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?
You, fair one, may smile, and cry, "Law,
I defy you!
Assur'd that no *peers* can be summoned to
try you,
But think not this paltry defence will se-
cure ye,
The Muses and Graces will just make a
jury."

Progress of a modern Tradesman.

TAKE a shop and stock it well with haberdashery, butter and cheese, or tobacco, chiefly purchased with bills of your own, or others as good. About a month after you have opened a shop, keep a horse, and dine out every Sunday at Highgate, Dulwich, or Shooter's-hill. In a little time clap a whisky to the horse; presently afterward get another horse, and buy yourself a phaeton, and then have a footman to ride after you. As soon as you can do this, take a country-house at Marybone, Mile-end, or Deptford-road. You must then have a coach or a chariot to carry you out of town on the Friday afternoon, and bring you back again on the Tuesday morning. All this may be done in the course of a twelvemonth, when a commission of bankruptcy comes, like an *extinguisher*, and puts an *end* to the whole.

Juvenile Wit.

DR. SHERIDAN, the friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following distich:

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

China and Crockery.

A LADY of rank, proudly conscious of her dignity, one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, *nobility*, *gentry*, and *commonality*, might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, *china*, *delph*, and *crockery*. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. John, the footman, was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, "Hollo, *crockery*, bring down little *china*."

Queen Anne.

ANNE, married to prince George of Denmark, ascended the throne in the thirty-eighth year of her age, to the general satisfaction of all parties. She was the second daughter of king James, by his first wife, the daughter of chancellor Hyde, afterwards earl of Clarendon. The dissentions of her ministry towards the close of her reign had such an effect upon her spirits and constitution, that she declared she could not outlive it, and immediately sunk into a state of lethargic insensibility. Notwithstanding all the medicines which the physicians could prescribe, the distemper gained ground so fast, that they despaired of her life, and the privy-council was assembled on the occasion. All the members, without distinction, being summoned from the different parts of the kingdom, began to provide for the security of the constitution. They sent a letter to the elector of Hanover, informing him of the queen's desperate situation, and desiring him to repair to Holland, where he would be attended by a British squadron to convey him to England. At the same time they dipatched instructions to the earl of Strafford at the Hague, to desire the states-general to be ready to perform the guarantee of the Protestant succession. Precautions were taken to secure the sea-ports; and the command of the fleet was bestowed upon the earl of Berkeley, a professed Whig. These measures, which were all dictated by that party, answered a double end. It argued their own alacrity in the cause of their new sovereign, and seemed to imply a danger to the state from the disaffection of the opposite interest

On the 30th of July, 1714, the queen seemed somewhat relieved by medicines, rose from her bed about eight o'clock, and walked a little. After some time, casting her eyes on a clock that stood in her chamber, she continued to gaze at it for some minutes. One of the ladies in waiting asked her what she saw there more than usual; to which the queen only answered, by turning her eyes upon her with a dying look. She was soon after seized with a fit of apoplexy; she continued all night in a state of stupefaction, and expired the following morning, in the forty-ninth year of her age. She reigned more than twelve years over a people who were now risen to the highest pitch of refinement; who had attained by their wisdom all the advantages of opulence, and by their valour all the happiness of security and conquest.

A small Mistake.

AN uninformed Irishman hearing the *Sphinx* alluded to in company, whispered to his companion, "Sphinx! who is that?" "A monster man." "Oh!" said our Hibernian, not to seem unacquainted with his family, "*a Munster-man*, I thought he was from Connaught."

Benefit of Astronomy.

M. LALANDE, the French astromer, during the whole time of the revolution, confined himself to the study of that science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, "I may thank my stars for it."

How to be a Connoisseur.

A LADY, to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem:—She sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that his house was on fire: "Take care of my Cleopatra," exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra.

Various Phænomena of the Ocean.

AS the natives of the deep are continually obliged to devour one another for necessary subsistence, without extraordinary recruits the whole watery race must soon be totally extinct. Were they to bring forth no more at a birth than land animals, the increase would be far too small for the consumption. The weaker species would soon be destroyed by the stronger, and the stronger themselves must soon after perish for want of food. Therefore, to supply millions of animals with subsistence, they spawn not by scores, but by millions. A single female produces a nation. The great naturalist, Mr. Leuwenhoeck, counted in an ordinary cod 9,384,000 eggs. By this amazing expedient, constant reparation is made proportionable to the immense havoc. And as the sea abounds with animal inhabitants, so it does also with vegetable productions; some soft as wool, others hard as stone. Some rise like a leafless shrub; some are expanded in the form of a net; some grow with their heads hanging downward, and seem rather suspended than springing from the juttings of the rocks.

The herbs and trees on the dry land are fed by the juices that permeate the soil, and float in the air. For this purpose they are furnished with leaves to collect the one, and with roots to attract the other.—Whereas the sea plants, having sufficient nourishment in the circumambient waters, have no need to detach roots into the ground, or forage the earth for sustenance. Instead, therefore, of penetrating, they are but just tacked to the bottom; and adhere to some solid substance only with such a tenacity, as may secure them from being tossed to and fro by the agitation of the waves.

The sea is that grand reservoir, which supplies the earth with its fertility; and the air and sun are the mighty engines, which work without intermission, to raise the water from this inexhaustible cistern. The clouds, as aqueducts, convey the genial stores along the atmosphere, and distribute them in seasonable and regular proportions through all the regions of the globe.

With what difficulty do we extract a drop of perfectly sweet water from this vast pit of brine! Yet the sun draws off every moment millions of tuns in vaporous exhalations, which, being securely lodged in the clouds, are sent abroad sweetened and refined, without the least brackish tincture, or bituminous sediment; sent abroad upon the wings of the winds, to distil in dews and rain, to ooze in fountains, to trickle along in rivulets, to roll from the sides of mountains, to flow in copious streams amid burning deserts and through populous kingdoms, in order to refresh and fertilize, to beautify and enrich, every soil in every clime.

How amazing are the goodness and power of the world's adorable Maker, in distributing so largely what is so extensively beneficial! that water, without which we can scarcely perform any business, or enjoy any comfort, should stream by our houses, should come from the ends of the earth, from the extremities of the ocean, to serve us! that this boundless mass of fluid salt, so intolerably nauseous to the taste, should be the original spring that quenches the thirst both of man and every other species of animals! Doubtless the power by which this is effected can make all things work together for good.

Besides the salutary and useful circulation of the rivers, the sea has a motion no less advantageous. Daily for five or six hours it flows towards the land, and during an equal period retires from it. How great is the

power, that protrudes to the shores such an inconceivable weight of waters without any concurrence from the winds, often in direct opposition to them! that bids the mighty element revolve with the most exact punctuality! Did it advance with a lawless and unlimited swell, it might deluge whole continents. Were it irregular and uncertain in its approaches, navigation would be at a stand. Is the sailor returned from his voyage, the flux, is ready to convey his vessel to the very doors of the owner. Has the merchant freighted his ship, the reflux bears it away with the utmost expedition.

Mount Ætna.

THIS volcano was called the Pillar of Heaven by Pindar, who flourished four hundred and thirty-five years before the Christian æra. Its astonishing height is such, that Vesuvius, if placed beside it, would appear but a small hill. The enormous mass is surrounded by smaller mountains; and while the lava of Vesuvius may issue its stream for seven miles, Ætna will emit a torrent of liquid fire thirty miles in length. All travellers agree, that this mountain affords an epitome of the different climates throughout the world. Towards the base it is extremely hot; further up, more temperate; and grows gradually colder, till at length the traveller percieves that its head is enveloped in a mantle of eternal snow.

In the middle, at the top, stands the great mouth of the volcano, which is a little mountain about a quarter of a mile perpendicular, and situated in the centre of a gently inclining plain. In the middle of this little mountain is a large hollow, the inside of which is incrusted with salts and sulphur of different colours. In the midst of this funnel is the terrific gulf, whence continually issue terrible and confused noises, which, during the time of an eruption, may be heard at a prodigious distance.

The great eruption of this volcano in the year 1669 broke out on the 11th of March, two hours before midnight, on the south-east side of the mountain, about twenty miles from the old mouth, and ten from the city of Catania. The matter thrown out was a stream of metals and minerals, which ran for fifteen or twenty days together into the sea, close to the walls of Catania. In its course it overwhelmed fourteen towns and villages; and during the whole time of this eruption, which was fifty-four days, neither sun nor stars could be seen in the neighbouring country.

Nautical Reading.

A TOBACCONIST having set up his chariot, in order to anticipate the jokes that might be passed on the occasion, displayed on it the Latin motto of "Quid rides?" Two sailors who had often used his shop, seeing him pass by in his carriage, the one asked the meaning of the inscription, when his companion said it was plain enough, repeating them as two English words, *Quid* rides.

Admonitory Notice, on a Stone placed in the Church-yard of Lanvair in Wales.

Who Ever hear on sonday
  Will practis playing At Ball
it May Be be Fore munday
  The devil Will Have you All.

Advancement in Life.

AN auctioneer having commenced publican, and soon after being thrown into the king's bench, the following article appeared in a newspaper: "Mr. ——, who lately left the *pulpit* for the *bar*, is promoted to the *bench*."

A Murder.

IN 1668, a young gentleman of the name of Stobbine, of the West country, came to London, and married the youngest daughter of Mrs. Abiceald, who in fifteen months was delivered of a daughter. In 1679, Mrs. Myltystre, a widow, (the eldest daughter of Mrs. Abiceald,) having greatly increased her means, set up for a woman of fashion, and invited Mr. Stobbine, his wife, and daughter, who had retired in the country, to come and pass the winter with her in London. This Mrs. Myltystre had a husband's brother, who, under the cloak of a captain, covered a notorious gamester. She had also a relation that was an apothecary. It happened that these all dined together at Mrs. Myltystre's on the birth-day of Mrs. Stobbine's daughter; and after dinner retired into the parlour, and passing the time in common chit-chat, the little daughter took up a sword that was in the room, and pointing it directly to Mr. Stobbine, cried out, "Stick him! stick him! stick him!" "What," says Mr. Stobbine, "would you stick your father?" The child replied, "You are not my father.—Captain Myltystre is my father!" Upon which Mr. Stobbine gave her a box on the ear. Upon that the captain drew his sword, and thrust him through the body: down he dropped, and his wife, sister and apothecary, in order to make sure of it, all of them trampled upon him until he was quite dead. They huddled up this horrid affair, and buried him privately; and it was given out he was gone into the country. Some time after, a relation of the murdered, came to see him, and was told he was gone into the country. He then asked for his wife. Mrs. Myltystre told him she was very much out of sorts, what with the grief of her husband's absence, and the melancholy accident of the house being lately burnt; but, says she, I do all I can to comfort her; and I intend to give my brother two or three thousand pounds, to enable him to rebuild his house.—The relation applauded her kindness, and so departed. Some time passed away, no appearance, no tidings of Mr. Stobbine; though messengers were sent to enquire after him.—His wife pretended to go distracted, and was sent to a village a few miles out of town where the captain had a little box for his convenience.—There they took their full swing, uninterrupted. Some time after the daughter was sent to school, but she had not been there long, before the remembrance of what she had before been a witness of, awoke he conscience in most horrible frights and dreams. Says a young lady, that was her bedfellow, what is the reason that you start and scream so? There is a spirit in the room! There's Mr. Stobbine's spirit! See how dreadful it looks! In the morning the young lady acquainted the school-mistress with the accident of the preceding night.—She sent for a clergyman to talk with the young miss, to whom she discovered the whole affair. It was communicated to a diligent justice of the peace in the neighbourhood, who dispatched proper warrants, and he soon had them all brought before him, without any knowledge of one another's being taken up, until they all met together in the greatest confusion and dismay, which evinced their guilt. They were committed to the Gatehouse, and the next sessions tried at the Old Bailey, and condemned upon the evidence of the child, to the entire satisfaction of the court and country. The captain was condemned to the gibbet; Mrs. Myltystre was hanged and thrown into the gully-hole that ran near the house where she had formerly lived. The apothecary was anatomised; and his wife was strangled

and burnt, according to the custom in such like cases.

They were attended at Tyburn by an Irish priest of the Romish church, called M'Arthy, who gave them absolution, and they all died negative.

Royal Magazine, 1762.

Malignant Vapour.

AS some persons were digging in a cellar at Paris, for supposed hidden treasures, the maid went down to call up her master, and found them all dead, but in their working postures, and seemingly intent on their several offices, one digging, another shoveling away the earth, &c. The wife of one them was sat down on the side of an hopper, leaning her head on her arm, as if weary and thoughtful; and a boy with his clothes down was evacuating on the edge of a pit. All of them, in short, appeared in their natural postures and actions, with open eyes but stiff as statutes, and as cold as clay. *(Dr. Comor.)*

The above was from a malignant vapour in the cellar.

An Enigmatical List of Poets.

THREE-fifths of a portion of land, two-fifths to tremble, and half of a lewd woman.

The reverse of wet, and a cave.

Two-fifths of the scale of music, and a vowel.

Four-sixths of a man's Christian name, and half of a short song.

Two-fifths of an amphibious animal, and a path.

Four-sixths of a fish, and the bailiff of a manor.

Four-fifths of a young ox, and half a jump.

A principal grace in music, a lance and a vowel.

One-third of an animal, one-eighth of civility, and three-sevenths of to be sure.

Three-sevenths of an herb, one-fifth of a flower, and half of a precious stone.

One-third of a metrical composition and two-sevenths of a fowl.

One-third of a species of wit, three fifths of a colour, and half of to conceal.

Half of a musical instrument, one-fourth of to cry, and three-eighths of to threaten.

Two-sevenths of an Athenian orator, one-fifth of a goddess of infants, and half of to confuse.

One-fourth of an officer, three-eighths of to divide, and two-sevenths of to burden.

Half of a gun, the initial of an artifice, and one-sixth of old Neptune's trumpeter.

Two-ninths of a bird, one-fourth of an insect, and half of an East-India island.

Three-fifths of a village, one-eighth of a German title, and three-sevenths of the Latin for sound.

Half the goddess of autumn, half of a quarrel, and two-ninths of a Saxon monarch.

Three-eighths of a gift and half of a part of yourself.

The initial of a tree, three-fifths of a quadrupede, and one-fourth of a science.

Two-ninths of a city, and half of prosperity.

Three-eights of a mirror, one-sixth of a spice, and three-sevenths of a reptile.

Two-fifths of to salute, and an affirmation.

One-third of powerful, and half of a kind of turf.

Three-sevenths of gaily, and four-sevenths of a distemper.

Half of a city, and three-sevenths of a freeman.

Three-fourths of to contract, and three-fourths of an accent.

Half a false pretence, two-fifths of establish, and a weight.

Two-third of a knapsack, and two-fifths of to destroy.

Three-sevenths of original, and a colour in heraldry.

Two-sevenths of a round building, and one-third of a small animal.

Half of heretofore and three-fourths of suspended.

Half of an ensign of authority, and half a small poem.

Three-fourths of ostentation and to vex.

Two-fifths of a sly gazer, one-third of unlawful and three-fourths of a prospect.

Four-ninths of a repast, and half of to insinuate.

The Good Wife.

A GENTLEMAN of very ancient family, and considerable estate, was married to a lady of beauty, wit, virtue, and good humour: but though he knew and acknowledged the merits of his wife, yet he was a man of so depraved a taste, that the most dirty creature he could pick up, frequently supplied her place.

It happened when they were at their country seat, that, riding one morning to take the air, as was his usual custom, he met a ragged country wench, with a pair of wallets, or coarse linen bags, thrown over her shoulders. He stopped his horse, and asked what she had got there. To which she replied, with a low courtesy, after her fashion, that it was broken victuals; that her mother and she had no sustenance but what they got from the charity of the cooks at great gentlemen's houses; and that she was now going home with what they had given her. You need not be in haste I suppose, said he; if you will step with me into yonder field, I will give you something to buy a new gown. The poor girl needed not much persuasion to bring her to consent: on which he alighted from his horse, and threw the bridle over a hedge stake;—the girl, at the same time, hung her bags on the pommel of the saddle, to prevent their coming to any harm;—she then followed the gentleman a little way out of the road.

The horse not liking his situation, found means to get loose, and ran directly home. The lady, by chance, was at the window when he came galloping into the court-yard. She was at first a little frighted to see him without his rider, but perceiving the bags, she called to have them brought to her, and on their being so, was not at a loss to guess the meaning of this adventure. She then ordered the cook to empty the wallets, and put whatever she found in them into a clean dish, and send it up in the first course that day at dinner, which accordingly was done.

The husband, on missing his horse, walked home, and brought with him two neighbouring gentlemen, whom he accidentally met in his way. But these guests did not prevent the lady from prosecuting her intention. The beggar's provision was set upon the table; remnants of stale fowls, bones half picked, pieces of beef, mutton, lamb, veal, with several lumps of bread, promiscuously huddled together, made a very comical appearance. —Every one presently had his eyes upon this dish; and the husband, not knowing what to make of it, cried out pretty hastily, what is this? what have we got here? To which the lady, with the greatest gaiety replied, it is a new fashioned Olio, my dear; it wants no variety: I think there is a little of every thing, and I hope you will eat heartily of it, as it is a dish of your own providing.

The insignificant smile which accompanied these last words, as well as the tone of voice in which they were spoken, making him remember where the girl had hung her wallets, threw him into a good deal of confu-

sion, which she perceiving ordered the dish to be taken away, and said, I see you don't like it, my dear, therefore when next you go to market, pray be a better caterer. Forgive this, cried he, and I promise you never to go to any such market more.

The gentlemen found there was some mystery in all this, but would not be so free as to desire an explanation. When dinner was over, however, and the lady, after behaving the whole time with all the cheerfulness imaginable, had retired to leave them to their bottle, the husband made no scruple of relating to them by what means his table had been furnished with a dish of so particular a kind; at which they laughed very heartily; and would have done much more so, if their admiration of the lady's wit and good humour had not almost entirely engrossed their attention.

Town and Country Magazine, 1791.

Epigram.

WHEN Joe was poor, the lad was frank and free,
Of late he's grown brim full of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so?—You see he has forgot himself.

The Mussulman's Pig.

THUS says a prophet of the Turk,
Good Mussulmen, beware of pork;
There is a part in every swine,
No follower, or friend of mine,
May taste, whate'er his inclination;
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge
And thus he gave the joint at large:
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might, with safety, eat the rest,
But, for one piece, they thought it hard,
From the whole pig to be debarr'd:
So set their wits to work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy therefore rose,
This chose the cheek, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to deny the head;
Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
And piously refuse the tail.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh, 'tis well, the tale apply'd
May make you laugh on 'tother side.
Renounce the world the preacher cries:
We do—a multitude replies.
Whilst one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, (whatever you may say)
Can see no evil in a play.
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others shooting, or a chace;
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the whole is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to mouth is eaten.

Architectural Pun. On the Statute of George I. being placed on the Top of Bloomsbury Church.

THE king of Great Britain was reckon'd before
The *head of the church* by all protestant people;
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more,
For with them he is now made the *head of the steeple.*

Epigram. Thomas Bastard, Esq educated at Wykeham's School, admitted Fellow of New College, 1538, wrote the following Epitaph on his Three Wives.

THOUGH marriage by most folks be reckoned a curse,
Three wives did I marry for better or worse;
The first for her person—the next for her purse—
And the third for a warming pan, doctress and nurse.

Biblical Curiosities.

A CALCULATION of the number of Books, Chapters, Verses, Words, Letters, &c. in the Old and New Testament, and the Apocrypha.

	Old Testament.	*New.*	*Total.*
Books	39—	27—	66
Chapters	929—	260—	1,189
Verses	23,214—	7,959—	31,173
Words	592,439—	181,253—	773,692
Letters	2,728,100—	838,380—	3,566,480

Apocrypha.

Books	14
Chapters	183
Verses	6,081
Words	152,185

Old Testament.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is the 29th of Job.

The middle verse is in the 20th chapter of the 2d book of Chronicles. between the 17th and 18th verses.

The longest book is the Psalms.

The shortest book is Obadiah.

The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm.

The shortest chapter is the 117th Psalm.

The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther.

The shortest verse is the 25th verse of the 1st chapter of the 1st book of Chronicles.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

In the book of Esther, which has 10 chapters, neither the word *Lord* nor *God* is mentioned.

The word *and* occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times.

The word *children* is mentioned 89 times in the 7th chapter of Nehemiah.

The word *and* occurs 78 times; *children* 100 times; *of* 116 times; and *the* 135 times in the 2d chapter of Ezra.

The word *king* occurs 33 times in the 12th chapter of Joshua.

The word *God* occurs 32 times in the 1st chapter of Genesis.

The word *and* occurs 85 times in the 10th chapter of Genesis.

New Testament.

The middle book is the 2d of Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of Romans.

The middle verse is the 17th verse of the 17th chapter of the Acts.

The longest book is the Acts of the Apostles.

The shortest book is the 2d Epistle of John.

The longest chapter is the 1st chapter of Luke.

The shortest chapter is the 1st chapter of the 2d Epistle of John.

The longest verse is the 4th verse of the 20th chapter of Revelations.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.

The middle chapter of the Old and New Testament is the 117th Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm.

The middle time is the 16th verse of the 4th chapter of the 2d book of Chronicles.

The word *and* occurs in the New Testament 10,684 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

The word *son* is mentioned 78 times in the 3d chapter of St. Luke.

Inscription on the Collar of a Young Lady's Lap Dog.

IS it not strange, that such a thing as this is,
Should steal from blooming Bella balmy kisses?
That such a little limping cur should sip,
The native nectar of her luscious lip?
While many a sprightly, many a pensive swain
Must sigh whole years for one dear kiss in vain?
Alas! what head that woman's heart can scan,
Who gives to *dogs* the bliss great Nature meant for *man*.

The Life of Sir Isaac Newton.

ISAAC NEWTON was born on Christmas-day, at Woolstrope, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1642. His father was descended from the elder branch of Sir John Newton, Bart. and though the family had possessed the manor of Woolstrope, near 2000 years, and settled there from Westby,

in the same county, it came originally from Newton, in Lancashire. His mother's maiden name was Hannah Ascough, of a reputable ancient family. His father died while Isaac was very young; and his mother marrying again, she put him to the free-school at Grantham, where he continued until his mother thinking him of age to look into, and to manage his own affairs, brought him home. But his neglect of business, and diligent application to his books, soon convinced her, that she had mistaken his genius; and, therefore, willingly consented to his resuming his studies, first at Grantham, and from thence to Trinity-college, Cambridge; where he was admitted in 1660, and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1664. He was driven from the university by the plague in 1665, but still he applied himself closely to his studies in his retirement at Boothby, in Lincolnshire.

After his return to college, he was elected fellow of Trinity in 1667; and the next year passed master, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, having given (two years before) the most astonishing proof of his ingenuity and capacity, in a discovery or invention, that not only gave the quadrature of the hyperbola, by an infinite series, which Nicholas Mercator did also, in 1668, hit upon; but extended the same, by general forms, to all sorts of curves, even such as are mechanical; to their quadratures, their rectifications, and their centres of gravity; to the solids formed by their rotations, and to the superficies of those solids. At, or about the same time, it is supposed, he discovered the art and method of fluxions, or those infinitely small quantities, which afterward occasioned so great a contest between him and Mr. Leibnitz.

These qualifications so ingratiated our young philosopher with Mr. John Collins, F. R. S. Lord Brouncker, and Dr. Barrow, the professor of mathematics, and raised his character amongst the whole University, that upon Dr. Barrow's resignation, in 1669, Mr. Newton was complimented with his professorship.

The young professor began a course of optical lectures, in Latin, in the public schools, which he continued three years: and they were afterwards printed, and contained the discoveries which he had made with regard to light and colours. In 1666, he presented the public with an account of these lectures, first by means of the Philosophical Transactions, published by the Royal Society, in No. 80, on the 19th of February, 1672, which had like to have drawn him into a controversy. And we find that No. 81 of the same Transactions, contains an account of a new catadioptrical telescope of his own invention; besides several other papers of his relating to this telescope, and his theory of light and colours, were published in the same manner, between the years 1672 and 1676. In 1672, he also published Varenius's Geography in Latin, 8vo. at Cambridge. And in the winter of 1676, he found the proposition, that by a centripetal force, reciprocally, as the square of the distance, a planet must revolve in an ellipsis about the centre of force placed in the lower focus of the ellipsis, and with a radius drawn to that centre, describes areas proportional to the times. He resumed the consideration of this knotty subject in 1683, and added some other propositions concerning the motions of the heavenly bodies. And in 1684, he made such progress in astronomy, that he acquainted Mr. Edmund Halley, that he had been able to demonstrate the motion of planets in ellipses; and with radii drawn to the sun placed in the lower focus of the ellipsis, describe areas proportioned to the times; which proposition had gained Keppler much reputation, by

puzzling all the mathematicians to this æra of our Newtonian philosophy; though Mr. Hooke very unjustly endeavoured to gain this glory to himself.

Dr. Pemberton says, that as Mr. Newton sat alone in a garden, he fell into a speculation on the power of gravity; that as this power is not found sensibly diminished at the remotest distance from the centre of the earth, to which we can rise, neither at the tops of the loftiest buildings, nor even on the summits of the highest mountains, it appeared too reasonable to conclude, that this power must extend much farther than was usually thought: why not as high as the moon? said he to himself: and if so, her motion must be influenced by it: perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby; which some years after he found to be true, by using the measure of the earth by Picart: which enabled him to demonstrate what before he only conjectured, that the power of gravity decreases as you recede from the centre of the earth.—And the primary planets moving in the orbits he supposed round the sun, he had the satisfaction to see, that this inquiry, which he had undertaken out of mere curiosity, could be applied to the greatest purposes. Hereupon he composed several propositions relating to the motion of the primary planets round the sun. But several years elapsed still before he published these Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy, resumed at the request of Dr. Halley; and though full of such a variety of profound invention, they were composed by him from scarce any other materials, than the few propositions before mentioned, in the space of one year and a half; and published in 1687 at London, in 4to, under the title of Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica; which he corrected and much enlarged in a second edition at Cambridge, anno 1713, in 4to also, under the care of Professor Coats; and again by Dr. Henry Pemberton in 1726, with further improvements.

But notwithstanding this new system of natural philosophy was built upon the most sublime geometry, it did not at first meet with all the applause it deserved, and with which it has since been received; yet this was not owing to any incorrectness or fault in the subject; but to its profoundness, and the very concise style in which it was written: and the rapidity with which the consequences flowed from the principles, which left the reader often to supply a long chain to connect them. This made it some time before the world could understand it: and the best mathematicians were obliged to study it with care, before they could be masters of it; and those of a lower class durst not venture upon it, until encouraged by the testimonies of the most learned. But at last, when its worth came to be sufficiently known, the approbation, which had been so slowly gained, became so universal, that nothing was to be heard but one general echo of admiration. Nor was this admiration confined within the British empire. The Marquis de l'Hospital would often compliment his English visitors with this, or some such enquiry: Does Monsieur Newton eat, or drink or sleep like other men? I cannot believe otherwise than that he is a genius, or a celestial intelligence entirely disengaged from matter.

In 1696, when in the midst of other great national perplexities, King William III. resolved to call in the bad, and to favour his subjects with a new specie, which required the most able persons in the mint, Mr. Newton was appointed warden of the mint, at the recommendation of Mr. Mountague the chancellor of the exchequer, and afterwards earl of Halifax. In which office, he did such

signal service in that critical juncture of time, that his majesty rewarded his merit with the office of master of the mint in 1699, the same year that he was chosen one of the members of the royal academy of sciences at Paris. He enjoyed the mastership of the mint to his death; and was honoured by the choice of his own university to represent them in parliament, in 1701. In 1703, the philosopher was complimented with the presidentship of the royal society, in which chair he continued without interruption 23 years. In 1705, he was knighted by Queen Anne. But he was better known at court, after the accession of King George I. to the throne of these kingdoms. When the excellent Carolina, princess of Wales, and afterwards queen consort of Great Britain, deigned frequently to propose such difficulties to him, as none but himself could answer to her satisfaction. And she was often pleased to say publicly, that she thought herself happy in living at the same time, and conversing with him. During which access to majesty, Sir Isaac communicated to the princess a treatise he had written on ancient chronology, but never intended to make public; with which she was so highly delighted, for its novelty and ingenuity, that he was obliged to give her highness an abstract, which she promised never to part with, and to keep it in her own possession. No doubt, this was her royal intention; but a copy of it stole abroad; and being carried to France, was translated and published by Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian, under the title of Abrege de Chronologie de M. de Chevalier Newton, fait per luimeme & traduit sur le Manuscript Anglois, with some observations on it: this was the foundation of a short contest between the publisher and Sir Isaac; and one father Souciet and Dr. Edm. Halley. However, to rescue this abridgment from the complaints which Sir Isaac had against it. Sir Isaac set about an edition of his ancient chronology in English; but he died before it could be got to the press; nor did it appear in that dress until 1728, intitled, The Chronology of ancient Kingdoms amended, &c.

After his death, the papers that were found in his closet, shewed that his studies had extended to antiquities, history, divinity, chemistry and mathematics. Yet, notwithstanding the constant application of these laborious studies, his public duties and private correspondence, which was very extensive and burthensome, as to the manner and subjects, upon which it was carried on, this great genius spun out eighty years in a settled and equal state of health: and though he began then to be much grieved with an incontinence of urine, he observed so regular a diet, and took such other necessary precautions, that he spent the remaining five years of his life with great intervals of health or ease, except at certain paroxysms; when it was thought he was afflicted with the stone. This obliged him to rely upon Mr. Conduit, who had married Mrs. Barton, his niece, for the discharge of his office in the Mint; but otherwise he bore up against those violent shocks of nature, with so much patience and constancy, that he was never heard to complain or repine, though large drops of sweat frequently ran down his face. And upon the least relief, his countenance would retrieve its pleasant smile, and his tongue resume its usual chearfulness. Thus he continued by intervals, which deprived of his pleasure in reading and writing several hours, which he had always employed in a day; but not of his senses and understanding, which he retained until the night of the 18th of March 1726-7, when at once, as it generally has happened to great geniuses, he entirely lost all his faculties and never after recovered them; and

died on the 20th of the same month, aged 85. He was buried with great funeral pomp on the left-hand of the entrance into the choir of Westminster Abbey, where a beautiful monument is erected to his memory.

Sir Isaac was of a middle stature, inclined in his latter days to be fat. His countenance was both pleasant and commanding respect. He never was reduced to the necessity of using spectacles, and lost but one tooth during his life. His modesty would never permit him to talk of himself to others; nor ever to behave so as to give the most malicious censurers the least occasion ever to suspect him of vanity. He was so candid and affable, that he always put himself upon a level with his company. He was firmly attached to the church of England, but averse to the persecution of non-conformists. He died a bachelor.

Enigmatical List of Insects.

AN adverb of shewing, and a word synonimous with practice.

Two-fourths of the guard of a miser's treasure, and four-sevenths of a criminal situation.

One half of what animates man, and one-half of what is a secondary cause of putting a period to his existence.

The offensive act of a ram, two-thirds of a verb to mistake, and the upper part of a jack.

Three-sevenths of a town's name in Yorkshire, and a fisherman's device for a livelihood.

A wooden instrument.

Six-sevenths of a woman famous for her skill in poisoning in the court of Nero.

Three-fourths of a liquor.

A game.

Five-sevenths of a provider of food and a column.

Four-fifths of a farrier's instrument.

A part and covering of a man's death.

Three-sixths of a prodigal and a consonant.

Three-eighths of a horned animal.

Half of a physical plant.

Anecdote.

A GENTLEMAN, not so remarkable for his economy, as his wit and humour, was one day rallying the late Peter Walters on his avarice. "For my part," quoth the gentleman, "I don't know any difference between a shilling and a sixpence; for when one is changed, 'tis gone, and so is the other." "*Ah,*" says Peter, "*my old friend, you mayn't know the difference between a shilling and sixpence now: but believe me, you will when you are worth eighteen pence.*"

Church Attendance accounted for.

WHEN Archbishop Fenelon was almoner to Louis XVI. his majesty was astonished one Sunday to find instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and his attendants, the priest and other officers of the chapel. "What is the meaning of this?" said the king. The prelate answered, "I caused it to be given out, that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day; in order that you may see who came here *to worship God,* and who *to flatter the king.*"

The Jolly Ringers.

OFT has the world been well defin'd
By sayers and by singers;
I call't a belfry, and mankind
I call the jolly ringers.
Through majors, bobs, and tripple bobs,
Each emulously ranges;
And while each anxious bosom throbs,
All try to ring the changes.

These college youths are sent to school,
And afterwards to college,
And thence return by square and rule,
Well vers'd in worldly knowledge.
As genius leads to cram his maw,
Each art's close labyrinth ranges:
And on religion, physic, law,
Completely ring the changes.

The fortune hunter swears and lies,
And courts the widow's jointure;
Then with a richer heiress flies,
Nor minds to disappoint her.
The widow too has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct strange is;
A titled heir succeeds to him,
And thus she rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the greek,
The greek the spendthrift fleeces,
The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,
Dad rackrents and grants leases;
The tenants break, gazette reports,
Each difference arranges;
Till pro and con, through all the courts,
The lawyers ring the changes.

Thus, like the bells, each fear and hope,
Hangs wav'ring and suspended,
All tug away, while some a rope
Get more than they intended.
In merry cadence as they roll;
We'll rove where reason ranges;
Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,
Till death shall ring the changes.

Epitaph in Bathampton Church Yard, near Bath.

PAIN was my portion,
Physic was my food;
To groan was my devotion,
And drugs did me no good:
But Christ was my physician,
Who knew what way was best,
To ease me of my pain,
And set my soul at rest.

Epigram.

NOL. Martext, who never the pulpit could grace,
As he warp'd every accent quite out of its place;
'Stead of "Hebrews the tenth and the twelfth," right announcing,
"He *Brews* ten and twelve" was his mode of pronouncing!
"He *Brews* ten and twelve" then repeating once more,
An old drowsy toper, whose nap was just o'er,
Rubb'd his eyes, and roar'd out "ten and "twelve, Master Vicar?
"Two or three bushels more, and he'd *Brew* "humming liquor."

The Contrast.

MARIA is a lady smart,
In muslins dress'd and satins;
But Nanny though has won my heart,
With her stuff gown and pattens.

A cap edg'd round with gauze and wire,
Or feather'd hat Maria decks;
But Nanny, with her plain attire,
Is lovelier than all her sex.

Rouges, powder, scents and patches,
Maria spreads to please the sight;
Lovelier graces my eye catches,
In artless Nanny's red and white.

Peeping above Maria's vest,
Beauties I see without desire:
By 'kerchief hid, of Nanny's breast
A glance will set me all on fire.

By slender garments, half display'd,
Maria's shape each one may view;
Nanny is straight and upright made,
That's all she'll let me know or you.

Work'd slippers deck Maria's toes,
Silk stockings clothe her legs so gay;
Nanny's plain shoe and cotton hose
Cover much neater limbs than they.

With laughter is Maria heard,
With ev'ry man her speech is free;
Sweeter by far is Nanny's word,
When she proclaims her love to me;

Of wit, of ton, of style refin'd,
Maria is the splendid guide,
Nanny can boast a calmer mind,
From envy free, and free from pride.

Then low my lot, and small my store,
With simple Nanny let me live,
One kiss from her will please me more,
Than all that can Maria give.

Enigma.

THERE are two words only in our language wherein the five vowels follow in a successive order. *Quere*, which be they?

Answer.

IN *abstemious* the five vowels you'll find,
In successive order, as your question enjoin'd;
But as for the other I've not recollected,
O—stay—'tis *facetious*, which can't be objected.

Matrimony.

HOW happy is the woman's life,
Who was never made a wife—
Never by a sot neglected,
Never by a rake suspected;
Never by a gamester bit,
Never scorn'd, if spouse has wit;
Never teazed with dull advice,
Nor asham'd of one less wise.
She alone tastes real joy,
Which no tyrant can destroy.

Animalcules.

THE word *animalcule* denotes such a minute creature as is either scarcely, or not at all, to be discerned by the naked eye. The green coating on the top of stagnant waters is nothing but prodigious numbers of animalcules, which serve for nourishment to several water-animals. The microscope discovers millions of animalcules in most liquors, as water, wine, vinegar, beer, dew, &c. particularly in rain-water, in several mineral waters, and in infusions of pepper, bay-berries, oats, barley, and wheat.

Animalcules may be considered as visible, invisible, or microscopical. The *visible*, or such as may be discerned by the naked eye, are mites, divers species of insects, reptiles, and other vermin. The *invisible*, which are only supposed to exist, are such as escape the power even of the best microscopes. The naked eye takes in from the elephant to the mite; but here commences a new order, reserved only for the microscope, which comprehends from the mite, to those twenty-seven millions of times smaller; and this order cannot be yet said to be exhausted, if the microscope is not already arrived at its highest possible degree of perfection.

The extreme minuteness of these animalcules conceals them from the naked human eye. This is one of the great wonders of modern philosophy. An object a thousand times too little to be able to affect our sense would, it might formerly be thought, have been secure from our inspection. And it is strictly true, that most of our microscopical animalcules are so inconceivably small that thousands may stand on the point of a needle.

With whatever degree of surprise we consider the huge bulk and prodigious strength of the elephant, we shall find our astonishment still greater if we attentively examine the minute parts of the mite; for the latter has more limbs than the elephant, each of them furnished with veins and arteries, nerves, muscles, tendons, and bones, it has eyes, a mouth, a heart to propel the circulation of the blood, and organs as perfect as in the largest animal. If the extreme minuteness of these parts is above our conception, what shall we say to those various species of animalcules, to which the mite itself, in size, is as it were an elephant?

The Contradiction.

"I AM unable, (yonder beggar cries)
To *stand* or *sit*."—If he *says true* he *lies*.

Anecdote of Lord R.

THE late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection, and, as I heard your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day?" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?" The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

Anecdote.

THE late famous Arthur Moore, who was much in favour with the Tory ministry, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, had a lady who was reckoned a woman of great wit and humour, but in political principles quite opposite to those of her husband. This same lady coming home one evening, told her husband, she wished him joy, for she had heard he was to be made a lord. (This was before the death of Queen Anne.) "And pray," said he, "what did they say was to be my title?"—"My lord *Tairiff*," replied she; which was a sneer upon him, for having been engaged in settling a tairiff of trade, for which he was thought well skilled. "And why don't you, when you hear any one abuse your husband, spit in their face," said he. "No, I thank you," answered the lady, "*I do not intend to spit myself into a consumption.*"

Anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton.

THE late Doctor Stukely, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but, as it was near his dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time, a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor then ate the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and without emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile, "See," he says, "what we studious people are! I forgot that I had dined."

The late Emperor of Germany.

THIS great prince amused himself daily by mixing with the people, and often going into coffee-houses *incog.* at Paris, where soon after his arrival he met with a person with whom he played at chess. The emperor lost his game, and wished to play another, but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying he must go to the opera to see the emperor. "What do you expect to see in the emperor (says he,) there is nothing worth seeing in him, I can assure you; he is just like any other man." "No matter, (says the gentleman) I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him: he is a very great man, and I will not be disappointed." "And is that really your only motive (said the emperor) for going to the opera?" "It really is" replied the gentleman. "Well then, if that is the case (says the emperor) we may as well play another game now, *for you see him before you.*"

Epitaph.

LIFE is a jest—the bard averr'd
Whose nice conception seldom err'd,
Yet, friend of mine, let me advise,
Be never merry more than wise.
This mean unless thou well discernest,
I fear the jest will turn to earnest.

Query.

THERE are two youths mentioned in scripture who, in degrees of consanguinity, were so remarkably circumstanced, that their father was their grandfather; their mothers were their sisters; their sisters were their aunts, and they were each other's uncle: Who were they?

Explanation.

MOAB and Ben-ammi, by scripture, 'tis clear,
Were the sons and the grandsons of Lot;
Whose mothers, their sisters and aunts also were,
Each was uncle to each; was he not?

George I.

PURSUANT to the act of succession, George I. son of Ernest Augustus, first elector of Brunswick, and the princess Sophia, grand-daughter to James I. ascended the British throne. His mature age, he being now fifty-four years old, his sagacity and experience, his numerous alliances, the general tranquillity of Europe, all contributed to establish his interests, and to promise him a peaceable and happy reign.

If George I. was not distinguished for shining talents or heroic virtues, much less can we discern, on a general review of his character, any remarkable deficiency of understanding, or propensity to vice. Acceding to the crown of Britain when far advanced in life, he seemed ever to consider himself rather as a German elector than as a king; and the influence and power of Great Britain were of little estimation in his eyes, when directed to any other end than the aggrandizement of his native country. With respect to the internal government of his kingdoms, the rectitude and benevolence of his intentions were always apparent; but he was from the nature of his situation compelled to throw himself into the hands of a party; and from the easiness of his disposition, he was too often persuaded to acquiesce in measures which a more perfect acquaintance with the real state of facts and opinions would have shown to be as contrary to his interests as there is reason to believe they frequently were to his inclination. In the view of Europe at large, he sustained the character of a prudent, an able, and a fortunate prince.

Notwithstanding the total neglect by the court, and the violence of party rage, that prevailed in this as well as in the former reign, literature and the arts continued to flourish in a very high degree; and we view with surprise, amidst scenes of contention and turbulence, a constellation of geniuses shedding a peculiar lustre over this period of British history.

Scarcely had Locke, Temple, and Dryden, the departing luminaries of the former age, sunk beneath the western sky, when Addison, Swift, Pope, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, arose in the east. The writings of Addison in particular, merit a most distinguished and honourable mention; and the advantage which the community has reaped from the wide diffusion of them, no power of calculation can ascertain. In the province of architecture the age was less fortunate. Gibbs and Kent, with unequal steps, and at almost viewless distance, followed the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren; of whom the magnificent plan for rebuilding the city of London in 1666, would have alone sufficed to perpetuate the memory. At this period also the English school of painting could produce (a Thornhill excepted) no greater artist than Jervas; whose name is immortalized, not by his own performances, but by "the verse eternal which embalms the dead." During the course of this reign Sir Isaac Newton terminated his long career of life: but that of his fame and glory will be coeval only with the globe itself; whose laws he has developed and explained, with an energy and sagacity wholly stupendous, and approaching, perhaps, the limits of supernatural intelligence.

Enigmatical List of Signs of the Zodiac.

THREE-sevenths of a town in Somersetshire, and three-fourths of to canker.

Two-eighths of to be bountiful one-half of to mix, and a vowel.

Three-sevenths of a fierce animal.

Remarks on the Works of some of the most eminent Painters, with short Anecdotes of their Lives.

FRANCISCO Albani, born at Bologna, in 1578, died in the same city, 1660.

The pictures of Albani are exceedingly agreeable. His subjects are, in general, of the poetical kind. We may be almost sure of finding in any picture of this master, beautiful figures of women; and children, who seem as if they had been nourished by the graces. This artist, bred in the school of Carracci, could not fail being an agreeable painter; and if he was not always successful in expressing the stronger passions of the soul, he knew how to touch and flatter the senses, by offering to his spectators the most pleasing and delightful images; where reigns with decency an agreeable and, if I may be allowed the expression, even a voluptuous pleasure. What contributes to render his works inestimable, is a pencil, whose freshness of colour, and delicacy of touch, is admirable: but he may be reprehended with over-finishing many of his pictures.

Annibale Carracci, born at Bologna in 1560, died at Rome in 1609.

The spirit and genius of painting was almost ready to expire in Italy, when this great artist appeared, who had the merit, in conjunction with his cousin Ludovico, and his brother Agostino, to restore it again with fresh vigour. He admired and studied the works of the incomparable Correggio; nor did he require more to animate his genius, and to hasten him in the pursuit in which he was engaged. He joined to this study the knowledge of nature, of which he never lost sight, not even when transplanted to Rome; where, dazzled with the beauties of the antique, he made fresh and successful efforts to appropriate them to his own purposes. From hence sprung the considerable quantity of fine things which he left behind him: they have assured to their author the title of one of the most learned designers which ever appeared; but this is not enough to his praise; he ought likewise to be esteemed as one of the greatest composers.

Carlo Cigniani, born in Bologna, 1628, died at Forli, 1719.

This excellent painter claims, with great justice, a pre-eminence amongst the disciples of Albani: he distinguished himself as much as his celebrated master. In love with his profession, and sensibly penetrated with the many difficulties attending the art of painting he was less anxious to produce a quantity of pictures, than attentive that none should go out of his possession that were not extremely studied, and capable of supporting the great reputation which he had acquired.—Few painters have designed so correctly, or enriched their compositions more than he has done; as we see few who either possessed such a force of colouring, or freedom in the execution of their pictures. The paintings of the ceiling of Forli, which occupied him many years, have acquired him a reputation which will never perish.

Sebastino Conca, born at Gaetta, 1676, died in the same city, 1764.

This artist, who is yet recent in our remembrance, began to learn the first elements of design under Luca Giordano; but Luca setting out for Spain, the young Conca entered into the school of Solimeni, who compleated his studies, by concealing nothing from him and his other scholars, relative to the secrets of his art. Conca soon distinguished himself, and afterwards settled in Rome. He had an easy and fertile genius, to which he joined great spirit. He left an incredible number of large pictures behind him: but we shall be the less surprised, when we consider that his life was

prolonged beyond the usual limits of human nature, and that he was, besides, indefatigable, From the example of his master, he introduced great richness in his pictures; and perhaps he studied more to please from the brilliancy, than from the solidity of his compositions. It even appears, that he was less attentive to the great style of drawing, than to give to his figures attitudes, which were agreeable and varied. He was, nevertheless, a great painter, and must be regarded as one of the last efforts which this expiring art has made in Italy.

Antonio Allegri, commonly called Correggio, born at Correggio, 1494, and there died 1534.

It happened, that after many ages passed in ignorance, nature, weary of her bondage, and willing to repair her losses, by rendering to their arts their original lustre, drew them from that obscurity into which the barbarism of the times had plunged them. There appeared one of those rare and happy geniuses, who guided by instinct alone, and without any assistance from those who had gone before him, planned out new tracts in science, and became the admiration of his cotemporaries; leaving behind him objects worthy the imitation of his successors. Such was Correggio, who, born in a village, where, perhaps, no painter had ever existed, and, at a critical period, even in the dawn of the arts, diffused a glorious light over painting; which did, at that time, astonish, and still continue to surprise the spectator.—He at once banished that sterility of taste, which during so long a time had disfigured the art of painting; and taking a sudden and rapid flight, he raised himself to the sublime. He saw every thing great: he did not introduce into the generality of his compositions a multitude of figures; but only such as were useful and employed. He gave them new motions, he added to their out-lines certain forms, which, perhaps, are not always strictly agreeable to the chaste rules of design; but they have, however, their captivating allurements. What the poet said may be here applied;

He snatch'd a grace beyond the rules of art.

The agreeable smile, and those amiable graces, which ever attended his ideas, and which he diffused with such profusion over his characters, my be, perhaps, taxed with being forced and unnatural; but they are, however, not less seducing: an easy and flowing pencil, a union, and harmony of colours, peculiar to himself, a perfect intelligence of light and shade, produced by large and broad masses, gave an astonishing relief to all the pictures he has painted. The works of this divine painter cannot be too much studied. The Carracci were sensible of it, and reaped considerable advantages from them. Whoever from their example, will reflect on them with attention, may be sure of acquiring the most important principles of their art.

Leonardo da Vinci, born in the castle of Vinci, in Tuscany, 1443, died in France in the arms of Francis I. 1518.

It required a man of as much genius, refinement, and universal knowledge, as Leonardo da Vinci, to attempt to retrieve painting from that languishing state into which it had been plunged for so many ages.—Cimabue, who is esteemed as its restorer, and the other artists who succeeded him laboured without principles. Their works were dry, insipid, and tasteless. Solid and judicious reflections dictated to Leonardo the necessity of a reformation. He therefore consulted nature; and nature suggested the means. She soon taught him, that the beauties with which she is adorned, are only to be discovered by such as study them, with discern-

ment; that the character of heads, as well as the motion of figures, are infinite, and depend upon the knowledge of the muscles, which is inseparable from the study of anatomy; that the different passions of the soul are to be expressed in the countenance by means of the arrangement of certain features; that it is by a just distribution of colours, as well as of light and shadow, that objects have relief, and appear natural. These reflections Leonardo reduced to rules and principles; and he was the first who faithfully observed them. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that, absorbed in such profound meditation, he laboured so little with his own hand; and it is to be observed, that he never painted any thing that was not extremely finished, and in which he did not aim at perfection.

Nicholas Poussin, born at Andeli, a city of Normandy, 1594, died at Rome 1665.

When we consider the character of Poussin; the taste he had for the antique, and for the works of great painters with which Italy abounded, we shall find that the climate of Rome was more suitable to his genius than that of his own country; nor did he hesitate to give it the preference: and if in the course of things he absented himself, for some time, it was with regret, and with a resolution of returning again to that city, so dear to him, and where he enjoyed that tranquillity and satisfaction he so much courted. On his first arrival at Rome, his mind was already furnished with poetical ideas; and his easy and agreeable pencil had already attained the art of colouring. At that time he had studied the works of Titian.—Associated with his friend Fiamingo, the celebrated sculptor, he studied the antique with great care; and soon after this, his pictures assumed a character of gravity, which, perhaps, introduced itself at the expence of colouring: that, doubtless, gave way to a learned and judicious manner, which likewise gained in sentiment and expression. The pictures of Poussin became more interesting than ever, by the choice of his subjects, and a religious observance of the manners and customs of the people he introduced. We even fancy them present, and we are tempted to interrogate the different personages he brings upon the scene.

Raffaelo da Urbino, born at Urbino 1483, died at Rome 1520.

The different branches of painting in which the celebrated Appelles excelled, and which rendered his name so illustrious with antiquity, seem, in these ages, to have been united in the person of the divine Raphael, to justify the ancient writers, and show that in the praises which they gave to the works of this great artist of Greece, there was nothing exaggerated. They have affirmed, that never painter diffused more grace in his compositions, nor elegance in the disposing of his figures; that their motions were so just and so natural, that one was attempted to believe they were alive; that he treated every subject with nobleness, and with dignity, and often in a manner so pathetic, that the spectators were affected with the most singular impressions; that his pictures engaged and interested, by the truth of their expressions, and the art with which they moved the passions of the soul; that, in short, those rare and perfect productions excited the desire of kings, and became the objects of the jealousy of cities which could not possess them. Is there any thing in what has been here said, which is not applicable to Raphael, and which does not characterize him in the strongest manner? Let a man of judgment enter into the apartments of the Vatican; let him examine the sublime pictures which decorate those walls; or in the same manner, let him consider

attentively the invaluable cartoons of the Acts of the Apostles, which are the glory of the British nation, and say if he can refrain from acknowledging that he finds there assembled every species of beauty and perfection which were admired in the works of the Grecian painter.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens, born at Cologne, in 1577, died at Antwerp, in 1640.

Neither the favour in which Rubens lived with princes, and other distinguished personages: nor his superior talents for negociation, which entitled him to appear in a public character at the courts of crowned heads; nor his profound erudition, and the distinguished employments which were the recompence of his services: will ever do him so much honour as painting procured him, to the study of which he preferably devoted himself and exercised it with amazing success.—Italy, where he made a long abode, furnished him abundantly with the means of instructing himself. Mantua, which received him first, presented him with the astonishing and ingenious paintings of Giulo Romano. It was here his genius was fired. He went afterwards to Venice, where he studied the works of Titian, Tintorett, and Paulo Veronese. A taste for colouring, and for the rich compositions of these masters, here took possession of him. The studies which he made upon the point of perfecting his design, which was visible by some of his first productions; but the charms of colouring predominated, and when he returned to his own country, nature not presenting him with the same idea of beauty, and he continuing to consult her, he was less attentive to fine forms than to express, with all the richness of colouring, his figures such as he saw them, frequently overcharged, if I may use the expression, *de trop d'embonpoint.* He principally excelled in the magnificence of his compositions, and in the knowledge of light and shadow, which he reduced to certain rules, and from which he reaped the greatest advantage. As an able artist he likewise received considerable assistance from a brilliant and numerous school, which he formed, and without which it would have been impossible for him, however laborious and expeditious he was, to have executed the prodigious quantity of pictures he left behind him. Of these, though many were not wholly painted by himself, there are none that did not pass through his hands, and receive his last touches; which alone require a force of genius, and an assiduity, of which there is scarce any example.

Titiano Veccelli, born at Cadora, in 1477, died at Venice, 1576.

Before the appearance of Titian the generality of painters had not attained the art of expressing flesh, or making it appear as if animated upon the cloth. Giorgione, his cotemporary and rival, it is reported, preceded him in this discovery; but by employing colours which were by far too vigorous, he surpassed the bounds of truth, leaving to Titian the merits of discovering tints more agreeable to the beautiful variety of nature. For, when he painted the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, in which he particularly excelled, we find in his picture a delicacy of taste and an air of nobleness, accompanied with certain adjustments of drapery, which please from their simplicity; but above all his colouring expresses a carnation which dazzles from its clearness and transparency. When he presented the portrait of a man in the prime of life, we neither find the same delicacy nor the same tints, but a pencil more vigorous, and a touch of a very different nature: but when we see the head of an old man by him, we there find those inequalities and wrinkles expressed which an advanced age imprints

upon the countenance, but with all truth and fidelity of colouring, which nature herself presents to us. The Cornaro family, belonging to his grace the duke of Northumberland, affords us a noble example of this kind. His draperies, his skies, and his landscape, all have their particular touch, and partake of that tone of colouring which is natural to each. However occupied Titian was in the effects of colouring, we see, when we consider his admirable productions, that his mind was no less filled with great and sublime ideas. His stile of drawing was formed upon the study of nature; his knowledge in the opposition of light and shadow was great; and in the local colours of painting no body ever exceeded him. He was beloved and esteemed by the great; and died at an advanced age, rewarded with honours and with riches.

Sir Anthony Vandyke, born at Antwerp, 1599, died at London, 1641.

The parents of this celebrated artist took care to place him betimes in the school of Rubens; and this judicious painter, finding in him an amiable temper, joined to a happy genius, made it pleasure to cultivate and extend both, by not concealing from him any part of that knowledge which he himself had attained from long experience. Vandyke was yet young when he was capable of executing pictures, which astonished, as much from the facility with which they were painted, as the general knowledge which reigned throughout the whole. Rubens, at this time, gave him two pieces of advice; the first was, to devote himself to portraits, in which he foresaw he would excel; and the second, to make the tour of Italy, where he would have an opportunity of extending his studies. Vandyke took this counsel; nor had he reason to repent it. Venice was the first city he went to, where he reaped great advantage from the works of Titian, and other masters of that school. Soon after his arrival at Rome, he had an opportunity of exercising his abilities upon the portrait of cardinal Bentivoglio, which is justly esteemed the most perfect of the kind that ever came from the pencil of this artist. But the city of Genoa, where he made a more considerable stay, is the theatre on which he appears with great glory; the Balbi, Durazzo, and other palaces there, contain many excellent portraits painted in the great historical style. On his return to his own country he enriched it with an innumerable quantity of fine pieces; but the advantages he reaped there were not proportioned to his merits; and as he loved to make a figure, he resolved to augment his fortune, which he tried by making a tour to England. Charles I. amongst his many princely and amiable qualities, was a passionate lover of the arts, and particularly of painting: nor was Vandyke deceived in his hopes. The king, who knew the abilities of this artist, received him in the manner he wished. He often employed his pencil, honoured him frequently by his visits, and sat by him whilst he painted. The nobility of Charles's court, followed his example, and rivalled each other in their politeness to the king's favourite painter. Vandyke imbibed the principles of his profession at an early period of life; he improved them by a solidity of judgment, and a lively imagination. His portraits are painted with infinite grace, and even a sublimity of expression, with a delicacy and freedom of pencil which no other painter ever attained to. His extremities in general, particularly his hands, are drawn with the utmost precision: his attitudes are natural, and suited to the different characters which he painted. His dresses are elegant, his folds simple and rich, and his manner of painting easy and agreeable: to all which may be added, his perfect knowledge of the effects of light and shadow.

Journal of a Country Gentleman in the Days of Queen Elizabeth.

NO man is secure from misfortunes. I set up for being high sheriff for the county no less than three times, and yet my opponent carried it against me every time. But though my country is unwilling to grant me the honour of being high sheriff, they are ready enough to load me with laborious offices; and now am I elected as a burgess to serve in parliament, notwithstanding all the endeavours I have used to get myself excused. This is a hard duty, a very expensive one too, and nothing but danger to be gained by it; but it is all done by a wicked corruption in the borough I serve. There are, it seems, three gentlemen in the neighbourhood of more interest than I; and because they are not sparing in treating the aldermen and mayor with strong drink, they always got themselves cleanly off.—The moment there is any discourse of an election, their beer is broached, and the drunken mob are made to consider them as unfit to serve. Thus I must prepare to go to town, although it be sixty miles off, with a wife and family.

Monday. Very busy in preparing for our journey to town, which will take us not above three days upon the road, as our horses are good, and we intend to use great expedition. I have settled the order of our journey as follows.—My wife to ride behind the foot-boy, and my daughter behind myself, which will be less burdensome to the horses than if my wife and I rode together, she being a little corpulent, which I attribute to her being fond of good living which I am told by the doctress of our country is very fattening. As I intend to cut a figure in town, and to ride into the metropolis with some splendor, we must have ten men in livery to attend us, which, riding but two upon a horse, will make a very gallant appearance, and each of them to have a serge doublet of yellow, adorned with worsted fringe.

The latter part of the day was spent in taking leave of our neighbours; and I had the pleasure of seeing some of them shed tears at our intended departure. However, all dangers must be faced for the good of our country, though we should never see our fire-side again.

Tuesday. Upon the road. My wife and daughter, having taken a toast and tankard in the morning before setting out, in order to keep the wind off their stomachs, are, I find, in good spirits, and able to travel two or three miles before breakfast: we have however sent on the running footman before us, to bespeak a pound of beef steaks a-piece at the house of one of my tenants, who occasionally keeps an inn, and has sometimes four or five customers a week, when in a run of business. My daughter at breakfast complains of the dressing of the beef, being very delicate in her eating: but this daintiness I must in some measure ascribe to her mother, who, in spite of all I can allege, prefers onions to garlic in her gravy.

Wednesday. My daughter having never been from home above four miles before this time, (she being not as yet arrived at her twentieth year) greatly diverts me with her remarks upon all that offers. We are overtaken on the road by a drove of oxen, which are going to be sold in London, and though I used every method to make my servants keep up with them, yet they leave us far behind. My wife complains of her bones aching with the rapidity of our progress. Her pillion broke down: two hours taken by our armourer to put it to rights again.

Thursday. Having taken a hearty breakfast, we set forward, knowing that we had a long stage of it until din-

ner time. Posterity will scarcely believe it, but it is true, we were not able to get to dinner until it was near two o'clock; which is so late an hour, that my wife's appetite was quite spoiled with waiting: she was just able to get down the leg and wing of a goose, with much pressing. And here I cannot help complaining of our rascally host, who charged for every article double price. We had but a fat goose, a bacon ham, five pounds of black puddings, and a white pot; and yet for this trifling fare, the rogue had the conscience to charge us for eating and strong drink, two shillings and ninepence.

Friday. In town. We made a goodly show in marching up through Cheapside. Some of the citizens left their shops to gaze at us. My daughter in high spirits: she is to be introduced to the queen shortly, from whence she is to see the Tower, the Abbey, and, but that she is afraid of crossing the water, she might take a boat to the play-house. However, one play she must see, because I would do things genteelly. This, with a new gown and fardingale, will, I hope, content her.

Saturday. At the Parliament House. We sat very late; it was near one o'clock in the afternoon before we parted; so that upon coming home to my lodgings, dinner was quite spoiled. But if a petty constable acts without murmuring, why should I? After dinner, sat down to a game of gleck with a very gentleman-like person, a fellow-lodger of our's—luck run against me.

Memorandum. Never more to touch a card.—Actually lost one shilling and four-pence at a single sitting: am apt to suspect the sincerity of my antagonist; but I am resolved to be a dupe to play no longer.

Sunday. Ordered the family to be up very early, to prepare for going to the parish church, lest, if not coming in time, we should lose our places; which my hostess tells me happens but too often. I do not like this new-fashioned London method of curtailing the service. The reading of the Homily took up but an hour and a half, which is much too short for inculcating a proper sense of our duty. A lady of high distinction gave great disgust to the whole audience, being actually detected in a whisper while the service was reading. As I was resolved to be charitable, I put for myself and family three halfpence into the poor's box. This coming to London is extremely expensive, and I seldom go back again, but I find myself at least fifteen pounds the poorer. My wife alone costs me six pounds of the money: she likes London so well, she would stay half the year; but I am resolved to return home as soon as ever the business of the house will permit.

R. B—R.

In Biddeford Church-yard, Devon.

THE wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sicken'd and he die did.

Impromptu.

ON the death of a certain primitive physician being inserted in the newspaper, and afterwards contradicted by himself, in a very pompous address to the public, in which he asserts that he is not only alive, but alive also to the complaints and infirmities of his afflicted fellow creatures, and anxiously desirous of administering the usual relief, derived from his superior physical knowledge and transcendent abilities.

THEY say I'm dead; I say they lie!
I physics, bleeds 'em, sweats 'em;
If after that my patients die.
With all my heart,

I. LETS—EM.

Female Courtship.

TWO or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three noes when he bids you say yes,
Two or three smiles when you utter the no,
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three speeches, like, Ah, go away,
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there,
Two or three nights to the court-house repair:
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate *hope;*
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three faintings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hems when the chaplain appears,
Two or three squeezes when the *hand's given away.*
Two or three coughs when you come to, *obey*;
Two or three courtsies when marriage is over,
Two or three honeys discovering your lover;
Two or three steps towards your home run,
Two or three kisses, tho' ask'd but for one;
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three husbands, tho' hard are the times.

The Lawyer.

A KNOTTY point, a lawyer had,
Which no one e'er resolv'd;
He try'd the bar and e'en the bench—
They're all in doubts revolv'd.

At length he recollected well,
He had *one friend* behind—
Old *Satan* had not yet been ask'd,
Though *always in his mind.*

Away the lawyer posts in haste
With briefs unto the devil,
Who soon resolv'd this knotty point,
And added very civil—

"Since you and I pursue one trade,
"O let us never part"—
"Agreed, egad," the lawyer cry'd,
"I'll stay with all my heart!"

From that time forth the lawyer stay'd,
And practis'd mighty well—
If it be true, as it is said,
That *rogues thrive best in* ——

The Head of the House.

DRUSILLA had oft by her husband been told,
The neighbours all knew her a termagant scold;
For himself, he was seldom permitted to speak,
And was cruelly hen-peck'd, like poor Jerry Sneak.
At length, in revenge, she *cornuted* her spouse,
To let the world know—he was *head* of the house.

The Monkies.

WHOE'ER with curious eye hath rang'd
Thro' Ovid's Tales, hath seen,
How Jove, incensed, to monkies chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race,
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their prayer;
But t'other half, he bid the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer given the nod,
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air, the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now,
Around their temples spread;
The tail that once did hang below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus, half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place,
(Restoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man, with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a—*beau.*

Authentic Memoirs of Mr. James Quin, the celebrated Comedian.

MR. James Quin was born in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, London, in the year 1693. Various are the reports of his family. Some have averred, that his father was an American, and that James was the illegitimate issue of a criminal correspondence, which his father kept up in Ireland, upon his return from the western hemisphere, and that on this account he was deprived of his patrimonial expectations. This imaginary lineage was never allowed by Quin himself: on the contrary, he always asserted that his father was an English gentleman, who some years after his son's birth, settled in Ireland, and was possessed of a small fortune, which his natural generosity and benificence greatly incumbered. James's education was such as suited the station which seemed to be allotted for him, that of a gentleman: after having gone through the necessary prelude of grammar school learning, he was sent to the university of Dublin, where he remained until he was near twenty years of age.

His father destined him for the bar; and at this period he came over to England to pursue his studies in jurisprudence. To this end he took chambers in the Temple, and for sometime studied Coke upon Littleton with the usual success of young Templars, who consider their situation, so particularly adapted for pleasure, as no way compatible with so dry and tedious an application. A life of gaiety and dissipation took place, and he found amuch stronger disposition to read Shakspeare than the Statutes at large.

About this time his father died, when he found his patrimony so very small, that there was no possibility of his supporting himself upon it; and this induced him to begin seriously to think of availing himself of those talents which nature had bestowed upon him, and repair by his own merit the effects of his father's generosity and too liberal hospitality. His good sense soon pointed out to him, that as he had made but a very small progress in the study of the law, so he could not expect to reap the fruits of his present pursuit but at a very distant period; a young counsellor of the greatest merit has many obstacles to surmount before he obtains any considerable practice; chance and interest are great auxiliaries to his success, as many a veteran barrister has much reason to complain. Besides, his finances were so circumscribed, that there was scarce a practicability of his accomplishing himself in this profession without some temporary support.

These reasons soon induced him to quit his present pursuit, and there appeared to him no where so fair a prospect as the stage. He had many requisites to form a good actor: an expressive countenance; a marking eye; a clear voice, full and melodious; an extensive memory, founded upon a long application to our best classic authors; an enthusiastic admiration of Shakspeare; a happy and articulate pronunciation; and a majestic figure. He had for some time associated with most of the capital actors of this period; he was frequently in company with Booth and Wilks, and formed a very strict intimacy with Ryan. It was to the last of these that he opened his mind with respect to coming upon the stage. Ryan was charmed to find his friend so sincerely approve of his plan of life, as to be desirous of adopting it; and he introduced him to the managers of the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, who engaged him in August 1717, to appear the succeeding winter.

Mr. Quin made his first appearance at Drury-lane, in the year 1718. At that time of day, seniority of date was

considered with as much jealousy in the green-room as in the army or navy: and an actor that should have at once rushed upon the town, with all the powers of a Betterton or a Booth, in a capital character, would have been looked upon by his competitors for fame as little better than an usurper of talents and applause. Besides the manager considered acting as a mere mechanical acquisition, that nothing but time could procure; and therefore, every one in his company was to serve his apprenticeship before he attempted being even a journeyman actor. This accounts for Quin's remaining for so long a time the mere scene drudge, the faggot of the drama. He, at length, however, performed some capital parts, and his name made its appearance in the bills, (though not in CAPITALS) annexed to Banquo in Macbeth, and the Lieutenant of the Tower in Richard the Third.

It was not till the year 1720, that he had an opportunity of displaying his great theatrical powers. Upon the revival of the Merry Wives of Windsor, at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, of which the late Mr. Rich was then manager, there was no one in the whole company who would undertake the part of Falstaff; Rich was therefore inclined to give up all thoughts of representing it, when Quin happening to come in his way, said, if he pleased, he would attempt it.--- "Hem!" said Rich, taking a pinch of snuff—"You attempt Falstaff!—why (hem!) you might as well think of acting Cato after Booth. The character of Falstaff, young man, is quite another character from what you think:" (taking another pinch of snuff) "it is not a little snivelling part that that—in short that any one can do.—There is not a man among you that has any idea of the part but myself.—It is quite out of your walk.—No, never think of Falstaff—it is quite—quite out of your walk, indeed, young man."

This was the reception his first effort of stepping out of the faggot-walk met with, and for some days he laid aside all thoughts of ever doing Falstaff, or indeed speaking upon the stage, except it were to deliver a message. Ryan, who at that time had the ear and confidence of Rich, having heard Quin, long before he thought of coming on the stage, repeat some passages in the character of Falstaff, prevailed upon the manager to let Quin rehearse them before him; which he accordingly did, but not much to his master's satisfaction.—However, as the case was desperate, and either the Merry Wives of Windsor must have been laid aside, or Quin perform Falstaff; this alternative, at length, prevailed upon Rich to admit James into this part.

The first night of his appearance in this character, he surprised and astonished the audience: no actor before ever entered into the spirit of the author, and it seemed as if Shakspeare had by intuition drawn the knight so long before for Quin only to represent. The just applause he met with upon this occasion is incredible: continued clappings and peals of laughter, in some measure interrupted the representation; though it was impossible that any regularity whatever could have more increased the mirth, or excited the approbation of the auence.

When Quin was first engaged at Drury-lane, he succeeded the elder Mills in all the capital parts of tragedy; and Delane supplied his place at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, after having performed for some time with tolerable success at Goodman's-Fields. But it was upon Booth's quitting the stage, on account of his illness, that Quin shone forth in all his splendor; and yet he had the diffidence upon the first night of his appearing in Cato, to insert in the bills, that *the part of Cato would be only attempted by Mr. Quin.*

The modesty of this invitation produced a full house, and a favourable audience, but the actor's own peculiar merit effected more. When he came to that part of the play where his dead son is brought in upon the bier, Quin in speaking these words,

"Thanks to the Gods!—my boy has done
"his duty,"

so affected the whole house, that they cried out with a continued acclamation, *Booth outdone! Booth outdone!*

Yet this was not the summit of his applause; for when he repeated the famous soliloquy, he was enchored to that degree, that, though it was submitting to an impropriety, he indulged the audience with its repetition.

We now approach that period, when Mr. Quin's loss to the stage was in many respects, irreparable. At the end of the winter of the year 1748, Quin having taken umbrage at Rich's behaviour, retired in a fit of spleen and resentment to Bath, notwithstanding his being under engagements to that manager. Though Rich ought to have known that Quin never put up with any insult, and though he too late repented of what he had done, yet he thought by treating him with silent contempt, to make him submit to his own terms. On the other hand, Quin, whose generous heart began now to relent having used his old acquaintance so cavalierly, resolved to sacrifice his resentment to his friendship, and wrote early the next season a laconic epistle to Rich in these words:

"I am at Bath. *Quin.*"

Rich thought this by no means a sufficient apology for his behaviour, and returned an answer, in almost as laconic, though not quite so civil a manner.

"Stay there, and be damned. *Rich.*"

This reply cost the public one of the greatest ornaments of the stage; for as he and Mr. Garrick did not agree very well together, whilst they continued rival actors. he could not brook submitting to his competitor in dramatic fame; and as he now took a firm resolution of never engaging with "so insolent a blockhead!" as he stiled Rich for the answer, there was no theatrical door opened for him, without he had turned opera singer. He nevertheless came from Bath in the year 1749, to play the part of Othello, at Covent-garden theatre, for the benefit of the unhappy sufferers by the fire in Cornhill, which happened on the 25th of March, in the year 1748: and he afterwards continued many successive years to London, to perform the character of Sir John Falstaff, for his old and trusty friend Ryan; but in the year 1754, having lost two of his front teeth, he was compelled to decline the task, and wrote a comic epistle to Ryan upon this occasion.

"My dear Friend,

"There is no person on earth, whom I would sooner serve than Ryan —but, by God, I will whistle Falstaff for no man."

Mr. Quin had, during the course of his acting, from his judgment in the English language, and the knowledge of the history of Great Britain, corrected many mistakes which our immortal bard, Shakspeare had by oversight, or the volatileness of his genius, suffered to creep into his works; he also changed many obsolete phrases in his favorite poet, and restored the proper pronunciation of various words to the stage, from whence it had been long banished. These talents, joined to his merit as an actor, recommended him to the observation of his late royal highness the prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, who appointed him to instruct his children in the true pro-

nunciation of their mother tongue. In order to accomplish this the more effectually, it was necessary they should accustom themselves to the reading of Milton, and some of our best dramatic poets; this naturally created in them a desire to perform the parts they rehearsed; and his late royal highness, who was a tender and indulgent father, readily gratified their inclination. Mr. Quin perfected his royal pupils in their parts, and his present majesty, with his brothers and sisters, represented several plays under his tuition at Leicester-house.

Nothing could surpass the joy he felt, when he was from time to time informed of the virtuous and gracious disposition of his royal pupil contemplating with pleasure, the felicity of the nation under so good and just a prince; and upon being informed with what elegance and noble propriety his majesty delivered his first gracious speech from the throne, he cried out in a kind of extacy—"Ay—I taught the boy to speak!"---Nor did his majesty forget his old tutor, though so remote from court; and it is positively averred, that soon after his accession to the throne, he gave orders, without any application being made to him, that a genteel pension should be paid Mr. Quin during his life.

It is true, that Mr. Quin was not in absolute need of this royal benefaction; for, upon quitting the stage, he thought it was prudent to make some provision for the remainder of his days, and as he was never married, and had none but distant relations, he resolved to sink half of his small fortune, in order to procure an easy competence. The duke of B——, who always professed a great regard for him, hearing of his design, sent for him, and very generously told him that he would grant him an annuity for his life, upon much better terms than any he could procure from persons who made a profession of granting annuities; and so in reality he did, for Mr. Quin obtained two hundred pounds a year for two thousand pounds. With this provision then, and about two thousand more he had in the funds, he retired to Bath, a place he had always in his eye for a retreat, as the manner of living, and the company that associated there, were so entirely consonant to his plan of life; he accordingly hired a house there, and had it fitted up in a decent, not elegant manner.

We may now suppose Mr. Quin at Bath; but before we fix him there for good, we must relate an adventure that happened at the Bedford coffee-house about this time. Th. Cibber, whose impertinence constantly kept pace with his vanity, having taken something amiss that Quin had said concerning his acting, came one night strutting into the coffee-house, and having walked up to the fire-place, he said, "He was come to call that capon-loined rascal to an account for taking liberties with his character." Somebody told him he had passed by Quin, who was sitting at the other end of the room in the window.---"Ay, so I have sure enough," says he, "but I see he is busy talking to Rich, and I won't disturb them now, I'll take another opportunity,"—"But," continued his informer, finding the backwardness of Cibber, and willing to have some sport, "he sets off for Bath to-morrow, and may not, perhaps, be in town again this twelve-month."—"Is that the case," said Cibber, (somewhat nettled at finding his courage was suspected) "then I'll e'en chastise him now."—Upon this he goes up to Quin, and calls out aloud, "You—Mr. Quin, I think you call yourself, I insist upon satisfaction for the affront you gave me yesterday—damme."—"If you have a mind to be flogged," (replied Quin) "I'll do it for you with all my heart, d-mn me." "Draw, Sir," resumed Cibber, "or

I'll be through your guts this instant." "This" (said Quin) "is an improper place to rehearse Lord Foppington in; but if you'll go under the Piazza, I may, perhaps, make you put up your sword faster than you drew it."—Cibber now went out; Quin followed, when they immediately drew—Cibber parried and retreated as far as the garden rails, when Quin, tired with trifling so long, made a lunge, in doing which he tumbled over a stone: Cibber taking the advantage of the accident, made a thrust at him, slightly wounded him in the forehead, and ran off full speed towards the church, as if for sanctuary.

From the time that Quin retired from the stage, a good harmony subsisted, and a regular correspondence was carried on between Mr. Garrick and him; and when he paid a visit to his friends in the metropolis once a year, as he generally did in autumn, he as constantly passed a week or two at Mr. Garrick's villa at Hampton. His last excursion thither in the summer of 1765, was productive of the most agreeable sallies of wit and merriment. Mr. Garrick's travels furnished such new and entertaining topics of discourse, and Mr. Quin's remarks such unexpected strokes of fancy, as enlivened the conversation to a degree that is almost incredible.

During the stay he made at Hampton, he had an eruption on his hand, which the faculty were of opinion would turn to a mortification; and this intimation greatly damped his spirits, as the thought of losing a limb appeared to him more terrible than death itself; he therefore resolved, let what might be the consequence, not to suffer an amputation. Whether this dreadful perspective so violently affected his spirits as to throw him into a hypochondria, or whether the natural bad habit of his body brought on a fever, this much is certain, that one of the malignant kind succeeded; and when he was out of all danger with respect to his hand, he was carried off by this fatal disorder.

During his illness he had taken such large quantities of bark, as to occasion an incessant drought, which nothing could asswage; and being willing to live as long as he could without pain, he discontinued taking any medicines for upwards of a week before his death and during this period he was in very good spirits. The day before he died he drank a bottle of claret, and being sensible of his approaching end, he said, "He could wish that the last tragic scene was over, though he was in hopes he should be able to go through it with becoming dignity." He was not mistaken, and departed this life on Tuesday the 21st of January, 1766, about four o'clock in the morning, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Enigmatical List of Authors.

IRON purified.

The head of a convent.

Learn perfectly and be sorrowful.

A city in England.

A town in Kent.

A place of worship and part of a mountain.

Mean and part of a definitive article.

A precious metal, and a worker in the same.

Four-sevenths of an officer of a county, and part of a poem written by Mr. Pope.

A tremulous motion and a weapon.

Motionless, the termination of an active participle, and a colleciton of ships,

Half of an interjection that expresses wonder, and three-fourths of a volatile substance.

The centre, and twenty hundred weight.

Part of a beautiful flower, and the property of no person.

What the Jews are forbidden to eat by the law of Moses.

George II.

THE character of this monarch it is not easy either to mistake or to misrepresent. Endowed by nature with an understanding by no means comprehensive, he had taken little pains to improve and expand his original powers by intellectual cultivation. Equally a stranger to learning and the arts, he saw the rapid increase of both under his reign, without contributing in the remotest degree to accelerate that progression by any mode of encouragement, or even bestowing, probably, a single thought on the means of their advancement. Inheriting all the political prejudices of his father, he was never able to extend his views beyond the adjustment of the Germanic balance of power; and resting with unsuspicious satisfaction in that system into which he had been early initiated, he never rose to the conception of that simple, dignified, and impartial conduct, which it is equally the honour and interest of Great Britain to maintain in all the complicated contests of the continental states.

In the internal government of his kingdoms, George II. appears to much greater advantage than in the contemplation of his system of foreign politics. The general principles of his administration, both civil and religious, were liberal and just. Those penal statutes which form the disgrace of our judicial code, were in his reign meliorated and virtually suspended, by the superior mildness and equity of the executive power; and it was a well known and memorable declaration of this benificent monarch, "that during his reign there should be no persecution for conscience sake." Though subject to frequent sallies of passion, they were transient, and marked by no serious effects. On various occasions he had given signal demonstrations of personal bravery; nor did the general tenour of his conduct exhibit proofs less striking of his rectitude and integrity: and if he cannot be ranked among the greatest, he is at least entitled to be classed with the most respectable princes of the age in which he lived; and his memory is deservedly held in national esteem and veneration.

The general state of literature and the arts during his reign received a shadow of protection and encouragement in the countenance given by queen Caroline (a princess of an excellent understanding and much liberality of sentiment) to several learned men with whom she loved to converse. The prince of Wales also, at a subsequent period, showed a disposition though restrained in the ability, to become a munificent patron of literature. But to whatever degree of perfection science, literature, and the arts, arose during even its last splendid and memorable period, the sole and exclusive honour of patronage appertains, not to the court, but to the taste, discernment, and generosity of the nation.

Epitaph Makers.

SOME years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was provost of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he directed the three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which run as follows:

1st. Here lies Dickson, provost of Dundee:
2d. Here lies Dickson, here lies he.

The third was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, at length vociferously exclaimed,

Hallelujah, hallelujee.

The Wager.

A BUCK tow'rd Epsom took his way—
In summer-time, as authors say;
But not far gone, a friend he meets,
Who thus his Buckship kindly greets:
"To th' races do you mean to go?
"If such your plan, I'd have you know
"That you may now your labour save,
"By turning back—nay don't look grave,
"For room or bed you cannot have."

At this the other looks full wise,
And, his chin stroking, thus replies—
"I care not—and I'll bet a crown
"That the best inn of all the town
"Shall lodge myself, and eke my beast—
"I'll e'en on dainties cheaply feast."

"Done—done (cries t'other) if it please you
"To lose your money, I'll soon ease you."

Arrived at Epsom, Dick of course,
Seeks quarters for himself, and horse;
In the inn-yard he stoutly calls,
And thus, with voice of Stentor, bawls—
"Here!—ostler!—give my horse some drink"—
"Why, Sir, you must be blind I think—
"You see, we've not a jot of room—
"You must find out another groom."

But, on a sudden, it appears
A deafness seiz'd our hero's ears;
"Then give him (he replies) some hay,
"For you know best, I dare to say;
"All's one to me I do assure you"—
"What? (cries the other, in a fury)
"You beetle-headed fool!—your horse,
"For me, may range, and take it's course."
But recollecting, that, if lost,
It might, perhaps, some money cost,
The which to pay he was not able,
He fairly lodg'd him in the stable.
Our hero coolly onward goes
To where strong steams assail his nose:
Follows the servants, carrying dishes
Of boil'd and roast meat, fowls and fishes;
Here a select groupe dine together,
All knowing-ones—birds of a feather.—
He enters—one asks, "Sir, whom seek you?
"Sir, (cries our hero, very meekly)
"I beg, my dear Sir, you'd be seated—
"Now, pray, Sir—Sir, do be entreated."
"He's deaf (says one) e'en let him stay—
"He'll not refuse his shot to pay"
So down they sat—and, dinner ended,
Deafness again poor Dick befriended;
For now a shilling he throws down—
"'Sdeath, Sir, (cries one) 'tis not a crown
"Will pay your shot"—"Nay, Sir, (says t'other)
(Tho' laughter he could scarcely smother)
"For my good fare I'm very willing,
"It can't be too much at a shilling."—
They try'd to make him hear in vain—
So Dick in peace march'd out again;

The hardest task was still to come,
How to procure a lodging-room;
But fortune still the bold befriends,
Nor quits them till they gain their ends.

A pan of coals, at night, he spies,
Whilst pleasure sparkled in his eyes,
Which Susan chambermaid with care
Carried up stairs, the bed to air;
Dick follows cautiously and slow,
"Tripping on light, fantastic toe,"
Then cries "My dear, why where's my cap?
"Oh—you've forgot to bring't mayhap—
"Well, never heed—I'll do without"—
The other quickly turn'd about—
"The deuce is in the man, says Sue,
"Why, Sir, this room is not for you"—
"Nay, nay—I shan't catch cold, I vow
"I've used my handkerchief 'fore now"—
Down goes the maid, with pan in hand,
And gives her dame to understand
"How that deaf rascal (thus she said)
"Had got into the yellow bed,
"Which these two gentlemen, you know,
"Bespoke above two months ago—
"Besides, he's lock'd and barr'd the door."
"Oh, then (cries one) pray say no more;
"If that's the case, I would not venture,
"No, not for fifty pounds, to enter;
"Tho' I should like to force my way,
"Yet law, perhaps, might make me pay;
"And costs and damages would teaze me
"More than this rash exploit would please me."

So spoke the lawyer—all agreed
No one the cause could better plead;
So, tho' with hearts of grief and ire,
On chairs they lay, before the fire.
When morning came, our hero rose,
And with much glee put on his clothes,
Well pleas'd, the business now was done,
And eke his wager fairly won.

His reck'ning paid, his breakfast o'er,
On his horse mounted at the door,
The mistress of the house appear'd
To bid "good day"—a *sound* was heard!
At which our hero cries "well done!
"Zooks! madam, you'd make a charming gun!"

"Why, you deaf toad, (the hostess cries
"With anger flashing from her eyes)
"Are you the man that could not hear
"A single word?"—Oh, never fear—
"There's nothing wrong—for surely health
"Should be preserv'd—tho' e'en by stealth;
"And as to *hearing*—why—depend on't
"*None are so truly deaf as those that won't!*"

On a Head Stone for an Infant of Two Years of Age.

THE railing world turn'd poet, made a play,
I came to see it, dislik'd, and went away.

The Life of Benjamin Johnson, the Dramatic Poet.

HE was one of the most eminent English dramatic poets in the seventeenth century, and was descended from a Scots family, his grandfather, who was a gentleman, being of Annandale in that kingdom, whence he removed to Carlisle, and was afterwards employed under Henry VIII. His father lost his estate under Queen Mary, in whose reign he suffered imprisonment; and at last entered into holy orders, and died about a month before our poet's birth, who was born at Westminster, in the year 1574. He was first educated at a private school in St. Martin's in the Fields; and afterwards removed to Westminster-school, where the famous Camden was master. Thence his mother, who had married a bricklayer to her second husband, took him home, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's trade. But being extremely averse to that employment, he went into the Low Countries, where he distinguished himself by his bravery, having in the view of both the armies killed one of the enemies, and taken the *opima spolia* from him. Upon his return to England, he applied himself with great vigour to his former studies, and is said to have been admitted into St. John's College in the University of Cambridge; though his continuance there seems to have been but short. He had some time after this, the misfortune of being engaged in a duel with a person who had challenged him; wherein he killed his adversary, though the latter had wounded him with a sword ten inches longer than his own. For this offence he was committed to prison, where, being visited by a Popish priest, he became a proselyte to the church of Rome, in which he continued twelve years; but was at last reconciled to that of England. Some have asserted that he was tutor to, and travelled abroad with a son of Sir Walter Raleigh; but this is evidently false. He is said likewise, upon his leaving the university, to have entered himself in an obscure play-house, called the Green Curtain, about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell; but that his first action and writing there were both ill. He was indeed unquestionably an actor, for some time, and probably only a strolling one. For Decker, in his *Histriomatrix*, a play published in 1602, and designed as a reply to Johnson's *Poetaster*, reproaches him with having left his occupation of a mortar-treader to turn actor; and with having put up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, in which he would have continued, but that he could not set a good face on it, and so was cashiered. Besides, if we admit that satire to be built on facts, we learn further, that he performed the part of Zuliman at the Paris Garden in Southwark; and "ambled by a play-waggon in the highway, and took mad Jeronymo's part to get service among the mimics." Shakspeare first introduced him into the world; for our poet, who was at this time altogether unknown to the public, having offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted, the persons, into whose hands it was put, after having turned it careslesly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him, first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend the author and his writings to the public. His first printed dramatic performance was a comedy, intitled *Every Man in his Humour*, acted in the year 1598; which being soon followed by several others, as his *Sejanus*, his *Volpone*, his *Silent Woman*, and his *Al-*

chemist, gained him so high a reputation, that in October 1619, upon the death of Mr. Samuel Daniel, he was appointed poet-laureat to King James I. and on the 19th of July the same year, was created Master of Arts at Oxford, having resided for some time at Christ-church in that university. However, he had once incurred his Majesty's displeasure, by writing, in conjunction with Mr. George Chapman and Mr. John Marston, a play, called *Eastward-Hoe*, wherein they were accused of having reflected on the Scots nation, and for that reason in danger of losing their ears and noses. Upon their releasement from prison, our poet gave an entertainment to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden; and in the midst of it, his mother drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she had designed, if the sentence for his punishment had passed, to have mixed with his drink, after she had first taken a portion of it herself. Upon the accession of King Charles I. to the crown, he wrote a petition to his Majesty, that as his royal father had allowed him an annual pension of a hundred marks, he would make them pounds; and in 1629 wrote an epigram to that king, upon his sending him that sum during his sickness.—He had likewise a pension from the city of London, and from several of the nobility and gentry, and particularly from Mr. Sutton, the founder of the Charter-house. In his last sickness he often repented of his profanation of scripture in his plays. He died on the 6th of August, 1637, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was interred three days after in Westminster-Abbey. He had several children, but none survived him. Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, an intimate friend of his, represents his personal character in very disadvantageous terms; that "he was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which was one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good, that he wanted. He thought nothing right, but what either himself or some of his friends had said or done. He was passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if he was well answered, greatly chagrined; interpreting the best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which over-mastered his reason, a general disease among the poets. His inventions were smooth and easy; but above all, he excelled in a translation." He had a very strong memory; for he tells us himself, that he could in his youth have repeated all that he had ever written, and so continued till he was past forty; and even after that he could have repeated whole books that he had read, and poems of some select friends, which he thought worth charging his memory with. Mr. Pope remarks, that when our poet got possession of the stage, he brought critical learning into vogue; and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons, and, indeed, almost declamations, which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then the English authors had no thoughts of writing upon the model of the ancients; their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel, as they found it, no less implicitly, than if it had been true history. Mr. Selden styles him his 'beloved friend, and a sin-

gular poet,' and extols his special worth in literature, and accurate judgment." Mr. Dryden gives him the title of the "greatest man of the last age;" and observes, that if we look upon him, while he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages) he was the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had; that he was a most severe judge of himself as well as others; that one cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it; that in his works there is little to be retrenched or altered; but that humour was his proper sphere. Mr. Shadwell likewise declares, that he was incomparably the best dramatic poet, that ever was, or probably ever will be.

Account of a ruminating Man.

TO ruminate, or chew the cud, is an action thought peculiar to some four-footed animals; but we have a remarkable instance in the Philosophical Transactions, of a ruminating man who lived at Bristol. He would begin to chew his meat over again within a quarter of an hour after his meals, if he drank upon them; if not, it was somewhat later. This chewing after a full meal, lasted about an hour and a half; and if he went to bed presently after meals, he could not sleep till the usual time of rumination was over. The victuals, upon their return, tasted rather pleasanter than at first. Bread, meat, cheese, and drink, returned much of the colour as if they had been mixed together in a mortar. Broth and other spoon meats returned to his mouth all one as dry and solid food. The victuals seemed to him to lie heavy in his throat till they had undergone a second chewing, after which they would pass clean away; and he always observed, that if he ate variety of things, what he swallowed first, came up again first to be chewed. If this faculty intermitted at any time, it portended sickness, and he never was well till it returned. When this account was given by Dr. Slare, the man was twenty years of age, and had been so affected ever since he could remember. His father sometimes ruminated, but nothing near so much as his son.

Newbury's Wonders.

Lunatic Asylum, York, March, 1783.

ON the 25th of October, 1778, a sea-faring person, about forty years of age, was recommended to the Lunatic Asylum for cure. About two years before that time he had sustained a considerable loss by sea, which so operated upon his mind as nearly to deprive him of all his reasoning faculties. In this state he was admitted into the Asylum. When examined, he could hardly be prevailed on to open his lips, and the very few words that he uttered, seemed to come from him in heaviness and sorrow. During his abode in the Asylum he was never observed to express any desire for nourishment; and so great was his inattention to this particular, that for the first six weeks he was obliged to be fed in the manner of an infant. Food and medicines were equally indifferent to him. A servant undressed him at night, and dressed him in the morning; after which he was conducted to his seat in the common parlour, where he remained all day with his body bent, and his eyes fixed on the ground. From all the circumstances of his behaviour, he did not appear to be in possession of any ideas of reflection; every thing was indifferent to him, and from the fairest judgment that could be formed, he was considered by all about him as an animal converted nearly into a vegetable. In this state of insensibility he remained till the morning of the 14th of May last, a period of five years and six months,

when, upon entering the parlour, he saluted the recovering patients with a "Good morrow to you all." He then thanked the stewards of the house in the most affectionate manner for their tenderness to him, of which he said he began to be sensible some weeks before, but had not till then the resolution to express his gratitude. A few days after this unexpected return to reason, he was permitted to write a letter to his wife, in which he expresses himself with becoming propriety. At that time he seemed to have a peculiar pleasure in the enjoyment of the open air, and in his walks conversed with freedom and serenity. Talking with him on what he felt during the suspension of reason, he said his mind was totally lost, but that about two months before his return to himself, he began to have thoughts and sensations: these, however, only served to convey to him fears and apprehensions, especially in the night time. With regard to his medicinal treatment, I shall only observe, that the medicines usually prescribed for melancholy persons, were in his case studiously avoided, and instead of evacuants, cordials and a generous diet were constantly recommended. During the remainder of his stay in the Asylum, he continued to behave himself with steadiness and propriety. He ate, drank, and slept moderately, and upon all occasions showed a gentle and benevolent disposition.

Finding his mind sufficiently strong, he returned to his family on the 28th of May last.—Soon after this, he was appointed to the command of a ship employed in the Baltic trade, in which service he is at this time engaged.

In a Church-yard in Wiltshire.

BENEATH this steane lies our dear child,
who's gone from We,
For evermore, unto Eternity;
Where Us do hope, that We shall go to He,
But Him can ne'er go back again to We.

Enigmatical List of Streights in Europe.

THREE-sixths of a gallows, two-fourths of passion, a liquid letter, and half of a shield.

To act, two sixths of a republic in Italy, and a consonant.

To make a noise.

A portion of food, a preposition, and a vowel.

Firm, a significant vowel, and to be great, changing a letter.

To consider, and a monosyllable.

A Copy of a Letter from James, the seventh Earl of Derby, to Oliver Cromwell; to whose illiberal revenge the Earl afterwards fell a sacrifice.

I RECEIVED your letter with indignation and with scorn: I return you this answer—That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me, that I should, like you, prove treacherous to my sovereign, since you cannot be insensible of my former actions in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no ways departed.

I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favours; I abhor your treason: and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction.

Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages upon this occasion, I will burn the paper, and hang the bearer.

This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it the chiefest glory to be—His Majesty's most loyal and obedient subject, DERBY.

Castle-Town, Isle of Man,
12th July, 1649.

N. B. The Earl of Derby was beheaded at Bolton, October 15, 1651.

Parody on Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

RELIGION's made a farce,
And parsons are but men, like you or me.
They have their foibles and their fopperies;
And we among them see strange characters:
To mention only seven.—At first the CURATE,
Humming and hawing to his drowsy herd:
And then the PEDAGOGUE, with formal wig,
His night-gown and his cap, ruling like Turk,
All in his dusky school:—then the smart PRIEST,
Writing extempore, forsooth, a rhyme
Quaint to his mistress' shoe-string:—then the VICAR,
Full of fees custom'ry, with burying gloves,
Jealous of all his rights, and apt to quarrel;
Claiming his paltry, penny-farthing tythes,
E'en at the lawyer's hands;—and then the RECTOR,
With good tythe-pig, in sleek surcingle stuff'd;
With eyes fat-swoln, and shining double chin;
Full of wise nods and orthodox distinctions,
And so he gains respect. Proceed we next
Unto the old INCUMBENT, at his gate,
With silken scull-cap tied beneath his chin,
A large capacious banyan wrapping round
His vasty paunch, and his once thundering voice
Now whistling through his gums: his audience snore
Responsive to the sound:—Best scene of all,
With which I close my *reverend* description,
Is your WELCH PARSON, *with hur noble living,*
Sans shoes—*sans* shirt—*sans* hose—*sans* every thing.

Lines written in a Country Barn, on seeing a miserable Company of Strolling Players.

THEIR aim to please, but ah, their fate how hard,
Whom neither fame, nor solid gains reward:
Poor in their fortune—poorer in their art,
Through life they're doom'd to act a *starving part!*
Ye great and powerful! from their humble scene,
One useful moral, ye perhaps might glean;
Might see what source all your distinction gives
From these your mimic representatives,
(For they can strut in *fancied greatness* too,
And play their parts, not much unlike to you)
'Tis wealth and dress,—Contempt and scorn await
These poor and ragged mimics of your state,
Queens, blanket-rob'd, who can't afford a gown,
And famished monarchs, *without half-a-crown!*

CRISPIN AND KITTY:

Supposed to be written by a poor broken-hearted Cobler on the Death of his Wife.

" AS close as to the sturdy *sole,*
" Is stitch'd the *upper leather,*
" While I on hoofs clos'd many a hole,
" We *hoof'd* thro' life together.

" We *wax'd* in love, a faithful *pair,*
" I priz'd her as my *awl*;
" But when at *last* her *end* drew near,
" Death *coax'd* her from my *stall!*

" Yet tho' my *lapstone's* now a load,
" My *strap* scarce worth attending;
" I trust my *Kit* now finds abode,
" Where souls no more want *mending!*"

Thus Crispin sung in doleful dumps,
Tho' *bootless* was the stave;
Till eyes that stream'd o'er *shoes* and *pumps,*
Were clos'd in Kitty's grave!

To my Tobacco Pipe.

BLESS thee, my pipe, inspirer of the soul,
For thee I grasp in arm chair as I sit,
And, if some friend the chearful hour should pass
Mixing with me the interchanging glass.
The approving genius of jokes and wit
Smiles from the clouds which eddy o'er thy bowl;
When friends are gone, upon the hearth so neat,
My best friend puss lies purring at my feet;
And, while I list her thought enmoving strain,
Thee I embrace, and *whiff,* my liquor quaff;
Then think on this droll scene, the world, and laugh;
Think on the many days which now are past,
Some bright with sunshine, most with clouds o'ercast;
Think on the future, and then—*whiff* again.

Amongst the smaller Stones, in Wrexham Church-yard, are the following:

HERE lies interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.
1688.

By the other we find that the deceased had lived, but not that he died.

HERE lies John Shore,
I say no more,
Who was alive
In sixty-five, October 9th.

An Historical Account of the most celebrated English Beauties.

THE beauty of women intimates to men somewhat of the excellencies of angels: princes have bowed to its empire, heroes have been subdued by its power, philosophers have felt its influence, and poets have exerted themselves most in its praise. Carneadeus called it royalty without force: it is irrisistible: but Monsieur St. Evremont was too severe upon the fair sex, when he affirmed, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life, as of her beauty. Virtue is dignified by baeuty; yet many distinguished ladies have been unhappily adorned with the latter, while they were sufficiently amiable with the former. Antiquity affords many instances of this kind; but without dwelling upon those fatal effects which beauty brought upon Helen in Greece, Lucretia in Rome, Cleopatra in Egypt, and Mariamne in Judea, there are striking proofs enough of it in the history of England.

Editha, daughter of Earl Godwin, was married to King Edward the Confessor, in 1044. She was the most amiable lady of her age, both for beauty and virtue; but as the king, who was of a very timorous disposition, was obliged to marry her, in pursuance of a promise he had made to her father, the marriage was never consummated. Godwin was hated by the king; he fomented a civil war, and was banished the kingdom; while the king ungenerously stripped his own queen of her effects, and confined her in the nunnery of Werewel, only because she was the daughter of Godwin. However, Godwin was restored to his honours; and his son Harold afterwards ascended the throne: for King Edward died without issue, whereby the male branch of the Cerdic and Egbert line became extinct: though, if this weak prince had not preposterously abstained from conversing with his queen, he might have had children, and thereby prevented a revolution, which involved the English in slavery, and transferred the crown to William duke of Normandy.

The Norman and Saxon lines were united in the Princess Maud, daughter of Henry the I. by Matilda, daughter to Malcolm king of Scotland, by Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling, the right Saxon heir to the crown. She married the emperor of Germany, whose death left her a beautiful widow and the mistress of an immense fortune; while, on the death of her brother Prince William, who was drowned with his natural sister, the countess of Perche, on the coast of France, she was the undoubted heiress to the crown of England; and, as such, the parliament took an oath to pay their allegiance to her, if the king, who was then married to his second wife Adeliza, daughter to the duke of Louvain, died without male issue. After this, 1127, the Empress Maud, married Geoffry Plantagenet, or Broom-stalk, earl of Anjou, by whom she had a prince named Henry; and the English not only renewed their fealty to the mother, but extended it to the son. Maud succeeded her father in his duchy of Normandy, while the kingdom of England was seized upon by Stephen, earl of Bulloign, third son of the earl of Blois, by Adela, daughter to William the Conqueror, who found little difficulty in obtaining the crown, before Maud could arrive in the kingdom; for the English dreaded that her husband should have any command over them. However, Maud gained the discontented clergy and nobility to her interest; took Stephen prisoner, who promised to renounce the crown, and pass the remainder of his life in a monastery, if Maud would grant him his liberty: but this was impolitically refused, and a revolt ensued in favour of Stephen; because

the Empress retained that Norman pride, which made her father, uncle, and grandfather, consider the English subjects as so many slaves. She was besieged in Winchester castle, and with difficulty escaped being taken prisoner; but her son married the divorced queen of Lewis, king of France, and again invaded England; when Stephen agreed, that after his decease, Henry should succeed him as his lawful heir. Thus Maud was precluded from ascending the throne; but it was ascended by Henry II. her son, in whom the Norman and Saxon blood was united.

Henry the II. was an illustrious prince, and had several children by Queen Eleanor, daughter of William duke of Aquitain: but, among his vices, lust was his predominant passion; and he was so greatly enamoured with Fair Rosamond, daughter of the Lord Clifford, that he kept her in a labyrinth, built on purpose at Woodstock, to secure her from the rage of the queen, who, it is reported, in 1172, found means to dispatch her rival out of the way by poison. Fair Rosamond was certainly the most beautiful lady in England: her beauty won her the love of a great monarch, but it raised the jealousy of a bold spirited queen, who encouraged her sons to rebel against their father. This occasioned the effusion of much blood, the death of Fair Rosamond, and the imprisonment of Queen Eleanor; for the greatest beauty, without some virtue, is attended with many calamities.

The Princess Joanna, sister of Richard the I. was married to William, king of Sicily, whose crown was seized by Tancred, his bastard-brother. Joanna was a very amiable lady; but Tancred, instead of paying her dower, imprisoned the English princess, until she was released by her brother, whom she accompanied with his Queen Berenguella, to the holy war, where Richard gained immortal glory, but was shipwrecked, on his return, in the gulph of Venice, and imprisoned several years by the duke of Austria, whom he had affronted in Palestine.

Avisa, the daughter of the great earl of Gloucester, was remarkable for her beauty; she was married nine years to King John, who, in 1200, became so strongly enamoured with the charms of Isabella of Angouleme, that he obtained a divorce from his Queen Avisa, and married Isabella, though she was contracted to the earl of Marche, who, in revenge, attempted to dethrone him.

Arthur, duke of Bretagne, was the right heir to the crown of England, which had been seized by his uncle John, whom he also endeavoured to dethrone, in conjunction with the earl of Marche; but they were defeated by King John near Mirabel, in Poictou, in 1202, who took them prisoners, together with the Princess Eleanor, sister to the duke. This lady was called, The Beauty of Bretagne; but she was sent to England, where she was confined forty years in the castle of Bristol, and her brother was murdered by his uncle.

Edward the I. unhappily lost his excellent Queen Eleanor, in 1291. She had saved her husband's life in Palestine, by sucking the poison out of his wound; but she died of a fever at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, to whose memory Charing-Cross, and several others were erected, wherever the corps rested in the way to Westminster. This monarch was the scourge of Scotland: he was to have been married to the Scotch princess, but she died in her passage to England: however, in 1299, he married Margaret, sister to the king of France, though she was only eighteen, and Edward was sixty years of age. Edward had three children by Margaret, but none of them succeeded to the crown; and this beautiful lady was

very unhappy; for her son-in-law, Edward the II. married her niece Isabella, daughter of the French monarch, when she was only thirteen years old. Notwithstanding the beauty of his queen, Edward was so fond of his favourite Pierce Gaveston, that Isabella complained to her father of the fondness of her husband for this man, which allineated his affections from her, and made her an entire stranger to his bed. Gaveston was beheaded by the earl of Warwick; but the king became equally fond of Hugh Spencer. Charles the Fair, king of France, was dissatisfied at the ill-treatment of his sister Isabella, who went into France, where she formed a conspiracy for dethroning her husband and putting her son upon the throne; she succeeded in her views, but prostituted her charms in the embraces of Roger Mortimer, while her husband was cruelly murdered. Indeed, the Spencers had so far incensed the people against the king, that they called the queen their deliverer: but she became so very arbitrary, that her son, Edward III. confined her for life to her house at Risings, and her favourite Mortimer was hanged at Tyburn.

Joanna of Kent was cousin to the Black Prince, who married her for her great beauty; but she had the mortification to see her glorious husband cut off in the flower of his age; and though her son, Richard II. succeeded to the throne, he was deposed on account of his favorites, after marrying Anne of Luxemberg, sister to the Emperor Wencessus.

Henry the VI. married Margaret, the daughter of Rene, duke of Anjou, titular king of Sicily, and niece of the Queen of France. She was a lady of great beauty and spirit; but her husband lost the kingdom of France, which his father had won; and shewed us, that England, by endeavouring to conquer that kingdom, ruined herself. William de la Pole, duke of Suffolk, was the favourite of this pacific and unhappy monarch; but the conduct of the duke, like that of Gaveston, and the Spencers, under Edward II. incited a civil war, which occasioned the death of both him and the king. The duke of York was victorious over all the friends of the house of Lancaster; but he was defeated by the queen, and slain at the battle of Wakefield. She afterwards beat the great earl of Warwick, on Bernard's-Heath, near St. Alban's; but was herself defeated by Edward IV. between Caxton and Towton, though she fought with all the spirit of a Zenobia. She then fled into Scotland, where she raised another army, and re-entered England, but was suddenly repulsed by Lord Montague, and obliged to fly again into Scotland. Prince Edward, the son of Henry the VI. was married to Anne, the daughter of the earl of Warwick, who then opposed king Edward the IV. and obliged him to retire into Holland, from whence he soon returned, defeated, and slew the earl of Warwick at Barnet. However, Queen Margaret levied another army, but was overtaken by Edward VI. at Tewkesbury, who made her and her son prisoners. The young prince was in the eighteenth year of his age, and was barbarously massacred by some of the principal Yorkists, in the presence of his mother, who was confined in the Tower of London for four years, when she was ransomed by her father for fifty thousand crowns.

Philip de Comines says, that Edward the IV. was so remarkable for the beauty of his person, that he owed his restoration chiefly to the inclination which the ladies bore for him; but while he was demanding Bona of Savoy in marriage, who was sister to the French queen, he accidentally fell in love with, and married Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Sir John Grey, who was killed in the battle of

Bernard's-Heath. This marriage occasioned all the resentment of the earl of Warwick against the king; and it also made the French king his enemy. However, the queen had little happiness from this alliance; only the marriage occasioned the birth of a princess, who, after the murder of her two brothers, by their uncle, Richard the III. became the happy instrument of uniting the contending houses of York and Lancaster. Besides, this queen was made unhappy by three concubines kept by the king; of whom the celebrated Jane Shore was the greatest favourite; being equally remarkable for her beauty in youth, and her misery in age; for she had been the happy wife of an opulent merchant, the idolized mistress of a potent king, and the fair adultress of a noble lord. The protector was afraid of taking her life, but he stripped her of her fortune: however, she did not perish for want, according to the common report; and though Mr. Rowe has beautifully embellished her story, he must have been sensible, that she was alive in the reign of Henry the VIII.

Richard the III. married the young widow of the prince of Wales, whom he married at Tewkesbury, and then caused her death through excess of grief, that he might marry his own niece, the princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the IV. who expressed the utmost abhorrence at such an union.

The earl of Richmond invaded England, and laid claim to the crown, as the immediate heir to the house of Lancaster. He defeated and slew Richard at Bosworth; after which he was crowned, and united both roses by marrying the Princess Elizabeth, who was the most beautiful lady of her time. But Henry the VII. was jealous of any thing that might aggrandize the house of York, and so suspicious of any respect that was paid to his queen, that he shewed her very little regard, which occasioned several insurrections.

Henry the VIII. had six wives, and some of them very remarkable for their beauty: but none of them enjoyed much felicity. Catharine of Arragon was cruelly divorced: Anne Boleyn was wrongfully beheaded: Jane Seymour died in child-bed: Anne of Cleves was arbitrarily divorced: Catherine Howard was somewhat justly beheaded: and Catherine Parr owed her escape more to her own prudence and good fortune, than the humanity of her husband. By the first of the ladies Henry had the princess Mary: by the second, the princess Elizabeth: and by the third, Edward VI. who all three succeeded to the throne.

The unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was universally allowed the most uncommon beauty of her age. She was the eldest daughter of the duke of Suffolk, by Frances Brandon; who, in the will of Henry the VIII. was the next in succession after the princess Elizabeth; but the will of Edward the VI. Lady Jane was appointed his immediate successor. She married the accomplished Dudley Lord Guilford, fourth son of the aspiring duke of Northumberland, whose ambition brought on the destruction of that amiable and excellent pair. It was the duke who persuaded the king to appoint Lady Jane his successor: it was he who prevailed upon her to accept the regal dignity: and it was he who attempted to preserve the crown for her by force of arms. She was proclaimed queen in the sixteenth year of her age; but the princess Mary claimed the crown, and won it, though she was a professed papist, and lady Jane was a zealous protestant. Northumberland was unsuccessful, and lady Jane was deprived of her royalty nine days after she came to it. The duke was first beheaded, then his son the Lord Guil-

ford, and afterwards his unparalleled wife, who was only eighteen years old, the ornament of England, for religion, beauty, and learning.

The death of this princess was soon followed by that of another. This was Mary queen of Scots, granddaughter to James the IV. and to Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the VII, by virtue of which right her son, James the I. was recognized king of England, after the death of Queen Elizabeth, who beheaded the mother. Mary was daughter to James the V. king of Scotland, and to Mary of Lorrain, eldest daughter to Claude duke of Guise, and widow of Lewis duke of Longueville. She was married to Francis the II. king of France; upon which occasion she assumed the title of queen of England; pretending that Elizabeth was illegitimate, and unworthy to sit on the throne. On the death of her consort, Francis the II. in 1561, she returned to Scotland, of which kingdom she was queen, and espoused Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, son to the earl of Lenox, who became jealous of some familiarities between his queen and David Rizzo, the famous Italian musician: but Rizzo was killed in her presence; after which she became fond of the earl of Bothwel, who killed the Lord Darnley, and married his queen, though she had prince James by the former. The Scotch lords drove Bothwel into banishment, who lived very miserably in Denmark; while the earl of Murray assumed the supreme authority, in the name of Prince James; and the queen took refuge in England, where Queen Elizabeth threw her into prison, and kept her there eighteen years, when she brought her to a trial, for being an accomplice in certain conspiracies formed against her person; for which she was beheaded on the 8th of Feb. 1587, in Fotheringay castle, in the forty-sixth year of her age, though most of the princes of Europe, employed very earnest solicitations to procure her liberty,

Such are the illustrious and unfortunate beauties represented in the annals of the English history. Let their examples serve as a melancholy lesson to posterity, "That beauty has frequently lost its force; and that virtue is the greatest ornament that can dignify a woman."

Enigmatical List of Precious Stones.

HALF a mark of loyalty, three-ninths of a duel, and a consonant.

Three-sevenths to adorn, half of elegant, and one-tenth of victorious.

Two-fifths of an eatable root, one-eight of a famous harbour, and a numerical letter.

Three-fifths of wisdom, a consonant and half of a mercenary prostitute.

Two-sevenths of anguish, half to divide, and one-fourth of passionate ardour.

Three-eighths of a secret agent, changing a letter, a consonant, and three-fifths of a tree.

Two-thirds of an herb, part of a wager, and a vowel consonant.

Three-fourths of a fish, one-third of a bird, and a near relation.

Half a pulse, two-thirds of a grain, and a liquid letter.

Three-sevenths of a flower, a consonant, and part of a verb to mistake.

Half an empire, two-thirds of a beast well known, and two-sixths of a geometrical figure.

Three-fifths to correct, one-third of a metal, half a divine song, and part of an animal's weapon.

To wipe hard, and a changeable letter.

Three-fifths of a goddess, and the world.

Half momentous and three-fifths of a tree.

Two-sevenths of lovely, a vowel, a pronoun, and two-fifths of stubble.

A flower.

Five-sevenths of a store-house for corn, a consonant, and a vowel.

Three-sevenths of a clown, a consonant, and a numerical letter.

Half a pretty shrub, and half forlorn.

A play-thing for boys, a vowel, and the last letter of the alphabet.

To inter, changing a vowel, and a numerical letter.

Spring. Extract of a Letter from New York, dated March 30, 1786.

THERE is a curiosity in Virginia, which seems unparalleled any where. In the county of Fincastle, there is a small running water or spring, possessed of a quality that cannot be defined, (though supposed to be mineral water, strongly impregnated with sulphur, or some other thing) however, by snapping the pan of a pistol, or tinder-box, with a little gunpowder, the water will instantly catch fire, and burn in the same manner as spirits would, until the water is entirely consumed or dried up, when the channel, which is common earth, is left as ashes. The water continues burning, when such experiments are tried for two or three days before the whole is consumed, there being no more water left to feed the flames; the spring bubbles out from the crevices of the earth as usual, and and in the space of half an hour, the current goes on as formerly.

Superstition.

AT Gnas, a town in the Lower Syria, in the jurisdiction of Gleichenberg, one Charron, a widower, had a daughter arrived to years of maturity, and the young woman transported to the most extravagant degree of superstition and fanaticism, imagined that she could have no hopes of salvation, unless she purified herself by fire. She communicated her intention to her father, who being equally superstitious, approved of her design, and even promised to assist her in carrying it into execution.—All Saint's day was the time appointed for carrying this abominable project into effect. On the preceding evening, the girl herself placed several faggots in the oven; when divine service begun next day, the miserable self-devoted victim set fire to the faggots; and when the oven was red hot, with the assistance of her father, she entered the fiery apartment, the door of which the father closed, and having stopped up the vacancies with clay, tempered with water, placed a crucifix before the oven, and then went out of the house with every appearance of tranquillity and satisfaction, having told some persons whom he met that his daughter was doing penance in the heated oven; they hastened to her assistance, but before their arrival the body was entirely consumed. The father was apprehended and conducted to Gleichenberg, where he has undergone an examination.

Morning Chron. 1786.

Storm.—Extract of a Letter, dated August 6th, 1785, *from Bourdeaux.*

ON Tuesday the 2d instant, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, we had here the most dreadful and unheard-of storm of hail, the stones of which, by their size and number, make the event unprecedented; the largest were equal in bigness to a hen's egg, and the smallest to a small nut; a few of the former had been picked up, and found to weigh a full pound; the hail continued pouring for above fifteen minutes, during which time the roofs of several houses were broken in, and the mark of the largest stones were imprinted on the walls. By this

fatal accident, the vineyards within fifteen miles about the city have been entirely destroyed, and the damage is computed at 20,000 tons of wine.

Universal Magazine.

Pestilence.

THERE was a pestilence in 1348, that went over the whole world.—Guido who lived at that time, gives the following description of this plague:—He says, it began in the East and went over the whole earth, and carried off the fourth part of mankind. It raged for seven months at Avignon, where Guido lived, and was of two species. The first began with a violent fever and spitting of blood, and not one survived that was seized with it, but died in three days. The other began with a continued fever, with red spots, and abscesses under the arms, or in the arm-pits; it was equally mortal with the former, and those who were seized with it, died in three days.

Murray's Lectures, No. 19.

Punishment.

THE knute is a most barbarous punishment in Russia; Olearious gives a description of the manner in which he saw it inflicted on eight men and one woman, only for selling brandy and tobacco without a licence. The executioner's man, after stripping them down to the waist, tied their feet, and took one at a time on his back. The executioner stood at three paces distance with a large pizzle, to the end of which were fastened three thongs of an elk's skin untanned, with which, springing forward, whenever he struck the blood gushed out at every blow. The men had each twenty-five or twenty-six lashes: the woman, though only sixteen, fainted away. After their backs were thus dreadfully mangled, they were tied together two and two; and and those who sold tobacco having a little of it, and those who sold brandy a little bottle put about their necks; they were then whipped through the city of Petersburgh for about a mile and a half; and then brought back to the place of their first punishment and dismissed. According to M. de la Motreye, this is what is termed the moderate knute; for when the sentence orders it between the moderate and severe, the executioner takes off pieces of flesh at every stroke; and when it is ordered to be given with the utmost severity, the executioner striking the flank under the ribs, cuts the flesh to the very bowels. It is no wonder that many die of this cruel and inhuman punishment.

Newbury's Account of Russia.

An Enigmatical List of Arts and Sciences.

A VESSEL often seen at sea, omitting a vowel and an adjective.

What we daily see, and the most useful animal about.

A liquid letter, the first letter of one of the elements, and half a pronoun.

One half of to part, two prepositions, and one-third of yourself.

Three-fifths of a luscious fruit, a consonant, and a planet wanting the last letter.

Anecdote of the Battle of Malplaquet.

A YOUNG Swiss recruit, who, when his regimentals were making, had procured a round iron plate, bored with small holes, which he desired the taylor to fasten on the inside of his coat about his left breast, to prevent his being shot through the heart; the taylor being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the seat of his breeches: the clothes being scarce on his back, when he was ordered to

march into the field; he had no opportunity to get this awkward mistake rectified, before he found himself engaged in battle, and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavouring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast, until he was overtaken by a foe, who, on coming up, gave him a push on the breech with his bayonet (with no friendly design) but it luckily hit him on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the the hedge; this favourable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess, that the taylor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.

Caledonian Magazine, Perth, Sept. 5, 1783.

An Account of a Family at Wattisham, who were lately afflicted with the Loss of their Limbs.—Published by Dr. Wallaston, of Bury, in Suffolk.

JOHN DOWNING, a poor labouring man, living at Wattisham, had a wife and six children, the eldest a girl of fifteen years of age, the youngest about four months. They were all that time very healthy, and one of them had been ill for some time before. On Sunday the 10th of January, 1762, the eldest girl complained, in the morning, of a pain in her leg, particularly in the calf of her leg; towards evening the pain grew exceedingly violent. The same evening, another girl complained of the same violent pain in the same leg. On the Monday, the mother and another child; and on Tuesday, all the rest of the family were afflicted in the same manner, some in one leg and some in both legs. The little infant was taken from the mother's breast; it seemed to be in pain, but the limbs did not mortify: it lived a few weeks. The mother and the other five children continued in violent pain a considerable time. In about four or five days, the diseased leg began to turn black gradually, appearing at first covered with blue spots, as if it had been bruised. The other leg of those who were affected at first only in one leg about that time was also affected with the same excruciating pain, and in a few days the leg also began to mortify. The mortified parts separated gradually from the sound parts, and the surgeon had, in most of the cases, no other trouble that to cut through the bone, which was black and almost dry. The state of their limbs were thus: Mary, the mother, aged 40 years, has lost the right foot at the ancle; the left foot is also off, and the two bones of the leg remain almost dry, with only some little putrid flesh adhering in the same places. The flesh is sound to about two inches below the knee. The bones would have been sawn through that place, if she would have consented to it.

Mary, aged fifteen years, both legs off below the knees.—Elizabeth, aged thirteen years, both legs off below the knees. Sarah, aged ten years, one foot off at the ancle: the other foot was affected, but not in so great a degree, and is now sound again.—Robert, aged eight, both legs off below the knees.—Edward, aged four years, both feet off.—An infant, four months old, dead.

The father was attacked about a fortnight after the rest of the family, and in a slight degree; the pain being confined to his fingers. Two fingers of the right-hand continued for a long time discoloured, and partly shrunk and contracted; but he has since had some use of them.—The nails of the other hand were also discoloured; he lost two of them.

It is remarkable, that during all the time of this misfortune, the whole family are said to have appeared well, in other respects, ate heartily, and

slept well, when the violence of the pain began to abate. The mother was quite emaciated, and had very litle use of her hands. The eldest girl had a superficial ulcer in one thigh. The rest of the family were pretty well. The stumps of some of them perfectly healed.

Annual Register, 1762.

Enigmatical List of Squares in London.

THE title given to our Saviour's apostles, a man's christian name, and a serpentine letter.

Half a fish, and two-thirds of a tool used by gardeners.

A consonant, engines used by weavers, and what people do with the dead.

What was reckoned the best age to live in.

An electorate, famous for the birth of a late noble personage.

Cruelty.

IN a monastery, near Ailworth, a monk being tired of his confinement, endeavoured to get released, but finding he could not, was exasperated to such a degree, as to threaten to burn the place down; of which the prior being informed, confined him in a cell, so small, that he could scarce lie down or turn himself round, where he was fed on bread and water for the space of thirty-six years; and when he grew weak or sick, they took him out and administered nourishment and cordials, until he was recovered, when he was sent back to his former habitation. A lady, who lived near, happened to hear the groans of some human being, upon which, she sent to the monastery, and enquired into the reason and was told the above, then she interceded for his releasement, but the relentless father would not comply: upon which she sent to the parliament at Paris, representing his case, who sent an order for his being released; on being asked how long he had been confined, he replied a hundred years: they showed him an almanack, and asked him if he could explain it, which he did, by which, and several questions asked him, it was calculated that he had been confined in that dark dungeon as long as the before-mentioned time.

Public Ledger, May, 1788.

Mortification.

AN old man in the county of Durham, who had for two years languished under a mortification of his feet and legs, and by which he lost two of his toes, was advised by a friend to eat plentifully of honey: this he did, to the quantity of eight or nine pounds a week, and found to his great surprise in about six months, that his legs had gained their wonted strength and firmness, and that the mortification had entirely ceased. He is now able to wear boots and follow his usual business.

York Chronicle, April 7, 1786.

An Account of a remarkable Family at Hastings, in Sussex, of the name of Browne.

THE father of this extraordinary family was 108 years old. He buried his wife some years ago at the age of 98, by whom he had twenty-four children, all twins; sixteen of these were sons, and the rest daughters. Twenty-two of his children lived at home with him. The father measured six feet two inches high; and was withal lusty. Notwithstanding his great age, he rode from Hastings to London which is 63 miles, in one day, upon a horse that he kept for his own riding for twenty years past. The father lived a life of intemperance for fifty years, having scarcely ever gone to bed sober, and one son followed his

steps, and for fifteen years was not free from intoxication in the evening. The father always brought his children up to industry; and if he found any of them averse to work he sent them to sea. There were two of them of this disposition, whom he sent on board the Royal George, which was lost; but they were both preserved by swimming upon a plank. The youngest of the twenty-four children was upwards of fifty years of age: he was married to a woman by whom he had eight children, who were likewise all twins; but, who, with his wife, died within the space of five years.

Town and Country Mag. July 1787.

Epitaph on Edward Heardston, Thirty Years Cook to the Beaf-Steak Society.

HIS last *steak* done; his fire rak'd out and dead,
Dish'd for the worms himself, lies honest Ned;
We, then, whose breasts bore all his *fleshy toils*,
Took all his *bastings*, and shar'd all his *broils*;
Now, in our turn, *a mouthful carve* and *trim*,
And *dress*, at Phœbus' *fire*, one *scrap* for him——

His heart, which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just, and brave;
And ne'er did earth's wide maw *a morsel* gain,
Of *kinder juices*, or more *tender grain*;
His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
Charm'd all who heard the faithful zeal he felt;
Still, to whate'ver end his *chops* he mov'd.
'Twas all *well-season'd, relish'd*, and approv'd;
This room his heav'n!—When threatning fate drew nigh
The closing shade that dimm'd his ling'ring eye,
His last fond hopes, betray'd by many a tear,
Were—That his life's last *spark* might *glimmer* here;
And the last words that choak'd his parting sigh——
"*Oh! at your feet, dear Masters, let me "die!*"

Epitaph on Mr. Coombe, a Gentleman in Warwickshire, and noted for practising Usury.

TEN in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John o' Coombe.

Epitaph on Tom a Coombe, alias Thin Beard, Brother to the last mentioned.

THIN in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse,
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The devil and he had both one nurse.

Epitaph on a favorite Monkey.

FAREWELL, poor mimic pug! depriv'd of breath,
Epitome of man, in person—actions—death;
Like him, too, from thy nation wert thou torn,
And o'er the vast abyss of ocean borne;
But not like him to slav'ry wert thou led,
Thy hours were gay, and sweet thy daily bread;
The loveliest maids from harm thy days kept free,
By truant boys more monkey like than thee;
They strew'd thy path with flowers—but now thy bier
They deck with yew, and drop the tender tear
Thy tricks; thy fun; thy arch grimace; are flown,
But this, thy honour'd grave, shall make thy talents known.

A reasonable Affliction.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears, that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

Epitaph upon a valiant Portuguese Soldier called Simon Antom.

SCOURGE of Castile, here Simon Antom lies,
Who, while alive, did thousands sacrifice;
And even dead, his ashes seem to say,
Come on, come on, as many as there may.

A singular Fact.

IN a town near Chorley, resided a young lady, amiable in her person and manners, and esteemed by all who had the happiness of her acquaintance. A young gentleman, who resided in the same town, saw her;—he loved her:

"By no uncommon care opprest,
He did not labour to conceal
The gentlest passion of the breast,
Which all can feign, but few can *feel*."

He imparted to the fair object of his wishes the favourable impression she had made on his heart; she acknowledged her partiality for him, and returned "love for love." The young gentleman was a votary of science; he found himself soon called on to quit the presence of his admired fair one, and pursue the path of learning. They parted, but not without exchanging vows of lasting fidelity.

Soon after, the young student left town, a second admirer presented himself, soliciting the young lady's hand, and favourable opinion; but, alas! for him:—he told the tender tale of love in vain; the lady had but one heart to dispose of, she had pledged her affections to another. The old saying, however, that

"Love unreturn'd soon dies,"

did not prove true in the present case. The young gentleman was determined to supplant her first lover, by the vilest means. For this purpose, he forged a letter, and sent to the lady, as from the man who had vowed to her eternal fidelity, informing her that he had changed his sentiments entirely; that she was at liberty to make another choice; and concluded by wishing her happy in the arms of some other person. The artifice apparently succeeded. The lady was so provoked that she instantly gave her consent to bestow her hand on her second admirer. The matter was soon agreed on, the wedding night was fixed, the company invited, and one half hour more would have joined them in the bonds of matrimony—when, behold! at this critical moment, the first lover arrived in town, stopped at the house of a friend, who informed him that, in consequence of the letter he had sent to the lady to whom he formerly paid his addresses, she was that night to be married to another. Astonishment seized him, he avowed his innocence, declared the letter a forgery, and begged the gentleman to set off immediately, and prevent the marriage, if possible. The gentleman arrived just as the parties were preparing to join hands; he requested to speak with the lady a moment in the next room; he acquainted her with the circumstances of the imposition, and that her first and sincere lover was then just at hand: an eclaircissement took place, her real lover handed her into a chaise which stood waiting at the door, and immediately rode off to a friend's house in a neighbouring town, where the lady was kept concealed. The intended bridegroom, and the company, after waiting impatiently for some time, at length sought after the lady; but "the bird was flown." After fruitless search, the company dispersed, to the great mortification of the intended bridegroom. The young student, after finishing his studies at the University, returned, and married the lady, who had full possession of his heart, and a pleasing scene of connubial happiness ensued.

Humanity of the Czar, Peter the Great.

WHEN he ordered public executions, he was frequently seen to weep. Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour, which at different times produced three children. She had always pleaded illness, but Peter suspecting

the case, ordered his physicians to attend her, who soon discovered the real state of the case. It was likewise discovered, that a sense of shame had got the better of her humanity, so that the children had been put to death as soon as they were born. The emperor enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder, but the mother insisted that he was innocent, she having always deceived him by pretending they were sent to nurse. Justice now called on the emperor to punish the offence. The lady was greatly beloved by the empress, who pleaded for her; but though the amour might have been pardonable, the murder could not be so. Peter sent her to the castle, and visited her in person. The fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears, and told her that his duty as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that justice which was due to her crime, and therefore she must prepare for death. He likewise attended her on the scaffold, where he embraced her with tenderness mixed with sorrow; and some have asserted, that when her head was struck off, he took it up, and kissed her lips. Extraordinary as this circumstance may appear, it may very well be credited of so extraordinary a man as Peter the Great.

Court and City Magazine, 1772.

Epitaph.—Henry the Seventh's Chapel, South Cross, Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS PARR, of the county of Salop, born in 1483: he lived in the reign of ten princes, viz. King Edward IV. Edward V. Rich. III. Henry VII. Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles: died aged 152 years, and was buried here November 15th, 1635.

A very remarkable circumstance of this old man is, that at the age of 130, a prosecution was entered against him in the spiritual court for bastardy, and with such effect, that he did penance publicly in the church for that offence.

Anecdote.

A GENTLEMAN in conversation with his friend, remarked to him that a third person had taken great liberties, in his absence, such as describing him to be a man of most rude, unpolished manners. The friend replied, "he hoped he had taken his part at the time;" he assured him he had, but further observed "that the calumniating party said he was not *fit to carry guts to a bear.*" "You contradicted that, I hope," replied the other; "I did," says he, "I told him you were!"

The Force of Nature.

AN elderly French lady, retired to her country seat, had only one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, very much addicted to gaming, and had lost, at one sitting, no less than forty thousand pounds. Destitute, at length, of other means to live, he associated with a company of strolling comedians, who, as it happened, passed a short time at Worcester, near which town was the old lady's residence. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and the circumstance imparted to the mother. Though highly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went *incog.* to the theatre. The Gamester was the play, and the young man supported the principal character. During the recital of those passages which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so forcibly on her feelings, that she exclaimed aloud, "Aye, there he is!—the beggar! the scoundrel! Always the same! No changeling!" The delusion grew so strong in the fifth act, where Beverley lifts up his hand to kill the child, that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out "Wretch that thou art, don't kill the child!—I will take it home with me!"

Curious Memorial of a very singular Feat of Activity.

IN the chancel of the church of Walton upon Thames, a very curious monument is preserved, which consists of several plates nailed up against the south wall. Two of them represent a man riding upon a stag. The others contain his wife, children, and epitaph. That they were once laid over a grave-stone is evident, but in what part of the church, is not known, neither at what time, or on what occasion they were taken up. They were, however, for a long time loose, and kept in the vestry.

An ancient sexton, many years ago, explained the figures engraved thereon, by the following traditionary story, which though strange, appears, from the concurrent testimony of the monument, not to be without foundation.

John Selvyn, the person represented with his wife and children, and also riding on the stag, was, as appears by the inscription, under-keeper of the park of Oatlands in Surry, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

This man was, according to the before-named historian, extremely famous for his strength, agility and skill in horsemanship, specimens of all which he exhibited before the queen, at a grand stag-hunt in that park, where attending, as was the duty of his office, he in the heat of the chace suddenly leaped from his horse upon the back of the stag, both running at the same time with their utmost speed, and not only kept his seat gracefully, in spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, but drawing his sword, with it guided him towards the queen, and coming near her presence, plunged it in his throat, so that the animal fell dead at her feet. This was thought sufficiently wonderful to be chronicled on his monument, and he is accordingly pourtrayed in the act of stabbing the beast.

The Faro Table.

SOME years ago, a stranger, dressed in a plain citizen's attire, took his seat at the Faro Table, at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having some little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and tossed his pocket book to the banker, that he might not question his ability of payment in case he lost. The banker, surprised at the boldness of the adventurer, and no less so at his ordinary appearance, at first hesitated to accept of the challenge; but on opening the book, and seeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the stranger's sternly and repeatedly insisting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance he prepared the cards for the great event. The surprize was naturally great, and all eyes attentive to the trembling hands of the affrighted banker, who, while the stranger sat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the card which decided his ruin and the other's success. The table was of course immediately broken up, and the stranger in triumph, with perfect coolness and serenity of features, turned to a person who stood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders to take charge of the money. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old infirm officer, in the Austrian service, and who had sat next to him at the table, "if I had the twentieth part of your success this night, I should be the happiest man in the universe." "If thou wouldst be this happy man," replied the stranger, briskly, "then thou shalt have it;" and, without waiting for a reply, disappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards, the entrance of a servant astonished the company with the extraordinary generosity of the stranger, as with his peculiar good fortune, by presenting the Austrian officer with the twentieth part of the Faro Bank. "Take

this, Sir," said the servant, "my master requires no answer," and he suddenly left him without exchanging another word. The next morning it was rumoured at Aix-la-Chapelle that the king of Prussia had entered the town in disguise; and on the recollection of his person, the town soon recognized him to be the successful stranger at the Faro Table.

Instance of Ingratitude.

IN the year 1769, one Rossiter, a young Irishman, came to Leghorn in search of adventures, with no other recommendation than the deportment of a gentleman, added to a fine figure and countenance. Soon after his arrival, a lady, whose personal property was considerable, saw, and became violently enamoured of him; which was soon succeeded by a direct proposal on her part (no uncommon thing in Italy) to live with her. As he had been previously informed of her circumstances, and was pleased with her person, he immediately closed with the offer, and they, in consequence, resided together in all the warmth of love, and intimacy of marriage.

Her passion for him had, at first, prompted her to disregard the common law of modesty; after cohabitation it grew to such excess, as to trample on all prudence; for not satisfied with having purchased a lieutenancy for him in the Tuscan army, she anticipated his every wish, more than supported his profusion, and on being obliged to visit her relations in a distant part of Italy, entrusted him in her absence with her jewels, her money, and, in short, every thing she owned. Can you suppose that a man so cherished, and so relied on, could betray a confidence of this nature! should you wonder at it, how much greater will be your surprise, when I tell you, that he not only robbed her of her property, but of her life.

She returned to Leghorn sooner than she had intended, being pregnant by this monster, who received her with every mark of unaltered affection; but that same night murdered her in the very bed-chamber that had so often been the guilty scene of her weakness and affection; a place that should, of all others, have been inviolable. The deed was soon discovered, and Rossiter was apprehended, judged, and condemned to the gallies for life.

Previously to the execution of this sentence, he was led out before the troops of the garrison, when his sword was broken over his head, his uniform stripped from him, for the coarse habit of a galley slave; and thus, with a halter about his neck, was he delivered over to his punishment, under every mark of degradation and infamy. Yet even this wretch, thus stigmatized, could create affection in the female sex, who took every opportunity of supplying him with food; and one, a woman of condition, exerted all her interest to obtain his release, for the purpose (it is said) of marrying him; but the good Leopold rejected the petition with horror, declaring he should look upon that man as a disgrace to his court, who could intercede on so wicked an occasion. How more than brutal was the affection that could attach itself to such a monster as Rossiter!

Military Anecdote.

A GERMAN peasant, newly enlisted in the army, was scarcely arrived at the regiment, when he was sent with others upon a skirmishing party; and approaching a wood from whence the musket-balls flew pretty thick, he stepped out of his rank, and making a sign to the enemy to desist, at the same time exclaimed "Why, what the devil are you about, don't you see there are people a-coming."

Instance of Ingratitude, in Richard the Second's Greyhound. Translated from Foissart, by Sir John Bouchier, Lord Berners.

AND, as it was infourmed me, Kyng Richarde had a grayhounde called Methe, who always waited upon the kynge, and would know no man els. For when soever the kynge dyd ryde, he that kept the grayhound dyd lette hym lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the kynge and faune uppon hym, and leape with his fore fete uppon the kynge's shoulders. And as the kynge and the Erle of Derby talked togedder in the courte, the grayhounde, who was wont to leape uppon the kynge, left the kynge and came to the Duke of Lancastre, and to him the same friendly continua and chere, as he was wont to do to the kynge. The duke, who knew not the grayhounde, demaynded of the kynge what the grayhounde wolde do. "Cousin," quod the kynge, "it is a great good token to you, and an evyl sygne to me." "Sir, how knowe you that," quod the duke—"I knowe it well," quod the kynge, "the grayhounde meket you here this daye as Kynge of Englande, as ye shalbe, and I shalbe deposed: the grayhounde hath this knowledge naturaly; therefore take hym to you, he will folowe you, and forsake mee." The duke understoode well those wordes, and cheryshed the grayhounde, who wold never after folowe Kynge Richard, but folowed the Duke of Lancastrie.

Improvements.

THE Hibernian schoolmaster, settled in a village near London, who has advertised that "he *intends to keep a Sunday's school, twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays,*" reminds us of the mock mayor of a place in the West, who declared on his election, that *he was resolved to hold his quarter-sessions monthly.*

Anecdote.

A PARISH-OFFICER, perambulating his district to take a list of such of the inhabitants as were liable to be drawn for recruiting the militia, saw an old comb-maker at work, and thus addressed him, "Pray, honest friend, how old are you?"—"Not old enough," answered he, "to be chosen a militia-man; I am a mere infant.—Don't you observe that I am *cutting my teeth?*"

Ancient Angling Anecdote.

PLUTARCH, speaking of angling, informs us that Mark Antony and Cleopatra, in the midst of their unparalleled splendour, passed many of their hours in that tranquil amusement. He also mentions a deception reciprocally played off by those two royal personages upon each other.—The whole business of angling may be said to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art should be excused.

"Antony," says Plutarch, "went out one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was much dissatisfied, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes which had been fresh taken upon his hook.—After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick: she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumstance to her friends; at the same time inviting them to come and see him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels; and, as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a *salted fish*, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea." It does not appear how Antony relished this imposition from his fair associate.

Cross Readings.

"A CONCISE review of British literature,——containing a kitchen, laundry, chambers, brew-house, and cellars,—most eligibly situated, and well adapted for an hotel,—although the British have lately had a reinforcement.—For particulars, application may be made before the time,—adequate to the importance and value of the—local advantages which are obvious to any common observer,—which it is thought will be effected without difficulty.—He adds that there had been an engagement between—the dining-room, drawing-room, and fifteen other fire-rooms.—The result of this has been what many people expected, the loss of—extreme bad weather for the season."

Ducks devoured by Eels: a Fact related by Sir John Hawkins.

WHEN I lived at Twickenham, there was a large canal adjoined to my house, which I stocked with fish. I had, from time to time, broods of ducks, which, with their young ones, took the water. One dry summer, when the canal was very low, we missed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went. Resolving to make advantage of the lowness of the water, to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family, which, being opened by the cook, surprised us all; for, in the stomachs of many of them were found, undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which doubtless were those of the ducks we had missed. The fact seems to have been, that the water being shallow, they became an easy prey, and were pulled under by the eels.

Cotton's Complete Angler

Anecdote.

THE late Dr. Magrath being called upon to visit a sick man asked him as he entered the room, *how he did?* "O doctor," replied the patient, in a plaintive tone, "I am dead!" The doctor immediately left the room, and reported in the neighbourhood that the man was dead. The report was at first believed and circulated; but, as soon as the mistake was discovered, the doctor was asked, "Why he had propagated a false report?" he replied, that he did it upon the best authority; for he had it from the man's *own mouth.*

Anecdote.

CHARLES, the old haughty duke of Somerset, once sent for Seymour, the painter, to Petworth, to paint a room with portraits of his running horses, and one day, at dinner, drank to him, with a sneer—"*Cousin* Seymour, your health." "My lord," replied the painter, "I do really believe I have the honour of being of your grace's family." The duke, offended at this freedom, ordered his steward to pay Seymour, and dismiss him. Another painter of horses was sent for, who finding himself unequal to finishing, honestly acknowledged it, and humbly recommended the duke to recal Seymour. The haughty peer condescended to summon *his cousin* once more, and Seymour answered the mandate, by a letter, in these words—"My Lord, I will now prove that I am of your grace's family:—*I will not come.*"

Enigmas.—Musical Instruments.

HALF an insect, two-ninths of a fruit, and one-fourth of a poisonous reptile.

Two-ninths of a small fish, a vowel, and half of a moveable habitation.

Four-sixths of a game at cards, a vowel, and a word of denial reversed.

Winter.

PAVEMENT slipp'ry; people sneezing;
Lords in ermine, beggars freezing:
Nobles, scarce the wretched heeding;
Gallant soldiers—fighting!—bleeding!

Lofty mansions, warm and spacious;
Courtiers, cringing and voracious;
Titled gluttons, dainties carving;
Genius, in a garret, starving!

Wives, who laugh at passive spouses;
Theatres, and meeting-houses;
Balls, where simp'ring misses languish,
Hospitals, and groans of anguish.

Arts and sciences bewailing;
Commerce drooping, credit failing;
Placemen mocking subjects loyal;
Separations; weddings loyal!

Authors, who can't earn a dinner,
Many a subtle rogue, a winner!
Fugitives, for shelter seeking;
Misers hoarding, tradesmen breaking!

Ladies gambling, night and morning,
Fools, the works of genius scorning!
Ancient dames for girls mistaken,
Youthful damsels—quite forsaken.

Some in luxury delighting:
More in talking than in fighting;
Lovers old, and beaux decrepid;
Lordlings empty and insipid.

Poets, painters, and musicians;
Lawyers, doctors, politicians;
Pamphlets, newspapers, and odes,
Seeking fame, by diff'rent roads.

Taste and talents quite deserted;
All the laws of truth perverted;
Arrogance o'er merit soaring;
Merit, silently deploring!

Gallant souls with empty purses:
Gen'rals, only fit for nurses;
Schoolboys, smit with martial spirit,
Taking place of vet'ran merit.

Honest men, who can't get places;
Knaves, who shew unblushing faces;
Ruin hasten'd, peace retarded;
Candour spurn'd, and art rewarded.

A Parody on the celebrated Soliloquy in Hamlet. By a Boxer.

TO box, or not to box, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and goadings of a well-tweak'd nose,
Or to take heart with Humphries or Mendoza,
And by opposing end them. To strip, to bear
No more; and by this movement then to say we end
The heart-ach and a thousand natural jeers
The coward's heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To strip, to square,
To fight—perchance he beat! Aye, there's the rub,
For in that daring step, what blows may come.
When we have shuffled off our coats and shirts
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes this diffidence of so long life.
For who would bear the taunts and sneers o'th' mob;
The pangs of cold neglect, and fame's delay
The porter's wrongs—the coal-heaver's contumely,
Th' insolence of pugilists, and the spurns
That patient merit of the hero takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a well-put blow. Who would insults bear,
And fret and fume beneath a doubtful state.
But that a dread of something on the stage,
The undetermin'd trial, from whose bourn
EARL ne'er return'd, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus fear of drubbing makes us cowards all.
And thus the wish of native resolution,
And skill'd manœuvres of each well-grac'd ring,
With this regard, their profits turn away,
And lose the fame of boxing.

Epigram.

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*;
Not as printed by Jackson, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *Ton*, and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers:
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the *Bible* to steal:
But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face.*

A characteristic Epitaph.——Transcribed from North Cerney Churchyard, in Gloucestershire, dated Feb. 16, 1787.

HERE lieth ready to *start* in full hopes to *save his distance*,
TIMOTHY TURF, formerly Stud Groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'em, and
Late Keeper of the Racing Stables on Cerney Downs:—But
Was *beat out of the world* on the first of April last, by that invincible *Rockingham* Death.
N. B. He lived and died an honest man!

Ludicrous Circumstance.

THE following ludicrous circumstance happened some time ago: Mr. C—n, of Chigwell, in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent having occasion, stopped at an ale-house near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord killed his cat, and put it into the basket, in lieu of the hare, which he concealed. The man pursued his journey, sent in the basket, was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? he answered in the affirmative, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master, for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a pennyworth of tobacco. In the mean time, he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat, taking away the beef, and leaving the cat for the landlord's dinner.

Die decently.

A MAN of the name of Dogharty, who was sentenced to be hanged at Ilchester, for horse-stealing, requested Mr. Summers, of the Bath theatre, to lend him a wig, that he might die *decently.* The day of execution came; and when the malefactor was in the cart, he bawled out aloud, "Is there one Bob Summers among the mob?"——"Here am I," answered Summers.—"Then take your wig, Bob," said the culprit, "for I'll die in my cap."

Appropriate Marriage.

IN an Irish paper, a marriage is mentioned of Mr. Thomas *Spider*, to Miss *Webb.*

Origin of drinking Healths.

THE pertinent and sensible Rowena, a beautiful daughter of Hengistus, general of the Saxons, who having the isle of Thanet given him by king Vortigern, for assisting him against the Picts and Scots, obtained as much ground as he could encompass with an ox's hide to build a castle, which being completed, he invited Vortigern to supper; after the entertainment, Hengistus called for his daughter Rowena, who entered with great dignity and magnificence, carrying a golden bowl full of wine in her hand, out of which she drank, and in the Saxon language said, "Be of health, lord king." To this Vortigern replied—"Drink health."

This is the first health which we hear of in history, and boasts an antiquity of "thirteen hundred years.

The story adds, that the king Vortigern, enamoured with Rowena's beauty, married her in a short time after, and gave her father the whole kingdom of Kent.

Anecdote.

AN honest Hibernian whose *bank-pocket* (to use his own phrase) had *stopt payment*, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets in Manchester two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodging, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *Lying-in* Hospital, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me! honey, where is it? for by Jasus I've been *lying out* these two nights."

Biography.

IN a modern publication, the *mother* of the hero of the piece is described in these words:—"She was, *indeed*, a help-meet for her pious and *laborious* husband. She bore him *nineteen children!*"

Births.

ON Tuesday, January 9, Mrs *Shoe*, wife of Mr. Jonathan *Shoe*, shoemaker, of Dover, was safely delivered of—*a pair of shoes.*

Anecdote of a Horse-Stealer.

AT the second encampment, the English forces made in Bojepore, in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stolen, but missing the road before he got clear of the tents, the thief was detected, and brought back. The gentleman, highly pleased at recovering his horse, and much surprised at the dexterity of the fellow who carried him off, amidst seven or eight sices (grooms) sleeping round him, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness, than to punish him. Next morning, his resentment being subsided, yielded to his curiosity; he ordered the fellow, therefore, to be brought before him, and enquired by what contrivance he had effected his design. The fellow replied, he could not well tell his honour, but that if he pleased he would shew him. "Well then," says the officer, "since you are so bad at description, we will see how you did it." Being arrived at the pickets, the fellow crept softly under the horse's belly: "Now, Sir," says he, "pray take notice; this is the manner I crawled over the sices—the next thing was to loosen his ropes behind, which I did thus—I then clapped a halter—observe, Sir, if you please—over his neck, thus." "Admirably clever, by Jove," cries the officer, laughing and rubbing his hands. "In this manner," continued the fellow, "I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted, I give any body leave to catch me if they can." In saying which, he gave the horse a kick, and though almost surrounded by troops, &c. pushed him through the gaping crowd, put him to his full speed, and carried him clean off.

A Toast.

A CHAPLAIN to a governor of Bengal, more remarkable for the goodness of his heart than the brilliancy of his wit, being one day, at the table of his patron, asked for a a toast, with much simplicity exclaimed—"Alas! and a lack-a-day! what can I give?" "Nothing better," replied the governor: "Come, gentlemen, a bumper to the parson's toast—a *lass* and a *lack* a day." A lack of rupees is one hundred thousand pounds.

An English Bull.

AN advertisement in one of the papers begins thus: "To be let *immediately*, or SOONER, if required, &c.

Thanksgiving.

THE clergyman of Beaumaris church, North Wales, after returning God thanks for Admiral Duncan's victory, and the capture of the Dutch, added, "We also thank thee, O God! for the late captures of *fine full-belly'd herrings* on our coasts."

Original Anecdote.

DURING the war before last, an English sailor, at a sea-port town in America, strolled into a methodist tabernacle, where one of the disciples of Whitfield was holding forth with declamatory virulence. After he had expatiated some time on the wickedness of mankind, he descended from general to particular applications, and addressing himself to the congregation, exclaimed with great vehemence, "Yes, I myself will appear against you at the day of judgment, and tell our Saviour what villains ye were during your lives!"—The honest tar, who had hitherto listened with wonderful patience, hearing this pious and charitable threat, drew the quid from his mouth, and called out, "Not unlikely, indeed, for the greatest rogues always turn king's evidence."

The superannuated Horse to his Master, who had sentenced him to die at the end of the Summer.

AND hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house me in this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my master's face,
And linger on the spot where I was bred.

For O! to think on what we both enjoy'd
In my life's time, ere I was old and poor!
Then from the jocund morn to eve employ'd
My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since first to thee these way-worn limbs I gave;
Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindest master and the happiest slave!

Ah, years sweet smiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years thrice told, alas, are as a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear that age away!

For still the older times are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
Light were our hearts, and ev'ry season brought
Pains that were soft or pleasures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Scaring's stream,
My ready steps were bent to yonder grove,
Where she who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,
And I, thy more than messenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
And throbb'd alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee to thy fair one's arms?
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say!
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray!
A little longer hobble round thy door!

Yet ah! in vain in vain for life I plead,
If nature hath denied a longer date:
Still do not thou behold thy servant bleed,
Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate.

But O! kind nature! take thy victim's life!
End thou a servant, feeble, old, and poor!
So shalt thou save me from th' uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

Epigram.

TOM taken by Tim, his new mansion to view,
He observ'd, "'Twas a big one, with windows too few."
"As for that," replies Tim, "I'm the builder's forgiver,
"For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the liver."
"True," says Tom, "as you live upon *farthings* and *mites*,
"For the *liver* 'tis good,—but very bad for the *lights*."

Like no Part of Likeness.

TEADY meeting with Teague upon Waterford quay,
"Arrah now, but," says he, "what's the news of the day?"
"Troth," says Teague, "none at all at all, worth while to mind,
"Excepting last night, that I saw a great wind!"
"Saw a wind, sure," says Teady, "but that was quite queer;
"Pray what was it like, and how did it appear?"
"It appear'd very frightful," says Teague, by my sowle,
"For I shook like an asp to see how it did howl;
"And for what it was *like*, by the king's precious crown!
"But 'twas *like*—to have blown my poor cabin quite down!"

Excuse for Oblivion.

MARIA one morning was smitten full sore,
With the tooth-ach's unmerciful pang;
And she vow'd, if she liv'd to the age of five-score,
That she still should remember the fang.

But a skilful young dentist her torture dispell'd,
And so soon sent her anguish to pot,
That mamma from her flirting a rat having smell'd,
Cry'd, "Miss, why your tooth's quite forgot!"

When miss having shewn that the grinder was gone,
"To forget 'tis but common," she said,
"Such a thing as we think not worth thinking upon,
"For you see, 'tis quite *out of my head*."

The Poetaster.

THY verses are *eternal*, my good friend:
For he who reads them, reads them *to no end.*

A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE,

Of remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

The Whole comprehending, in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History, from the Creation to the present Time.

Before Christ.

4004 THE creation of the world and Adam and Eve.
Adam's fall.

4003 The birth of Cain.

3875 Cain murders Abel and is divinely banished to Nod.

3874 Seth is born.

3017 Enoch for his piety is translated to heaven.

2468 Noah is commanded to warn the corrupted inhabitants of the world of the approaching flood, and to call them to repent.

2348 Methuselah dies, aged 969 years.
The whole world is destroyed by a deluge, which continued 377 days.

2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.
About the same time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there, either he or one of his successors, to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.

2234 The celestial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.

2188 Misraim, the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyses, in 525 before Christ.

2059 Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.

1998 Noah dies, aged 950 years.

1996 The birth of Abraham.

1921 The covenant of God made with Abraham, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.

1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness, by fire from Heaven.

1896 Isaac is born to Abraham: and not long after, Moab and Ben-ammi to Lot.

1863 Isaac is intentionally offered in sacrifice; and seven years after he is married to Rebecca.

1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.

1822 Memnon, the Egpytian, said to invent letters, 15 years before the reign of Phoroneus.

1821 Abraham dies.

1764 The deluge of Ogyges, by which Attica remained waste above 200 years, till the coming of Cecrops.

1728 Joseph sold into Egypt by his brethren.

1716 Isaac dies about 43 years after he had blessed Jacob and Esau.

1715 Prometheus first struck fire from flints.

Before Christ.

1635 Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genisis, containing a period of 2369 years.

1582 The chronology of the Arundelian Marbles begins about this time, fixing here the arrival of the Cecrops in Attica, an epoch which other writers have placed later by 26 years.

1574 The oppression of the Hebrews, and murder of their children began.

1571 Moses, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.

1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens in Greece.

1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia and begins the kingdom of Troy.

1503 The deluge of Deucalion, in Thessaly.

1495 The Panathenæ first celebrated at Athens.

1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.

1491 Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children; which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desart of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the tabernacle, and in it the ark of the covenant.

1485 The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.

1453 The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.

1452 The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.

1451 The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives; and the period of the sabbatical year commences.

1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.

1356 The Eleunsinian mysteries introduced at Athens by Eumolpus.

1326 The Isthmian games first instituted by Sisyphus, king of Corinth.

1263 The Argonautic expedition.
The first Pythian games celebrated by Adrastus, king of Argos.

1252 Tyre is built.

1245 Gideon flourishes in Israel.

1225 The Theban war of the seven heroes against Eteocles.

1222 Olympic games celebrated by Hercules.

1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.

1156 Sampson is born.

1116 Sampson pulls down the idol-temple on some thousands of the Philistines. Hereon the Hebrews attack them; but are repulsed with the loss of 4000. Soon after, they are again defeated, with the loss of 30,000, and the ark is taken. Eli's two wicked sons, who had corrupted the nation, are slain, and himself dies as he hears the tidings.

Before Christ.

1095 Saul made king over Israel.
1070 The kingdom of Athens ended in the death of Codrus.
1055 Saul is slain.
David begins his reign over Judah.
1048 David is sole king of Israel.
1015 David dies, and is succeeded by Solomon; who, in the fourth year of his reign, lays the foundation of the temple, and finishes it in the eleventh.
1004 The temple is solemnly dedicated by Solomon.
955 The Ethiopians invade Egypt, while their civil war continues, and seize on that country, and drown Orus, the king of the Nile. His wife Isis dies of grief.
The Ethiopians are routed by Asa.
Evander and his mother Carmenta, carry the letters of Greece in toItaly.
The Grecian expedition of the Argonauts.
Hercules and Esculapius were deified.
Theseus was banished from Athens, and the Heraclides were chased out of Peloponnesus; and Agamemnon was king of Mycenæ.
907 Homer and Hesiod flourished about this time, according to the marbles.
904 According to Sir Isaac Newton, Troy is taken and ruined.
Carthage is built, at least enlarged, by Dido and her Phœnicians.
896 Elijah, the prophet, is translated to heaven.
894 Money first made of gold and silver at Argos.
884 Lycurgus, 42 years old, established his laws at Lacedæmon, and together with Iphitus and Cleosthenes, restores the Olympic games, at Elis, about 108 years before the era, which is commonly called the first Olympiad.
869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by Queen Dido.
Phidon, king of Argos, is supposed to have invented scales and measures, and coined silver at Ægina.
820 Fall of the Assyrian empire by the death of Sardanapalus, an era placed 80 years earlier by Justin.
814 The kingdom of Macedonia begins, and continues 646 years, till the battle of Pydna.
786 The triremes first invented by the Corinthians.
779 The monarchial government abolished at Corinth, and the Prytanes elected.
776 Corcœbus conquers at Olympia, in the 28th Olympiad from the institution of Iphitus. This is vulgarly called the first Olympiad, about 23 years before the foundation of Rome.
771 Pul, the founder of the Assyrian empire, invades Canaan.
757 Isaiah begins to prophecy.
753 Rome built on the 20th of April, according to Varro, in the year 3961 of the Julian period.
732 Syracuse built by a Corinthian colony.
721 The kingdom of Israel finished by the taking of Samaria, by Salmanasar king of Assyria.
The first eclipse of the moon on record March 19th according to Ptolemy.
658 Byzantium (now Constantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
630 Cyrene built by Battus.

Before Christ.

624 The Scythians invade Asia Minor, of which they keep possession for 28 years.

623 Draco established his laws at Athens.

610 The canal between the Nile and the Red Sea begun by king Necho.

606 Nineveh taken and destroyed by Cyaxares and his allies.

604 The Phœnicians sail round Africa, by order of Necho.
Arion, Pittacus, Alcæus Sappho, &c. flourished.

600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, consults the priests of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipses, gives general notions of the universe, and maintains that one Supreme intelligence regulates all its motions.
Maps, globes, and the signs of the zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.

597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.

596 The Scythians are expelled from Asia Minor by Cyaxares.

591 The Pythian games first established at Delphi.
Chilo, Anacharsis, Thales, Epimenides, Solon, the prophet Ezekiel, Æsop and Stersichorus flourished.

587 Jerusalem taken by Nebuchadnezzar, 9th of June after a siege of 18 months.

582 The Isthmian games restored and celebrated every first and third year of the Olympiads.

577 Death of Jeremiah, the prophet.

568 The Nemæan games restored.

562 The first comedy acted at Athens, by Susarian and Dolon.

560 Pisistratus first usurped the sovereignty at Athens.

559 Cyrus begins to reign.
Anaximenes, Bias, Anaximander, Phalaris and Cleobulus flourished.

548 Crœsus conquered by Cyrus.
Theognis and Pherecydes flourished.

539 Marseilles built by the Phocæans.
The age of Pythagoras, Simonides, Thespis, Xenophanes and Anacreon.

538 Babylon taken by Cyrus.

536 The return of the Jews by the edict of Cyrus, and the rebuilding of the temple.

535 The first tragedy acted at Athens on the waggon of Thespis.

526 Learning encouraged at Athens and a public library built.

525 Egypt conquered by Cambyses.

522 Artaxerxes the Magus being killed, Darius Hystaspis, whom we think Ahasuerus, the husband of Esther, is chosen king of Persia, by the neighing of his horse.

515 The second temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.

510 The tyranny of the Pisistratidæ abolished at Athens.

509 Tarquin the VII. and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.

504 Sardis taken by the Athenians and burnt, which became afterwards the cause of the invasion of Greece by the Persians.
Heraclitus, Parmenides, Milo the wrestler, Aristagoras, &c. flourished.

Before Christ.

498 The first dictator, Lartius, created at Rome.
493 The Roman populace retire to Mount Sacer.
490 The battle of Marathon.
486 Æschylus, the Greek poet, first gains the prize of tragedy.
481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.
479 The Persians defeated at Platæa and Macale on the same day, 22d of September.
477 The 300 Fabii killed at Cremera, July 17th.
471 Themistocles, accused of conspiracy, flies to Xerxes.
470 The Persians defeated at Cyprus, and near the Eurymedon.
465 The third Messenian war begins, and continues 10 years.
463 Egypt revolts from the Persians under Inarus, assisted by the Athenians.
458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.
454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.
Sophocles, Nehemiah the prophet, Plato the comic poet, Aristarchus the tragic, Leocrates, Thrasybulus, Pericles, Zaleucus, &c. flourished.
451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
448 The first sacred war concerning the temple of Delphi.
447 The Athenians defeated at Chæronea by the Bœotians.
445 Herodotus reads his history to the council of Athens, and receives public honours in the 39th year of his age.
Empedocles, Hellanicus, Euripides, Herodicus, Phidias, Artemones, Charondas, &c. flourished.
444 A colony sent to Thurium by the Athenians.
440 Comedies prohibited at Athens, a restraint which remained in force for three years.
439 A war between Corinth and Corcyra.
432 Meton begins here his 19 years cycle of the moon.
431 The Peloponnesian war begins, May 7th, and continues about 27 years.
Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes, Meton, Euctemon, Malachi the last of the prophets, Democritus, Gorgius, Thucydides, Hippocrates, &c. flourished.
430 The history of the Old Testament finishes.
A plague at Athens for five years.
421 A peace of fifty years made between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, which is kept only during six years and ten months, though each continued at war with each other's allies.
416 The scene of the Peloponnesian war changed to Sicily.
The Agrarian law first moved at Rome.
414 Egypt revolts from the Persians, and Amyrtæus is appointed king.
409 The Carthaginians enters Sicily, where they destroy Selinus and Himera, but they are repulsed by Hermocrates.
405 The battle of Ægosopotamos.
The usurpation of Dionysius.
404 Athens taken by Lysander, 24th of April, the end of the Peloponnesian war, and the appointment of thirty tyrants over the conquered city.
Pharrhasius, Protagoras, Lysias, Euclid, Cebes, Telestes, &c. flourished.
401 Cyrus the younger killed at Cunaxa.

Before Christ.

401 The glorious retreat of the 10,000 Greeks, and the expulsion of the thirty tyrants from Athens by Thrasybulus.

400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.

396 Agesilaus, of Lacedæmon's expedition into Asia against the Persians.
The age of Xenophon, Ctesius, Zeuxis, Antisthenes, Evagoras, Aristippus of Cyrene, and Archytas.

395 The Corinthian war began by the alliance of the Athenians, Thebans, Corinthians and Argives, against Lacedæmon.

394 The Lacedæmonians, under Pisander, defeated by Conon, at Cnidus; and a few days after the allies are defeated at Coronæa, by Agesilaus.

390 The battle of Allia, July 17th.
The taking of Rome by the Gauls.

388 Dionysius besieges Rheugium, and takes it after eleven months.
Plato, Philoxenus, Damon, Pythias, Iphicrates, &c. flourished.

387 The Greek cities of Asia tributary to Persia, by the peace of Antalcidas, between the Lacedæmonians and Persians.

385 The war of Cyprus finished by a treaty, after it had continued two years.

377 The Lacedæmonians defeated in a sea fight at Naxos, September 20th, by Chabrias.
Philistus, Isæus, Isocrates, Arete, Philolaus, Diogenes the cynic, &c. flourished.

374 Artaxerxes sends an army under Pharnabazus, with 20,000 Greeks, commanded by Iphocrates.

371 The battle of Leuctra, July 8th, where the Lacedæmonians are defeated by Epaminondas, the general of the Thebans.

370 The Messenians, after a banishment of 300 years return to Peloponnesus.

367 One of the consuls at Rome elected from the Plebeians.

363 The battle of Mantinea gained by Epaminondas, a year after the death of Pelopidas.

362 Agesilaus assists Tachos, king of Egypt.
Some of the governors of Lesser Asia, revolt from Persia.

360 The Athenians are defeated at Methrone, the first battle that Philip of Macedon ever won in Greece.

357 Dionysius the younger, is expelled from Syracuse by Dion.
The second sacred war begins, on the temple of Delphi being attacked by the Phocians.

354 Dion put to death, and Syracuse governed seven years by tyrants.
Eudoxus, Lycurgus, Ibis, Theopompus, Ephorus, Datames Philomelus, &c. flourished.

353 The Phocians, under Onomarchus, are defeated in Thessaly by Philip.

350 Egypt is conquered by Ochus.

348 The sacred war is finished by Philip taking all the cities of the Phocians.

347 Dionysius recovers the tyranny of Syracuse, after ten years' banishment.

343 Timoleon recovers Syracuse, and banishes the tyrant.

340 The Carthaginians defeated by Timoleon, near Agrigentum.
Speusippus, Protogenes, Aristotle, Æschines, Xenocrates, Demosthenes, Phocion, Mamercus, Icetas, Stilpo, and Demades flourished.

Before Christ.

338 The battle of Cheronœa, August 2, where Philip defeats the Athenians and Thebans.

336 Philip of Macedon killed by Pausanius. His son Alexander, on the following year enters Greece, destroys Thebes, &c.

334 The battle of the Granicus, 22d of May.

333 The battle of Issus, in October.

332 Tyre and Egypt conquered by the Macedonian prince.
Alexandria built.

331 The battle of Arbela, October 2d.

327 Alexander's expedition against Porus.
Apelles, Calisthenes, Bagoas, Parmenio, Philotas, Memnon, Dinocrates, Calippus, Hyperides, Philetus, Lysippus, Menedemus, &c. flourished.

323 Alexander dies on the 21st of April. His empire is divided into four kingdoms.
The Samian war, and the reign of the Ptolemies in Egypt.

320 Polyperchon publishes a general liberty to all the Greek cities.
The age of Praxiteles, Crates, Theophrastus, Menander, Demetrius, Dinarchus, Polemon, Neoptolemus, Perdiccas and Leosthenes.

317 Syracuse and Sicily usurped by Agathocles.
Demetrius Phalereus governs Athens for ten years.

315 Eumenes delivered to Antigonus by his army.

312 Seleucus takes Babylon, and here the beginning of the era of the Seleucidæ.

309 The conquests of Agathocles in Africa.

307 Democracy established at Athens by Demetrius Poliorcetes.

306 The title of kings first assumed by the successors of Alexander.

301 The battle of Ipsus, where Antigonus is defeated and killed by Ptolemy, Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Cassander.
Zeno, Pyrrho, Philemon, Megasthenes, Crantor, &c. flourished.

295 Athens taken by Demetrius Poliorcetes, after a year's siege.

293 The first sun-dial erected at Rome by Papirius Cursor, and the times first divided into hours.

291 Seleucus built about 40 cities in Asia, which he peopled with different nations.
The age of Euclid the mathematician, Arcesilaus, Epicurus, Bion, Timocharis, Erasistratus, Aristyllus, Strato, Zenodotus, Arsinoe, Lachares, &c.

287 The Athenians revolt from Demetrius.

286 Pyrrhus expelled from Macedon by Lysimachus.

285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical era, on Monday, June 26th, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.

284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.

281 Lysimachus defeated and killed by Seleucus.
The Terentine war begins, and continues ten years.
The Achæan league begins.

280 Pyrrhus, of Epirus, goes to Italy to assist the Tarentines.

278 The Gauls, under Brennus, are cut to pieces near the temple of Delphi.
Dionysius the astronomer, Sostratus, Theocritus, Dionysius, Heracleotes, Philo, Aratas, Lycophron, Persæus, &c. flourished.

Before Christ.

274 Pyrrhus, defeated by Curius, retires to Epirus.
269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
268 Athens taken by Antigonus Gonatas, who kept it twelve years.
264 The first Punic war begins and continues for twenty-three years.
The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
Lycon, Crates, Berofus, Hermachus, Helenus, Clinias, Aristotimus, &c. flourished.
262 Antiochus Soter defeated at Sardis by Eumenes, of Pergamus.
260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
256 Regulus defeated by Xanthippus.
Athens is restored to liberty by Antigonus.
251 Aratus persuades the people of Sicyon to join the Achæan league.
Cleanthes, Homer junior, Manetho, Timæus, Callimachus, Zoilus, Duris, Neanthes, Ctesibius, Socibius, Hieronymus, Hanno, Laodice, Lysias, and Ariobarzanes flourished.
250 The Parthians under Arsaces, and the Bactrans under Thedotus revolt from the Macedonians.
249 The sea fight of Depranum.
243 The citadel of Corinth taken by Aratus, 12th of August.
241 Agis, king of Sparta, put to death for attempting to settle an Agrarian law.
Antigonus Carystius, Conon of Samos, Erastosthenes, Apollonius of Perga, Lacydes, Amilcar, Agesilaus the ephor, &c. flourished.
240 Plays acted first at Rome, being those of Livius Andronicus.
237 Amilcar passes with an army to Spain, with Annibal his son.
235 The temple of Janus shut at Rome, the first time since Numa.
234 The Sardinian war begins, and continues three years.
233 Original manuscripts of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles lent by the Athenians to Ptolemy, for a pledge of fifteen talents.
231 The first divorce known at Rome, by Sp. Carvilius.
Sardinia and Corsica conquered.
228 The Roman ambassadors first appeared at Athens and Corinth.
227 The war between Cleomenes and Aratus begins, and continues five years.
224 The colossus of Rhodes thrown down by an earthquake.
The Romans first cross the Po, pursuing the Gauls who had entered Italy.
Chrysippus, Polystratus, Euphorion, Archimedes, Valerius, Messala, C. Nævius, Aristarchus, Apollonius, Philocorus, Aristo, Ceus, Fabius, Pictor the first Roman historian, Philarchus, Lysiades, Agro, &c. flourished.
222 The battle of Sellacia.
220 The social war between the Ætolians and Achæans, assisted by Philip.
219 Saguntum taken by Annibal.
218 The second Punic war begins, and continues seventeen years.
217 The battle of the lake Thrasymenus, and next year that of Cannœ, May 21st.
214 The Romans begins the auxiliary war, against Philip in Epirus, which is continued by intervals for fourteen years.
212 Syracuse taken by Marcellus, after a siege of three years.
208 Philopœmen defeats Machanidas at Mantinea.

Before Christ.

207 Asdrubal is defeated.
Plautus, Archagathus, Evander, Teleclus, Hermippus, Zeno, Sotion, Ennius, Hieronymus of Syracuse, Tlepolemus and Epicydes flourished.
202 The battle of Zama.
200 The first Macedonian war begins and continues near four years.
198 The battle of Panius, where Antiochus defeats Scopas.
197 The battle of Cynocephale, where Philip is defeated.
192 The war of Antiochus the Great begins, and continues three years.
191 Lacedæmon joined to the Achæan league by Philopœmen.
189 The luxuries of Asia brought to Rome in the spoils of Antiochus.
188 The laws of Lycurgus abrogated for a while at Sparta, by Philopœmen.
187 Antiochus the Great defeated and killed in Media.
Aristophanes of Byzantium, Asclepiades, Tegula, C. Lælius, Aristonymus, Hegesinus, Diogenes, the stoic, Critolaus, Masinissa, the Scippics, the Gracci, Thoas, &c. flourished.
184 A war, which continues one year, between Eumenes and Prusias, till the death of Annibal.
183 Philopœmen defeated and killed by Dinocrates.
179 Numa's books found in a stone-coffin at Rome.
175 Perseus sends his ambassadors to Carthage.
171 Ptolemy's generals defeated by Antiochus, in a battle between Pelusium and Mount Cassius.
The second Macedonian war.
168 The battle of Pydna, and the fall of the Macedonian empire.
Attalus the astronomer, Metrodorus, Terence, Crates, Polybius, Pacuvius, Hipparchus, Heraclides, Carneades, Aristarchus, flourished.
167 The first library erected at Rome, with books obtained from the plunder of Macedonia.
166 Terence's Andria first acted at Rome.
159 Time measured out at Rome by a water machine, invented by Scipio Nasica, 134 years after the introduction of sun-dials.
152 Andriscus, the Pseudophilip, assumes the royalty in Macedonia.
150 Demetrius, king of Syria, defeated and killed by Alexander Balas.
149 The third Punic war begins.
Prusias, king of Bithynia, put to death by his son Nicomedes.
148 The Romans make war against the Achæans, which is finished the next year by Mummius.
147 Carthage is destroyed by Scipio.
Corinth is destroyed by Mummius.
146 Viriathus is defeated by Lælius, in Spain.
141 The war of Numantia begins, and continues for eight years.
138 The Roman army of 30,000 under Mancinus, is defeated by 4,000 Numantines.
137 Restoration of learning at Alexandria, and universal patronage offered to all learned men by Ptolemy Physcon.
The age of Satyrus, Aristobulus, Lucius Accius, Mnaseus, Antipater, Diodorus the peripatetic, Nicander, Ctesibius, Sarpedon, Micipsa, &c.
136 The famous embassy of Scipio, Metellus, Mummius, and Panætius, into Egypt, Syria and Greece.

Before Christ.

135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
The Servile War in Sicily begins, and continues three years.
133 Numantia taken.
Pergamus annexed to the Roman empire.
130 Antiochus Sidetes killed by Phraates.
Aristonicus defeated by Perpenna.
127 Demetrius Nicator defeated at Damascus by Alexander Zebina.
123 The Romans make war against the pirates of the Beleares.
Carthage is rebuilt by order of the Roman senate.
121 C. Graccus killed.
118 Dalmatia conquered by Metullus.
116 Cleopatra assumes the government of Egypt.
The age of Erymnæus, Athenion, Artemidorus, Clitomachus, Apollonius, Herodicus, L. Cælius, Castor, Menecrates, Lucilius, &c.
111 The Jugurthine war begins and continues for five years.
110 The famous sumptuary law at Rome, which limited the expences of eating every day.
109 The Teutones and Cimbri begin the war against Rome, and continue it for eight years.
105 The Teutones defeat 80,000 Romans on the banks of the Rhone.
102 The Teutones defeated by C. Marius, at Aquæ Sextiæ.
101 The Cimbri defeated by Marius and Catulus.
99 Dolabella conquers Lusitania.
97 Cyrene left by Ptolemy Apion to the Romans.
91 The Social War begins, and continues three years, until finished by Sylla.
89 The Mithridatic war begins, and continues twenty-six years.
88 The civil wars of Marius and Sylla begin and continue six years.
86 Sylla conquers Athens, and sends its valuable libraries to Rome.
82 Young Marius is defeated by Sylla, who is made dictator.
78 The death of Sylla.
Philo, Chimardas, Asclepiades, Apellicon, L. Sisenna, Alexander Polyhistor, Plotius Gallus, Diotimus, Zeno, Hortesius, Archias, Posidonius, Geminus, &c. flourished.
75 Bithynia left by Nicomedes to the Romans.
73 The Servile War, under Spartacus, begins, and two years after, the rebel general is defeated and killed by Pompey and Crassus.
69 Mithridates and Tigranes defeated by Lucullus.
67 Pompey attacks the pirates: and in four months takes or sinks 1,300 of their ships: kills 10,000, and takes above 20,000 of their forces prisoners, and 120 of their towns or strong holds.
66 Mithridates conquered by Pompey in a night battle.
Crete is subdued by Metellus, after a war of two years.
64 After the reduction of Pontus, Pompey recovers Syria; and next year, under pretence of deciding between Hircanus and Aristobulus, takes Jerusalem on a sabbath-day; enters the sanctuary and views the furniture thereof.
63 Catiline's conspiracy detected by Cicero.
Mithridates kills himself.
60 The first triumvirate in the persons of J. Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus.

Before Christ.

60 Apollonius of Rhodes, Terentius Varro, Tyrannion, Aristodemus of Nysa, Lucretius, Dionysius the grammarian, Cicero, Antiochus, Spurinus, Andronicus, Catullus, Sallust, Timagenes, Cratippus, &c. flourished.

58 Cicero banished from Rome, and recalled the next year.

55 Cæsar passes the Rhine, defeats the Germans, and invades Britain.

53 Grassus is killed by Surena in June.

52 Invasion of England by Julius Cæsar.

The Britons, its inhabitants, were a branch of the ancient Gauls, or Celtæ; of which the Belgiæ possessed the western part, the Brigantes had the northern, the Iceni dwelt in Norfolk and Suffolk, and the Silures inhabited South Wales.

50 Dover castle built by Julius Cæsar.

48 The battle of Pharsalia, May the 12th.

47 Alexandria taken by Cæsar.

Gloucester built by Arviragus, a Roman general.

The Alexandrian library, consisting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.

46 The war of Africa.

Cato kills himself.

This year is called the year of confusion, because the calendar was corrected by Socigenes, and the year made to consist of 15 months, or 445 days.

45 Cæsar introduced the solar or Julian year.

The battle of Munda.

44 Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and slain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, killed in the senate-house.

43 The battle of Mutina.

The second triumvirate in Octavius, Antony and Lepidus.

Cicero put to death.

The age of Sosigenes, C. Nepos, Diodorus, Siculus, Trogus Pompey, Didymus the scholiast, Varro the poet, &c.

42 The battle of Phillipi.

39 Pacorus, general of Parthia, defeated by Ventidius, fourteen years after the disgrace of Crassus and on the same day.

36 Pompey the younger defeated in Sicily by Octavius.

32 Octavius and Anthony prepare for war.

31 The battle of Actium, 2d of September.

The era of the Roman emperors properly begin here.

30 Alexandria taken, and Egypt reduced into a Roman province.

27 Octavius, by a decree of the senate, obtains the title of Augustus Cæsar, and an absolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the first Roman emperor.

25 The Egyptians adopt the Julian year.

Virgil, Manilius, Dioscorides, Asinius Pollio, Mæcenas, Agrippa, Strabo, Horace, Macer, Propertius, Livy, Musa, Tibullus, Ovid, Pylades, Bathyllus, Varius, Tucca, Vitruvius, &c. flourished.

Coin first used in Britain.

22 The conspiracy of Muræna against Augustus.

Before Christ.

21 Augustus visits Greece and Asia.
20 The Roman ensigns recovered from the Parthians by Tiberius.
17 The secular games celebrated at Rome.
16 Lollius defeated by the Germans.
15 The Rhæti and Vindelici defeated by Drusis.
12 The Pannonians conquered by Tiberius.
11 Some of the German nations conquered by Drufus.
8 Augustus corrects the calendar, by ordering the twelve ensuing years to be without intercalation.
Damascenus, Hyginus, Flaccus the grammarian, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Dionysius the geographer flourished.
Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.
The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus, as an emblem of universal peace.
6 Tiberius retires to Rhodes for seven years.
Our SAVIOUR is born, four years before the vulgar era, in the year 4709 of the Julian period, A. U. C. 749, and the fourth of the 193d Olympiad.

After Christ.

1 Christ's parents return from Egypt, and settle at Nazareth.
2 Tiberius returns to Rome.
4 The leap year corrected, having formerly been every third year.
7 Judas of Gallilee and Saducus raise a bloody insurrection in Judea.
9 Ovid banished to Tomos.
10 Varus defeated and killed in Germany by Arminius.
12 Jesus disputes with the doctors in the temple.
14 Augusta dies at Nola, August the 19th, and is succeeded by Tiberius.
The age of Phædrus, Asinius Gallus, Velleius Paterculus, Germanicus, Cornel, Celsus, &c.
17 A most terrible earthquake overturns twelve cities in Lesser Asia, and buries most of the inhabitants in the ruins.
Tacfarinas, a Numedian, begins to raise commotions in Africa, which continue seven years.
19 Germanicus, poisoned by Piso, dies at Antioch.
26 Tiberius goes to Capreæ
Caiaphas is made high priest.
Pilate governor in Judea.
27 Jesus is baptized in the Wilderness by John.
31 Sejanus disgraced.
33 Our SAVIOUR is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
His Resurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Ascension, Thursday, May 14.
36 St. Paul converted.
37 Tiberius dies at Misenum, near Baiæ, March 16th, and is succeeded by Caligula.
Valerius Maximus, Columnella, Pomponius Mela, Appion, Philo Judæus, Artabanus and Agrippina flourished.
39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
Pontius Pilate kills himself.

After Christ.

40 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.
41 Caligula murdered by Chæreas, and succeeded by Claudius.
43 Claudius Cæsar's expedition into Britain.
44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.
James the brother of John is beheaded.
Herod is eaten up of worms.
47 Secular games celebrated at Rome.
48 Two tumults happen at Jerusalem; in one of which, 10,000 Jews are killed by the Romans.
The citizens of Rome amount to 6,900,000 which is almost the number of the whole inhabitants of England.
49 London is founded by the Romans; 368 surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.
51 Caractacus, the British king, is carried in chains to Rome.
52 The councils of the Apostles at Jerusalem.
Claudius having, with 30,000 men, in eleven years, drained the lake Fucinus by a great canal, exhibits a diverting show, of 19,000 criminals in 100 gallies engaged in a sea-fight.
53 Felix succeeds Cumanus in the government of Judea.
54 Claudius succeeded by Nero.
55 St. Luke writes his Gospel.
59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
——————— persecutes the Druids in Britain.
61 The Iceni, &c. reduce London to ashes, and massacre 70,000 Romans.
Queen Boadica is defeated by the Romans, and 80,000 Britons slain.
62 St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.
63 The Acts of the Apostles written.
Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or some of his disciples about this time.
64 Nero, now becomes a monster of cruelty, causes Rome to be burnt; and laying the blame on the Christians, commences a persecution against them.
Gessius Florus succeeds Albinus in the government of Judea. At his arrival the Jews pelt him with stones, which occasions a dreadful series of murders, rapines, &c.
67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
One hundred thousand Jews are massacred at Cesarea, Ptolemais, and Alexandria, besides multitudes that Florus murdered in other places.
Cestius Gallus, lays siege to Jerusalem at the feast of tabernacles; but suddenly raises it without a reason, and has 4,500 of his troops cut off in their retreat.
Vespasian invades Galilee with an army of 60,000; takes Gadara, Gamala, &c.
68 Nero, now become odious to all for his murders, &c. hearing of the revolt of the German legions, kills himself.
After Galba, Otho and Vitellius, had each of them been emperor some months, Vespasian is chosen emperor by the armies in Judea and Egypt.
70 Whilst the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.

After Christ.

77 The Parthians revolt.
78 Anglesea Isle subdued by the Romans.
79 Death of Vespasian, and succession of Titus.
Herculaneum and Pompeii destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, November the 1st.
81 Death of Titus, and succession of Domitian.
The age of Sil. Italicus, Martial, Apollon, Tyanæus, Valerius Flaccus, Solinus, Epictetus, Quintilian, Lupus, Agricola, &c.
83 The philosophers are expelled Rome by Domitian.
85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus, on the Grampian hills.
86 Capitoline games instituted by Domitian, and celebrated every fourth year.
87 The river Medway overflowed the country.
88 Secular games celebrated.
The war with Dacia begins and continues fifteen years.
90 Britain first discovered to be an island.
95 River Humber overflowed, and deluged a country of fifty miles.
98 Trajan, the adopted son of Nerva, succeeds Nerva; his wars with the Damacians and Parthians, Arabs, and Jews, most successfully, distinguish his reign. He persecuted the Christians.
102 Pliny, proconsul of Bithynia, sends Trajan an account of the Christians.
103 Dacia reduced to a Roman province.
106 Florus, Suetonius, Pliny junior, Philo Biblius, Dion, Prusæus, Plutarch, &c. flourished.
107 Third persecution of the Christians.
110 Luthgacus, the 22d king of Scotland, a tyrant, put to death by his nobles.
114 Trajan's column erected at Rome.
117 Trajan dies, and is succeeded by Adrian.
118 Fourth persecution of the Christians.
121 Adrian, the Roman emperor, visits Britain, builds a wall from Newcastle to Carlisle.
126 Adrian visits Asia and Egypt for seven years.
130 He rebuilds Jerusalem, and raises there a temple to Jupiter.
131 The Jews rebel, and are defeated after a war of five years, and all banished.
138 Adrian dies and is succeeded by Antoninus Pius.
In the reign of Adrian flourished Teon, Phavorinus, Phlegon, Trallian, Aristides, Aquila, Salvius Julian, Polycarp, Arrian, Ptolemy, &c.
139 Justin writes his first Apology for the Christians.
141 A number of heresies appear.
145 Antominus defeats the Moors, Germans and Dacians.
146 The worship of Serapis brought to Rome.
152 The emperor Antoninus Pius, stops the persecution against the Christians.
154 Hygenus, bishop of Rome, first takes the title of Pope.
161 Antoninus dies, and is succeeded by M. Aurelius, and L. Verus, the last of whom reigned nine years.

After Christ.

161 In the reign of Antoninus flourished Maximus Tyrius, Pausanias, Diophantus, Lucian, Hermogenes, Polyænus, Appian, Artemidorus, Justin the martyr, Apuleius, &c.

162 A war with Parthia, which continued three years.
The Britons revolt from the Roman government.

163 Marcus Aurelius, another persecutor, succeeds Antoninus Pius. His reign is noted for distressful wars with the Parthians in the east, and with the Germans, Marcomans, and Quadians in Europe.

169 A war against the Marcomanni, which continues five years.

177 Another which continues three years.

178 Lucius, king of Britain, sends to pope Eleutherus for some Christian preachers.

180 M. Aurelius dies, and Commodus succeeds.
In the last reign flourished Galen, Athenagorus, Tatian, Athenæus Montanus, Diogenes and Laertius.

181 Commodus makes peace with the Germans.

185 London was the seat of an archbishop.

190 Confirmation first took place.

192 Commodus put to death by Martius and Lætus. He is succeeded for a few months by Pertinax, who is murdered in 193, and four rivals arise, Didius Julianus, Pescennius Niger, Severus and Albinus.
Under Commodus flourished J. Pollux, Theodotion, St. Irenæus, &c.
The temple of Vesta, and the temple of Peace, where the vessels of the Jewish sanctuary were deposited, are burnt to the ground.

193 The Saracens defeat the Romans.
After a butchering reign of twelve years, the Emperor Commodus dies, and is succeeded by Severus, who, in his victorious reign of eighteen years, almost recovers the pristine grandeur of the empire.

194 Niger is defeated by Severus at Issus.

198 Albinus defeated in Gaul, and killed at Lyons, February 19th.

200 Severus conquers the Parthians.

202 Fifth persecution against the Christians.

207 Severus visits Britain, and two years after builds a wall there, across from the Frith of Forth.

209 Scotland first received the Christian faith.

211 Severus dies at York, and is succeeded by Caracalla and Geta.
In his reign flourished Tertullian, Minutius Felix, Papinianus, Clemens of Alexandria, Philostratus, Plotianus and Bulas.

212 Geta killed by his brother Caracalla.

217 The septuagint discovered.
Caracalla murdered by Macrinus.
Oppian flourished.

218 Opilius Macrinus killed by his soldiers, and succeeded by Heliogabalus.
The vulgate edition of the bible discovered.

220 A frost in Britain which held five months.

222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest the empire.
Alexander Severus succeeds Heliogabalus.
The age of Julius Africanus.

After Christ.

226 Artaxerxes, a noble Persian, having rendered himself king of his country, demands from the Romans their territories in Asia, and receives a terrible defeat.

229 The Arsacidæ of Parthia are conquered by Artaxerxes, king of Media, and their empire destroyed.

233 Gold and silver coin used in Scotland.

234 A storm at Canterbury which threw down 200 houses, and killed many families.

Alexander defeats the Persians.

235 The sixth persecution against the Christians.

Alexander killed and succeeded by Maximinus.

At that time flourished Dion Cassius, Origen and Ammonius.

236 The two Gordians succeeded Maximinus, and are put to death by Pupienus, who soon after is destroyed, with Balbinus, by the soldiers of the younger Gordian.

240 Sabinianus defeated in Africa.

242 Gordian marches against the Persians.

244 Gordian is put to death by Philip, who succeeds, and makes peace with Sapor the next year.

Censorius and Gregory Thaumatugus flourished.

245 The sea swallowed up many thousand acres of land in Lincolnshire.

249 Philip killed and succeeded by Decius.

Herodian flourished.

250 The seventh persecution against the Christians.

The river Thames frozen nine weeks.

While Decius the emperor terribly persecutes the Christians, a plague of fifteen years continuance, begins to ravage the empire.

251 Decius succeeded by Gallus.

252 A great pestilence over the empire.

254 Gallus dies, and is succeeded by Æmilianus, Valerianus and Gallienus.

St. Cyprian and Plotinus flourished.

257 The eighth persecution against the Christians.

258 The empire is harassed by thirty tyrants successively.

260 Valerian is taken by Sapor and flayed alive.

262 Odenatus sets up for king of Palmyra or Tadmor: and for eleven years, he and Zenobia his queen performed wonders of bravery against the Persians and Romans.

267 The Scythians and Goths defeated by Cleodamus and Athenæs.

268 Gallienus killed, and succeeded by Claudius.

In this reign flourished Longinus, Paulus Samosatenus, &c.

269 Claudius conquers the Goths, and kills 300,000 of them.

Zenobia takes possession of Egypt.

270 Aurelian succeeds.

272 A famine in Britain, so that persons eat the bark of trees.

The ninth persecution against the Christians.

273 Zenobia defeated at Edessa,

274 Dacia ceded to the Barbarians by the emperor.

Silk first brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by some monks 551, first worn by the clergy in England 1534.

After Christ.

275 Aurelian killed, and succeeded by Tacitus, who died after a reign of six months, and was succeeded by Florianus, and two months after, by Probus,

277 Probus makes an expedition into Gaul.

280 He defeats the Persians in the east.

282 Probus is put to death, and is succeeded by Carus, and his sons Carinus and Numerianus.

284 Dioclesian succeeds.

286 The empire attacked by the Barbarians of the north.
Dioclesian takes Maximianus as his imperial colleague.

291 Two emperors, and two Cæsars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.

294 The city of London walled, and a palace built.

296 Britain recovered, after a tyrant's usurpation of ten years.
Alexandria taken by Dioclesian.

298 Mechanical arts exceeded in Britain those of Gaul.

303 The tenth persecution of the Christians, which continues ten years.

304 Dioclesian and Maximianus abdicate the empire, and live in retirement, succeeded by Constantius Chlorus and Galerius Maximianus, the two Cæsars.
J. Capitolinus, Arnobius, Gregory and Hermogenes the lawyers, Ælius, Spartianus, Hierocles, Flavius Vopiscus, Trebellius Pollio, &c. flourished.

306 Constantius died at York, and was succeeded by his son, the great Constantine.
London wall built.
A famine in Scotland, when thousands were starved.

308 There were four emperors Constantine, Licinius, Maximianus and Maxentius.
Cardinals first began.

310 Forty thousand persons perished by famine in England and Wales.

312 Maxentius defeated and killed by Constantine.

313 The tenth persecution ends by an edict of Constantine, who favours the Christians, and gives full liberty to their religion.

314 Three bishops, or fathers, are sent from Britain to assist at the council of Arles.

316 Surplices first used in churches.

323 Constantine having defeated Lucinius, his heathenish partner, becomes sole emperor, and applies himself to abolish idolatry and superstition; and in about two years after, convenes the council of Nice to settle the affairs of the Christian church.

324 Lucinius defeated and banished by Constantine.

325 The first general council at Nice, composed of 318 bishops, who sit from June 19 to August 25.
The Nicene Creed framed.

328 The seat of the empire removed from Rome to Constantinople.

330 Constantinople solemnly dedicated to the emperor on the 11th of May.
An irruption of the sea in Lancashire.

331 Constantine orders all heathen temples to be destroyed.

After Christ.

337 The death of Constantine, and the succession of his three sons, Constantinus, Constans and Constantius.
In the reign of Constantine flourished Lactantius, Athanasius, Arius and Eselius.

340 Constantine the younger, defeated and killed by Constans at Aquileia.
Saddles first used.
The Athanasian Creed wrote.

349 Four hundred and twenty houses blown down in Carlisle, and many persons killed.

350 Constans killed in Spain by Magnentius.

353 Five thousand persons lost in Cheshire by an irruption of the sea.

354 Gallus put to death by Constantius.

358 One hundred and fifty cities of Greece and Asia ruined by an earthquake.

359 A severe frost in Scotland for fourteen weeks.

360 Constantius and Julian quarrel, and prepare for war; but the former dies the next year, and leaves the latter sole emperor.
Ælius Donatus, Eutropius, Libanius, Ammian, Marcellinus, Jamblicus, St. Hiliary, &c. flourished.

361 Julian the apostate, and nephew of Constantine, succeeds the last of his sons, and re-establishes Paganism; but is cut off, after he had been Cæsar seven years and emperor two.

363 Julian dies, and is succeeded by Jovian.
In Julian's reign flourished Gregory Nazienzen, Themisteus, Aurelius, Victor, &c.

364 Upon the death of Jovian, and the succession of Valens and Valentinian, the empire is divided, the former being emperor of the east and the other of the west.

367 Gratian taken as partner in the western empire by Valentinian.

373 Firmus, tyrant of Africa, defeated.

375 Valentinian the Second succeeds Valentinian the First.

376 The Goths permitted to settle in Thrace, on being expelled by the Huns.

379 Theodosius the Great succeeds Valens in the eastern empire.
The Lombards first leave Scandinavia and defeat the Vandals.

383 Gratian defeated and killed by Andragathius.

388 The tyrant Maximus defeated and put to death by Theodosius.

392 Eugenius usurps the western empire, and is two years after defeated by Theodosius.

395 Theodosius dies, and is succeeded by his sons, Arcadius in the east, and Honorius in the west.
In the reign of Theodosius flourished Ausonius, Eunapius Pappus, Theon, Prudentius, St. Austin, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, &c.

398 Gildo, defeated by his own brother, kills himself.

400 Bishops appointed by the people.
Bells invented by Bishop Paulinus, of Campagnia.

402 The patronage of churches began.

404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.

405 Stilicho defeats 200,000 of the Goths, at Fesulæ.

406 The Vandals, Alani, and Suevi, permitted to settle in Spain and France, by Honorius.

After Christ.

408 Theodosius the younger succeeds Arcadius in the east, having Isdegerdes, king of Persia, as his guardian, appointed by his father.

41[illegible] Constantine, a British prince, was elected the first British king after Lucius.

Rome plundered by Alarac, king of the Visigoths, August 24th.

412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.

413 The kingdom of the Burgundians is began in Alsace.

415 The Visigoths found a kingdom at Toulouse.

Roman highways were made in Britain.

416 Colchester destroyed by a storm, and many people killed.

417 The Alani defeated and extirpated by the Goths.

420 The kingdom of the French begins on the Lower Rhine.

423 The death of Honorius and succession of Valentinian the Third.

Under Honorius flourished Sulpicius Severus, Macrobius, Anianus, Panodorus, Stobæus, Servius the commentator, Hypatia, Pelagius, Synesius, Cyrill, Orosius, Socrates, &c.

425 Theodosius establishes public schools at Constantinople, and attempts the restoration of learning.

426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence and trust to their own valour.

427 Pannonia recovered from the Huns by the Romans.

The Vandals pass into Africa.

428 The French defeated by Ætius.

432 St. Patrick preached the gospel in Ireland.

433 The season of Advent was first observed.

439 Genseric, the Vandal, takes Carthage, and begins the kingdom of the Vandals in Africa.

445 The Britons, subject to the Romans, being terribly distressed by the Scots and Picts, invite the Saxons into England for their assistance. These barbarous Heathens, from time to time, assisted by their countrymen from Germany, ruin the British church, and murder most of the ancient Britons, except a small handful in Wales. Soon after the Saxons become a kind of Christians.

447 Attila, king of the Huns, ravages Europe.

449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, against the Saxons and Picts.

450 Theodosius the Second dies, and is succeeded by Marcianus.

Zozimus, Nestorius, Theodoret, Sozomen, Olympiodorus, &c. flourished.

452 The city of Venice first began to be known.

454 Death of Valentinian the Third, who is succeeded by Maximus for two months, by Avitus for ten, and after an inter-regnum of ten months, by Majorianus.

455 Rome taken by Genseric in July.

The kindom of Kent first established.

The Saxons having repulsed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.

456 The Suevi defeated by Theodoric on the Ebro.

After Christ.

457 Marcianus dies, and is succeeded by Leo, surnamed the Thracian.
Vortimer defeated by Hengist, at Crayford, in Kent.

461 Severus succeeds in the western empire.

463 The paschal cycle of 532 years, invented by Victorius, of Aquitain.

467 Anthemius succeeds in the western empire, after an inter-regnum of two years.

472 Olybrius succeeds Anthemius, and is succeeded the next year, by Glycerius, and Glycerius by Nepos.

474 Nepos is succeeded by Augustulus.
Leo junior, son of Ariadne, though an infant, succeeds his grandfather Leo in the eastern empire, and some months after, is succeeded by his father Zeno.

476 Augustulus the last emperor is deposed by the Heruli, and other Barbarians, which he had disbanded from his army, headed by Odoacer, whom, though but a private soldier of the guards, they had chosen for their general or king.
About this time the empire began to consist of ten particular sovereignties.
The western empire is destroyed by Odoacer, king of Heruli, who assumes the title of king of Italy.
Eutyches, Prosper, Victorius, and Sidonius Apollinaris flourished.
Hengist's treacherous massacre of 300 English nobles at an entertainment at Stonehenge

479 Constantine, king of Scotland, slain by a nobleman, for ravishing his daughter.

480 Constantinople partly destroyed by an earthquake, which lasted forty days at intervals.

485 The battle of Soissons and victory of Clovis over Siagrius the Roman general.

491 After the death of Zeno in the east, Ariadne married Anastasius, surnamed the Silentiary, who ascends the vacant throne.

493 Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, revolts about this time, and conquers Italy from the Heruli.
Bœthius and Symmachus flourish.
Odoacer is reduced, and treacherously murdered by Theodoric king of the Goths, who seizes on his territory; but about sixty years after, in A. D. 553, this kingdom of the Goths is reduced by Narces, the famed general of Justinian, the emperor of the eastern parts of the Roman empire.

496 Christianity embraced in France by the baptism of Clovis.

501 The Burgundian laws published by King Gondebaud.

507 Alaric defeated at Clovis, at the battle of Vorcille, near Poitiers.

508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.

510 Paris made the capital of the French dominions.

514 Constantinople besieged by Vitalianus, whose fleet is burned with a brazen speculum by Proclus.

516 The computing of time by the Christian era, introduced first by Dionysius.

518 Justin the First, a peasant of Dalmatia, makes himself emperor.

519 Round table order of knighthood began.

After Christ.

527 Justinian the First, nephew of Justin, succeeds.
Under his glorious reign flourished Belisarius, Jornandes, Paul the silentiary, Simplicus, Dionysius, Procopius, Proclus, Narses, &c.
528 Swearing on the Gospels first used.
529 Justinian publishes his celebrated code of laws and four years after his digest.
531 University of Cambridge first chartered.
524 Morietic, king of Ireland, drowned in a hogshead of wine.
534 Conquest of Africa by Bellisarius, and that of Rome, two years after.
538 Italy is invaded by the Franks.
542 The Roman consulship is suppressed by Justinian.
543 A great plague which arose in Africa, and desolated Asia and Europe.
545 The beginning of the Turkish empire in Asia.
547 The kingdom of Northumberland began.
Rome taken and pillaged by Totila.
551 The manufacture of silk introduced from India into Europe by monks.
553 Defeat and death of Totila, the Gothic king of Italy.
557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Asia and Africa, which continued near fifty years.
565 Justin the Second, son of Vigilanti, the sister of Justinian, succeeds.
568 Part of Italy conquered by the Lombards from Pannonia, who form a kingdom there.
Crosses first set upon steeples.
578 Tiberius the Second, an officer of the imperial guards, is adopted, and soon after, succeeds.
581 Latin ceases to be the language of Italy about this time.
583 The Mercian kingdom began.
Maurice, the Cappadocian, son-in-law of Tiberius, succeeds.
587 The invention of anchors.
590 The laws of the land translated into Saxon.
Gregory the First, surnamed the Great, fills St. Peter's chair at Rome.
The few men of learning who flourished the latter end of this century, were Gildas, Agathias, Gregory of Tours the father of French history, Evagrius and St. Augustin the Monk.
596 The first Christian burial-place in Britain.
Canterbury made the metropolitan archbishopric by St. Augustin.
597 Augustin the Monk, with forty others, comes to preach Christianity in England.
600 About this time the Saxon Heptarchy began in England.
Feodal or Feudal System introduced by the Saxons.
602 Phocas, a simple centurion, is elected emperor, after the revolt of the soldiers, and the murder of Maurice and of his children.
605 The first establishment of the court of chancery.
606 The power of the Popes begin to be established by the concessions of Phocas.
After the Roman bishops had long, and chiefly for the last 300 years, by force or fraud, struggled for the supremacy over the whole Christian church, Boniface the Third, by flattery of the base Phocas, emperor of Constantinople, procures himself the character of universal bishop; and from this time we date the rise of Antichrist.

After Christ.

606 Mahomet, the eastern impostor, commenced his pretences to a supernatural mission and character; but it was some years after before he made his public appearance.

610 Laws published in the Saxon tongue.
St. Paul's, in London, built.
Heraclius, an officer of Africa, succeeds, after the murder of the usurper Phocas.

611 The conquests of Chosroes, king of Persia, in Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor and afterwards his siege of Rome.

614 The Persians take Jerusalem, with the slaughter of 90,000 men, and the next year they over-run Africa.
Westminster Abbey built.

622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and tenth of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this era, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.

626 Constantinople is besieged by the Persians and Arabs.

628 The first stone church built at Lincoln.
York cathedral built.

632 The Mahometan Saracens conquer and put an end to the kingdom of Persia, after it had for 400 years been a terrible scourge to the Roman empire.
The death of Mahomet.

637 Jerusalem taken by the Saracens.

640 Parishes in England first laid out, being 45,000, afterwards reduced to 8700.
Alexandria, in Egypt is taken by the Saracens, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar, their caliph or prince.

641 Constantine the Third, son of Heraclius, in partnership with Heracleonas, his brother by the same father, assumes the imperial purple. Constantine reigns 103 days, and after his death his son.
Constantine's son Constans is declared emperor, though Heracleonus, with his mother Martina, wished to continue in possession of the supreme power.

648 Cyprus taken by the Saracens.

653 The Saracens take Rhodes, and destroy the Colossus.
London first made a bishopric.

664 Glass invented in England by Benalt, a monk.

666 Pope Vitalian orders public prayers be performed in the Latin tongue, and so marks the western churches with an implicit subjection to Rome.

668 Constantine the Fourth, surnamed Pogonatus, succeeds on the murder of his father in Sicily.

669 The Saracens ravage Sicily.

670 Building with stone brought into England by Bennet, a monk.

673 Constantinople besieged by the Saracens, whose fleet is destroyed by the Greek fire.

677 Rochester burnt by Ethelred, king of Mercia.

After Christ.

685 Justinian the Second, succeeds his father Constantine. In his exile of ten years, the purple was usurped by Leontius and Absimerus Tiberius. His restoration happened 704.

The only men of learning in this century were Secundus, Isidorus, Theophylactus, Geo. Pisides, Callinicus, and the venerable Bede.

The Britons, after a brave struggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.

690 Pepin engrosses the power of the whole French monarchy.

695 The Thames frozen for six weeks, so as to build booths upon it.

701 A storm at Lincoln which threw down above 100 houses.

709 Silver plate first used by Welford, bishop of Northumberland.

Africa finally conquered by the Saracens.

711 Bardanes, surnamed Phillippicus, succeeds at Constantinople, on the murder of Justininan.

712 Great contention about the worship of images began in the church. While the eastern emperors, Leo Isauricus, Constantius Copronymus, and Charles the Great of France and Germany, and multitudes of the clergy opposed it, the Popes and others promoted it.

713 Spain is conquered by the Saracens.

Accession of Artemius, or Anastasius the Second, to the throne.

715 Anastasius abdicates, and is succeeded by Theodosius the Third, who, two years after, yields to the superior influence of Leo the Third, the first of the Isaurian dynasty.

717 Second but unsuccessful siege of Constantinople by the Saracens.

727 Tax called Peterpence began by Ina, king of Wessex, to support a college at Rome.

732 Saracens defeated by Charles Martel, between Tours and Pointiers, in October.

739 A famine all over England, Wales and Scotland.

740 Church-yards first admitted into cities.

741 Constantine the Fifth, surnamed Copronymus succeeds his Father Leo.

742 Six hundred cities destroyed by earthquakes.

746 The Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c. translated into Saxon.

Scripture ordered to be read in British monasteries.

Dreadful pestilence for three years over Europe and Asia.

748 The computation of years from the birth of Christ, first used in historical writings.

749 Learning encouraged by the race of Abbas Caliph of the Saracens.

750 The Merovingian race of kings end in France.

751 Organs first brought to Europe, and used in churches.

752 Pope Zacharias begins to dispose of kingdoms, and gives away the kingdom of France from the true heir and line, to Pepin, whose young master, king Childeric, is shut up in a monastery. In return of which, Pepin, about four years after, assists Pope Stephen to commence a civil prince of the duchy of Rome, and places adjacent; and Charles the Great, the son of Pepin, having by the pope's assistance, seized the kingdom of the Lombards, confirms the Pope's civil right to his territories, and adds thereto; nay, kisses the steps of the stair as he went up to the Pope.

758 Burials first allowed in church-yards.

After Christ.

760 The empire of the Saracens was in its principal grandeur.
762 Bagdad built, and made the capital of the Caliphs of the house of Abbas.
A plague in England.
763 A violent frost for 150 days from October to February.
770 Monasteries dissolved in the east by Constantine.
771 The plague at Chichester, of which 34,000 died.
774 Pavia taken by Charlemagne, which ends the kingdom of the Lombards, after a duration of 206 years.
775 Leo the Fourth, son of Constantine, succeeds, and five years after, is succeeded by his wife Irene, and his son Constantine the Sixth.
786 Pleading introduced into English courts of judicature.
788 Plague in the city of Canterbury.
789 The custom of pledging in drinking began.
790 Trumpets first sounded before English kings.
792 A famine in Wales and Scotland.
795 The Danes first visited the coasts of Scotland and Ireland.
797 Irene murders her son and reigns alone.
The only men of learning in this century were Johannes Damascenus, Fredegaire, Alcuinus, Paulus Diaconus, and George the monk.
800 After reducing the kingdom of France, and great part of Germany, Charles the Great has the title of emperor confirmed to him by the Pope. This is the rise of the German empire. Afterwards we find the German electors confirmed in their power by the Pope; and several of the emperors deposed when they displeased his holiness.
Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the western empire.
———— gives the present names to the winds and months.
———— endéavours to restore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet disposed for it.
The Norman invasions now commenced.
801 Egbert ascends the throne of England, but the total reduction of the Saxon heptarchy is not effected until 26 years after.
802 Nicephorus the First, great treasurer of the empire succeeds.
807 The Danes first landed in Ireland, and destroyed Roscommon.
809 Order of St. Andrew in Scotland instituted.
811 Stauracius, son of Nicephorus, and Michael the First, surnamed Rhangabe, the husband of Procopia, sister of Stauracius, assume the purple.
813 Leo the Fifth, the Armenian, though but an officer of the palace, ascends the throne of Constantinople.
816 Learning encouraged among the Saracens by Almamon, who made observations on the sun, &c.
820 Title of king of England first used.
Claude, bishop of Turin, with great boldness and success, propagates the truth in opposition to Popery. Multitudes about Savoy and Piedmont embrace and adhere to it.
821 Michael the Second, the Thracian, surnamed the Stammerer, succeeds, after the murder of Leo.
823 The Saracens of Spain take Crete, which they call Candia.
826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects for being a Christian.

After Christ.

827 Egbert, by an edict, orders all the south part of the island to be called England.
The Almagest of Ptolemy translated into Arabic, by order of Almamon.
829 Theophilus succeeds his father Michael.
836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.
838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of the Scottish history.
839 Origin of the Russian monarchy
Orkney Isles sold by Denmark to Scotland.
842 Michael the Third, succeeds his father Theophilus with his mother Theodora.
851 The Danes landed at the mouth of the Thames and took Canterbury and London.
Dublin taken by the Danes.
853 The Normans get possession of some cities in France.
867 Michael is murdered and succeeded by Basil the First, the Macedonian.
The Danes begin their ravages in England.
872 Clocks first brought to Constantinople from Venice.
880 Alfred recovers England from the Danes.
882 Aldermen first appointed.
885 Alfred repairs the city of London.
886 Basil is succeeded by his son Leo the Sixth, the philosopher.
In this century flourished Mesue, the Arabian physician, Eginhard, Rabanus, Albumasar, Godescalchus, Hincmarus, Odo, Photius, John Scotus, Anastasius, the librarian, Alfraganus, Albategni, Regimon, and John Asser.
887 Paris besieged by the Normans, and bravely defended by Bishop Goslin.
896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought fifty-six battles by sea and land) composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts and founds the university of Oxford.
897 Knighthood first used in England.
900 Death of Alfred, king of England, after a reign of thirty years.
910 The Saracens were divided into a vast number of sovereignties, and their empire much weakened.
911 Alexander, brother of Leo, succeeds with his nephew Constantine the Seventh, surnamed Porphyrogenitus.
912 The Normans establish themselves in France, under Rollo.
915 Doomsday-book began.
Cambridge University founded.
919 Romanus the First, surnamed Lecapenus, general of the fleet, usurps the throne, with his three sons, Christopher, Stephen, and Constantine the Eighth.
A storm which destroyed above 40 houses in Cambridge.
923 The river Thames frozen for 13 weeks.
Fiefs established in France.
925 Coroners became officers of the realm.
933 Constantine III. king of Scotland, resigned his crown and became monk.

After Christ.

936 Saracen empire divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.
942 Naples seized by the Eastern emperors.
Ireland over-run by the Danes.
944 A storm in London, which threw down 1500 houses.
945 The sons of Romanus conspire against their father, and the tumults this occasioned produced the restoration of Porphyrogenitus.
946 Theft made punishable with death.
947 The Danes are overcome in battle by the Irish.
951 Southampton nearly destroyed in a storm by lightning.
954 A plague in Scotland which destroyed 40,000 persons.
959 Romanus the Second, son of Constantine the Seventh, by Helena, the daughter of Lecapenus, succeeds.
960 The first tunable set of bells hung up at Croyland Abbey.
963 Romanus, poisoned by his wife Thophana, is succeeded by Nicephorus Phocas the Second, whom the empress, unable to reign alone under the title of protectress of her young children, had married.
964 St. Paul's, London, burned.
Italy conquered by Ortho, and united to the German empire.
968 Bells first consecrated.
969 Nicephorus, at the instigation of Theophana, is murdered by John Zimisces, who assumes the purple.
970 Division of Wales into North, South and Powis Land.
971 Tribute of wolves' heads paid to England by the Welsh.
975 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
Basil the Second, and Constantine the Ninth, the two sons of Romanus, by Theophana, succeed on the death of Zimisces.
979 Coronation oaths first used in England.
Juries first instituted, and customs first collected.
980 Stone buildings introduced into England.
982 Great part of London destroyed by fire.
984 England invaded by the Welsh.
987 The third or Capetian race of kings in France, begins July 3d.
991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the alphabet were hitherto used.
996 The empire of Germany first made elective by Otho III.
The learned men of this century were Eudes de Cluni, Azophi, Luitprand, Alfarabius, Rhazes, Geber, Abbo, Aimoin, and Gerbert.
999 Boleslaus, first king of Poland.
1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford 1588.
1002 A general massacre of the Danes in England, on Sunday Nov. 13.
1004 Norwich destroyed by Swain of Denmark.
1005 All the old churches rebuilt.
A famine in England.
1008 The Danes subdue great part of England.
1011 Canterbury Cathedral burnt by the Danes, and nine-tenths of the inhabitants destroyed.
1014 Flanders inundated in consequence of a violent storm.
1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold in England.
1016 London bridge built of wood.
1017 Canute is fully established king of England.

After Christ.

1018 Annual amount of the land-tax in England, 82,000l.
1020 The Danes settled in Scotland.
1025 Constantine become sole emperor on the death of his brother.
1027 William duke of Normandy born.
1028 Romanus the Third, surnamed Argyrus, a patrician, succeeds by marrying Zoe, the daughter of the late monarch.
1032 Scotland divided into baronies.
1034 Zoe, after prostituting herself to a Paphlagonian money lender, causes her husband Romanus to be poisoned, and afterwards marries her favourite, who ascends the throne under the name of Michael the Fourth.
1035 The kingdom of Castiles and Arragon began.
1040 The Danes, after several engagements, with various success, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.
1041 The first sermon preached at the coronation of Edward the Confessor.
The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.
Zoe adopts for her son Michael the Fifth, the trade of whose father (careening vessels) had procured him the surname of Calaphates.
1042 Zoe, and her sister Theodora, are made sole empresses by the populace, but after two months, Zoe, though 60 years old, takes for her third husband, Constantine the Tenth, who suceeeds.
1043 The Turks, (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.
1047 A famine in Scotland which continued for two years.
1048 An earthquake at Worcester and Derby.
1050 The Seljukian Turks, who had, for almost 300 years before, been pouring themselves from the north-east into Persia, Mesopotamia, Armenia, &c. erected the four sultanies or kingdoms of Bagdad, Damascus, Aleppo, and Iconium, not far from the Euphrates. But some place the erection of Tangrolipix kingdom in Persia, A. D. 1033, or 1037, and his conquest of Bagdad, in 1041.
Broad Seal of England first used.
1051 William, duke of Normandy, visited king Edward.
1052 The Court of Hustings granted to the city of London.
1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.
After the death of Constantine, Theodora recovers the sovereignty, and 19 months after, adopts, as her successor, Michael the Sixth, surnamed Stratioticus.
1057 Isaac Commenus the First, chosen emperor by the soldiers.
Malcolm III. king of Scotland, killed the tyrant and usurper Macbeth.
1058 King Edward the Confessor, the first who touched for the king's evil.
1059 Isaac Commenus abdicates, and when his brother refuses to succeed him, he appoints his friend Constantine the Eleventh, surnamed Ducas.
1060 French language and customs first used in England.
1063 The river Thames frozen 14 weeks.
1065 Jerusalem conquered by the Turks from the Saracens.
Laws of Edward the Confessor composed.

After Christ.

1065 Sealing deeds and charters first in England.
Westminster Abbey rebuilt.

1066 The battle of Hastings, fought between Harold and William, (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain, after which William becomes king of England.

1067 On the death of Ducas, his wife Eudocia, instead of protecting his three sons, Michael, Andronicus, and Constantine, usurps the sovereignty, and married Romanus the Third, surnamed Diogenes.
The Cinque Ports first appointed.
The city of Exeter refused allegiance, but compelled to submit.

1068 England divided into baronies.
Curfew bell established.

1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Musical notes invented.

1071 Romanus being taken prisoner by the Turks, the three young princes ascend the throne, under the name of Michael Parapinaces the Seventh, Andronicus the First, and Constantine the Twelfth.

1072 The bishops made barons.
Vice of swearing introduced.

1074 The first beheading of aldermen in England.

1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany and the Pope quarrel about the nomination of the German bishops. Henry, in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.

1076 Justices of the peace first appointed in England.
Bishopricks removed from villages to great towns.

1077 London much damaged by fire.

1078 Tower of London built.
The general Nicephorus Botaniates the Third, assumes the purple.

1079 Court of Exchequer instituted, and sheriffs first appointed.
The Jews first arrived in England.
The New Forest in Hampshire began to be made.

1080 Doomsday-book begun to be compiled from a general survey of the estates of England, and finished in six years.

1081 Alexius the Commenus First, nephew of Isaac the First, ascends the throne. His reign is rendered illustrious by the pen of his daughter, the princess Anna Commena.
The Normans, under Robert of Apulia, invade the eastern empire.

1084 Asia Minor finally conquered by the Turks.

1087 Accession of William the II. to the English throne.
The first English stone bridge at Bow, near Stratford.
Gold first coined in England.
A famine in England.
A fire in London.

1088 Robert, duke of Normandy, conspires against England.
The Danes from Dublin burnt Waterford in Ireland.

1090 An earthquake in England, followed by scarcity.
The Norman rebellion extinguished.
Corporations began in England.
London not then paved.
Feudal system introduced into Scotland.

After Christ.

1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.

A violent storm in England, by which 500 houses are thrown down and Bow Church in London unroofed, the church steeple and many houses thrown down at Old Sarum, and Winchelscomb church steeple, in Gloucestershire, thrown down.

1095 The Welsh rebel, and defeat the Normans and English.

1096 The European Christians begin their mad expeditions or croisades for the recovery of Canaan from the Turks and other Mahometans. At the expence of many millions of lives, this war is to no purpose carried on for about 200 years.

The Seljukian Turks not a little harrassed the Constantinopolitan empire.

1099 Jerusalem taken by the crusaders, 15th July.

The only learned men of this century were Avicenna, Guy d'Arezzo, Glaber, Hermannus, Franco, Peter Damiani, Michael Celularius, Geo. Cedrenus, Berenger, Psellus, Marianus, Scotus, Arzachel, William of Spires, Suidas, Peter the Hermit, and Sigebert.

1100 Tower of London walled in.

Curfew bell abolished after 32 years.

Taxes raised arbitrarily.

Coats of arms and heraldry introduced.

Goodwin Sands first formed, the sea overflowing 4000 acres.

Privilege of making wills granted.

Henry the I. succeeds to the throne of England.

1101 Silver coin first made round.

The measure of an ell or yard fixed by Henry the First's arm.

1102 Gloucester abbey, and the city of Winchester burned.

1107 The first king's speech delivered by Henry I.

1109 Land-tax of England three shillings per hide.

1110 Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.

Cambridge University revived.

1111 A great mortality among men and cattle.

1114 Several bridges, at that time of timber, destroyed by frost.

1115 St. Stephen's, now the House of Commons, built.

1116 Parliaments first met.

1118 Order of Knights Templars established.

John, or Calojohannes, son of Alexius, succeeds at Constantinople.

1120 Henry the First's eldest son, and two other children, with 180 nobility, shipwrecked and lost in coming from Normandy.

1123 Woodstock park the first in England.

1127 Churchwardens and overseers instituted.

1132 A fire in London.

Concubines allowed to the priests.

1135 Accession of Stephen to the English crown.

1137 Danegelt, or land-tax, abolished by Stephen.

A fire in London.

London bridge built.

After Christ.

1137 York city, its cathedral and 39 churches burnt.
1138 Appeals to the Pope first made from England.
1140 The Guelphs and Gibelines began.
An eclipse, March 21, which brought on total darkness.
Canon law first introduced into England.
1143 Manuel, son of John, succeeds at Constantinople.
1147 The second crusade.
1150 Brittany annexed to the crown of France.
1351 The canon law composed by Gratian, after 24 years' labour.
1153 Eleven hundred castles demolished in England.
1154 Henry the II. succeeds in England.
The party name of Guelphs and Gibbelines begin in Italy.
1159 Scutage, the first tax in England levied to pay an army.
1160 Bills of Exchange first mentioned.
Thirty German heretics in England famished to death.
The Waldenses in Savoy, Piedmont, and the south of France, become famous in their zealous opposition to Antichrist; and on that account about a million of them are afterwards murdered by the Papists.
1163 London bridge, consisting of 19 small arches, first built of stone.
1164 Herring-fishing first practised.
The Teutonic order of religious knights begin in Germany.
1169 The conquest of Egypt by the Turks.
1171 Four knights massacre Thomas a Becket.
Preston guild established.
1172 Henry II. king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, or lord-lieutenant.
1174 Henry II. arrived from Normandy, and did penance at Becket's tomb.
1176 England divided into circuits, and itinerant judges appointed.
1177 A fat ox sold for 12d. a sheep for 4d. provender for 20 horses 4d. and bread for 100 men 12d.
1179 York city again burnt by the Danes.
1180 Glass windows used in private houses in England.
Alexius the II. succeeds his father Manuel.
1181 English laws digested by Glanville.
1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
1183 From the disorders of the government, on account of the minority of Alexius, Andronicus, the grandson of the great Alexius, is named guardian, but he murders Alexius and ascends the throne.
1184 Justices in eyre, or of the forests appointed.
1185 Andronicus is cruelly put to death, and Isaac Angelus, a descendant of of the great Alexius by the female line, succeeds.
The Knights Templars founded the Temple, London.
Ireland conquered by the English.
1186 The great conjunction of the sun and moon, and all the planets, in the sign Libra.
1187 St. Paul's Church built on stone arches, hitherto unknown.
1188 The third crusade and siege of Acre.
1189 Henry II. died with grief at the altar, cursing his sons.

After Christ.

1189 Richard the I. succeeds his father Henry in England.
Jews massacred at the coronation of Richard I. 500 perished at York.
Sheriffs in London first appointed.

1191 Coarse woollen cloth introduced into England.
An eclipse when the stars appeared at ten in the morning, June 22nd.

1192 The battle of Ascalon, in Judæa, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladine's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.
Houses in London ordered (to prevent fire) to be of stone, and covered with slates.

1193 Richard I. ransomed for 150,000 marks, or 100,000*l.* of our money.
A great dearth in England and France, followed by a pestilence which held three years, when wheat sold for 20s. per quarter, equal to 6*l.* now.

1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* first used on Richard's victory over the French.

1195 Alexius Angelus, brother of Isaac, revolts and usurps the sovereignty, by putting out the eyes of the emperor.

1199 Interest first mentioned as legal at ten per cent.
John succeeds to the English throne.
The learned men of this century were, Peter Abelard, Anna Commena, St. Bernard, Averroes, William of Malmesbury, Peter Lombard, Otho Trisisingensis, Maimonides, Humenus, Wernerus, Gratian, Jeoffry of Monmouth, Tzetzes, Eustathius, John of Salisbury, Simon of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, Peter Comestor, Peter of Blois, Ranulph Glanville, Roger Hoveden, Campanus, William of Newburgh.

1200 Chimnies first introduced into buildings.
Surnames now became common in England.

1201 Cities first incorporated.

1202 Assize of bread first appointed.

1203 The first regular parliament was held.
The French and Venetian crusaders, in their way to Canaan, drive the usurping emperor of Constantinople from his capital, and retain it, and part of the empire for 57 years.
Constantinople is besieged and taken by the Latins, and Isaac is taken from his dungeon and replaced on the throne with his son Alexis.
This year is remarkable for the fourth crusade.

1204 The father and son are murdered by Alexius Mourzoufle, and Constantinople is again besieged and taken by the French and Venetians, who elect Baldwin, count of Flanders, emperor of the east.
Theodore Lascaris makes himself emperor of Nice.
Alexius, grandson of the tyrant Andronicus, becomes emperor of Trebizond.
Michael, an illegitimate child of the Angeli, founds an empire in Epirus

1205 Barons first summoned to parliament.
A hail storm as large as hen's eggs, which destroyed the corn, demolished many houses, and many perished.
The emperor Baldwin is defeated by the Bulgarians, and next year is succeeded by his brother Henry.

1206 Reign and conquests of the great Zingis Khan, first emperor of the Moguls and Tartars, until the time of his death, 1227.

After Christ.

1208 London incorporated, and obtain their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magistrates, from King John.
Bishops banished from England, by King John.

1209 Aristotle's works imported from Constantinople are condemned by the council of Paris.
Bull-baiting first practised at Stamford, in Lincolnshire.
London-bridge (of stone) finished after 33 years.

1210 The Tartars, under Jenghiz-khan and his sons, over-run almost all Asia, and a part of Europe, and found the three Tartar empires of Persia and Kipzak.
Banns of marriage ordered to be made public.

1212 Fire on London-bridge destroyed 2000 persons.

1215 Magna Charta signed by King John, and the barons at Runneymead, June 15th.
Court of Common Pleas established.

1216 Wheat sold at 12d. per quarter, beans and oats at 4d.
Henry III. succeeds his father John on the English throne.

1217 Peter of Courtenay, the husband of Yolanda, sister of the two last emperors, Baldwin and Henry, is made emperor by the Latins.

1220 Salisbury cathedral built.

1221 Robert, son of Peter Courtenay, succeeds.

1222 Theodore Lascaris is succeeded on the throne of Nice by his son-in-law John Ducas Vataces.

1226 The pope first collected the tenths of church livings in England, and is refused an annual sum from its cathedrals and monastries.
Marriages first celebrated in churches.

1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Khan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.
A conspiracy against Henry for cancelling Magna Charta.

1228 John of Brienne, and Baldwin the Second, son of Peter, succeeded on the throne of Constantinople.

1233 The inquisition which had been begun 1204 is now trusted to the Dominicans.
Thunder for 15 days with violent tempests of rain.
Houses of London and other cities still thatched with straw.

1234 Straw used for the king's bed.
Coals discovered near Newcastle.
Cider, called wine, made in England.

1235 Thames flowed so high, that the lawyers were brought out of Westminster Hall in boats.

1236 Leaden pipes for conveying water invented.

1237 Water began to be conveyed to London in leaden pipes.

1240 Origin of the Ottomans.

1241 The first punishment of hanging, drawing and quartering.
Tin only known in Devon and Cornwall.

1242 King Henry III. pledged his crown and jewels on his daughter's marriage.
Aldermen of London first appointed.

After Christ.

1244 The chancellor's court established at Oxford.
1245 Savoy Palace, Strand, London, built.
1246 Tiles first used in England.
Houses in London still thatched with straw.
Cheapside then lay out of the city.
1248 The fifth crusade
1252 Roger Bacon invented the magic lantern.
1253 Astronomical tables composed by Alphonso the XI. of Castile.
Linen first made in England.
The Bible divided into chapters.
1255 Eighteen Jews hanged, and about 200 heavily fined, for mal-practices at Lincoln.
Tapestry introduced by Sir F. Crane.
Ducas Vataces is succeeded on the throne of Nice by his son Theodore Lascaris the II.
1257 Standard weights and measures fixed.
Gold first coined.
1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.
Counties first authorized to send members to parliament.
1259 Lascaris succeeded by his son John Lascaris, a miner.
1260 Roger Bacon invented magnifying glasses.
Michael Palæologus, son of the sister of the queen of Theodore Lascaris ascends the throne, after the murder of the young prince's guardian.
1261 Constantinople is recovered from the Latins by the Greek emperors of Nice.
1262 Seven hundred Jews slain in London, for demanding more than 2d. per week interest on 20s.
Thirteen rioters hanged of the goldsmiths' and taylors' companies'.
1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the western isles.
1264 The commons of England first summoned to parliament.
1266 Cities and boroughs first represented in parliament.
Assize of bread and ale first established.
1269 Jews forbid from enjoying freeholds by act of parliament.
The Hamburgh Company incorporated in England.
1271 The cathedral and monastery of Norwich burnt, and the rioters executed in the king's presence.
1272 The first treaty with foreign nations.
Edward I. succeeds on the English throne.
1273 The first coronation feast in England.
Gilding with leaf gold invented.
The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.
1274 Jew money-lenders obliged to wear a plate on their breast.
Customs on exports and imports first granted by parliament.
1275 Usury of Jews restrained by parliament.
1276 Statute of bigamy passed.
1277 Two hundred and sixty-seven Jews hung and quartered for clipping the coin.
1279 Entailing estates introduced.

After Christ.

1279 Ravishing women made a capital offence.
The famous Mortmain act passes in England.

1280 More than 300 houses destroyed by the sea at Winchelsea.
The saddlers' company incorporated.
Charter to Newcastle for digging and using coals.

1281 Margaret, daughter of the king of Scotland, married to the king of Norway.

1282 Fifty Jews suffered at Northampton for mal-practices, and their synagogues were destroyed.
Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
Eight thousand French murdered during the Sicilian vespers, 30th of March.

1284 Edward the First's queen brought to bed at Carnarvon of a son, the first prince of Wales.

1285 Water brought to London, and Cheapside conduit erected.
Fencing schools prohibited in London, as productive of duels.
Westminster Abbey rebuilt.
Alexander III. king of Scotland dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and desolating war between both nations.

1286 Title of prince of Wales first conferred.
Silk mantles first worn by ladies at Kenelworth castle ball.

1287 All the Jews in England seized in one day—15,660 banished and their property confiscated.

1290 Candles of tallow first began to be used.

1291 Barristers first appointed.

1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
Michael Palæologus dies, and his son Andronicus, who had already reigned nine years conjointly with his father, ascends the throne.
The learned men of this century are, Gervase, Diceto, Saxo, Walter of Coventry, Accursius, Anthony of Padua, Alexander Halensis, William of Paris, Peter de Vignes, Mathew Paris, Grosseteste, Albertus, Thomas Aquines, Bonaventura, John Joinville, Roger Bacon, Cimabue, Durandus, Henry of Ghent, Raymond Lulli, Jacob Voragine, Albertet, Duns Scotus and Thebit.

1294 Silver mines discovered in Devonshire.

1296 Edinburgh taken.

1297 Statute relating to taxes and money-bills.
The first admiral in England.

1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia, under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splin ers of wood were used for lights.
Wine sold by apothecaries as a cordial.
Windmills invented.
A goose sold for 4d. a lamb at Christmas for 6d. at other times 4d. and two pullets for five fthings.

After Christ.

1300 Standard for gold and silver fixed by law.
Chimnies only in kitchens or large halls.
Legal interest 20 per cent.
1302 The mariner's compass invented or improved by Flavio.
1304 Edward I. reduced Scotland.
1305 Coals imported in a quantity from Newcastle to London.
1307 Another statute passed for entailing estates.
Interest of money 45 per cent.
The Swiss Cantons begin.
Edward II. succeeds to the English crown.
1308 Translation of the holy see to Avignon, which alienation continued 68 years, until the return of Gregory XI.
1309 A public weighing engine set up in London.
1310 Lincoln's Inn Society established as an inn of court, heretofore the bishop of Chichester's palace.
1311 The knights templars abolished.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals set fire to the conclave and separate.
A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
1318 The greatest earthquake known in England.
A famine in England.
1320 Gold first coined in Christendom; 1344 ditto in England.
Andronicus adopts, as his colleagues, Manuel and his grandson, the younger Andronicus. Manuel dying, Andronicus revolts against his grandfather who abdicates.
1322 Battle of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.
1327 Pardons at coronations first granted in England.
Edward III. succeeds in England.
1330 Seventy families of woollen manufacturers invited into England from the Netherlands.
Gunpowder discovered by a priest.
1331 Two Brabant weavers settled at York.
The first woollen cloth made in England.
1337 The first comet whose course is described with an astronomical exactness.
Title of duke first given in England to Richard, son of Edward the Black Prince.
1339 Sea-fight with the French, 400 sail taken and 30,000 men.
Parliament granted 30,000 sacks of wool to the king.
Speaker of the House of Commons first chose.
Blankets first made in England.
Herald's college instituted.
King of England assumed the title of king of France.
Inner, Middle, and Outer Temple Societies.
Edward III. invaded France, and pawned his crown and jewels for 50,000 florins.
Order of the Garter instituted.
About this time flourished Leo Pilatus, a Greek professor at Florence, Barlaam, Petrarch, Boccace, and Manuel Chrysoloras, where may be fixed the era of the revival of Greek literature in Italy.

After Christ.

1340 Gunpowder and guns first invented by Swartz, a monk.

1341 Andronicus is succeeded by his son John Palæologus in the ninth year of his age. John Cantacuzene, who had been left guardian of the young prince, assumes the purple.

First passage of the Turks into Europe.

1342 The knights and burgesses of Parliament first sit in the same house.

Edward III. made the distinction of Lords and Commons.

1344 Titles first granted by patent.

Statute of premunire passed, to exclude foreigners from ecclesiastical livings.

Knighthood of the Round Table revived.

Edward the Black Prince created Prince of Wales.

1345 The second time of coining gold in England.

First mention of apothecaries in history.

Esquire first used by persons of fortune, not attending knights.

1346 The battle of Cressy.

Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy.

Bombs and mortars invented.

Oil painting first made use of by John Vaneck.

The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.

1347 Seditions of Rienzi at Rome, and his elevation to the tribuneship.

Dearth and famine in England.

Plague of which 50,000 died in London, 1500 in Leicester, &c.

1348 Rain without one dry day or night from Midsummer to Christmas.

1349 Order of the Garter, or St. George, began in England.

1350 Toll-gates or turnpikes first in England.

Brewers, dyers, &c. began to use sea coal for fire.

1351 Groats and half-groats the largest English silver coin.

1353 The Strand in London first built on.

A famine and dearth in England and France, called the Dear Summer.

1354 The money in Scotland until now the same as in England.

1355 Pressing seamen first began.

Harlots and prostitutes obliged to wear a striped dress.

Cantacuzene abdicates the purple.

1356 The battle of Poictiers, in which king John of France and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.

1357 Court of Admiralty erected.

Herring statute passed.

1358 Edward III. quartered the arms of France with England.

1359 Storm of lightning, &c. which killed a vast number of horses and 1000 troops of king Edward III. near Chartres.

1362 Pleadings in English changed from French.

A very dreadful plague in London.

1364 Lord Mayor of London entertains four kings at his table, England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus.

John, king of France, died a prisoner in England.

1368 Three clockmakers came from Delft first into England, and set up a striking clock in Westminster.

1369 Wickliffe first began the Reformation.

After Christ.

1370 Wickliffe and his followers in Britain become famous for their bold opposition to Popery, and their adherence to truth.
John Huss and Jerome, of Prague, and their Bohemian and other German followers, commence their opposition to Popery, and are terribly persecuted and murdered.
Rise of Timour, or Tamerlane, to the throne of Samercand, and his extensive conquests till his death, after a reign of 35 years.
Order of Golden Shield and Thistle began.
Robert Stewart, the 100th king of Scotland, and first of the name of Stewart, crowned at Scoon.

1376 Duchy Court of Lancaster established.

1377 Accession of Richard II. to the English throne.
Plymouth, Portsmouth, Hastings and Rye burnt, and Isle of Wight taken by the French.
Coronation oath now first introduced.
Population of England was 2,092,978 souls.

1378 Plays first performed in England.

1379 A plague in England.

1381 Bills of Exchange the only legal mode of sending money from England.

1386 A company of linen weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.

1387 The first high admiral in England.

1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the earl of Douglas.
Duke of Gloucester and other lords rebel.
English barons first created.
The Lord Chief Justice of England executed for favouring Despotism.
Side-saddles first used in England.
Bishops deprived of being judges in capital offences.

1389 A sea-fight, wherein eighty French ships were taken by the English.
Saffron first brought to England by a pilgrim.
Wine sold at 20s. a ton, the second sort at 13s. 4d.
A famine in England.
A remarkable storm on the queen's landing.

1390 Herring-pickling first invented.
Plays performed by parish clerks.

1391 Brest given up by the English.
Cards invented in France for the king's amusement.
Manuel succeeds his father John Palæologus.

1393 Scotch gold and silver prohibited in England.

1399 King Richard II. taken prisoner by Henry duke of Lancaster, who caused him to be assassinated in Pontefract castle.
Roger, earl of Marshe, and viceroy of Ireland slain.
Copper money used only in Scotland and Ireland.
Accession of Henry the IV. in England.
Westminster Abbey built and enlarged—Westminster Hall ditto.
Order of the Bath instituted, at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.
The learned men in this century were Peter Apono, Flavio, Dante, Arnoldus Villa, Nicholas Lyra, William Occam, Nicephoras Gregoras, Leontius Pilatus, Matthew of Westminster, Wickliffe, Froissart, Nicholas Flamel, &c.

After Christ.

1400 Duke of Exeter's conspiracy against king Henry discovered.
Rebellion of the English and Welsh, and war with Scotland.
Sea coal in general use in London.
Tamerlane, with a great army of Tartars, ravages a great part of Asia, and gives the Ottoman Turks a most terrible defeat, and carries about their Emperor Bajazet in an iron cage.

1401 Welchmen forbid purchasing lands in England.

1402 Battle of Nesbit, when 10,000 Scots were slain.
Decimal Arithmetic invented.

1403 Isle of Man first governed by the earl of Northumberland.

1405 Thirty-one French ships taken or destroyed near Milford Haven.
A bishop first put to death by the civil power.

1406 Earl of Northumberland attainted, and the Isle of Man government given to Sir John Stanley.

1407 Thirty thousand persons died of the plague in London.

1410 Guildhall in London built.

1411 The university of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.

1412 Judge Gascoigne committed the prince of Wales to prison for assaulting him on the bench.

1413 Henry IV. is succeeded by his son Henry V.

1414 Henry V. claimed the crown of France.

1415 Battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.

1416 Henry V. pledged the regalia for 20,000l. to push his conquests.
Emperor Sigismond installed in England a Knight of the Garter.
England invaded by the French.

1417 Paper made of linen rags now used.
Henry V. invaded Normandy with 26,000 men.

1418 Gunpowder first made in England.

1420 The island of Madeira discovered by the Portuguese.
Peace made with France.
Garter king at arms first appointed in England.

1422 First commission of array to raise a militia.
Duke of Bedford began his protectorate.
King Henry died of a pleurisy at Vincennes.
Henry VI. succeeds to the throne of England.
Constantinople is besieged by Amurath II. the Turkish emperor.

1423 Irishmen all ordered out of England.

1424 Freemasons forbid in England.
Prohibition of exporting sheep.
John Palæologus the Second succeeds his father Manuel.

1426 Scotland receives the Orkney and Shetland Isles from Denmark.

1428 Parliament receives petitions against the use of hops.
The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.

1429 Battles of Herrings and Patay, under Joan of Arc.

1430 Laurentius of Harlem invented the art of printing, which he practised with separate wooden types. Guttemberg afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who inventedt he mode of casting types in matrices. Frederick Corsellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fusile types, in 1474.

After Christ.

1430 A national debt was first contracted.
Foreigners allowed to have one-half foreigners on juries, but not allowed to hold church benefices.
Distinction of Gentlemen first in use.
1433 First Lord Mayor who went by water, sworn at Westminster.
1534 Cosmo de Medici recalled from banishment, and rise of that family at Florence.
1435 Duke of Bedford's protectorate ended with his death.
1438 A staircase fell at Bedford assizes, when eighteen persons were killed.
Dearth and famine in England, bread made in many places of fern roots and ivy berries.
1439 The first viscount in England.
1443 The famous pragmatic sanction settled in France.
St. Paul's steeple, London, fired, and that of Waltham Cross consumed by lightning.
1446 The sea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 persons.
1448 Constantine one of the sons of Manuel, ascends the throne after his brother John.
1449 French fleet defeated and taken off Sandwich.
1453 The Lord's Mayor's show, London, instituted.
Guianne, or Gascony, totally lost to England.
Mahomet the Second, emperor of the Turks, besieges and takes Constantinople, on the 29th of May.
Fall of the Eastern empire.
The captivity of the Greeks, and the extinction of the imperial families of the Commeni and Palæologi.
The House of York in England began to aspire to the crown, and, by their ambitious views, to deluge the whole kingdom in blood.
The learned men of the fifteenth century were Chaucer, Leo. Aretin, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Poggio, Flavius Blondus, Theo. Gaza, Frank Philelphus, Geo. Trapezuntius, Gemeistus Pletho, Laurentius Valla, Ulugh Beigh, J. Guttemberg, John Faustus, Peter Schoeffer, Wesselus, Peurbabachius, Æneas Sylvius, Bessarion, Thomas a Kempis, Argyropulus, Regiomontanus, Platina, Agricola, Pontanus, Ficinus, Lascaris, Tiphernas, Annius of Viterbo, Merula, Savonarola Picus, Politian, Hermolaus, Grocyn, Mantuanus, John Colet, Reuchin, Lynacre, Alexander ab Alexandro, Demetrius Chalcondyles, &c.
1454 Attornies in Norwich, Norfolk and Suffolk, reduced from 80 to 14.
Wheat 1s. per quarter, and malt 16d.
The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
1457 Pawnbrokers first began.
1460 Wood-cuts and engraving on copper invented.
1462 The first book printed, which was the vulgate bible, 2 vols.
1463 Henry VI. taken prisoner in Lancashire.
1465 Dress restrained by law.
1467 First idea of electricity given by two globes of brimstone.
Long-toed shoes forbid under heavy penalties.
1471 William Caxton, a mercer, introduced printing.
Great mortality at Oxford.

After Christ.

1471 Chester nearly destroyed by fire.

1477 Violins invented.
Aberdeen university founded.
A plague which destroyed more than fifteen years war.

1478 Duke of Clarence drowned in a butt of malmsey.

1481 Sweating sickness first observed in England, which carried off great numbers.

1483 Population of England was now 4,688,000.
Post-horses and stages established.
Statutes first printed.
Richard III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of 30 years, and the loss of 100,000 men.

1486 Sheriff fined 50l. for kneeling too near the Lord Mayor at St. Paul's.
Henry establishes fifty yeomen of the guards, the first standing army.

1487 Artichokes first planted in England.
The first Poet Laureat.

1489 Maps and sea charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.

1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the Inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain, to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they originally came.

1492 Wormwood, &c. used before hops, to preserve malt-liquor.
War with France.
Columbus first discovers America.

1493 Columbus discovers Montserrat, in the West-Indies.
Wheat sold in London at 4s. per quarter.

1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
Printing carried on in Westminster Abbey till now.

1495 Feodal, or Feudal Laws restored by Henry VII. and limited.

1496 Beggars relieved by law.
Game act passed.

1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies, Vasques di Gama.

1498 South America discovered by Vesputius Americanus.
North America discovered by Sebastian Cabot and his son.
John Cabot settled Newfoundland, the first English colony in America.

1499 Thirty thousand died of the plague in London.

1500 Virtues of Jesuits Bark discovered.
Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in 1512.

1501 Lord Mayor's feast instituted.
Merchant Taylors, first so named.

1502 Henry VIIth's. son died.
Henry VIIth.'s chapel, Westminster, built.
St. Helena discovered.

1503 Slave trade first commenced.

After Christ.

1505 Shillings first coined in England.
Distaff spinning first in England.
1509 Henry VII. built the first double-decked ship in England, of 1000 tons.
Vegetables and gardening imported from the Netherlands.
1510 Hats first made in London.
1512 War with France.
Pensions first granted.
Twenty pounds given to a lady of the court for services done.
First royal navy of England.
Mercury discovered to be an anti-venereal.
1513 Benefit of clergy taken from murderers.
The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
1515 Camera Obscura invented.
Christ Church College, Oxford, began.
1517 Luther began the Reformation.
Insurrection of the London apprentices.
Court of Conscience in London.
1518 Physicians' College incorporated.
Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South America.
1520 First geographical map of England.
Henry VIII. had the title of Defender of the Faith, for his writings in favour of popery.
1521 Inclosures in England restrained.
English ships find whalebone at Cape Breton.
Engraving on wood invented by Albert Durer.
1522 New survey of England made, the first since doomsday-book.
Roses first planted in England.
1524 Beer first introduced into England.
Soap first made at Bristol.
1525 Carp first brought to England.
Damask roses and pippins brought to England.
Hops first used in England in malt liquors.
The first voyage round the world.
Town of Dover fortified.
Anabaptists began.
1529 Secretary of State first appointed—Lord Cromwell made so.
The name of Protestants begins from the diet of Spires.
1530 Sir Thomas Moore, the first chancellor qualified by education.
Parochial registers first appointed.
St. James's palace built.
1533 Registers of births, marriages, &c. began.
Scenes first introduced into theatres.
Henry VIII. divorced queen Catharine and married Anne Bolleyn.
1534 Arable lands restrained, and pasture enforced.
Silk first worn by the English clergy.
The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
1535 Cannon first used.
Ten thousand friars and nuns turned out of English monastries.

After Christ.

1535 Brass great guns first made in England.
Henry VIII. excommunicated by the pope.
1536 Court of Augmentation established.
Rebellion in England on suppressing the monastries.
Popery abolished in England by law.
A gentleman pensioned with ten marks.
Translation of the bible by order of the king.
Six articles of religion published.
Wales united to England by parliament.
Queen Catharine died, and queen Anne was put to death, when King Henry VIII. married lady Jane Seymour.
1537 Religious houses dissolved by King Henry VIII.
Queen Lady Jane Seymour died in child-bed.
1538 Variations of the seamen's compass observed.
Registers parochial instituted by Lord Cromwell.
1539 The first edition of the Bible authorized.
Pipes of lead invented for conveying water.
Cannon began to be used in ships.
1540 Dissolved abbeys, &c. valued at 2,853,000l.
Hampton Court Palace clock, the first tolerable going clock in England.
Apricots first planted in England.
A cherry orchard in Kent, of 32 acres, produced in one year 1000l.
Quicksilver used to refine silver ore.
Order of the Thistle instituted.
1541 Navigation act passed.
The word Pope struck out of all English books.
1542 Fishing towns legally regulated.
1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king.
Mortars for bombs used in England.
Bankrupts first regulated by law.
1544 Iron first cast in Sussex.
Pistols first used by the horse.
Edinburgh burnt.
Good land let in England at 1s. per acre.
1545 The famous council of Trent begins and continues 18 years.
Needles first made in England by a native of India, which art died with him.
Port-holes in ships of war introduced.
1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at 10 per cent.
Public shews suppressed.
1547 Statute relating to slaves and servants.
Iron great guns made.
Henry VIII. died, and the duke of Somerset protector for the young king.
1549 Lord lieutenants of counties instituted in England.
1550 Anatomy restored.
Iron bullets mentioned.
Journals of the House of Peers first taken.
Southwark annexed to London.
Horse guards instituted in England.

After Christ.

1551 Sweating sickness appeared for the last time.
Crowns and half-crowns first coined.
The first comedy acted in England.

1552 Treason requiring two witnesses.
Grapes first brought into England, and planted in Suffolk.
Starching linen first introduced.
Forty-two articles of religion published.
Translation of David's Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins.

1553 Taverns in London restrained to forty.
A barrel of beer with the cask 6d. and four great loaves for 1d.
Mary, of bloody memory, crowned queen, October 1.

1554 Twenty marks a sufficient support for gentlemen of the law.
Wheat sold at 6s. 8d. per quarter.
Seven bishops deprived for being married.

1555 First law to repair highways.
Inclosures restrained.
The Russian company established in England.

1556 Slave trade began with England.
Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury and about 300 Protestants burnt, and great numbers perished in prison.
Bellmen first in London.

1557 Glass bottles first made in England.
Alteration in the Order of the Garter.

1558 Calais taken from the English.
Interest of money 12 per cent.
Wheat 14s. per quarter.
Hailstones in Northamptonshire of 15 inches round.
Queen Mary died of a dropsy, and Queen Elizabeth succeeded, who completed the Reformation.

1559 Rebellion of the Roman Catholics against Elizabeth.

1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
Queen Elizabeth the first that wore silk stockings in England.
Westminster Abbey first made collegiate.
Temple societies founded.

1561 Lapis-calaminaris and copper mines discovered in England.

1563 Knives first made in England.
Iron-wire till now imported.

1564 Knit worsted stockings first made in England.

1565 Study of Botany revived.
Royal mines established.
A great sum paid for corn imported in a dearth.

1567 In this and the year following, about 500,000 or 600,000 mostly Protestants, deserted their habitations in the Netherlands, and flee into other countries, to avoid the terrible cruelty of the Duke of Alva, deputy of the king of Spain, who boasted besides those slain in war, he cut off above 18,000 by the hand of the public executioner.
First physic garden in England, by Gerard.
Gilliflowers, carnations, &c. first planted here by the Flemings.
Flemish weavers, dyers, &c. in England.
Husbandman's labour 4d. per day.

After Christ.

1567 Italian book-keeping first used in London.
1570 War with Scotland.
Guaging invented.
1571 Law for wearing woollen caps.
Harrowgate mineral spring discovered.
1572 Fans, muffs, masks, and false hair, devised by Italian harlots, first brought from France.
The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
1573 Turkies first came into England.
1577 Sir Francis Drake set sail round the world.
Sheriffs and 300 persons died at Oxford assizes of an infection.
1578 Tulip roots first brought into England from Vienna.
Whales killed at Newfoundland for their oil only, the use of bone unknown.
1579 The Republic of Holland begins by the union of Utrecht.
Linen-staining first known in England.
English East-India Company incorporated.
——— Turkey Company incorporated.
1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world.
Parochial Registers fully appointed.
Coaches first used in England.
1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
1583 Wood first cultivated in England.
The tide ebbed and flowed three times in an hour at Lyme, in Dorset.
Thames water first conveyed into London by the London Bridge Water Works.
Chatham Chest first established.
Tobacco first brought into England.
1584 Carthagena taken by Sir Francis Drake.
Cape Breton and Virginia discovered by the English.
1585 Cavendish's first voyage round the world.
1587 Duelling introduced into England.
Mary, queen of Scots, beheaded at Fotheringay castle, after 18 years imprisonment.
1588 Sir Francis Drake defeats the Spanish Armada in the English channel.
First reference to a master in chancery.
Fire-ships invented.
Paper first made in England at Dartford, in Kent.
Shipping in England 31,385 tons and 15,272 mariners.
Henry IV. of France passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Protestants.
1589 Earl of Cumberland's expedition against Spain.
Stocking weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Cambridge.
1590 Band of pensioners instituted in England.
Chest of Chatham enforced by law.
Criminals first transported.
Letters in Algebra first used.
Customs farmed for the last 20 years, at 20,000l. a year.
Iron slitting-mill set up at Dartford.
Telescopes invented by Jansen, a Dutchman.

After Christ.

1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
East Indies visited overland by some English.
First patent for printing.
Three ships went from England to the East Indies.

1592 Falkland Islands discovered.
Customs this year amounted to 50,000l.

1593 Statute mile first fixed in England.

1594 Broken-wharf engine erected to convey water.
Plague in London carried off one-fourth of its inhabitants.

1595 Sir John Hawkins's expedition against Spanish America.
Jamaica plundered.
Caribbee Isles and St. Christopher's discovered.
Shakspeare flourished.

1596 Earthquake in Kent, where the hills became vallies full of water.
Flour 10s. the bushel.

1597 Battle of Blackwater, Ireland.
The first act for relieving the poor.
Watches first brought into England from Germany.

1598 After near 40 years struggling, and the murder of perhaps near millions the Protestants of France obtain in their favour the edict of Nantz.

1599 Sail-cloth made in England.

1600 Earl of Arundel introduced brick buildings.
Dedications to books introduced to get money.
East India Company's first charter.

1601 Insurance of shipping, &c. secured by law.
Witchcraft act passed.
Men ordered by law not to ride in coaches.

1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.

1603 County Courts in London revived.
Best beer and ale, full measures, sold for 1d. a quart.
Cauliflowers first planted in England.
Royal licence to Shakspeare for a theatre.
Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland, (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
A great plague in London, 56,570 died.

1604 Union of England and Scotland attempted.
James I. first styled king of Great Britain.

1605 The gunpowder plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman Catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
Coaches common in London.
Attraction first discovered by Kepler.
Order of St. Andrew renewed in England.

1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered.
Ambassadors first sent from Turkey to England.

1607 Insurrection of the Puritans.
Increase of building within a mile of London forbidden.
English first settle at Virginia.

1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.

After Christ.

1608 Asparagus first produced in England.
English till now unskilled in dying and dipping cloth.
Milton the poet born; died 1674.

1609 The Dutch paid a tribute for fishing on our coast.
Alum first brought to perfection in England.
First legal copper coins introduced, and leaden tokens abolished.

1610 Sir F. Drake brought potatoes first from America to Ireland.
Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravaillac, a priest.
Jupiter's satellites first discovered.

1611 Baronets first created in England, by James I.
New translation of the Bible.

1614 Napier, of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.

1616 Judge Bennet fined for bribery in 20,000l.
Cape Horn first sailed round.
The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
Shakspeare the poet died.

1617 Sports allowed on Sundays after service.
Coining with a die first invented.

1618 Steam-engine invented for raising water or ballast.
The German emperor commences a war against the Protestants of Bohemia, and of the Palatinate of the Rhine, which once threatens the ruin of the Protestant interest in Germany; but after a war of thirty years, most of them, except the Bohemians, have their liberties confirmed to them by the treaty of Munster, or Westphalia, in 1648.

1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

1620 Broad silk manufactory brought into England.
Coining with a die used in England.

1621 The Puritans settle in New England.
Public-houses first licenced.

1622 Nova Scotia settled by the Scotch.

1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
A great plague in London, 34,517 died.

1626 Urine ordered to be preserved for making saltpetre.
Barometers invented.

1627 Duty on coals laid on.
War with France.

1628 Canada taken by the English.
Riot in London and Dr. Lamb killed by the mob.
New Holland discovered by the Dutch.

1630 Boston in New England built.
Epsom mineral spring discovered.

1631 Neither clocks nor watches general until this time.
Calico first brought from the East Indies.
St. Paul's, London, burnt and rebuilt.

1632 Antigua and Montserrat planted by the English.
A great fire on London-bridge.

After Christ.

1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and the head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.

1633 Saw-mills first erected near London.
Seldon maintained England's sovereignty over the British seas.
Covent-garden square built.

1634 Ship-money exacted.
Bombs and mortars invented.
Sedan chairs a patent invention.
Saturn's ring discovered.
Old Parr died, aged 152; he lived in ten reigns.

1635 Province of Maryland planted by Lord Baltimore.
Jamaica pillaged by the English.
Number of hackney coaches restrained.
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.

1636 Ballast of the river Thames monopolized by the king.
Patent for English brass and copper coin.
First public lecture in Arabic at Oxford.

1637 Liturgy first read in Scotland.

1640 Judge Berkeley arrested in the Court of King's Bench, and sent to prison by the Commons.
King Charles seized the merchants' money at the mint.
Bank of England began.
Bows and arrows and stone cannon bullets in use.
King Charles disobliges the Scots, and their army takes Newcastle.

1641 The Papists of Ireland massacre 2 or 300,000 of the Protestants.

1642 King Charles went to Scotland for three months.
Twelve bishops protested against all laws passed without their consent.
Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights act passed.
Ship-money and Star chamber abolished.
Coffee first used in England at Baliol College, Oxford.
King Charles impeaches five refractory members, which begins the civil war, on which he retires to York.
Newspapers first published in England.
Sir Isaac Newton born, December 25.
Edgehill and Brentford fight.

1643 Lord Falkland killed at Newbury.
Beer act passed.
Excise office formed.
Scarlet dye first used at Bow, near Stratford.

1644 A terrible fire at Oxford.
Navy office founded.
Post office yielded 3000l. per annum.

1645 Goldsmiths became the first bankers.

1646 Battle of Benburg, Ireland.
Navigation act for the Colonies.
Parliament abolished the order of bishops.
King Charles put himself into the hands of the Scots at Newark, who sold him for 200,000l.

1647 Plays suppressed by Parliament.
King Charles seized by Colonel Joyce, at Holmby.

After Christ

1648 King Charles escaped from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight—taken and confined in Carisbrook Castle—removed to Windsor.

1649 King Charles tried, condemned and beheaded, Jan. 30, aged 49.
Oliver Cromwell goes to Ireland with his army.
The battle of Rathmines in Ireland.
The first insolvent act passed.

1650 The battle of Dunbar in Scotland.
Adultery and Incest made capital for the first offence, and Fornication for the second.
Jesuit's Bark first brought to Europe.
Bread first made with yeast in England.
First English coffee-house at Oxford.
Oliver Cromwell returned from Ireland.

1651 Irish rebellion ended.
War with the Dutch.
English settled at St. Helena.
Triennial parliaments began.
Hailstones of seven inches round fell at Dorchester.
Cromwell totally defeated the king's forces at Worcester, Sept. 3.

1652 Four sea engagements with the Dutch in the Downs.
Bands first worn by Clergymen.

1653 Oliver Cromwell becomes protector.
Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrested at the suit of two pretended Sheriffs.

1654 Oliver Cromwell in danger of falling from a coach-box.
Air-pumps invented.
Post-office yielded 10,000l.

1655 The English, under Admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
George Fox the first of the Quakers.

1656 The English destroy the Spanish Galleons, at Cadiz.
Air guns invented.
Oliver Cromwell re-admitted the Jews into England.

1657 Oliver Cromwell refused the title of king.
Blake destroyed a Spanish fleet of galleons at the Canaries.

1658 Goverment's expences this year was 1,300,000l.
The English take Dunkirk from Spain, and deliver it to France.
Oliver Cromwell dies Sept. 3.
Richard usceeds as protector,
A terrible storm all over Europe, Sept. 3.
Spring pocket watches invented by Dr. Hook.

1659 Government's expences this year was 1,200,000l.
Plays restored.
Richard Cromwell's protectorate ended.

1660 The restoration of Charles II. May 29.
Franking letters first claimed.
Baize manufacture introduced at Colchester.
Excise on malt liquor in England.
Perukes introduced into England.
Tea, coffee, and chocolate, first noticed in the statutes.
Royal Society of London instituted.
General post office established.

After Christ.

1660 Nine bishops restored, and eight consecrated.
The people of Denmark being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederick III. who becomes absolute.
1661 Queen of Bohemia visited England.
The Portuguese gave Bombay to the English.
Conventicles punished by law.
Wine licences established.
Bishops regained their seats in the House of Peers.
1662 Hearth or chimney money, 2s. per annum taxed.
Feudal laws abolished by statute.
Act of Uniformity took place.
Milling coin introduced.
Lacteals discovered in opening a dog.
A great storm in London.
Royal Society of London established.
1663 Cattle prohibited importation from Ireland and Scotland.
Corn and coin in bullion permitted to be exported.
Fire engines invented.
Royal Society, London, incorporated.
Victualling Office instituted.
Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch by the English.
1665 Eighteen capital Dutch ships taken and destroyed off Harwich.
Earl Sandwich took 12 men of war and two East-India ships.
First Gazette published at Oxford.
Prince James designed sea signals.
Sixty-eight thousand persons died of the plague in London.
1666 Sea-fight in which the English lost nine, and the Dutch fifteen ships.
Dutch totally defeated, losing twenty-four men of war, four admirals, and 4000 officers and seamen.
War with Denmark and France.
First act for burying in woollen.
Gazette first published in London.
Tea introduced from Holland.
The great fire of London, which destroyed 400 streets, and 13,000 houses, Sept. 2—5.
1667 Dutch destroy the English fleet at Chatham.
The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey.
1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
Peace proclaimed with Spain, Feb. 12.
1669 Coventry act passed.
New theatre at Oxford built.
The Royal Exchange (built 1667) first opened, Sept. 28.
1670 Henry Jenkins died, aged 169.
Shoe-buckles first worn in England.
Union of England and Scotland attempted the second time.
The English Hudson's Bay Company incorporated.

After Christ.

1670 The Prince of Orange arrived at Whitehall.

1672 War with the Dutch.
Five Dutch Smyrna fleet and 4 East-India ships taken by the English.
The Duke of York defeats the Dutch by sea.
English take Tobago.
Halfpence and farthings first coined by government.
Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.

1673 Dutch thrice defeated at sea, by Prince Rupert.
Test act passed.
Guineas first coined, so called from the gold being brought from the Guinea coast.

1674 Peace with the Dutch, when they surrendered the honour of flag to England.
Plate glass first made at Lambeth.

1675 First stone of St. Paul's cathedral laid.

1677 Votes of the House of Commons first printed.
Monument, in London, finished.
The Prince of Orange married to the Princess Mary

1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The Popish plot discovered.
The Habeas Corpus Act passed.

1679 Unaccountable darkness at noon-day in England.
War with France, followed by a general peace.
Speaker refused by the king.

1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.

1682 Eight Bantum ambassadors in England.
Hydraulic fire engines invented.
Another great Comet appeared.

1683 Rye-house Plot prevented by a fire at Newmarket.
Penny Post set up.
India Stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.

1684 A great Frost that held thirteen weeks.

1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
The Edict of Nantz infamously revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.

1687 Charity Schools in London instituted.
The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.

1688 The attempts of James II. of England, and Lewis XIV. of France, to ruin the Protestant interest are checked by William Prince of Orange and king of Britain.
The Revolution in Great Britain began, Nov. 5.
William, prince of Orange, landed in England with an army, when King James II. abdicates and retires to France, Dec. 3.
Seven bishops sent to the tower, tried and acquitted.

After Christ.

1688 King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by General Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied by repeated misfortunes, disperse.

1689 Coronation Oath enacted.
The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oath to King William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
King William and Queen Mary crowned, April 11.

1690 King William landed in Ireland.
James is defeated, and the duke of Scomberg killed, at the battle of the Boyne.
Isles of St. Christopher and Eustatia retaken from the French.
The English and Dutch fleets defeated off Beachy Head.

1691 Conspiracy of the bishop of Ely and others to restore King James.
Eleven thousand persons died in a great mortality at York.
The war in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.

1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by Admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
Conspiracy of Granville, &c. to assassinate King William.
A great Earthquake in England, Sept. 8.

1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
The Bank of England established by King William.
The first public lottery drawn.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by King William's troops.
Hackney coaches first licenced.

1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.
Bill for triennial parliaments passed.

1695 Bachelors and widows taxed.
Birth, burials and marriages ditto.

1696 Window-tax established.
Edystone light-house first built.
The peace of Ryswick.

1698 Whitehall totally consumed by fire.

1699 Billingsgate made a free fish-market.
The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.

1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's, in the 68th year o his age.

1701 Prussia erected into a kingdom.
Abjuration oath first required.
Hanover succession established by law.
Society for the propagation of the Gospel incorporated.

After Christ.

1702 Quakers' affirmation first accepted as an oath.
King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the Emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.

1703 A terrible high wind, Nov. 26 and 27.

1704 Gibraltar taken by Sir George Rooke, and the victory at Hockstet.
Battle of Blenheim won by Marlborough.
French lost five men of war at Gibraltar.
Court of Exchequer instituted.

1705 Bills of exchange, and promissory notes regulated.

1706 Union between England and Scotland.
The battle of Ramilies.

1707 The first British parliament.

1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by General Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde, won by Marlborough and the allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom and given to the duke of Savoy.
The Pretender attempted to invade Great Britain.

1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet, won by Marlborough and the allies.
Riots in London on Dr Sacheverel's trial.
Statute in favour of literary property.
The French beat in the woods of Blauglies.

1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expense, by a duty on coals.
The English South Sea Company began.

1711 Fifty new churches ordered to be built by parliament.
Government take the penny post.
Clarendon press printing-house, Oxford, founded.

1712 Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde Park.

1713 Newspapers stamped.
Peace of Utrecht.
Peace with France, proclaimed May 5.

1714 An attempt to overthrow the Protestant religion in Britain is happily frustrated by the seasonable death of Queen Anne, and accession of the family of Hanover.
Interest of money confirmed at 5 per cent.

1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great grandson Louis XV. late king of France.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the surrender of Preston, both in November, when the rebels dispersed.
Total eclipse of the sun, that the birds went to roost.

1716 River Thames dry above and below London-bridge, September 14.
Several knocked down for wearing white roses, June 10.
Triennial act repealed and septennial act passed.
Great frost and fair on the Thames.

After Christ.

1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland.

1717 Guineas reduced to 21s.

1718 The first appearance of the Northern Lights.

1719 A great fiery Meteor, March 19, at 8 at Night.
The Mississipi scheme at its height in France.
Lombe's silk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby, takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water wheel moves the rest; and in twenty-four hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk thread.
The South-Sea scheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite sunk about September 29.

1721 Alteration made in the Quakers' affirmation.

1722 Conspiracy of counsellor Layer and others.
Wood's half-pence sent to Ireland.
Thread first made at Paisley, in Scotland.
The great duke of Marlborough died, June 22.

1723 Black act passed.
Nonjurors obliged to register their estates, and double taxed.

1725 Earl of Macclesfield fined 30,000l. and committed to the tower.

1726 Ward, of Hackney, expelled the House of Commons for forgery.

1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is succeeded by his only son, George II.
Inoculations first tried on criminals with success.
Russia formerly a dukedom is now estabished as an empire.
Gibraltar besieged by the Spaniards.
The great Sir Isaac Newton died, March 20.
An earthquake in several parts of England.

1729 Dublin parliament-house began, which cost 40,000l.
Frederick, prince of Wales, arrived in England.

1730 Gaol distemper fatal to the judge, sheriff, &c. at Blandford assizes.

1731 Spaniards besiege Gibraltar.
English language to be used in all law-suits.

1732 Salt duties revived.
Physic garden at Chelsea began.
Seamen's widow's corporation erected.
Kouli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling.
Several public-spirited gentlemen begin the settlement of Georgia, in North America.

1734 Felony to forge or counterfeit bills of exchange.
Franking letters commenced.

1735 Thames so high that the lawyers came out of Westminster hall in boats.
Seven thousand gin shops in London.
Turnpikes destroyed in Herefordshire.
On the coast of Essex several thousand sheep and black cattle drowned.
Derwentwater estate given to Greenwich Hospital.

1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.

After Christ.

1737 Scarborough cliff sunk and the spa removed.
Gin act passed.
Lord chancellor licenses players.
Radcliff's library, Oxford, began building.

1738 Bank paid off one million capital.
Westminster Bridge, consists of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750, at the expence of 389,000l. defrayed by parliament.

1739 Mr. Stephen's recipe for the stone purchased by parliament.
Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.
A hard frost for nine weeks, began December 24.

1740 Solar microscopes invented.
Americans first use paper money.

1741 Persian trade opened through Russia.
Centre arch of Westminster Bridge finished.

1743 Paisley manufacture of handkerchiefs began.
The battle of Dettingen won by the English and allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.

1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
Victory, man of war of 100 guns, with admiral Balchen, &c. lost.
A great comet appeared in Jan. and Feb.
Rebellion in Scotland.
Battle of Fontenoy.
———- Preston Pans.
Marshal Bellisle brought prisoner to Windsor Castle.
English take Cape Breton, Louisburgh and Nova Scotia.

1746 Battle of Falkirk, Jan. 17.
———- Culloden, April 16.
British Linen Company erected.

1747 Coach tax commenced.

1748 The peace of Aix-la Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.

1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three per cent.
British herring fishery incorporated.

1750 Two judges, the Lord Mayor, and many others died of the gaol distemper caught at the Old Bailey.
Seventeen thousand geneva shops abolished.
One hundred thousand pounds damage by fire at Port-Royal.
Earthquakes in London, Feb. 8, and March 8.

1751 George III. eldest son of Frederick, created prince of Wales.
King's Bench prison built.

1752 New Style began in England the 3d of Sept. being accounted the 14th.
Violent rain in Wales, which destroyed 10,000 sheep.

1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.

1755 Lisbon ruined by an earthquake, Nov. 1.

1756 One hundred and forty-six Englishmen are confined in the black-hole at Calcutta, in the East-Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.

After Christ.

1756 Marine society established in London.
War declared against France.

1757 National Debt was 74,780,886l. 3s. 2d.
Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.

1758 A large Comet appeared, foretold by Dr. Halley.
Temporary bridge at London burnt, but made passable in ten days.
London bridge repaired, for which government gave 15,000l.

1759 Judges appointed for life.
Bank of England issued small notes.
Gauze manufacture began at Paisley, in Scotland.
North America wholly conquered by the English.
Edystone light-house rebuilt.
General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.

1760 Portsmouth dock-yard burnt by accident, damage 400,000l.
Poor-rates of England were 1,5556,804l.
Shipping of England was 300,416 tons, and 70,000 men.
King George II. dies October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is succeeded by his present majesty, who, on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Blackfriar's Bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; at the expence of 52,840l. to be discharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.

1761 Tide ebbed and flowed four times in the hour at Whitby.
Buckingham palace purchased for the Queen.

1762 Three Cherokee chiefs arrived in England.
Cock-lane ghost detected.
Porter raised 2d. per gallon.
Thirteen whales driven ashore on the English coast.
Wedgwood's china made in England.
A great fall of snow, for eighteen days together, in Feb.
War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned and murdered.
American Philosophical Society established in Philadelphia.
George Augustus Frederick, prince of Wales born, August 12.

1763 The definity treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, Feb. 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
A great frost for ninety-four days.
America confirmed to England.

1764 Stamp Act in America passed.
Franking letters restrained.
The parliament granted 10,000l. to Mr. Harrison for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
A great eclipse of the sun, April 1.

1765 His majesty's royal charter passed for incorporating the Society of Artists
A act passed annexing the sovereignty of the Isle of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
General warrants declared illegal.

After Christ.

1766 Gibraltar almost destroyed by a storm.
April 21, a spot or macula of the sun, more than thrice the bigness of our earth, passed the sun's centre.

1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.

1769 East-India Company give 400,000l. for five years prolongation of their old charter.

1770 Portsmouth dock-yard accidentally burned, damage 100,000l.
Adelphi buildings, Strand, London, built.
Blackfriars bridge finished.
Edystone light-house again burnt down.

1771 Solway Moss, near Carlisle, moved for four days.
Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.

1772 Negroes declared free in this country.
Artists' Room in the Strand, and Arts and Sciences House in the Adelphi, built.
Revolution in Denmark when the queen was imprisoned, Jan. 17.
Augusta, princess dowager of Wales, died, aged 53.
Insurrection at Christianstadt, which ended in a revolution in Sweden, rendering the king absolute, and completed at Stockholm.
The king of Sweden changes the constitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princess of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.
The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they among themselves in violation of the most solemn treaties.

1773 Captain Phipps is sent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.
The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
The English East-India Company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orixa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.
The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are every where unsuccessful.
Review of the fleet at Portsmouth, by his majesty.
Sixty thousand chaldron of coals used in London.

1774 The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of threepence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.
Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.
First petition of Congress to the King, Nov.

After Christ

1774 Dr. Franklin's petition dismissed, January 29.
Turkish army ruined by the Russians, June 2.
Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.
Literary property determined, February 22.
Grenville's act for elections made perpetual, March 31.
Louis XV. dies May 10, aged 64.
The ancient parliament of Paris restored, Nov. 12.
Charles Stuart, pretender, is living.
L. Euler, mathematician, flourished.
Stamp duties begin in Ireland.

1775 Hostilities in America began at Lexington, April 19.
Action of Bunker's-hill, June 17.
Dr. Johnson, flourished.
Oil consumed in London this year cost 300,000l.
Four Dublin packets foundered in a storm.

1776 The town of Boston evacuated by the king's troops, March 17.
General Howe lands on Staten Island, July 3.
An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieut.-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.
The Congress declare the American colonies free and independent states, July 4.
The Americans are driven from Long-Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.
General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton, December 25.
Torture abolished in Poland.
Dr. Rt. Lowth, bishop of London.
Captain Cook's second voyage round the world concluded.

1777 Ticonderago taken by General Burgoyne, July 6.
General Howe embarks his army off Staten Island, July 24, and lands in Chesapeak Bay, August 30.
Philadelphia taken, Sept. 26.
Battle of German Town, October 4.
General Burgoyne's army surrenders at Saraotga, 16th.
Monsieur Buffon flourished.

1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.
The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expence in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of parliament.
The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, Esq. and George Johnstone, Esq. arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commissioners for restoring peace between Great Britain and America.
Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18
An engagement fought off Brest between the English fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of Count d'Orvilliers, July 27.
Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

After Christ.

1778 Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.
The Congress refuse to treat with the British commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged; or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.
St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.
Voltaire and Linnæus died.
Monsieur Diderot, flourished.
20,503,000l. coined since 1771, in guineas and half-guineas.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French, June 17.
Grenada ditto, July 3.
Ireland allowed free trade.

1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.
The Inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.
Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, Jan. 8.
The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.
Three actions between Admiral Rodney and the Count de Guichen, in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.
Charles Town, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.
Pensacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.
The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000 go up to the House of Commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Papists, June 2.
That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.
Five English East-Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain. Aug. 8.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over General Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.
Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.
General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.
Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New-York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.
Dreadful hurricanes in the West-Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other Islands October 3 and 10.
A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.

After Christ.

1781 The Dutch island of St. Eustatia taken by Admiral Rodney and Gen. Vaughan, Feb. 3. Re-taken by the French, Nov. 27.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under General Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.

The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.

A bloody engagement fought by an English squadron under the command of Admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of Admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.

Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of General Washington and Count Rochambeau, at York-Town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.

Georgium Sidus discovered by Herschel.

1782 Trincomale, on the island of Ceylon, taken by Adm. Hughes, Jan. 11.

Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.

The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.

The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.

Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.

The House of Commons address the king against any further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, March 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet, under the command of Count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.

Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, by the French Admiral Suffrein, with twelve ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.

The resolution of the House of Commons, relating to John Wilkes, Esq. and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, rescinded May 3.

The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.

The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, August 24.

The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.

Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland, and the United States of America, October 8.

Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris, between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majesty to be free, sovereign and independent states, Nov. 30.

Royal George overset at Spithead.

Six thousand charity children met at St. Paul's London.

1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannic majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, January 20.

After Christ.

1783 The order of St. Patrick instituted, February 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria, Ulterior and Sicily, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th and 28th.
Armistice between Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Fiery Meteor passed over England, Aug. 18,
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.
English manufactures produced 56½ millions.

1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.
The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house, in Great Ormond-street, March 24.
The ratification of peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey, May 26.
Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.
Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut, by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.
Irish propositions attempted and rejected.
Spinning machines invented in Yorkshire.
Frost for 115 days.

1786 Droit d'aubaine abolished in France.
Eight millions of souls in England.
The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.
Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor of Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage, by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.
Commercial treaty signed between England and France, Sept. 26.
471,000*l.* 3 per cent. stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at 30l. a man, Nov. 21.
Dec. 4, Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost, of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated Feb. 4, 1787.

1787 Mr. Burke, at the bar of the House of Lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors, May 21.
The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia, into a bishop's see, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the bishop, Aug. 11.
Amsterdam taken possession of by Prussia, October 9.
Agreement between France and England to disarm, October 9.
Quarrel between the king of France and parliament begun.
Botany Bay settlement begun.
7,500,000l. worth of cotton wool manufactured in England.

1788 War between the Turks, Germans and Russians.

After Christ.

1788 Treaty between Great Britain and Russia, June 13.
Stadtholdership guarantied to the prince of Orange by the United States of Holland, June 27.
Russia declares war against Sweden, June 30.
In the early part of October, the first symptoms appeared of a severe disorder which afflicted our gracious sovereign. On the 6th of Nov. they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.
French notables assembled, November 5.
Ocksakow taken, December 17.
Life and horse guards disbanded.
865,880 chaldron of coals used in London; duty 303,718l.
The duke of Richmond has 15,000l. yearly.
Customs 3,000,000l.—Exports were 18,296,166l. 12s. 11d. and Imports were 17,804,024l. 16s. 1d.
Newspapers printed 15,564,203 and produced to government 129,000l.
Post-office clear amount 400,000l.

1789 General Illumination in England on the king's recovery, March 10.
Insurrection in France, March.
States General of France convened, May 5.
French King makes concessions, June 26.
Revolution in France, July 3.
Bastile destroyed, July 20.
Insurrection in Brabant, August 10.
Bender taken, October 8.
Ghent surrendered, November 23.
Brussels taken, December 12.
Mail coaches increase the post-office revenue, 300,000l.
Sunday Schools became general.
A great frost for three months.

1790 Joseph II. emperor of Germany died, Feb. 20.
The French clergy deprived of their benefices, and have small pensions decreed in lieu of them, Feb.
Parliaments abolished in France, April.
Titles suppressed in France, June 19.
Ceremony of the Confederation in France, July 14.
Neckar resigns, and retires to Switzerland, September 4.

1791 Mirabeau dies in March.
Louis and his family escape from Paris, but are stopped at Varennes, June 21.
Treaty of Pilnitz, July.
Riots in Birmingham, July.

1792 Leopold II. emperor of Germany, dies suddenly, March 1.
Gustavus III. king of Sweden, shot by Ankarstrom, March 15.
French declare war against Germany.
Duke of Brunswick publishes his manifesto, July 25.
Swiss guards and all the servants at the Thuilleries murdered, Aug. 10.
Royal family of France imprisoned.
Princess Lamballe and 1000 others massacred at Paris.
Royalty abolished, and France declared a republic, September 20.

After Christ.

1792 Battle of Jemappe, November 7.

1793 Louis XVI. perishes under the guillotine, Jan. 21.
The French republic declare war against England, Holland and Spain, February 2.
The French defeated near Tournay by the duke of York, May 8.
Dumourier endeavours to restore royalty.
Marat murdered by Charlotte Cordey, July 14.
Toulon submits to Lord Hood, August 23; who is obliged to leave it, December 19.
General Custine executed in July.
The queen of France beheaded by the guillotine, Oct. 16.
The heads of the Gironist party executed, October 30.
Valenciennes besieged from May 23d to July 14th, when the French garrison surrendered it to the combined army under the command of the duke of York; re-taken by the French the next year.
The duke of Orleans guillotined.

1794 Martinico taken by Sir Charles Grey, March 26.
Elizabeth, sister to the late king of France, guillotined, May 12.
Lord Howe's victory over the French fleet, June 1.
Earthquake and eruption of Mount Vesuvius, June 13 to 24.
Robespierre and his party executed by torch-light, July 28.
Trial of Thomas Hardy, &c. for high treason, began in October.
Fire at Wapping, in London, where upwards of 630 houses were consumed, together with an East India warehouse, in which 35,000 bags of saltpetre were destroyed; the whole loss estimated at 1,000,000l. sterling.
Warsaw taken by the Russians, after a bloody engagement, Nov. 8.
A severe frost set in Dec. 30, by which the great rivers on the Continent the Rhine, the Weial, &c. being frozen, the French were enabled to pass them, and rapidly to over-run the seven united provinces of Holland.

1795 Revolution in Holland; the Stadtholder arrives in England, Jan. 20.
Prince of Wales married to the princess Charlotte of Brunswick, April 8.
Peace between Prussia and France, April 10.
Warren Hastings acquitted, after a trial of seven years, April 23.
Captain Molloy's court-martial, April 28.
Dauphin of France, died at Paris, June 9.
Three French ships taken by Lord Bridport, June 25.
Quiberon expedition fails, July 21.
Peace between France and Spain, July 22.
Cape of Good Hope taken from the Dutch, September 23.
Censeur of 74 guns, and great part of the Mediterranean fleet, captured by the French, October 7th.
Gold mine discovered in Ireland, October 9.
Stanislaus, king of Poland, made a formal surrender of his crown; his kingdom partitioned between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, Nov. 25.
Church of St. Paul, Covent-garden London, burnt.

1796 The princess of Wales delivered of a daughter, January 7th.
The king daringly assaulted in his carriage on his way from the theatre February 1.

After Christ.

1796 The king of Poland to sign the abdication and resignation of his kingdom, March.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie took St. Lucia, May 25.

A large Dutch fleet surrendered to Admiral Elphinstone, consisting of three ships of the line, five frigates and sloops, and a store-ship, at the entrance of Saldanah bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, Aug. 16.

General Washington resigned the presidency of America, the 17th, and was succeeded by Mr. Adams.

Spain declared war against Great Britain, Oct. 10.

Catharine II. empress of Russia, died, Nov. 17.

Corsica evacuated by the English, Nov.

The French fleet attempted to land troops at Bantry Bay, Ireland, but were frustrated by adverse winds, Dec. 24.

1797 Bonaparte defeats the Austrians near Verona, January 14.

———————— Pope's army, near Ancona, Feb. 10.

A famous victory gained by Sir John Jervis, over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 14, in consequence of which the admiral was created Earl St. Vincent.

The French land 1200 at Fisguard, in Wales, Feb. 22.

An alarming mutiny throughout the fleet, at Spithead, April 15.

Another general mutiny broke out in the fleet at Sheerness, May 12.

The princess royal of England married to the prince of Wirtemberg May 18.

Parker, the chief leader in the mutiny, executed June 30.

Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch fleet, of which he captured nine ships of the line, Oct. 12, and was created a viscount.

A general Thanksgiving for the great naval victories of Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan; the King and both Houses of Parliament going in grand possession to St. Paul's, Dec. 19.

1798 Ireland put under martial law, March 30.

Rebellion broke out in the South of Ireland, April 2.

Habeas Corpus Act suspended, April 20.

The British troops, under General Coote, destroy the sluices on the canal between Bruges and Ostend, but are afterwards compelled to capitulate to the French, May 20.

The battle of Naas, May 24—Hackets-Town and Baltinglass, 25th—Taragh-Hill, 27th—New Ross, June 5th—Vinegar-Hill, 21st—Kilconnel-Hill, 26th—Gore's-Bridge, July 1.

O'Coigley executed at Maidstone, for high treason, June 7.

Marquis Cornwallis appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, June 13.

The glorious victory off the Nile achieved by Admiral, afterwards Baron Nelson, in which he took nine ships of the line from the French, burnt 2, &c. August 1.

The French landed in Killala Bay, Ireland, the 24th, and surrendered September 8.

Victory of Sir J. B. Warren, over the French fleet off Ireland, in which the Hoche of 80 guns, and three frigates were captured, Oct. 12.

The Income Tax brought forward, December 3.

The king of Sardinia forced by the French to sign a renunciation of his throne, 9th.

After Christ

1798 The king and queen of Naples arrive at Palermo, having fled from Naples on the approach of the French, 28th.

1799 Naples taken by the French, Jan. 24.
Suwarrow's successes against the French, April 27, 28, June 19, Aug. 15.
Seringapatam taken, Tippoo Saib killed, May 4.
General Massena successful against the Austrians, 25 to 28.
Massena defeated by the Archduke Charles, June 5.
Duke d'Angouleme married to the princess royal of France at Mittau.
Earl Howe died, aged 72, August 5.
Pope Pius VI. died at Valence, in his 82d year, the 19th.
Surinam taken from the Dutch, the 23d.
Dutch fleet taken by Admiral Mitchel, the 28th.
The Duke of York sails from Deal on an expedition against Holland, September 9.
Bonaparte arrives in France from Egypt, October 16.
Total failure of the British against Holland, 20th.
Bonaparte changes the government of the republic, and is appointed first consul, Nov. 10th.
General Washington died, the 15th.
Great scarcity of corn this year, and soup shops established.

1800 Bonaparte makes overtures for peace to the British government, which, however, the ministry think proper to reject, Jan. 1 to 17.
Battle of Novi, the 8th.
George Stevens died, the 22d.
Cardinal Gregorio Barnaba Chioramonte elected pope at Venice; he takes the name of Pius VII. Feb. 14.
General Suwarrow died, April 2.
Battle of Stokach, May 4.
Hadfield shoots at the king at Drury-lane playhouse, (was tried and acquitted as insane) the 15th.
Sir F. Buller died, June 5.
The great battle of Marengo, the 14th.
Kleber assassinated in Egypt, ibid.
First stone of the wet-dock, at the Isle of Dogs, laid, July 12.
Unsuccessful attempt of the English upon Ferrol, in Spain, Aug. 25.
Malta taken by the English, September 5.
Conspiracies to kill Bonaparte, Oct. 10, and Dec. 24.
Embargo laid by Russia upon British ships, Sept. 10, and Nov. 27.
Russia, Sweden, and Denmark unite against England.

1801 Union between Great Britain and Ireland takes place, January 1.
Lavater, the physiognomist, died at Berne, the 3d.
The first parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, met, the 22d.
Peace signed between the French republic and the emperor of Germany at Luneville, Feb. 9.
The English ministry changed, and Mr. Pitt retires in March.
Victory over the French in Egypt, March 21, in which Sir R. Abercrombie received a wound, which he survived but a few days.
Bread 1s. 10½d. the quartern loaf.

After Christ.

1801 Paul I. emperor of Russia, died March the 23d, and is succeeded by Alexander.
Peace between France and Naples, the 28th.
The Danes take possession of Hamburg on the 29th.
Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson pass the Sound, and, after destroying the fleet at Copenhagen, make a peace with the Danes, April 2.
Conquest of Egypt completed by General Hutchinson, July.
Lord Nelson's unsuccessful attempts on the flotilla at Bologne, August 6 and 15.
The Planet Piazza discovered.
Preliminaries of Peace signed by England and France, Oct. 1.

1802 Governor Wall executed for the murder of a serjeant in the island of Goree, after his crime had been concealed 19 years, Jan. 28.
Peace finally concluded between England, France, Spain and Holland, March 27.
The Planet Olbers discovered.

1803 Colonel Despard and six others executed for high treason, Feb. 21.
War declared by Great Britain against France, May 16.
St. Lucia taken by the English, June 20.
Tobago taken on the 30th.
Insurrection in Dublin, and murder of Lord Kilwarden, July 23.
Hanover taken by the French.
French army at Cape Francois, in St. Domingo, capitulate with the Blacks for the evacuation of the island, Nov. 19, and afterwards submit to an English squadron, with the ships of war and merchantmen, the 30th.

1804 His majesty's illness, during the months of Feb. and March.
A French squadron in the East Indies, under admiral Linois, beaten off by the English East India fleet, Feb. 15.
Bonaparte proclaimed emperor of the Gauls, May 20, which finishes the republic of France, after it had continued 4136 days, only one day less than the duration of the Commonwealth in England, that immediately followed the decapitation of Charles I.
Coronation of Bonaparte by the Pope, at Paris as emperor of the Gauls, December 2.
The Planet Harding discovered.

1805 Bonaparte assumes the title of king of Italy, May 26.
Lord Melville impeached for misapplying the public money, while Treasurer of the Navy.
Battle between the English fleet, under Admiral Calder, and the combined fleets of France and Spain, in which the latter lost two ships, July 22; after which the English admiral was recalled, tried by a court-martial, and dismissed the service.
Calamitous earthquakes in the South of Italy, July 26, followed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, August 12, in which 20,000 persons perished.
Austria and Russia unite against France, Aug.
Death of Marquis Cornwallis, in India, aged 66, Oct. 5.
Austrian army, under General Mack, surrender at Ulm, to Bonaparte, the 20th.

After Christ.

1805 Massena successful in Italy against the Archduke Charles, Oct. Nov.
Victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, from Cadiz, off Cape Trafalgar, by the English fleet under Lord Nelson, who fell in the engagement; the allies losing 19 sail of the line, and the French admiral and two Spanish admirals taken, October 21.
Four French ships, (part of the combined fleet escaped from the Battle of Trafalgar) taken by Sir R. Strachan, Nov. 3.
The French enter Vienna, the 14th.
The English invade Hanover, and Sir Sidney Smith, fails in an attack on the Bologne flotilla, Nov.
The king of Sweden declares war against France.
British and Russian army of 15,000 men received by the Neapolitans, in violation of a treaty just concluded with France, Nov. 20.
Battle of Austerlitz, in which the allied armies of Austria and Russia, commanded by their respective sovereigns, were completely overthrown by the French army under the emperor Napoleon, Dec. 2.
This decisive victory followed by a peace between France and Austria, concluded at Presburg, in Hungary, the 27th.
Bavaria and Wirtemberg erected into kingdoms by the favour of Bonaparte; and other great changes in Germany.

1806 Funeral of Lord Nelson, and grand possession to St. Paul's, Jan. 9.
Cape of Good Hope taken by General Baird and Admiral Sir Home Popham, 10th.
Death of Mr. Pitt, in his 47th year, the 23d.
New ministry appointed, in which Mr. Fox and most of his friends are included, Feb.
General Picton tried for the torture of Louisa Calderon, in the island of Trinidad, and found guilty, Feb.
The French subjugate Naples; the English and Russian army, and the royal family, retreating to Sicily.
Admiral Duckwort defeats a French squadron near St. Domingo, takes three ships of the line, and destroys two, Feb. 6.
Two French ships, under admiral Linois, having for a long time preyed upon our East-India trade, are captured by Sir J. B. Warren, March 13.
The king of Prussia shuts the ports of the North against the English, 28th; takes definitive possession of Hanover, April 1.
Embargo laid on Prussian vessels in British ports, 5th.
Hostilities between the Swedes and Prussians on the taking possession of Hanover by the latter, the 23d.
Violent discontents in America at the conduct of British cruisers to their merchantment.
Proclamation of the President of the United States, on the 3d of May, for the apprehending of the captain of the English ship Leander, by a shot from which John Pearce, an American sailor was killed, near the harbour of New York, April 25th.
Orders issued to capture and destroy all Prussian vessels, May 29.
Louis Bonaparte proclaimed king of Holland, June 11.
Lord Melville acquitted of the impeachment preferred against him, 12.
War formally declared in London against Prussia, 14th.

After Christ.

1806 Buenos Ayres taken from the Spaniards by Sir Home Popham, 28th.
The magazine of Malta blown up, containing 370 barrels of gunpowder and 1600 shells, and destroying or wounding about 1000 persons, July 18.
The emperor of Austria, Francis II. made a formal resignation of the high office of emperor of Germany, Aug. 7.
Buenos Ayres re-taken by the Spaniards, on the 12th, after an attack of three days.
Death of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, September 13.
Sir Sam. Hood took four French ships heavy laden with troops, 25th.
Great battle of Jena, in which the French took from the Prussians 200 pieces of cannon, 30 standards, and 2,800 prisoners, Oct. 14.
The Turks declare war against the Russians, December 30.

1807 The Dutch island of Curacou surrendered to four British frigates, January 1.
The British troops under the command of Brigadier-general Auchmuty take possession of the town and citadel of Monte Video, February 3.
The battle of Prussian Eylau, 8th.
A British squadron, under the command of J. T. Duckworth, fails in an attempt to force the Porte to make peace with his Britannic majesty, March 1.
Alexandria taken from the Turks by Major-general Fraser, 21st.
The English defeated at Rosetta, with the loss of 467 men, 31st.
Mutiny at Malta, began April 4, and ended on the night of the 12th, when the mutineers blew themselves up, by setting fire to a larg magazine, containing between 4 and 500 barrels of gunpowder.
The English again defeated in Egypt with the loss of about 1100 in killed and wounded, 19th.
Chudleigh, a market town in Devonshire, consisting of about 200 houses, entirely consumed, (seven houses and the church excepted) without the loss of a human life, 22d.
The British parliament dissolved, 27th.
Agreeable to an act of parliament, no slave ships are to clear out of British ports after May 1.
Insurrection in Turkey; deposition and murder of their emperor Selim III. May.
Dantzic surrendered to the French, May 26th.
Mustapha IV. ascends the throne of Turkey, 29th.
The great battle of Friedland, between the Russians and French, in which the former were completely overthrown, with the loss of 80 pieces of cannon, and 17,000 men killed, 14th.
The loss of the Russian army in the different actions, at Spanden on the 5th, Deppen on the 6th, Gutstadt on the 8th, Heilsburgh on the 10th, and Friedland on the 14th, amounted to 60,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, and 7 standards.
The French enter Konigsberg, 16th.
Engagement between the English ship of war Leopard, and the American frigate Chesapeake, on account of the refusal of the latter to be searched for seamen which had deserted the British service, 22d.

After Christ.

1807 An armistice concluded between the Russians and French, 22d.
Treaty of Tilsit, according to which the Prussians gave up all their possessions between the Rhine and the Elbe, and also all their Polish dominions, to the disposal of Napoleon, July 6.
British attack on Buenos Ayres, under Lieut.-gen. Whitelocke, in which they were repulsed, ibid; and all South America to be evacuated in two months from July 17th.
The republic of Ragusa annexed to the kingdom of Italy, August 14.
The British troops land without opposition on the island of Zealand, before Copenhagen, 16th.
The Swedes evacuate Stralsund, 21st.
An armistice concluded between the Russians and Turks, 24th.
The garrison of Copenhagen capitulate to the British troops, after a severe bombardment of three days, September 6.
The capitulation ratified, 7th, agreeable to which the Danish fleet, consisting of 17 ships of the line, 12 frigates, &c. is to be delivered up to the English, and Zealand to be evacuated by the British in six weeks.
Alexandria evacuated by the English, 22.
Portugal shuts her ports against the English, October 20.
The Russians declare war against England, 26th.
The English government declares France in a state of blockade, November 11th.
The prince regent and court of Portugal sails from Lisbon for the Brazils, 29th.
The French enter Lisbon, ibid.
French imperial decrees of Nov. 23, Dec. 17, and 26, 1807, Jan. 11, 1808, &c. restricting the commerce of neutral powers.
Jerome Bonaparte issues his proclamation on his accession to the throne of Westphalia, December 17.
The English decare war against Russia, 18th.
An embargo laid by Congress on all vessels of the United States, 22d.

1808 Pope Pius VI. protests against the demands of the French, Feb. 2.
Frederick VII. proclaimed king of Denmark, March 16.
The duke of Berg enters Madrid with a French army, April 24.
Insurrection in Madrid, May 2.
The king and princess of the house of Bourbon, cede their rights to the throne of Spain, 5th to the 10th.
The pope's territories annexed to the kingdom of Italy, 21st.
Joseph Bonaparte declared king of Spain, June 6th.
A French squadron at Cadiz surrenders to the Spaniards, 14th.
General Dupont and 8000 French surrender to the Spaniards, July.
Mohammed V. succeeds Mustapha IV. in the Turkish empire, 28th.
Prince Murat proclaimed king of the two Sicilies, August 1.
Defeat of the French in Portugal, by Sir Arthur Wellesley, 21st.
Convention of Cintra, by which the French, &c. evacuate Portugal, 30.
Meetings of the emperors of France and Russia at Erfurth, Sept. 27.
Bonaparte leaves Paris for Spain, 30th.
French re-enter Madrid, December 4th.
General Moore's army obliged to retreat from the interior of Spain;

After Christ.

1809 General Moore's army attacked at Corunna by the French, who were repulsed; but General Moore was killed, and Sir D. Baird wounded; and in the evening the remains of our army hastily embark, January 16.

Charges brought against the Duke of York, in the House of Commons, by Colonel Wardle, 27th.

Saragossa taken by the French, February 21.

Martinique captured by the British, 24th.

Gustavus IV. king of Sweden, arrested and deposed by his subjects, March 15.

The Duke of York resigned, 21st.

War between Austria and France, April 9.

The French defeat the Austrians at Abersberg, Landshut, Echmuhl, and Ratisbon, with great loss, 20th to 23d.

Vienna captured, May 13.

The French, in an attack upon the Austrians, in imminent danger, by the destruction of the bridges over the Danube, 21st.

The duke of Sudermania crowned king of Sweden, as Charles XIII. June 29.

The French cross the Danube, and carry the Austrian entrenchments, July 4th and 5th; defeat their army at Wagram, 8th,

Battle of Talavera, in which the French were repulsed, but the allies retreat a few days after, 21st.

The latter end of July a British expedition of 100,000 land and sea forces, under the earl of Chatham, sail to the coast of Holland.

The American goverment renews the non-intercourse act, on our refusal to ratify Mr. Erskine's engagements, August 9.

Surrender of Flushing, 15th.

Lord Chatham arrives in town from the Scheldt, without accomplishing the objects of the expedition, September 16.

Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, two of the privy council, fight a duel, 21st.

Peace concluded between France and Austria, October 14.

His majesty entering on the 50th year of his reign, the day observed as a national jubilee, 25th.

Rupture of Mr. Jackson's negociation in America, Nov. 13.

The Spaniards defeated at Ocana, 19th.

Walcheren evacuated by the English, December 13.

The emperor Bonaparte and the empress Josephine dissolve their marriage, 15th.

1810 Treaty of Peace between Sweden and France signed, January 6.

Guadaloupe surrendered to the British, February 5.

The spire of St. Nicholas' church, Liverpool, fell, and killed upwards of 20 persons, Sunday the 11th.

The state of Rome made into two departments of France, 17th.

Death of Lord Collingwood, March 7.

Marriage of the Emperor of France to the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria, at Paris, April 1.

Sir Francis Burdett committed to the Tower, 9, and released June 21.

Louis Bonaparte abdicates the throne of Holland, July 9.

After Christ.

1810 Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, chosen by the Diet, Crown Prince of Sweden, August 21st.
Massena defeated by Lord Wellington at Busaco, September 17.
Our beloved sovereign's indisposition publicly announced, Oct. 29th.
Princess Amelia died, Nov. 2.
Committees appointed by Parliament to examine the Physicians of his Majesty, December 13.
The Commons resolve to pass a Bill for appointing the Prince of Wales Regent, 22d.

1811 The Prince of Wales takes the oaths as Regent of these Kingdoms, February 8.
Marshal Victor defeated by General Graham, at Barosa, March 5.
The Empress of France delivered of a son, 20th.
Action between the American frigate President and the Little Belt, April 10.
Sanguinary battle near Badajoz, between Soult and General Beresford, May 16.
The Duke of York reinstated in his office, 29th.
A great comet appeared in October, November and December.
Bonaparte calls out a levy of 120,000 men, December 23.

1812 General Blake defeated, and Valencia taken by Suchet, January 9.
Lord Wellington takes Ciudad Rodrigo by Storm, 19th.
City of Caracca, S. America, destroyed by an earthquake, March 26.
Lord Wellington takes Badajoz by storm, April 6.
Mr. Percival shot by Bellingham, May 12.
Marmont defeated in a great battle, by Lord Wellington, near Salamanca, July 22.
Smolensko occupied by the French, August 16th.
Soult evacuates the works before Cadiz, 28th.
The battle of Borodina, in Russia, September 11.
The French enter Moscow, 14th.
General Hill enters Truxillo, ibid.
Parliament dissolved, September 29.
Americans defeated in Upper Canada, and Gen. Brock killed, Oct. 13.
Moscow burnt.
Kutusoff defeats the French advanced guard, near Moscow, 18th.
Wittgenstein defeats St. Cyr, &c. at Polosk, 20th.
Lord Wellington raises the siege of Burgos, 21st.
The French abandon Moscow, 22.
The French re-enter Madrid, November 1.
Platoff defeats the French at Kolotsk, ibid.
The French retreat to Smolensko, in great distress, 9th.
The battle of Borissow, 21st.
Battle of Beresina, and passage of the river, by Bonaparte, 28th.
Bonaparte quits the army at Smorgoni, and saves himself by flight, December 5.
The New Parliament meets, 8th.
The French army arrive in great distress at Wilna, 10th.
Bonaparte arrived at Paris at midnight, 18th.

After Christ.

1812 Dispatches received from Lord Cathcart, dated Dec. 22, announcing the almost total annihilation of the French army, of which in the various engagements had been taken 41 generals, 1298 officers, 167,510 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and 1131 pieces of cannon.

1813 French defeated at Castalla, April 13.

Battle of Lutzes, of the allied Russians and Prussians against the French, under Bonaparte, May 3.

America declared war against Great Britain.

Chesapeake (American Frigate) taken by the Shannon, after a most spirited action of fifteen minutes, June 1.

Lord Wellington gains a splendid victory at Vittoria, taking 151 pieces of cannon, 415 waggons of ammunition, all the baggage and provisions, and 5000 prisoners, June 21.

Austria declares war against France.

Recommencement of hostilities between the Allies and French, Aug. 17.

Glorious triumph of the Crown Prince and the Allies over the arms of France at Dennevitz, taking 18,000 prisoners, 60 pieces of cannon, 800 ammunition waggons, &c. September 6.

British troops, under Wellington, entered France, 7th.

Battle of Leipsic, October 18.

General Illuminations for the victories of the allies, November 5.

Counter-Revolution in Holland, 15th.

Prince of Orange recalled.

1814 The Allies cross the Rhine, January 1 and 2.

The Custom House of London, totally destroyed by fire, February 12.

Monsieur entered France, when the Bourbon standard was first displayed, 19.

Bordeaux entered by Marshal Beresford, March 12.

A remarkable frost that continued until March 19, during which fairs, &c. were held on the river Thames.

Paris entered by capitulation, 31.

Napoleon Bonaparte abdicated the Crown of France, April 6.

General illuminations in London, 11th, 12th and 13th.

Public entry of Monsieur into Paris, 12th.

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover, 24th, and made his solemn entry into Paris, May 2,

Congress assembled at Vienna.

Bonaparte first landed in the Island of Elba, 4th.

Definity treaty of Peace, signed between France and England, at Paris, May 30.

The Allied Sovereigns visited the Courts of London.

Grand Entertainment at Guildhall, in honor of the Emperor of Russia, June 18th.

Peace proclaimed in London, 20th.

Royal Procession to St. Paul's.

General thanksgiving day for the restoration of Peace, July 7.

Grand Fete and Exhibition of Fireworks in the Park, in celebration of the Peace, August 1.

Battle of Bladensburg, August 24.

After Christ.

1814 Capture of Washington, by the British army, ibid.
Hanover raised to a kingdom.
The Pope reinstated.
Order of Jesuits restored.
The Pope again forced to flee.
Treaty of Peace signed with America, December 24.

1815 Numerous petitions against the odious Property Tax.
Martinique given up to the French, 9th.
The British army, under Sir Edward Packenham, having landed on the 23d ult. attacked the enemy's lines before New Orleans, but were repulsed with loss; having loss in the whole operations 2455 men—amongst them Major-Generals Packenham and Gibbs killed.
The American frigate President taken, after a smart engagement by the English frigate Endymion, of inferior force. Our loss was eleven killed and fourteen wounded; that of the Americans supposed nearly 100. 15th.
The remains of Louis XVI. removed with funeral pomp from the church-yard, La Madelaine, and deposited in the Abbey St. Dennis, 21st.
Duel near Paris, between Colonel Palmer and Colonel Quintin, of the 10th hussars, in consequence of the accusation preferred by the former against the latter before a court-martial, February 3.
A court-martial upon Sir John Murray, closed, after sitting fifteen days. He was found guilty of an error in judgment, in leaving his guns behind him at Tarragona—No punishment, 6th.
Bonaparte sailed from Elba with about 1000 followers.
Bonaparte landed in France, near Frejus, March 1st.—entered Lyons 10th, and Paris 20th, without opposition.
The Corn Bill brought into the House of Commons, March 1.
Lord Cochrane escaped from the King's Bench Prison, 5th.
Riots in London, in consequence of the Corn Bill, which continued several days—some lives were lost.
Louis XVIII. fled from Paris to Lisle, 19th.
Bonaparte arrived without opposition at Paris, the troops having all joined him; when he assumed the Imperial Government, 20th.
The Corn Bill received the royal assent, and thus, in spite of the immense number of petitions against it, passed into a law, 23d.
The allies issue a new treaty, 25th.
Bonaparte abolished the Slave Trade, 28th.
A singular attempt made by a woman, (who turned out to be deranged) to steal the Crown from the Tower.
Bordeaux surrenders to the authority of Bonaparte, April 1.
The Duke d'Angouleme capitulates to General Grouchy, and is permitted to leave France, 11th.
During the whipping of a sweep in Dublin, for shocking barbarity to his apprentice, four persons were killed and twenty wounded by the giving way of the ballustrading and stone work on the steps of the Exchange.
The new French Constitution published, 28th.

After Christ.

1815 A dreadful accident at Heaton Pit, by the workings overflowing with water; 75 men and 37 horses were lost, May 3.

The Duke of Cumberland married to the Princess of Salms, 19th.

The inflammable air, in the Success pit, at Newbottle, took fire, when 57 men and 6 horses were killed, June 1.

Bonaparte left Paris to head his armies, 12th.

The Prussians under Blucher, were three days attacked by Bonaparte, at Charleroi and Ligny, with the intent of separating the Prussian and English army; after a most obstinate engagement, the Prussians were obliged to retire, 15th and 16th. The Duke of Brunswick fell on the 16th.

The English army was assembled in front of Waterloo, 17th.

The bloody and decisive battle of Waterloo. Bonaparte attacked, with all his forces, the English, under the Duke of Wellington, at eleven o'clock, but was constantly repulsed with dreadful slaughter.---Towards the close of the day the Prussians arrived and took post on the enemy's flank, when the English line boldly advanced, and drove the enemy from the field of battle in the greatest disorder, abandoning 150 cannon, and losing the whole *materiel.* The French estimate their loss at 50,000; the army of the Duke lost 15,000.---The Prussian loss in the several battles was more than 20,000, 18th.

Bonaparte arrived at Paris, 21st.

Bonaparte abdicated his throne in favour of his son, who was proclaimed, and a provisional government appointed, 22nd.

The thanks of parliament voted to the Duke of Wellington and his army. An additional grant of 200,000l. was also given the Duke.

The town of Cambray taken by the British by escalade, 23rd. It was given over to Louis XVIII. who arrived there the 26th.

A message from the Prince Regent, requesting a provision to be made for the duke of Cumberland on his marriage, 27th.

Paris capitulates to the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blucher, July 3d.

Died suddenly Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. for Bedford, 6th.

Louis XVIII. entered Paris in consequence of the Allies having possession, 8th.

Bonaparte embarked on board the Bellerophon, off Rochefort, and gave himself up to Captain Maitland; who sailed next day for England, 15th.

Bonaparte removed from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, commanded by Sir G. Cockburn, who sailed the next day bound to St. Helena, August 7th.

Guadaloupe capitulates to the British, 10th.

Colonel Labedoyer shot at Paris as a traitor, under the restored government of Louis XVIII. September 19th.

General Porlier executed at Corunna, October 3rd.

Opening of the Legislative Chambers convened at Paris, by Louis XVIII. with a speech from his Majesty, 7th.

Bonaparte arrived at St Helena, 13th.

After Christ.

1815 Murat taken and shot at Pezzo, for rebellion in Calabria.
Lavalette found guilty of treason at Paris, November 21st.
Marshal Ney shot at Paris, December 7.
Lavalette escapes from the Conciergerie, disguised in his Lady's clothes, December 20th.

1816 Shocks of an Earthquake felt (in March) about Nottingham, Lincoln, and other adjacent counties.
Insurrection of the negroes at Barbadoes, April 20.
Death of the Empress of Austria, May 1.
Marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, 2d.
Didier, the leader of the French rebels, shot at Grenoble, June 10
Millbank Penitentiary opened, 26th.
New English Opera-house built, June 29th. the first interior stone being laid January 20.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan died, July 7; was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, 13th; and a monody to his memory was recited at Drury-lane Theatre, Sept. 7, by Mrs. Davison.
Marriage of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Mary, July 22nd.
Vauxhall Bridge opened during the month of July, when Prince Cobourg, the Lord Mayor, &c. passed over in their carriages.
Bonaparte's great mortar was elevated in St. James's Park, by command of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, on the 12th of August, being his own birth-day.
Earthquake in Scotland, August 13.
Intelligence of the close of the Nepaul war, 15th.
Lord Exmouth destroys the Algerine fleet and arsenal, 27th.
The death of the King of Wirtemberg, October 30.
Riots in Glamorganshire, November 4th.
Spafields meeting and riot, December 2.

1817 New coinage of silver issued in February.
The Prince Regent attacked in his carriage by the mob, on his return from the House of Lords
The Habeas Corpus Act suspended.
Cashman, the rioter, executed opposite Mr. Beckwith's shop, Skinner-street.
Advice received from China, of the total failure of Lord Amherst's embassy to that country.
Watson, Thistlewood, Hooper, and Preston, acquitted of the charge of High Treason, after a trial which lasted seven days, June 16.
Waterloo Bridge opened June 18, being the anniversary of the memorable battle.
Mr. Kemble retired from the stage in the part of Coriolanus, 23.
The death of the Right Hon. George Ponsonby, leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, July 8.
The death of his Grace Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland, aged 75, 10th.

After Christ.

1817 Death of Lord Arundel, count of the sacred Roman Empire, 10th
The Death of the Right Hon. J. P. Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland, 20.
The foundation stone laid of the Wellington Monument, on Blackdown-Hill, in Somersetshire, ibid.
The Death of the Hon. H. Erskine, late Advocate of Scotland, 21st.
The Death of the amiable Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales, and of Saxe Cobourg Saalfield, Nov. 6.---Her funeral on the 19th, at Windsor.
J. Brandreth, W. Turner, and J. Ludlam, the Derby Conspirators, suffered Death as Traitors, November.

1818 Death of the Right Hon. George Rose, M. P. Jan. 13.
Death of Sir Richard Croft, M. D. Feb. 13.
Death of the King of Sweden, succeeded by his adopted Son, the Crown Prince, March.
Died in his 86th year, the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, late Governor of Bengal, August 22.
Death of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Charlotte, Consort of King George III. in Nov.
Death of Sir Samuel Romilly, Nov. 2.
Death of the Right Hon. Edward Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, Dec. 13.
Marriage of the Princess Elizabeth.
Marriage of the Duke of Clarence.
Southwark Iron Bridge opened.

1819 The celebrated German Writer, M. Augustus von Kotzebue, assassinated at Manheim by Sandt, a Student of Jena, Mar. 3.
Death of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, occasioned by that terrific malady, the hydrophobia, August 28.
Death of Marshal Blucher, Sept. 10.

1820 Death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.
Death of his most excellent Majesty, King George III. aged 81, after a reign of 59 years and 3 months, Jan. 29.---The funeral at Windsor, Feb. 16.
Accession of King George IV. to the Throne, Jan. 30.
King George IV. proclaimed, Jan. 31.
Insurrection in Spain.
Thistlewood, Ings, Davidson, Tidd, and Brunt, executed in April for a Conspiracy to assassinate his Majesty's Ministers at a Cabinet Dinner Feb. 23.
Assassination of the Duke de Berri.
Arrival of her Majesty, Queen Caroline, after an absence of 6 years, June 6.
Spanish Constitution confirmed by Ferdinand VII.
Death of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, M. P.
Death of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.
Bill of Pains and Penalties, instituted against Her Majesty, Queen Caroline, thrown out by the House of Lords, Nov. 10.

THE END.